

A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

The UNABOM Task Force

October 23, 1996

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A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski as They Pertain to
Possible Psychological and Criminal Intent Related Issues

Presented to

Dr. Park Dietz

By

The Unabom Task Force
Federal Bureau of Investigation
San Francisco Division
October 23, 1996

1. Introduction

This report is the result of a careful and studied review of all of the documents written by Ted Kaczynski “currently in the possession of the Unabom Task Force (UTF). It’s purpose is to present to Dr. Park Dietz the documents which most fit the criterion for him to begin his assessment of Kaczynski. It was prepared by FBI Supervisory Special Agent James R. Fitzgerald, of the Profiling and Behavioral Assessment Unit, Quantico, Virginia, and Special Agent Kathleen M. Puckett, of the **UTF** San Francisco Division. It was presented to Dr. Dietz on October 23, 1996.

This report is divided into four basic section (see the Table of Contents on the following page). Sections 2 and 3 of this report are copies of certain of Kaczynski’s documents, some of which are included in their entirety, others of which contain only portions of the particular documents. The highlighted writings of each document represent the critical passages as they are applicable to either section. Each document s listed chronologically by the date on which it was written by Kaczynski and contains the document number (and date) at the top of the first page of each document.

The “T” or Ted documents refer to all of the documents/letters that were produced prior to the search of Kaczynski’s Montana cabin and are generally letters turned over to the UTF by his brother, mother and others. The “C” or Cabin documents are documents/letters retrieved from his cabin pursuant to the search warrant in April of 1996. Many of those documents are in the form of journals, notes, Kaczynski’s autobiography, and generally his writings to himself. The “U” or Unabom documents represent the letters sent to the various victims and/or the media by “FC”.

Hopefully, this report will assist the reader in forming a preliminary assessment of Kaczynski, as seen through his own written words.

2. Psychological Related Issues as Expressed in the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Autobiography (written in 1978 — 79 in Chicago)

0 – 9 Years

... I am told that I had three bad experiences before I was old enough to remember. I pulled a pot of boiling water off the stove and was scalded very severely. I fell on my chin with my tongue between my teeth, so that my tongue was badly injured and needed a great deal of stitching-up. I had an undiagnosed allergy to eggs, which caused me to swell up enormously all over my body. I was hospitalized for, I think, a week, with the allergy.

Apparently I took the hospitalization very badly. I am told that my parents were not permitted to spend much time visiting me, that I **was much tormented (inadvertently) by inquisitive doctors**, and that I was made extremely frightened and miserable by all this. My parents say that by the time I came out of the hospital I had become completely inert and would neither smile, nor cry, nor respond to attention in any other way. I **conjecture that this experience is responsible for my stubbornness and for my high resistance to physical and especially to psychological pain...**

... Adam and I were friends and became much attached to each other ...

... the attachment formed by the age of 3 was evidently deep...The mention of am's name, or the prospect of meeting him, used to give me a particular kind thrill, somewhat like the thrill connected with a woman to whom one is racted sexually in a much more than physical way ...

... But I found that the sense of promise and the pleasurable excitement I had felt at the idea of associating with Adam was illusory; in actually playing with him there was no more reward than in playing with other kids ...

...No doubt some people will suspect a whiff of homosexuality in this attachment. Certainly there was no hint of *physical* sex in it. Whether there was any other kind of sex involved is a question that I will not try to answer, but I do believe that the relationship wa perfectly normal ...

... in our second home on Marshfield I formed another attachment, not quite a strong as the one with Adam. This was with Barbara Podejma, the adopted daughter of the people who lived on the first floor of the house.

Barbara was pretty, beyond which But I have nothing particular to say *on this subject*. about this ...

...here's something for the Freudian-type speculators to play with. When I was about 3 years old there was a period when I must have suffered from constipation because I was **given enemas fairly often. At first I hated them, but after a bit I began to enjoy them.** When my parents perceived this they stopped giving me enemas.

If I couldn't be the leader, I would not, at any rate, be a follower. I was filled with contempt for these kids who would so slavishly follow a leader ...

... All through grammar school, by the way, I hated arithmetic. I found the principles easy to understand, but hated the effort required to avoid errors. **At times I liked school, but, on the whole, I think I disliked it...**

...I got along pretty well with the other kids _ But there were too many hours of boredom...

... One curious incident occurred when I was maybe 8 or 9 years old; looking back on it now, I find it extremely funny. Johnny Krolak evidently had heard somewhere about "fucking,¹¹ but had only the haziest idea of what it was ...

... I walked home with Mary Kay. Just before we got home I screwed up my courage and said to her, "Would you like to fuck with me?" She said, "No, but ask Beverly. She likes you. She would do it...¹¹

...When I was around 8 years old, I began being somewhat isolated socially from the bunch of kids that I knew around home... (This did not happen at school; if anything I was a little [unreadable] socially to my school-fellows when I was 8 or 9.) ...

... Previously, I had always been dealt with as an equal by these kids; but now **the majority of them seemed to regard me as Rone of the little kidsR, even though they were only a year or so older than me _**

... Their interests were changing, they were associating more with some rather bad boys whom I disliked, and some of them had been involved in some rather naughty escapades, such as trying to set fire to somebody's garage. I was a very good boy and would have nothing to do with anything shady ...

...as it would have been humiliating to continue seeking their company in such circumstances, I ceased to do so _

My parents observed this, and they often expressed [s/o] to me their concern that there might be something wrong with me because I was not social enough ...

...Though teeth were drilled without anesthetics in those days, I never cried or showed any sign of pain at the dentist's _ My parents praised me for"this stoicism

...Even at a very early age I seem to have had a capacity for independent thought, and a willingness to trust my own judgement before [unreadable] of others

...
[unreadable]

... When I was 5 years old I told a lie. For some reason my mother's reprimand stung more than usual, and I promised my mother that I would never tell another lie. I kept the promise pretty well, too. I recall that **when I was 10 years old I was proud to boast that I had nevertold a lie since I was 5...**

... usually I was sufficiently well-behaved so that my mother not infrequently praised me for being a "good boy." In fact, **there was a period during which my special pride and joy was the fact that I was a "good boy. I preened myself on it...**

... One day, while thinking about morals, it occurred to me that there was no logical reason for being good, unless maybe personal advantage — but self-interest is not a moral motive and to be good solely for personal advantage is not a moral act. Thinking about this further, I came, in effect, to the realization that a value-judgement can never be deduced from facts. (This of course is well known to all modern logicians.) Of course, I was not able to clearly state or explain this principle at that age, but I had intuitively grasped the essence of it. I went and told my mother about my conclusion. She refused to accept it, and gave naïve answers that I saw through immediately. I argued with her only briefly, because I knew she had a fixed idea that would never change, and it was perfectly clear to me that I was right. I was between 6 and 8 years old at the time of this incident. **It was already becoming evident to me that I could think more clearly than my parents or the adults I knew...**

... Nevertheless, I decided I would make the choice of being good — just for the sake of being good, as I put it to myself. [s/o] However, I felt somewhat crestfallen about the fact that there was no logical justification for morality, and, after that, I usually did not feel any special pride about being a good boy ...

... I have always had a strong tendency to admit an unpleasant truth to myself, rather than trying to push it away with self-deception or rationalization..

... This requires an important qualification. **Starting somewhere around the age of 7 to 9, I began to practice a kind of doublethink.** For instance, I would tell myself that I would live forever, and that by means of superior intelligence I could do anything whatsoever, even contrary to the laws of nature. At the same time I clearly recognized the hard facts of the matter. Thus I **could think on two levels...**

...whenever I wanted, I could please myself by switching to the doublethink level and tell myself that I was the most intelligent person in the world, and so forth. This technique may have helped me think more objectively on the realistic level, because **after I had admitted an unpleasant conclusion I could always comfort myself by jumping to the doublethink level.**

Eventually, my use of doublethink gradually declined, and by the time s 20 or so, I had ceased almost entirely to use doublethink ...

itlentlty with

.(F..o.r...,l.een, aIttenadedvteo rv ea.rl.v atIMc!r' eaggIreswsoar sm aw-tart.)racted by power and aggression.

I have a feeling that I was attracted by these things rather more than the average boy of my age, but I have no objective confirmation of this, so I may be wrong. **I do remember that I was more**

inclined than other kids to favor strict enforcement of rules and strict punishment for infractions ...

... I was made to feel that I was the most important member of our family, in the sense that my parents' main task in life was to bring me up properly. **Thus, I tended to feel that I was a particularly important person and superior to most of the rest of the human race.** Generally speaking, there was nothing arrogant or egotistical in this feeling, nor did I ever express any such feeling outside the immediate family. **It just came to me as naturally as breathing to feel that I was someone special...**

...My parents were far from authoritarian — they let me have my own way a good deal. Their punishments were mild, and when I showed real contrition for having been bad I think they usually did not punish me ...

...My brother David was born when I was 7 ... this was a pleasant event. I was interested in being allowed to hold it ...

I considered the baby and enjoyed

One night I had a bad dream: There had been a war and I saw 9W baby brother as starved to skin and bones. This filled with pity and sadness. Next day (and at other times there after) **I felt a sense of pity and love toward my brother, and a determination to protect him all. I could in the event of a war or other catastrophe...**

...except for a period of strong resentment during my teens, I have generally felt a real affection for my brother. I think my parents were aware of the problem of “sibling rivalry” and made a conscious effort to avoid this problem when the new baby came...

... Until I was, say, 5 or 6 years old, I think my father was warm and affectionate toward me ...

... However, as I grew older, my father began to refrain from physical expressions of affection toward me, and a certain element of coldness sometimes appeared in his behavior ...

... One day, when I might have been about 6 years old, my mother, father, and I were all set to go out somewhere. I was in a joyful mood. I ran up to my father and announced that I wanted to kiss him. He said, “You’re like a little girl, always wanting to kiss.” I immediately turned cold and drew back resentfully. My father immediately regretted what he had done and said, “Oh, that’s alright. You can kiss if you want to.” But there was no warmth in his

1. Of course, I didn't kiss him then. I recall that at the time, when I had a marked aversion to kissing — Perhaps this goes back to the reader should be careful not to get an exaggerated idea of the coldness that my

father occasionally exhibited — **generally speaking I felt I had a good relationship with my parents that didn't show any serious deterioration until I was about 11 years old...**

... Ever since very early childhood I was attracted to the woods and to the idea of being physically independent of society. My father was fond of the woods and I have memories, going back very early, of pleasant excursions with him ...

...As far back as I can remember, my view of girls and women always included a substantial element of contempt...

... it was a contempt for femininity as a general concept. represented weakness ...

... Having observed that women were more passive and physically weaker, **my liking for power and aggression would naturally incline me toward contempt for the feminine...**

Femininity

... Now I will describe my childhood sex life. I have already mentioned that I like enemas...and that I tried to seduce Mary Kay Foley ...

...Some time between the ages of 6 and 8 I began to occasionally fantasize of myself as a cripple...

...-For example I might lie on my bed keeping my legs perfectly relaxed and motionless, and pretend they were paralysed. This gave me a feeling of soft, feminine passivity in the lower part of my **body... When I discovered that I could get this sexual feeling more strongly by pretending I was a girl, I lost interest in the cripple-fantasies. Thereafter, from time to time, I would have fantasies of myself as a girl...**

I might have been about 8 when I had my first orgasm. I didn't produce any semen, of course, but I experienced the rhythmic muscular spasms that would have squirted out the semen if there had been any semen to squirt out. This happened when I was holding my dick between my legs, pretending to be a girl ...

... I experienced marked revulsion after orgasm. I had a sense of shame connected with these activities and fantasies, as is illustrated by the fact that, a few times, I had unpleasant dreams of being outdoors naked and running around trying unsuccessfully to get into the house ...

... in defence of my own feminine fantasies, I would point out that some psychologists maintain that all men have a feminine element ...

... Once my mother was reading a story to me in which stubbornness was presented as a fault. I objected, saying I approved of stubbornness ...

... The last fable was about a dog and a wolf...Wolf says, "What is that mark on your neck?" Dog says, "Mark is from my collar. My master ties me with a leash." Wolf leaves dog, saying, "That is too high a price for being well fed. Give me liberty or give me death." I strongly approved of this fable, but my mother (the socialistic bitch) disagreed with my taste in this instance.

10 — 15 Years

10 — 15 YEARS (circled) 20

... As a kid I usually didn't like pl activities that were organized and supervised by adults, other than my parents ...

...My parents got very angry, and concluded that there **“ust be something wrong with :me — no doubt because I was not social enough. My father angrily declared that I would have to join the Boy Scouts, and stay in the Scouts until it was time for me to go to college. I was extremely reluctant to join the scouts and did so**

, , because I was flatly ordered to. My father took me to a couple of meetings stayed to watch. **When he saw that I was unhappy there, he told**

X would not have to go to any “ore :meetings, so I didn't...

... It was during this year [5TH Grade, 1952] that I had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a “guidance councillor.” It seems that, as a matter of routine, I was given certain tests, like reading — achievement tests and so forth. **Because my scores were very high, I was given further tests, including a fairly elaborate IQ test.** Apparently I did extremely well on this. Anyhow, **this councillor — an old maid by the name of Vera Frye**

— phoned my parents and told the:m I had the potential to be another Einstein and blah blah blah...

... Little did she know that my mother was all too ready to receive such information with excessive enthusiasm, because it coincided with her fondest dreams ...

... She immediately called up some of our relatives to brag about the news which I thought was in very bad taste. Her excessive exhibitions of pleasure were almost childish ...

... She admonished me not to tell these things to anyone, because “Miss Frye said we're not supposed to tell you — but we feel we can treat you as an adult.” **That line, “we feel we can treat you as an adult,” is something I heard often from my parents in the following years...** f course, I was extremely pleased by all this, because **it was enormously tifying to my pride, or vanity...**

...it was decided that, instead of going into 6th grade the next year, I should be pushed up to 7th grade. I was excited by this prospect.

Many years later, my mother told me that part of the reason for this decision was that **Miss Frye claimed I had been drawing “pictures of killing” in my spare time in class.** Apparently Miss Frye assumed that putting me in 7th grade would cure me of hostile impulses. This assumption seems unbelievably naive. It may be that my mother's account is distorted, as she is not noted for the accuracy of her stories ...

... If it is true that I drew such pictures more frequently than others, I can think of the following possible explanations: (a) **I think I had a mild sadistic tendency going back to earliest childhood, {b) My hostility toward the dominant clique of boys may have been seeking an outlet, {c) Absence of a satisfactory goal**

in life may have tended to cause frustration. Other possible explanations could be conjectured; but it is difficult to see how any of the factors would be permanently affected by putting me in 7th grade...

Be that as it may, I did skip 6th grade. It seems fairly obvious that it was this event which eventually led to my becoming practically a social cripple and deprived me of sex, love, and {perhaps) marriage...

On the other hand, it is possible that the consequences of this event hened me. It is also possible that, if I had never skipped 6th grade,

ld never have broken away from society and taken to the woods; in which case I think I would ultimately have felt my life to be empty and unsatisfactory, no matter how much love and marriage I might have.

But now we are slipping into the realm of conjecture. Who can tell what course my life would have taken? ...

... once I was in 7th grade, I quickly slid to the bottom of the pecking-order...

... jealousy was probably roused by the fact that I was supposed to be vastly smarter than them; and my shyness in a new situation may have been interpreted as coldness or a superior air...

...By the time I left high school, I was definitely regarded as a freak by a large segment of the student body. I was subject to very little physical abuse ...

... Soon after entering 7th grade I became thoroughly cowed (as I said, I was at the bottom of the pecking-order), and I stayed that way all through high school. I was usually afraid to defend myself when insulted or abused, unless the offenders were (like me) in the lower part of the pecking-order ...

... instead of becoming aggressive, I simply ignored the insults as best

I could..... This was a purely *social* problem — it had nothing to do with any lack of *physical* courage. It was some psychological

anism connected with dominance — relationships...I am rather lightly built ay, and being with kids first one year older and later 2 years older than me pm:: me at a great disadvantage in muscle ...

...After finishing 10th grade, I was put into 12th grade, thus finishing high school in 3 years...I felt less hostility toward me among the 12th-graders (but I still had plenty of opportunity to receive hostility from the 11th-graders).

However, many of the 12th graders were condescending toward me, and this was at least as bad as the hostility of my earlier classmates.

...Not daring to fight back, and not wishing to show

weakness, my only choice in the face of hostility was to be cold and stoical...The cold impression was often accentuated by shyness, and I suspect that :my apparent cold aloofness :aay have alienated so:me kids who :might otherwise have been friendly...

...In 12th grade, a 12th-grader named Terry Lundgren

:made so:me social advances to “e, and we soon struck up a friendship. He was the most congenial personality whom I met in high school. We had similar interests,

and especially, **we had the same kind of sense of humor (unrestrained and slightly sadistic).**

I don't like to be beaten at anything; but I still remember with pleasure an occasion when Terry Lundgren outsmarted me, because it was such a neat trick ...

... Terry had followed the same reasoning I did, but had carried it one step further. In a grumbling way, I complimented him on his earnestness ...

...In my early teens I conducted my search for power by experimenting with homemade explosives surreptitiously, without my parents' permission. couple of incidents in school.

— mostly

This resulted in a

...On one occasion in Chemistry lab I finished my experiment early, and then set to thinking about explosives. On theoretical grounds,

I thought a mixture of red phosphorus and potassium chlorate would be promising

...

... a fellow named Keith Hriebe...became very excited and demanded to know what the stuff was that I had mixed up. So I told him — which turned out to be a big mistake. **I didn't know at the time that red phosphorus and potassium chlorate is an extremely dangerous**

— mixture, almost impossible to handle, because the slightest friction may set it off ...

... Hriebe was kicked out of Chemistry altogether. My lab partner and I were suspended from lab work for 2 weeks...Of course, **the news** of this incident was all over the school **within** a very short time.

I suspect that I had quite a reputation in high school"

In fact, there is reason to suspect that in some quarters of the student body, knowing my name even conferred a kind of left-handed prestige — the kind of prestige that one might get from being personally acquainted with the Devil. (with a mad genius, as I was supposed to be.) ...

...the chief "guidance counselor" in my high school. was one Lois Skillen. She was not very old, but too homely to hope for marriage. She developed a maternal crush on me. By that I mean that she became emotionally involved with me as a substitute for the son of her own that she would have liked to have. I hated her ...

... I believe she was the one who put my parents onto the idea that I should go to Harvard, and I think she impressed them with the high standards I would have to live up to in order to go there. I would get all this crap from my parents, "Miss Skillen says this and that and the other." ...

...Actually, I didn't give a fuck about whether I got into Harvard. But I had to pretend to be interested in all that crap just so as not to shock my parents ...

... by the time I reached my last year or so of high school, I had become resentful of the pressure put on me to get A's. I took no pride in my grades and resented the school. So a couple of times I did cheat on exams. I never felt

ashamed of this. I would have cheated “ore if I had felt it safe...

...My frustrated resentment toward school, parents, and student body often found an outlet through snotty behavior in the classroom, which often took a sarcastic or crudely humorous turn... or instance, I once hanged a teacher in effigy by sticking up on a bulletin d a small rag doll with a noose around its neck and the teacher’s name

attached. In another case”..When a large, heavy girl came to sit on the chair, I deftly pulled it out at just the right instant so that she fell plop on the floor...

... The only form of athletics in which I was ever outstanding was wrestling. I was never on a team and never wrestled according to the official rules, but in rough-and-tumble wrestling I could beat al.Jaost anyone my own weight...

... I attribute this ability to the following factors: moderately good 2vstrength/³vweight ratio; good endurance; flexible body enabling me to squirm out of holds; and, especially, deter.ination and ferocity...

... In the Summer of 1955, just before I entered high school, my parents forced me to go to Summer camp for 2 weeks because they said it would be good for me. They felt I was not social enough ...

... I felt rather homesick at this place, but not excessively so. I got along alright. I made 2 friends there ...

... I showed promise on the trombone, [and] my father began taking me for lessons to a private teacher. This teacher was an old man named Jaroslav Cimera who had an excellent utation both as a teacher and as a trombone virtuoso. He had with Sousa’s Band and other famous bands in the days n brass-and-woodwind bands had been a big thing. He was

-what of an anachronism in that he still concentrated on that old-fashioned type of music which few people listened to any more in the days when I knew him (the 1950’s). Still, I had a good deal of respect for him, because he was a really fine craftsman in the old-time sense. He took a liking to me, and I was one of his best pupils ...

I think the reason the troJllbone was so 1-portant to “e was that it gratified my need for so”e fora of ego-gratification that had to be earned through effort and self-discipline. (School-

work was too mechanical, offered little sense of achieveJDent; it largely bored

— e.) Not until I was 13 did “usic begin to have any deep emotional significance for “e ...

When I was 8 or 9, I think the first traces appeared of a kind of demoralization that occurred in our household ...

...during my teens”..my parents were siaply irritable...

... When I was in my teens, my parents allowed themselves to get considerably overweight. My mother’s behind became really enormous ...

My mother let herself go, not only physically, but

:hologically. She lost her dignity... hen I was small, family entertainments often involved my father playing the piano, games, and stuff like that. In my teens, we all just sat squalidly in front of the television set, shoveling junk food into our mouths ...

...When my brother was 4 years old and I was

12 (if I remember correctly), my father gave each of us a glass bottle with a squirting attachment so that we could “fight” by squirting each other. This was fine until my brother climbed up on a chair and then fell off with the bottle in his hand, cutting himself very badly...I screamed and howled for my parents, who came running. They took my brother in the house, but quickly decided that he was bleeding so badly that they would have to rush him to the hospital...What disgusted me was that, before they left, my mother delayed to dab some make-up on her face. My brother was possibly bleeding to death, and she had to stop to smear paint on her face. I made a contemptuous remark about this, but she just scolded back ...

... Because I had a strong affection for my brother, I was very upset about his injury...there was no reason why I should be blamed for the incident. Nevertheless, **the doctors told my parents that my brother kept mumbling**

— non’t blame Teddy! Don’t blame Teddy!”...

. reason is that he knew that whenever anything bad
,ened when he and I were together, I always got blamed
it ...

swas not the result of favoritism. on their part — actually, I was always the favorite son. It was the result of simple laziness. To listen to both sides of a dispute between me and my brother, and attempt to make a fair judgement, would have taken an effort ...

I resented this. But there was so’ething else that I

resented “uch “ore deeply. In the course of llyY teens, I

calDe to hate my parents because of it. I still hate thea for it ...

... when they became angry at me, they would shout and indulge in **verbal abuse**. What earned my extreme bitterness was the nature of the insults they would sometimes throw at me on these occasions. **Here are so’e of the naiaes they called**

— e: sick, emotionally disturbed, creep, another Walter Tszewski (Walter Tszewski was a “an we knew who had ended up in an insane asylWll), two-year-old

— entality, imaature, living in a psychological hole. I don’t remember just when it was that my parents first used expressions like this toward me; I suppose it might have been when I was around 12 years old ...

... I was still occasionally getting insults of this type from them when I was 21 years old. I hated both **:my parents for this, but I hated :my father :more than :my**

— other, because :my mother would only use expressions of this type toward

— e in fits of irritation, whereas my father would so:meti:mes say such

ngs in cold blood. (For instance, once when I was about 15, I said something repelled my father. He answered coldly: "You know, Ted, you're what they a creep.")

...

I

Also, when my mother was in a good mood, she was warm and affectionate, whereas my father tended to be cold. **During my middle teens I felt there was an undercurrent of scorn in his attitude toward me...**

I often ended up in my room with my face buried in my pillow, crying and dreaming futilely of revenge...

...It's true, though, that I was probably a very difficult

teen-ager to live with. Maybe some of my hostility and frustration, due to my social situation at school, came out at home. **Also, I suspect that I feel both pleasant and unpleasant emotions "more strongly than the average person; that is, I have a passionate temperament."** (When my brother was a baby, my mother remarked that he was a much more placid baby than I had been. She said I had been a comparatively squally, cantankerous infant. This difference between me and my brother has remained all our lives, and is quite marked.) ...

It is also true that my parents were in some respects

generous and unselfish toward me. For example, my father drove me every week to my trombone lesson ...

... By the time I was, say, 12 years old, my system of morality had evolved into an abstract, artificial construction that did not possibly be applied in practice. I never told anyone about this system, since I knew they would never take it seriously ...

... After I had skipped 6th grade and began feeling a great deal of hostility toward many of my schoolmates, I developed a habit of trying to find ways of justifying my hatred in terms of my moral system...

... One day when I was 13 years old, I was walking down the street and saw a girl. Something about her appearance antagonized me, and, from habit, I began looking for a way to justify hating her, within my logical system. But then I stopped and said to myself, **"This is getting ridiculous. I'll just chuck all this silly morality business and hate anybody I please."** Since then I have never had any interest in or respect for morality, ethics, or anything of the sort..

... nevertheless on an *instinctive animal level* I was still the slave of my early conditioning, so that I was very **"much afraid to act contrary to the precepts of authority..."**

... by the time I was 14 or thereabouts, I was already beginning to take a dim view of **"progress" and the future of society.** I felt that we were heading toward what I called an "ant-hill" society in which there would be no more individual freedom ...

... As I got older, I came to realize that I wasn't much interested in science, but at that time my parents (especially my mother) were so smugly confident

I was going to be a scientist that I would have been afraid all them that I wasn't really interested ...

... As far as I can remember, the only 2 school subjects that interested me at all were chemistry (and I **was interested in chem.istry only for its relevance to explosives**) and mathematics from the level of trigonometry up ...

... But there was one science that really did interest me strongly, namely, human paeleontology. I found it fascinating to read about prehistoric men, their tools, and their way of life as it was conjectured to be by the anthropologists ...

... I suddenly realized that **what I wanted was not just to read another book on cave men — I wanted to really *live* like a cave .an. I wanted to**

live in a cave as a member of a small, isolated group, to run around in a wild landscape hunting “amaoths with a spear, and that sort of thing...

...**One summer when I was 15 or 16**, in one of the prairies that still remained then, I **threw a clod of earth at a bird**. (The bird was bigger than a robin but smaller than a Franklin Grouse.)... it “froze”, and I walked up to it and just picked it up. As soon as I had it in my hand it began struggling violently. I held it in my hand for some time, and I soon began to ience warm, affectionate, pitying feelings for it. When I first threw the a at the bird, I had hoped to kill it as an act of hunting, in accord my fantasies of primitive life. But now I was turning soft.

ought, “How can I ever hope to experience a cave-man style life if I am toe soft-hearted to kill game? For that kind of life I will have to be hard.” So I *forced* myself to kill the bird by crushing it in my hand. I left the place feeling sick with pity for the unfortunate creature...

... When I was 13 it was discovered that I had a congenital cyst in my upper jaw... Before I went in to have the thing cut out, Dr. Wang stood for awhile chatting with my father. By and by he said to me, “Well, it’s time to go to work,” and laid his hand on my shoulder. When he did this he suddenly looked at me in surprize and said, “Are you scared?” I said “Yes.11 ... Dr. Wang turned to my father and said, “To look at him, I would never have known he was scared. I didn’t know he was scared until I felt him shaking.” ...

... **Throughout my earlier teens I boredom...Conversation bored me quickly.** longer, but not much ...

suffered increasingly from chronic

Parlor games kept me interested a little

... My parents often (correctly) accused me of being bored. I say *accused*, because they never said it in a sympathetic way; they said it in a tone of criticism ...

... My personal habits were always rather messy. While I had been well trained in respect for authority generally, neatness [unreadable] never received much emphasis in my training ...

My parents will probably try to deny much of what I have written about our home life. But my memory is quite clear ...

... When I was 10 years old, in 5th grade, there was a girl in the class named Darlene Curley. She had long black hair, and was beautiful ...

... The little vixen was reaching a certain age where she was beginning to feel her power, and she was using it ...

... I was sternly determined not to be conquered like the others had been. I forced myself to hate her ...

... I used to have fantasies of beating her or torturing her — not that that was what I really wanted with her. What I really wanted was to love her, but I wouldn't let myself do that. I couldn't keep myself from thinking about her; to keep the tender thoughts out I had to think hateful things about her. Thus, the **sadistic fantasies were a tool that I used to fight my love for her...**

...Thus I finished the year with a kind of victory...

... I have at other times been infatuated with various females, but there are only 2 whose memory calls up a special echo for me — a kind of bittersweet ache over what I have missed. One of these girls is Arlene Curley, and the other is a certain Caol Wolman whom I knew when I was I was 16–18 ...

... in 7th grade, I **began to think about physical sex rather frequently.** I used to have fantasies of having intercourse with the girls. Occasionally I would also have a **fantasy of being a girl myself...**

... When we first moved to Evergreen Park, there was a boy...who lived nearby. A couple of times this kid persuaded me to go out in the prairie and strip* with him...in the end I did strip, and found it sexually exciting, as he did. Apparently this kind of stripping was a common practice among the boys around there...There was a kid named Dale...I suppose we were about 13 when this kid first persuaded me to strip with him. At first I wasn't interested, but by and by I got excited and went along. This kind of thing was repeated several times. At that age I was already suffering from acute sexual starvation, and **having been seduced into stripping by Dale, I decided I wanted to go further than he did. At first he didn't want to go into cock sucking — he was just as lecherous as I was, but he was too chicken to try something so highly forbidden. However, I persuaded him. We also tried anal perversion, but didn't have much success with it, because we found that an asshole is too small to readily admit a penis. We tried cock sucking and other perversions several times between the ages of 13 and 16, but we only did this kind of thing occasionally, not habitually.**

This kid often seemed to have difficulty in getting an erection, even when he was very excited. He had a very weak, flabby, body, was very awkward. I **dominated him physically (I don't mean sexually) whenever I pleased...**

... I found this kid repulsive, because he developed a marked tendency to gloat over slimy, repulsive things — I don't mean primarily sexual things. Of course, another reason I was repelled by him was the fact that I had a marked sense of shame over our sexual activities, and his association with those activities made him unpleasant to me.

I don't think Dale was homosexual (by choice) any more than I was — like me, he would rather have had a girl if he could have gotten one...

...Besides the activities with Dale, I rather frequently practiced my own private perversions, including transvestism, inserting various objects in my anus, and sucking my own penis (which was not easy to do, but I had a remarkably flexible body in those days)...Simple masturbation I practiced almost every day...

..After I entered high school that Fall (I was still 13), a school dance was announced, and I decided it would be desirable to take a girl to it. My knowledge of dancing was uncertain, to say the least, but I thought I would chance it anyway. (Of course, I had no interest in dancing — I only wanted an excuse to be with a girl.) So I phoned a fairly good-looking girl who was in my class. The nature of her answer made it sufficiently clear to me that I was not the sort of a fellow with whom any self-respecting girl would want to be seen ...

... Later in that same year, there was a conversation between a boy and a girl in my class...The girl said "I'm going to such and such a place with Ted." The boy looked at her incredulously and said, "You're going with HIM?" (pointing at me). The girl laughed loudly. "No, not with HIM! I mean with Ted So-and-So." It was a big joke ...

...By this time it was clear to me that my classmates regarded me as some kind of a freak. I never again attempted to make advances to any girl while I was in high school, even though I constantly lusted after the girls...

...By the time I was 15 or 16, even though I was strongly excited by girls, most of my sexual fantasies were about sexual perversions of one kind or another, or involved imagining myself as a girl.

... From earliest childhood I think, and certainly very strongly during my teens, I was inclined toward power, pride, and ego things generally". I was an outcast, a Weirdo —

I knew that few or none of those girls would ever take me seriously, even for a moment ...

Still, what excited me sexually was *girls*. Males never excited me sexually. (If I had a fantasy of (for example) sucking a cock, almost the only thing that appeared in my mind was the cock itself — the rest of the boy practically nonexistent in my fantasy. Nor was I excited by the sight of other boys' penises ...

I never got any real satisfaction out of my sexual activities — lust drove me to go further and further into perversion in an attempt to get pleasure, but the pleasure I got was far too small to make up for the feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. And then after orgasm there was only disgust. It was not until many years later, when I had a few (all too few, alas!) experiences with kissing girls, that I learned that sex can be a pleasant and worth-while experience ...

...So much for sex. Just a couple of other points to be made before I finish with this period of my life.

Some people claim that there is a basic club-forming instinct in males that they call “male-bonding”“ I seem to have experienced something like this with my father in childhood, and some such thing may have been involved in my infant attachment to Adam Krokos, but, other than that, I cannot ever remember having experienced anything like male-bonding ...

... within my memory, I have never experienced a feeling of hero-worship toward anyone. In fact, I **have always been strongly repelled by the idea of anyone being superior to me...**

It is my opinion that, ever since as far back as I can remember, ego has been a more dominant factor in my personality than in the personality of the average person ...

(By *ego*, I mean the part of the personality that is concerned with such things as will, purpose, decision, work, pride, power, etc.) ...

... This would account for the fact that I have never experienced hero-worship; and for the fact that I haven’t experienced **male-bonding**, since I have always been repelled by the idea of submerging **my own** ego in the group ego. Again, it is ego that gave “me a marked reluctance to feel affection for girls ...

... sex has been the one force powerful enough to overcome my ego”..

... My strong resentment of being dominated naturally made my position at the bottom of the pecking-order in school especially difficult to bear. Many of the other boys low in the pecking-order seemed willing to adjust, and didn’t find their subservient position hard to bear, so far as I could see ...

... I’ve said I can’t stand being in a position of subordination, and the reader may wonder how this squares with the fact that, as a child, I was always very obedient to the authorities ...

... When I followed the orders of a teacher in school, as a child, I felt I was not submitting to the teacher *personally* — I was submitting to *the system*, of which the teacher was only an agent ...

Of course, I later came to hate the system itself, **but, even today, I do not find it at all difficult to take orders from the boss when I am working on a job,**

provided the orders are given courteously and are within the boss’s legitimate authority...

... My memories of the period from 10–15 are clearer than my earlier childhood memories, and I am much more confident of the accuracy of my account of this period ...

... But there’s one more thing that I forgot to discuss. I **came out of high school with my social self-confidence pretty thoroughly crushed — permanently, it would seem. I felt that in the eyes of the world I was some kind of a “sickie”.**

But I never lost my hard inner core of self-esteem. I refused to be defeated. Instead of accepting the contemptible image “of myself that the human race seemed to be trying to put on me, I put “myself at **war with** the human race.

I... at I was better than all of them... left high-school with extremely low *social* self-esteem, but with very high self-esteem in other respects — I was fully confident of

my brains, talents...to make it short, I was very confident of my ability to deal with things as opposed to people. The only thing I lacked confidence in **was my** ability to be accepted by people ...

16 — 20 Yrs

...At age 16, in Fall of 1958, I went to Harvard. I had had no particular enthusiasm for going there, but once I got there it was a tremendous thing for me...I was under tremendous pressure and tension. But

I thrived on it. I spent most of my time studying, and almost no time on recreation. I forced myself to keep studying long after I should have gone to sleep. I **considered myself negligent if I went to bed before 2 A.M., and I often stayed up until 3...**

... Feeling the strength of my own will, I **became enthusiastic about will power.** Besides the required physical training sessions,

I began doing push-ups and other exercises on my own ...

... I had no respect for the courses in Bullshit subjects (Humanities and Social Sciences), because so many of the statements made in these courses were false, unproveable, or simply meaningless ...

... In my bullshit courses I worked conscientiously but without enthusiasm, and in these courses I got grades from C to B-. In my Math, Physics, and German courses,

I had very good teachers (for me), and in all these courses I got A's...good, solid A's... don't know why I had difficulty getting A's in anthropology —

I always liked the subject and worked at it with reasonable diligence (though of course I put my Math first) ...

... (Alas, I'll have to give less detail, or I'll never finish!)

..Over the summer I read carefully ...and entered my senior year with good enthusiasm. I took...Math 250, group theory, under John G. Thompson, one of the great mathematicians of our time, who had just finished proving that every finite group of odd order is solvable. I was very determined to do well in Math 250, because that was the kind of mathematics that most interested me. I put out my best effort...Nevertheless, though I felt I was working at my best level until near the end of the course when I gave up on it, I was able to do no better than a B. And I did not feel that I had attained a full grasp of the material.

... it was a frustrating experience for me —

I recall that I smashed an alarm clock by throwing it across the room, swearing at the same time to forsake pure *mathematicsjan* become an applied mathematician.

m:t room, of course, not the classroom.

...early in my first year as a graduate student...! began to be aware of the fortunate truth that the number of pure mathematicians is far in excess of the r of new, interesting, worthwhile problems, so that all but a minute fraction

...the pure mathematics research that is published today is devoted to ridiculous problems that are of interest to anybody but a tiny group of specialists.

...When I first got to Harvard I felt obliged to make friends.

This seemed desirable so as to avoid the unpleasant situation I was in at high school. **If I was too solitary I feared people would conclude that there was something wrong with me.** Also, even though I had rejected the values of society, I was not so emancipated as to prevent me from feeling (against my will) some sense of shame at being what was commonly regarded as “sick”.

I will interject here something that I should have discussed earlier. **In going to college I had no definite object. I went because my parents expected it and I didn't know what else to do.** I dreamed of finding an uninhibited island, or living as a savage in some

[s/o] wilderness, or sailing the ocean in a small boat. But I hadn't the least idea of how to get what I wanted ...

... Mymost persistent fantasy was to live, at

least temporarily, a savage life completely independent of organized society...

Getting back to the question of friends at Harvard — I did not like most of the people whose rooms were near mine in the dormitory (I had no room-mate, I'm glad to say) ...

I tried to be friendly with the fellows in my dormitory as a matter of duty, not because I liked them. But I soon began to realize that at least of them regarded me as some kind of a wierdo. The reason for this is completely clear to me — in fact I **have never been able to fully understand just what the externally-visible traits of mine are that have always caused me to be marked out as different...**

... I always wore the same pair of pants, except that when I washed them each week I temporarily switched to another pair. I had a very bad case of acne. When I came back to my room after dinner, while preparing to start studying, I would swear and cuss and grumble to myself about how much work I had to do and how little time I had to do it. A couple of times I overheard the guys in the next room making fun of these peculiarities.

They were not hostile toward me, but they were certainly not interested in being friends with me ...

... My parents about this time wrote to me that someone had anonymously sent them a brochure describing the psychiatric counseling services available at Harvard. ...

... I have not carefully examined all the people in my memory to decide which of them is the most contemptible, [s/o] but, offhand, I would say that the individual who stands out in my mind as the most despicable person I have ever met — not excluding bums who have stopped me on the street to ask me for a dime — is John Finley, Master of Eliot House ...

... He made himself into a caricature of the Harvard type and based his self-image on that. He was an actor playing a role, and taking himself in as much as he took in anybody else. I do not offhand recall ever having encountered a more slavish conformist ...

... Finley's attitude toward me was always offensively condescending. To picture it, imagine a rich old lady circling around a toad, peering at it through her lorgnette, and saying to herself, "I'm *trying* my *best* to be nice to the poor creature; but really, after all, how *can* one be nice to a *toad!*" ...

... Did he somehow sense my deep contempt for him and (worse still) for the empty and artificial pretensions around which he had built his self-image? ...

It was not until the latter part of *my* Sophomore year that I made a couple of friends at Harvard. And I

didn't keep them any too long...I think all this was due to certain abrasive personality traits that I had during *my* Harvard years: In *my*

enthusiasm for mathematics and physical conditioning I became overly competitive — I was always wanting to have push-up contests, or I would challenge *my* friends to solve

1

rhematical problems of *my* own devising. After a victory I d never crow about *my* own prowess — but I would

n make what I imagined were humorous gibes at the loser's expense. I didn't think about the fact that — for example — when a person gets a Cina course, a joke about it may be very cutting to him. Thus it is not surprising that these 2 fellows lost interest in associating with me. Also, I think my manners were too coarse for Heinen's taste, and he didn't like the dirty jokes I occasionally cracked. He was somewhat fastidious.

Before my parting-of-the-ways with Bearse, he invited me to an all-male "beer party" that he gave. It was not a big party — I think no more than 5 people in the room at any one time. **This was the only time in *my* life I ever got drunk. I did so on a pint of wine.** I think I got drunk as much because I *wanted* to get drunk as because of the wine. (In fact, **when I am in company where I feel comfortable, and in a certain mood, I can get somewhat**

— drunk" without a drop of liquor, simply by letting myself go...

Now, there have been two episodes in my life that I am really ashamed of. I am about to relate one of them.

In my Sophomore year, I received a circular in the mail ... to appear at such and such a place to take a psychological "test" (i.e., questionnaire) for purposes of some kind of research. Pay would be \$5.00 ...

... Soon afterward I received notice in the mail that I had been selected to participate in a psychological "experiment", and, if I remember correctly, I think I was given an

appointment, in this notice, to come in and speak to Professor H.A. Murray about it ...

... Looking back on it now, it severely galls me and shames me to realize that I permitted that disgusting old fake to psychologically manipulate me into saying “yes”... Actually it was a study of the socially alienated personality...

... He said there were going to be some Radcliffe girls in it. (False: According to Keniston’s book “The Uncommitted”, students in this study were all male.) He said that there would be a party at the end of the year for the students in the study. (If there was a party, I never heard of it.) He said that at the end of the study the researchers would tell the students about the conclusions they drew. (They never told me any of their conclusions. I never knew anything about those until many years later when I ran across ton’s book by chance.) He promised that all information obtained in the would be kept confidential. (I have good reason to suspect that this confidence was broken ...

... All through the study, I felt hostile toward the project and toward the researchers as individuals — especially after one case where I was unsuspectingly led into a situation where I was subject to severe psychological harassment in order to gauge my reaction (The researchers said afterward that they hadn’t intended it to be so harassing. They said their harasser went overboard on the first subject, so they had to have him do it the same with all the others, for the sake of uniformity. This is almost certainly another lie.) ...

... I intentionally wore a kind of mask in dealing with these researchers; and I told them many lies about my personal ideology and feelings ... unfortunately ... I didn’t *systematically* wear a mask, especially on questionnaires ...

... As I said to myself at the time, I was to scae extent giving them my ideology as it had existed when I was maybe 11 years old...

... though I knew I was “brainwashed”, I never *accepted* it — I had every intention eventually breaking free from law and order. But I felt it would imprudent to tell anyone this ...

— **have skimmed through the greater part of Keniston’s book, “The Uncommitted.” ere were 12 “alienated” students in the group that was studied...**

...Keniston’s book would be useless as a tool

for understanding me personally. In order to learn anything about me personally from that Harvard study, one would have to go back to the original data gathered on me.

... Obviously it would be impractical for me to go through the whole book and list all of Keniston’s statements that are true for me and all that are false for me. Let me just give a few examples. p.83. “ ...they accept self-contempt ... False for me. I have never felt *general* self-contempt. I have often felt self-disgust at some *particular* weakness — for instance, the sexual perversions

I practiced. But I have always had a deep-seated *feeling* that I am somehow noble and of the best. This is not an *opinion* based on any abilities or qualities of mine, but simply an emotion that I have about myself. I sneer at anyone who has a low

opinion of himself. By the way, the fact that my self-esteem is not primarily founded on my abilities makes it easy for me to admit to myself my own weaknesses and failures

in cases where I really do have weaknesses and failures. p.96. “They would very candidly discuss their worries and anxieties with [some of the research psychologists]... and seek ce... Totally false in my case! p.122. “they were relatively solitary children.” **I am not aware that I was Rrelatively solitaryR until I was around 8 — and then only because I felt myself rejected or treated with condescension (see these notes, p.12).** p.388 “[Their mother] was (and still is) the key person in their lives.” **Beyond the normal attachment of early childhood, I have never had any particular attachment to**

or intimacy with my mother. Any member of my family

[s/o] (including my mother!) will confirm this. This certainly would seem to debunk any possible application of Keniston’s theories to me personally, since all through the book he emphasizes this supposed special attachment of the RalienatedR student to his mother — its a crucial point in his theory. p.475. **Keniston claims the alienated have a Rstrong sense of cosmic outcastness...[and] self-estrangement.R I have never had any feelings of that kind.** p.108. “Our subject’s mothers...seem to have seen their own fathers, at least, as more unequivocally admirable figures, a perception which is reflected in our subjects’ accounts. Neither our subjects nor their mothers find this same strength in the subjects’ fathers.” e in my case. My mother has always depicted her er as being well-meaning but rather weak. My mother has expressed resentment of the fact that her father would never

Totally protect my mother when *her* mother would get drunk and beat her. On the other hand, my mother has always leaned on my father as a source of leadership and security. She does not accept criticisms (except trivial ones) of my father.

... I could give lots of other examples wher_e I don’_t tit the pattern described by Keniston. But *some* of the things he says in his book *do* apply to me.

...Since Keniston says much about the parents of “alienated” students, this is a good place for me to describe my own

parents’ personalities. My parents have had a “good marriage” if there ever was one — they are extremely loyal to one another. When our family morale was low (during my teens) they would sometimes shout at one another, but it was always made up quickly. They never had a serious falling out. **Remarks that my mother has made on a few occasions suggest to me that she had strong sexual impulses when young — but she was just slightly prudish, and my parents never showed sexual affection in front of us kids. Remarks made by my father suggest to me that he had**

the strong sexual desires typical of young men, and that he was sexually satisfied with his wife...

My father was somewhat of a hoodlum or “tough” type in his , and he has often told me stories of his boxing prowess in *those* days. But in adulthood he put aside these ways and became a very steady, responsible type. **He has always been a very capable, competent worker who takes pride in doing good work...**

...He has a very tranquil personality — Type B personality — the opposite of anxiety-prone. He sticks to routine. He had great self-discipline in performing his routine of work and so forth, but he seldom exercised initiative and strikes out for something new. If he wants something and is not sure he can get it, he prefers to suppress the desire rather than risk frustration and wasted effort by trying something of a new type. He occasionally suffered from headaches described as “migraine” until he was in, I think, his early forties. **I conjecture that {until he got older} he was not really satisfied with his dull, routine life, but that he could not see any**

way of getting anything better for him, so he suppressed the desire.

As he got older, any such suppressed desire if it existed seems to have faded away, and his personality became more completely tranquil — say by around his early 50's. **By the time he was in his 60's, his personality seemed to have gone slack and become flaccid, like that of many old men.** He is still a good worker, but I suspect this results more from habit than from self-discipline. My father was always reticent about expressing his emotions... When I was a kid I think the qualities that I most noticed in my father were strength and self-ipline. I began to lose the impression of his self-discipline as our family le began to go bad, but the impression was never completely effaced until I was in my 20's...

My-mother was the daughter of immigrant peasants from Poland, and claims to have been the victim of prejudice in childhood as

a result. She tried to get some kind of status through her schoolwork, and so she has always looked romantically to the intellectual world, and **has had literary ambitions, but has neither the talent nor the self-discipline to succeed at writing. I think, but am not sure, that she is a very good worker at jobs where she has been employed...**

...She is very anxiety-prone. She is lively and expresses her emotions freely. She has a good deal of energy, but is low in self-discipline. Respectability is important to her. She tried to vicariously satisfy her own ambitions for intellectual glory through her kids. The qualities that, as a kid, I most noticed in my mother, were liveliness, love, joy, and irrationality. The impression of love faded as I went through my teens, and I came to feel my mother as a kind of emotional parasite, trying to use me to satisfy her own needs. But, just in the last few years, she has finally adjusted to the

fact that neither of her sons is interested in intellectual glory, and it's clear that, underneath all that, she really does love us very much after all..

... Both my parents were always steady, responsible, stay-at home types. Their social life consisted mostly of occasional with a few old friends. **They tended to consider themselves ior to their neighbors, but they never in any way put on ied to demonstrate this supposed superiority outside the visitsairs iate family circle.**

My mother leans heavily on my father for security. I would say that my mother has somewhat more than average femininity in her personality, and my father has somewhat more than average masculinity.

My father always "wore the pants in the family" very definitely. But my mother was the initiator, the active one. If we made a family excursion, it was usually my mother who suggested it. My mother would *ask*, "Honey, can we do such and such today? and my father would *grant* it. I don't want to exaggerate, though — it's not as if my mother took the role of a child vis-a-vis my father. But I think **the situation is adequately described by a few remarks that passed between my brother and me a few years ago. My brother said, — she sort of dominates him; or, well, not exactly dominates...but...**

I cut in and said, "It's not that *she* dominates *him*, but that *he* indulges *her*." My brother said "yes, that's the way to describe it."

There's another point brought up by Keniston's book that I want to discuss. Earlier in these notes I have given my own ideosyncratic definition of "ego", and it is always in this sense that I use the term in these notes, unless otherwise indicated ...

... On p. 364, Keniston warns, "The psychoanalytic conception of the ego should not onfused with the popular notion of the ego as the center of

.-interest, vanity, and pride...11

... In view of this, I want to clarify the term "ego" as .I use it in this autobiography and in my other notes. My use of the word is of course drawn from the popular notion. But it does overlap slightly with the usage described by Keniston. **As I use, it, ego means that part of the mind which is concerned**

with: Power, dominance, superiority, pride, revenge, autonomy, will, purpose, work, decision, reason*, action, aggression, self-discipline. Here, power is the central concept. Some of the other items (like work, reason, etc.) to start out with are merely tools for attaining power, revenge, etc., but these "tools" become ends in themselves. Thus, power holds a pre-eminent position, but the other items are also important, and some of them rival (maybe even sometimes exceed?) the importance of power. Speaking now from my own point of view, power alone is by no means enough ...

... to be satisfying, the exercise of power has to require an *effort*. It must require the use of some of the other items in the list, like reason, action, self-discipline, etc. Also **necessary in order to avoid boredom is a *seriouspurpose* for the exercise of**

power. What's the good of having power if you have no strong reason to use it?

... I would add that...the only possible serious purposes are determined by *biological instincts* — food, shelter, physical rest, love, hate, social status, etc... suggest that, for most people, needs for love, satisfaction of hate, social status, and other instincts not connected with physical needs, are satiated long before the people concerned have expended enough time and effort. Thus a sense of purposelessness occurs. This holds also for more subtle instincts like that for artistic expression. Few people seem able to fully satisfy their need for purpose through art...a chronic sense of purposelessness is inevitable, unless that society can give its people a deeply ingrained artificial purpose through some form of psychological engineering ...

... I think that when the average person is doing nothing, his mind tends to wander more-or-less at random. This

can happen to me, too; but I have a strong tendency to settle instead on a particular subject, and think about it

intently, turning it over and over in my mind and examining it from all angles. Once I get involved in a problem, whether in working with my mind or with my hands, even if that problem was of no great interest to me at the beginning, I have a

tendency to become quite concerned with the problem and to devote great care and attention to it...

... I think my analytical bent has had a very important role in my life. One example is my conclusion on morality described on p. 14 of these notes.

Now, at last, I will get back to straight autobiography.

...I think I became pretty well separated from all my

Evergreen Park friends within about a year after leaving college.

Some of my friends (Russel Mosny, George Duba) seemed to lose interest in my company around the time I left high school.

Jerry Ulrich dropped me when I came home from college with certain eccentricities like a somewhat underdeveloped attempt at a beard ...

...Actually, I was becoming bored with all those friends anyway...

... During my early years in college my relations with my parents were about as they were in my high school years, but toward the end of my Harvard

career our relations improved somewhat. They continued to make insulting remarks about my personality, but this eased up toward the end of my time at Harvard. Of course, our family had good times, too, but these did not make up for the bad times, and basically I hated my parents...

...the first 2 summers...my parents put pressure on me to

earn money to help pay for my education. I don't think it was

primarily the money they were concerned about — the idea of me doing nothing over the summers did not fit in with the image of me that they wanted to have. I was

supposed to be not only brilliant, but industrious. The last 2 summers they put no pressure on me to work...

From age, say, 15 — 18 I went through a certain phase. It started its beginnings before I went to Harvard, came on strong during my Freshman year, and had largely faded out by about the middle of my Junior Year. This was what I may call a *romantic* phase. I wanted to let loose my passions and express them freely, rather than being stoical as formerly. I began to put great emphasis on music and certain kinds of literature.

Both *before* and *after* this phase I always enjoyed music and certain kinds of literature. The difference was that *during* the phase

I considered art to be something *important*, whereas before and after the phase, I considered art to be merely an embellishment of life, not something really important ...

... I dislike most modern art, music, and literature, because it arouses too many feelings of a negative or “sick” type, whereas older art concentrated on the beautiful or the heroic ...

... In music I generally prefer Haydn and earlier composers. Vivaldi is one of my favorites... I **strongly prefer instrumental to vocal music. I prefer wind instruments, especially trumpets, trombones, French horns, oboes, and bassoons...**

... During my romantic phase I continued to have fantasies of a primitive life, but I tended strongly to embellish this with romantic details like horns resounding through the forest, savage-looking tunics of bear-skin, and so forth. **During this period I was attracted to German Romanticism. I also read Alan Bullock’s biography of Hitler and became interested in Nazism. I used to fantasy myself as an agitator rousing mobs to frenzies of revolutionary violence.**

Thereby I would become a dictator, and I would send my Gestapo out to round up all the people I hated — and there were plenty of those...

... I don’t remember the exact chronology of it, but there was a period of several years during my teens when I had a great many squabbles with my brother. He is gifted in the way of coordination, and, even though 7 1/2 years younger than me, he could always beat me at games that depended on skill rather than strength. Also, he was snotty and a chronic tease. On the other hand, I used my superior size and strength to dominate him with very little regard for his feelings ...

I think it might have been when I was around 20 that we began to get along better. Instead of competing, each of us would freely acknowledge the other’s areas of superiority. Since then I have always gotten along very well with my brother ...

When I was at my peak I was able to do 55 push-ups (minimum — the most I ever did was 59) Good push-ups — down each time until nose touches floor, up each time until arms are fully extended. I could do 17 chin-ups regularly (most I ever did was 18). Good ones. I would hang 19 [s/o] pounds on my feet and do 11 chin-ups. But the

actual amount of time that I spent on the exercises that I did on my own was very small.

In the woods I loved to pick out a small sapling and climb up it hand over hand without using my feet. I could do this easily and would climb around like an ape that way.

I would look at my body in the mirror and feel pleased with it — but at the same time very frustrated, for two reasons: For one thing, I had no practical purpose for which I could *use* my body. Thus, training it was no more than a game. In my daily activities I had no need for strength or agility. For another thing, **though I thought I had a good-looking, wiry body that a girl might find attractive, yet I was not able to get a girlfriend...**

... **Ever since my college days I have been somewhat of a worry-wart;** not excessively so — not so much as my mother, for example. **Most common is for me to worry about my health...** at Harvard...playing basketball one time (a sport at which I confess I am ly incompetent!) I got accidentally knocked under the chin. The ge of my tongue got caught between my teeth, and this resulted

“a bad scar and a bump on the edge of my tongue...I had heard that rubbing or irritation of a scar could cause cancer, so eventually I went to see one of the Student Health Service doctors to see if the bump should be surgically fixed. I got a woman doctor, and, true to her sex, she misunderstood what I was saying...She thought that I thought I already had cancer...So the whole thing was an embarrassing farce, and I think I left her imagining that I thought I was going to die or something. Well, never mind that stupid episode anyway ...

The reader must realize by now that **in high school**

and college I often became terribly angry at someone, or hated someone, but, as a matter of prudence, I could not express that anger or hatred openly. I would therefore indulge in fantasies of dire revenge. However, I never attempted to put any such fantasies into effect, because I was too strongly conditioned, by my early training, against any defiance of authority. To be more precise: I could not have committed a crime of revenge, even a relatively minor crime, because my fear of being caught and punished was all

out of proportion to the actual danger of being caught. I could have much more easily risked my life in a lawful way, than

take an equal risk of spending 30 days in jail for some minor crime.

Thus, when I had a fantasy of revenge, I had very little ort from it, because I was all too clearly a re that I had had many previous fantasies of revenge, and nothing had ever come of any of them. This was very frustrating and humiliating. **Therefore I became more and more determined that some day I would actually take revenge on some of the people that I hated...**

... Knowing my revengeful fantasies are not being realized, completely spoils them for me. **Thus my hatreds accumulated, and I swore that some day I**

would break free of law and order...

... Prior to my senior year at Harvard I don't recall ever having had a nightmare ...But **during my senior year I had maybe 3 or 4 or 5 nightmares...**

... Some time during college, I **had the following dream, which I**

found very pleasant. There had just been an atomic attack, and civilization had melted into anarchy. My father, brother, and I had some containers of precious food in our hands, and we were hurrying to get out of the city with them. Some hooligans came after us to rob us of our food. They were armed with pieces of 2X4 and other makeshift clubs. I let my father and brother run on ahead with the food, and I hung back to hold off the hooligans. **The first hooligan ran up intending to attack me with a piece of 2x4, but I drew my hunting-knife from my belt and**

,bed him in the chest. He fell down dead. The other igans drew back afraid. Then I ran to catch up with my er and brother...

— think I **was** maybe 12 or 13 when my mother started telling me I was good-looking ...During the romantic phase that I went through in my first couple of years at Harvard, I was decidedly vain about my good looks, even though I had a bad case of acne at that time...Not long ago I looked back over some old photos and slides taken when I was in my teens and early twenties, and in some of them I really do look very pretty; but also young-looking and lightly built ...

... I knew that girls tend to prefer a solidly-built, mature-looking fellow who resembles a man rather than a boy ...

This is something that has always puzzled me. I **have never been able to figure out whether I am or am not attractive to women.** Sometimes I have felt that I must be extremely attractive to them; at other times I have felt that I must me totally unattractive to them. In some cases it has seemed obvious that a good-looking girl was attracted to me; but.in some of these cases I have later learned that I was completely mistaken. I simply feel quite unable to give any intelligent answer to the question of how many or how few attractive females may have liked me in my lifetime. I **do not know how to interpret women's words and actions.** And also there is this problem: I think sometimes a pretty girl will behave in a tentious way with a man in whom she really has no rest. She wants to attract him merely in order to feel her p r, just as a strong man enjoys lifting a heavy weight.

(But in many cases this can be a cruel sport.) ...

... While at Harvard I made very few advances toward girls.

One reason was lack of social self-confidence. Another reason was the conflict between sex and ego ...

... I **had a strong tendency to resent pretty girls; being attracted to them bruised my pride.** Also, when meeting a girl to whom I was much attracted, I tended to feel shy, flustered, and at a loss for what to do or say. **These feelings were humiliating, and the humiliation roused my resentment. Thus, in contact with a**

pretty girl, not wishing to reveal my shy awkwardness, I tended to assume a manner that was cold, or even somewhat hostile.

This was not planned, but simply an instinctive reaction...

... During my first couple of years at Harvard, it seemed to me that there were some instances in which attractive girls invited acquaintance with me. But generally the reaction described above intervened. I got a certain satisfaction out of snubbing a pretty girl — it was like getting revenge on the enemy for

the social rejection I had experienced myself and I felt fiercely proud that my ego was scoring a victory over sex. But this was a bitter and painful pride,

— use I wanted very badly to have a girlfriend. Thus, I regretted afterward ng been cold to a pretty girl ...

... I might add that, while some men seem proud of their sexual activities with women and regard it as proof of their virility, I have never looked on sex or the “conquest” of women as something to be proud of. To me it is nothing to take pride in any more than eating candy, watching television, or any other soft pleasure. On the contrary, I’ve always considered sex a weakness. Thus, while pride and ego helped me to steel my will to overcome, say, a mathematical problem, pride and ego did not steel my will to overcome my shyness with girls.-.

... When all alone in the woods, many times I have done a little dance when feeling very cheerful. A few days ago in the morning I played a record. I got carried away by the music and danced around in a circle **waving** my arms and laughing delightedly until I was almost too dizzy to stand up ...

...**Anyhow**, I never did get a girlfriend — or even one date — at Harvard. Consequently, I suffered considerably from acute sexual starvation. I found by experience that I could not study well in

Widener library, because my thoughts were too much distracted by the sight of female behinds swaying up and down the aisle. All-male Lamont Library was a refuge for me; but even there on many days my ability to study was severely impaired by a tendency for my thoughts to wander off into day dreams about girls.

I was never attracted by the idea of going to a tstitute. I felt there would be no point in having intercourse un.Less the woman wanted it too. But even if I had wanted a prostitute, I would have had no idea how to find one ...

... At home in my room, when I got sexually excited, I would either fantasy a variety of oral and anal sexual perversions **with** either a male or female partner or an animal, or I

would fantasy normal intercourse. In imagining normal intercourse, I might put myself either in the male role or in the female role. In imagining myself in the male role, I usually imagined myself as having a greater or lesser amount of affection for the girl. (But still my desires toward girls were mostly just physical ...

... I might imagine myself living a stone-age life all alone in some far wilderness; then I find a beautiful girl off in the woods, injured or in some other danger or difficulty;

I rescue her, nurse her back to health, and make her my mate. Fantasies of myself as female had a completely different character. Usually I imagined myself as a sexually hot but unloving female, using her sexual power to seduce males. In many cases

I imagined my sex partner as being Dale Eikelman (see p. 50 of these notes), and except when provisionally submitting to him in

of course, I imagined myself as dominating him physically ...

...in fantasies of myself as a female, the emphasis was always on myself as a girl — the man in the fantasy only served to provide a prick. I have never been sexually attracted to men...

... I never had a wet dream in my life until I was 22 or

23 years old, probably because I masturbated often enough in my waking hours so that I didn't have to do so in my sleep. By the time I was 22 or 23., many

permanently distended blood-vessels were visible on my penis, presumably because I had erections so often. Because I feared this was physically injurious, I made a serious attempt

to keep sexual thoughts out of my head. I made considerable progress at this in my waking hours, but then the sexual thoughts started coming out in my sleep. This was the first time I ever had any wet dreams. **I gave up trying to reduce my sexual thoughts, since it seemed they were bound to come one way or another...**

While at Harvard I might have masturbated an average of 4 times a week, at a rough guess...

...my yearning for Carol Wolman made me so miserable that I felt a need to tell someone about it. So I wrote to my

parents and told them about it. They seemed to be astonished dismayed by this news. But why should they have been surprised? What could be more commonplace than a teenage crush? (Ever since my early teens, my parents seem to have held a strangely unrealistic view of me. Their view is still as unrealistic today as it ever was.) In their reply, my parents made some perfunctory expressions of sympathy, because they felt it was their duty to do so, but I did not feel there was any warmth in these expressions. **I got the impression that they were displeased because their perfect genius, their source of pride, had revealed a weakness.**

In my mother's letter I got a whiff of that same old "there-must-be-something-wrong-with-you" attitude. My mother wrote,

"I think it is very important for you to start dating." Certainly this was very sound advice — just as sound as advising a starving man to "get some food quick", or advising a poor man to

"hurry up and get some money." When I was home at Christmas and over the summer, my parents never mentioned my infatuation. I once tried to raise the subject with my mother, but got a cool and somewhat embarrassed response. **So I had to sweat it out on my**

own ...

...There was something about Carol Wolman, and especially about her smile, that gave an impression of *wildness*, and of an indefinable kind of romance. When I first got stuck on her, I used to have fantasies of her as a kind of satyr-like creature from Greek mythology, with the legs of a goat, cavorting on some dian mountainside. She seemed to me like a beautiful le wild animal. Not that there was anything about her that was cc:Yarse or “animal” in the derogatory sense. But to me she had the air of one on whom civilization had not clamped down its vice of artificial restraints and learned mannerisms...

...But she had been well trained and absorbed her training thoroughly...I was very disappointed. She was just a goody-liberal. All those mannerisms of hers that suggested to me a certain wildness were just an illusion...

... But even after that — even today — when I think of Carol Wolman I get a little echo of what I once felt for her.

In recent years I have even dreamed about her a few times ...

... Needless to say, I desired physical contact with Ellen [Arl]. But, because of my extreme ignorance and lack of self-confidence in such matters, it was a long time before I got around to it...Once she said to me, “Don’t you have any animal desires?” This certainly seemed like a hint that she was inviting physical contact; but what if I was mistaken? I would feel like a great fool if I tried something and it turned out I had misinterpreted. Besides, I didn’t know how to go about making physical advances ...

On one occasion I held hands with her. Finally, on the last date before I went back to Harvard, realizing that this would be the last chance I would have for months, I had sufficient nerve ta....ask her for a kiss. She agreed of course, so I just put my arm

d her shoulders and pressed my mouth against hers. She ground lips into mine, so to speak, by turning her head back and forth

in a kind of circular motion. At that time, I hadn’t realized that that is how a sexual kiss is ordinarily performed. I had seen it done that way in the movies, of course, but I had assumed that that

was only a Hollywood affectation, a show that they put on, just like the fancy clothes and other romantic ostentation. I wondered whether Ellen had borrowed the idea of kissing that way from the movies. I would have felt foolish doing anything in imitation of things I had seen in the movies.

Anyway, I enjoyed that kiss very much. It was the first *good* sexual experience I had ever had (unless you want to count the time I tickled Linda Dybas when I was 9 or 10).

Masturbation, sex fantasies, sexual perversions (whether private or with Dale Eikelman) — all these were frustrating and unsatisfying experiences.

The limited pleasure that I got out of them was not enough to compensate for the frustration resulting from the fact that I was not getting what I wanted. But kissing girls is different. The pleasure and satisfaction I get from it is more than enough to compensate for the fact that I wish I were getting a lot more than just kisses. **Alas,**

there have been only 4 occasions in my life when I have had the opportunity for such enjoyment — twice with Ellen Arl (but there were many individual kisses on the second occasion), and twice with Ellen Tarmichael...

... In spite of the fact that I now had considerable contempt and no affection for Ellen [Arl], I very much enjoyed the physical contact.

But, because of my feelings toward her, the enjoyment was necessarily of a rather detached kind. With one part of my mind I got pleasure from pressing my mouth against hers, while with another part of my mind I looked on the whole process with a kind of amused contempt ...

After having had a taste of physical contact with a girl, for a while I suffered a good deal more from sexual starvation than I had done previously. At times I used to get a powerful craving for the feel of a soft feminine cheek against mine...

...While I was at Harvard I developed a style of living that most people in modern society would consider quite ascetic, and I have maintained that style of living ever since.

By “ascetic” I mean that I spent almost no money on luxuries, fine clothes, entertainment, and the like. In part this was the result of my inclination toward power. (To get by with

a minimum of things is associated with strength and toughness; to wallow in luxury is associated with softness.) But mostly my asceticism was simply due to a lack of interest in the things that money can buy ...

ut whenever I really want something, and can rationally

— rd it, I buy For instance, when I lived in California and made a good salary, I wanted a car so I could visit wild areas of the state; so I lost no time in buying a new car. (A 1967 Chevelle. It was a good car. I had it for about

7 years and developed a real affection for it.) For another example, when I went out with Ellen Tarmichael a few [s/o] months ago,

I did not hesitate to spend \$32⁰⁰ (including \$5⁰⁰ tip) for a meal for the 2 of us in a gourmet-type restaurant. Thus

I am no miser. But I don't spend money for something unnecessary when I feel I will get no real satisfaction out of it ...

... On page 25 I indicated that it was “fairly obvious” that my bad social experiences in school that followed my skipping 6th grade were what caused me to have such great difficulty in making advances to girls. However, the reason may not be so simple. (One can tell what one's feelings are, but sometimes it is difficult to tell what are the ultimate causes of those feelings.) In particular, I wonder about this fact: **So far as I know, my brother has had no more sexual contact with women than I have. Is this pure coincidence?** One would be inclined to look for some common cause for his celibacy and mine. If there is such a common cause, it is not bad social experiences

in school or cutting insults from parents, since my brother never underwent these experiences to any great extent if at all.

Never having discussed this question with my brother, the best I can do to answer it is this: There may be such a common cause, but it is not strong enough to be the determining factor - if and by

itself. Other factors were necessary, but these $\wedge^{0\text{th}}$ er factors in my case were not the same as in my brother's case. I will not attempt to determine what the other factors were in my brother's case ...

However, I will explain what I think may be the common causes that hindered both my brother and me from getting girlfriends. For one thing, as a result no doubt of heredity and early family environment (probably mostly the latter), **we both grew up with personalities and attitudes that predisposed us to be**

social outsiders. We both have little respect for most of the human race and are interested in friendship only with

selected individuals. We both have no interest in the values, entertainments, conventions, and social rituals of most of the major social groupings. This by itself would tend to limit our

social lives, and therefore limit our opportunities to meet girls...

... while we like to joke about breaking the law, my brother would never have the nerve to actually commit a crime, and I **myself acquired the nerve to break the law only after a long struggle.**

the sexes are somehow Rofficial, w that they are to get the same

This relates to our sex lives as follows: **Somehow I (and I think also my brother) absorbed the attitude that the relations between**

I

d of respect that is due to authority, that approaching a girl something to be taken as seriously as obeying the law. this is not to be confused with puritanism. We kids were always owed to crack "dirty" jokes at home; my father made dirty jokes, and my mother laughed at them too, though often in a slightly embarrassed way; our parents always led us to feel that sex within marriage is a wholesome thing.)

...

... When I was in my early teens I thought one couldn't ask a girl for a date unless one had been acquainted with her for a long time. I **had heard**

that one wasn't supposed to kiss a girl on the first date. So

I assumed it was almost prohibited to kiss her on the second date because it would be too obvious that one was trying to kiss her as soon as possible after the minimum waiting period...

... Naturally, as I grew older, my information improved, and I became less naive, but the conditioned response remained — the inhibitions about approaching girls. I think this same factor has affected my brother ...

... I think that I would have been able to get girlfriends if it were not for the fact that bad experiences at home and (still more) at school

destroyed my social self-confidence. My reason for thinking this is that, at the age of 13, before I had the worst of my bad experiences, I did begin making definite advances toward girls, as recorded on p.52 and p.54 of these notes ...

20–24 Yrs

... During my last year at Harvard I applied for admission as a graduate student in mathematics to U. of Calif. at Berkeley, to

1. of Chicago, and U. of Michigan. All 3 accepted me, but none (at first) offered me a teaching assistantship or any other form of financial support ...

... Accordingly, I went to an employment agency, and separately applied for a job with IBM, where I had been recommended by an acquaintance of my parents who worked there. The employment agency said I made a very good impression on potential employers ...

... But just then I got a letter from the University of Michigan offering me a teaching fellowship. That was what I had wanted ...

... So I went to U. of Michigan in the Fall of 1962, spent 5 years there. These were the most miserable life {except for the first year and the last year). enthusiasm and a high level of self-discipline...

and I years of *my*

I started out with

...I still had pretty good morale at the end of the year, but the next year the teaching was even worse. That is

my morale began to slide rapidly downhill...

... The fact that I not only passed my courses (except one physics course) but got quite a few A's, shows how wretchedly low the standards were at Michigan ...

... On the whole, fields at Harvard. small minority ...

I had high respect for the academic standards in scientific At Michigan, the instructors whom I considered good were a

... Sloppy, careless, poorly organized teaching can destroy the morale of many students ...

...What was I doing with all the time that I was supposed to be spending on *my*

course work? Mostly I spent it on research problems of *my* own devising... the work was excellent training and did much to develop my mathematical *ability*; but an imbalance in my mathematical *knowledge* resulted from the fact that I neglected my course work in order to work on my own research problems ...

... Mathematics — even at its best — was only a game...I needed purposeful activity in the real world...even though I began to feel profoundly

dissatisfied with mathematics, I still got from it an intense pleasure. In retrospect, I look upon this kind of pleasure as

.- olesome...

...During my first 3 years at Michigan I was a half-time teacher. During my 4th year I declined to teach, and got by on

savings accumulated during my first 3 years; this permitted me to devote full time to thesis and courses. During my 5th year I

held a National Science Foundation Traineeship, which paid my way...

... I have a certain strain of perfectionism, whereby I become angry, frustrated, and upset whenever I mess up a job that I am doing. It is important to me to do any job right, and in many kinds of work this implies an element of tension...

...the longer I taught at Michigan, the more contempt I had

for the bulk of my students. For this reason, I became a poorer teacher, but *not* by becoming sloppy in conducting my courses. Exactly the opposite! In teaching, I lived up to certain high standards of my own, but (feeling contempt for the bulk of my students) I took less and less interest in making the material palatable to my students.

My classes consisted more and more of formal, perfect, cold, detached lectures.

The majority of the students I think felt uncomfortable in this atmosphere ..

...My teaching supervisors, who occasionally visited my classes, always told me I did a good job, because I was always well and carefully prepared for my classes; but they sometimes remarked (later in my teaching career) that my classes seemed

d", i.e., unenthusiastic...

uring my 3rd or 4th year at Michigan, I was very surprised to be given a prize for supposedly being the "best graduate student in mathematics" ...

... Shortly after I left Michigan permanently, I got a letter from the Math Department. They awarded me a

100 — dollar prize for writing the best thesis in mathematics that year ...

... I had virtually no social life at Michigan, but I didn't miss

it — except that I desired women...During my 4th year at Michigan I stayed in a rooming house...supposedly a men's rooming house...[a couple] had the room next to mine. I didn't realize the situation until one evening I heard them screwing. They certainly made plenty of noise about it. I suppose the bitch was squealing so loud because she found it sexually exciting to advertise to everyone what she was doing. Anyhow, it made me very angry, for these reasons: It roused my sexual feelings, which was unpleasant because I had no means of gratifying them in a satisfactory way, and this sexual frustration distracted me from my thesis work. Moreover, it roused my jealousy, especially since this couple seemed to be vaunting their sexual activities by being so unabashedly noisy ...

... I made it

— **relationships** almost a matter of principle to close on any but the most superficial level... myself against social

... I had long since lost interest in romantic ideas. But *my* desire for a wilderness life independent of civilization grew stronger than ever...I had made no progress against the

social and psychological obstacles; I felt trapped in *my* pattern of life; I felt I lacked the *social* courage to break away...

...The Vietnam war was on, and, while I approved of exterminating gooks, I

preferred to have someone other than myself get his legs blown off by a land mine. If I quit my mathematical career, I could expect to get drafted. Actually, I wasn't all that much afraid of being sent to Vietnam. While I abhorred the idea of getting crippled, I was somewhat attracted by the idea of shooting it out with the Commies (I have always hated Communism and Socialism).

But I felt that submitting to military discipline would be an intolerable indignity. I couldn't stand the idea of being arbitrarily pushed around and abused by loud-mouthed sergeants. I felt sure that if I were drafted, one of 2 things would happen: Either I would go AWOL in desperation, or else in a fit of rage I would shoot some bullying sergeant ...

...Even if I could never break away physically, I would never let organized society capture *my* heart and mind; I would never become a

docile and willing slave in the machine; I would never permit self to give in to morality and conscience, which are among

biggest and heaviest chains by which society enslaves our minds. course I *did* have a conscience in the sense of conditioned

responses, but *my* conscious will rebelled against this...

... I described my growing discouragement with mathematics. I have also described my growing hopelessness about leading the wilderness life I wanted. I had no sexual or social relationships to provide any consolation for my fundamental dissatisfaction with life in modern society. Thus, by the end of *my*

4th year at Michigan, I was deeply demoralized, discouraged, and bitter...

...By this time I had become completely alienated from the entire human race. I had broken free of all institutionalized values. I had

achieved a great degree of inner solitude and isolation. (To quote from Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness, "I had to deal with a being to whom I could not appeal in the name of anything high or low... There was nothing either above or below him... He had kicked himself loose of the earth... He was alone.") I made it a principle to avoid all social feelings insofar as possible. There was no one

whom I respected and no one whose friendship I desired. This situation had existed to a greater or lesser degree for many years previously, but by my 4th year at Michigan it had reached an extreme ...

... I sometimes wish today that I could recover that complete psychological isolation...! wished that I could permanently remove all *my* al instincts, so that I would no longer be nagged by desires that uldn“ t satisfy

... The perversions I occasionally practiced consisted of transvestism (with crudely improvised imitations of female clothing) and inserting my finger or other objects in my anus. But mostly my sexual activities consisted of ordinary masturbation accompanied by erotic fantasies. These fantasies were either of normal sex **with a woman.**, or of myself as a **woman**, or of oral or anal perversions. **However, as I became more and more completely hopeless about ever getting a girlfriend, the fantasies of normal sex with a woman declined and were**

more and more replaced by fantasies of sexual perversions or of myself as a woman...

... By my third year at Michigan, though I still could hardly keep my eyes off good-looking girls, I had closed my heart against them. Since I felt sure I would never have any kind of sexual relationship with any of them, it was less painful, frustrating, and humiliating to simply close off all hope and hate all goodlooking women ...

... finally I got disgusted with the whole thing, and angry, and said to myself, “What am I doing here working up a sweat trying to phone some stupid broad. It’s an indignity. To hell with it. I don’t need any damn women.” This incident was a major step in making me completely hopeless about ever getting a girlfriend. I tended to close my heart against women. (Against people erally, for that matter ...

ing my U. of Michigan period I no longer felt ashamed of my perverted sexual fantasies in the same way that I did

at the age of, say 15. That is, I still felt more or less revulsion after orgasm associated with a perverted fantasy; and I felt thoroughly and strongly disgusted after orgasm whenever I had spent a

long period playing with perversions, especially when I feared I might be damaging my health through prolonged accelerated heartbeat and prolonged erection, or when I wasted, on perversion, time that I should have spent on some task. But, on the

other hand, when I looked back on my sexual fantasies and activities from a little distance of time, I no longer felt any particular shame about them. Though of course I was very careful to keep these activities concealed, since I knew how other people would react to them...

...During my Michigan years I began occasionally having dreams of a type that I have continued to have occasionally over a period of several years. In the dream I would feel either that

organized society was hounding me with accusations in some way, or that organized society was trying in some way to capture my mind and tie me down psychologically, or both. In the most typical form, some psychologist or psychologists (often in association with parents or other minions of “the system”)

would either be trying to convince me that I was “sick”, or I’d be trying to control my mind through psychological techniques.

uld be on the dodge, trying to escape or avoid the psychologists either physically or in other ways. But I would grow angrier, and finally I would break out in physical violence against the psychologist and his allies. At the moment when I broke out into violence and killed the psychologist or other such figure, I experienced a great feeling of relief and liberation. Unfortunately however, the people I killed usually would spring back to life again very quickly. They just wouldn’t stay dead. I would awake

with a pleasurable sense of liberation at having broken out into violence, but at the same time with some frustration at the fact that my victims wouldn’t stay dead. However, in the course of some dreams, by making a strong effort of **will** in my sleep, I **was** able to make my victim stay dead. I think that, as the years **went by**, the frequency **with which** I was able to make my victim stay dead through exertion of **my will** increased ...

24 — 27 Yrs

...During the summer following my 4th year at Michigan...! had become thoroughly discouraged with mathematics. Music, reading, and other hedonistic pursuits bored me if indulged in to more than a limited extent. Thus, my

life began to seem completely empty. I felt that I had nothing to look forward to or to live for...There was much talk in the news media about eliminating draft deferments for teachers. I felt

there was a serious risk that I might be drafted...I was full of hatred for organized society and for many of the people around me, and the fact that I could not get revenge on those I hated was an additional depressing factor. Thus my morale sank to the zero point. It was lower than at any other period before or since...

... I have noticed that when my morale is very low, I tend to become a slave to such trivial pleasures as I can get.

For instance, I may eat an excessive amount of junk food...Another similar symptom of very low morale that I have experienced is a tendency to get excessively involved with sexual fantasies, masturbation, and perversion. I mean much beyond the normal periodic release of sexual tension through orgasm. With good morale, I would from time to time become excited, masturbate, and then forget about it...With low morale, I had a tendency to avoid orgasm for sometimes hours, so as to prolong the sexual fantasies and the perversions that acticed; and after orgasm I was apt to get excited again

— er ..

...the extreme low morale that I experienced in the latter part of the summer after my 4th year at

Michigan led to the second of the 2 episodes in my life that

I am really ashamed of. I got into a state where, for I guess about the last 2 or 3 weeks of the summer, I was more or less

sexually excited nearly all the time, with fantasies of myself as a woman. It makes me squirm to think of it, but I actually decided to

make an effort to have a sex-change operation. It was not that I imagined I would be happy as a woman, or that I had a favorable view of womanhood, or any such thing as that. It was simply that the idea of being a woman, and having intercourse as such, was

extremely titillating sexually. This was because, to me, femininity has always been extremely exciting sexually, whether the femininity was present in myself (as in my fantasies of being a woman) or in someone else; and because fantasies of taking a feminine role in sex provided ego-negation

— or self-surrender, if you prefer to call it that. (For my opinions concerning the sexual excitement provided by self-surrender, or what I have called ego-negation, see my recent journal notes. [Early 1979 journal notes.] I have since learned that a far more satisfactory sense of self-surrender in sex fantasies is obtained by loving a woman than by imagining myself in a physically feminine role, but

I cannot feel a sufficiently unreserved and open-hearted kind of love for women when I feel rejected by them ...

... Anyhow, during the stated period, I was constantly having sexual fantasies of myself as a woman. When the excitement got too intense, I would masturbate, but within a few minutes after orgasm I would get excited again. During those few minutes after orgasm I would feel intense revulsion. I would feel that death would be a better fate than having a sex-change operation.

But death was all I had to look forward to. As explained above, I had no hope for anything. Aside from the unwholesome pleasure of constant sexual excitement, everything seemed like a black, dismal dead-end. Thus it is not surprising that I would promptly get sexually excited again ...

... When I got back to the U. of Michigan, I made an appointment to see one of their psychiatric counselors. You may be sure that my purpose in doing this was emphatically NOT to be “cured” or “treated” or have my mind altered or meddled **with** in any **way**...I knew that you can’t just purchase a sex-change operation by walking into the surgeon’s office and plunking down your money. You first have to be examined by psychiatrists who decide such an operation would be “good” for you. Anyhow, I didn’t know where to go for such an operation. I knew that if I frankly revealed myself to the psychiatrist, he would *not* decide that such an operation would be good for me, because certainly I was not suited to a feminine role in life — my drive was exclusively erotic. But I hoped that, by putting on act, I could con the psychiatrists into thinking me able for a feminine role, so that they **would** help me to obtain a

sex-change operation. I seem to be pretty good at concealing my feelings and playing a role before other people, so it's possible I might have been able to fool the psychiatrists ...

... However, as the time approached for the appointment,

I felt a certain revulsion setting in. While I was sitting in the waiting room I turned completely against the idea of the operation. So **when I went** in to see the doctor, I just gave him a bullshit story about being depressed about the possibility of being drafted ...

...As I **walked away** from the building afterward I felt disgusted at **what my** uncontrolled sexual cravings had almost led me to do, and I felt humiliated, and I violently hated the psychiatrist. Just then there came a major turning point in my life. Like a phoenix I rose from the ashes of my despair to glorious new hope. (I ask the reader to pardon the melodramatic language. When I write like that, it is **with** a sly grin.) ...

... I wanted to kill that psychiatrist. Because the future looked utterly empty to me, I felt I wouldn't care if I died. And so I said to myself, *y not really kill that psychiatrist... anyone else whom I hate.*" What is important is not the words ran through my mind, but the way I felt about them. twas entirely new was the fact that I *really felt*

could kill someone. My very hopelessness had liberated me. Because I no longer cared about death, I no longer cared about consequences, and I suddenly felt that I really could break out of my rut in life and do things that were daring,

— irresponsible", or criminal ...

...My first thought was to kill somebody I hated and then kill myself before the cops could get me. {I've always considered death preferable to long imprisonment.) But, since I now had new hope, I was not ready to relinquish life so easily. So

I thought, "I **will** kill, but I **will** make at least some effort to avoid detection, so that I can kill again." Then I thought,

— well, as long as I am going to throw everything up anyway, instead of having to shoot it out with the cops or something, I will do what I've always wanted to do, namely, I will go up to Canada, take off into the woods with a rifle, and try to live off the country. If that doesn't work out, and if I can get back to civilization before I starve, *then* I will come back here and kill someone I hate." What **was new** here was the fact that I **now**

feltreallyhad the courage to behave "irresponsibly".

.. All these thoughts passed through my head in length oftime it took me to **walk** a quarter of a mile.

— he end of that time I had acquired bright new hope, an angry, vicious kind of determination, and high morale ...

... I would need a little money...I promptly embarked on a consciencious program of physical conditioning

— mainly running and walking...And I made a new, vigorous effort in learning to recognize edible wild plants, so that I began to learn new plant species rather rapidly ...

...**My morale** remained very high all that year...I ceased to have trouble with sexual excitement. That is, my sexual feelings did not disappear, but whenever I got excited I would promptly masturbate to relieve myself, and so sex never caused me much trouble that year ...

... I had no social life at this time and more than ever I made it a principle to be both asocial and amoral (but it is important to understand that these two are not the same thing!). I often had fantasies of killing the **kind** of people **whom** I hated {e.g. government officials, police, computer scientists, behavioral scientists, the **rowdy** type of college students who left their piles of beer-cans in the Arboretum, etc., etc., etc.) and I had high hopes of eventually committing such crimes ...

... But I had not actually been liberated from my conditioned

“bitions against defying authority overtly. What I *had* acquired was strength and hopefulness to actively fight those inhibitions ...

...**my room got smelly for several reasons:** I would sometimes leave half-eaten cans of tunafish standing for a few hours before finishing them; I never ate in restaurants, but only in my room, so that there was food garbage in my trash can; I would gather, keep, and eat wild garlic and onions, which are very strongsmelling; I seldom bothered to open my windows, so that these odors would accumulate, along with farts; during most of my life I have tended to bathe infrequently ...

... I never was foolish enough to complain to those stupid [**neighbor**] jocks when they were having one of their roaring, drunken parties, because I know they would only have ridiculed me if I did so.)

One time, angry at having been kept awake by one of their parties, I sneaked down in the dark before dawn and put a piece of broken glass under one wheel of their car, so that they would roll over it when backing out. (This I think is the first thing I ever did that might have got me into minor trouble with the police if I'd been caught.) ...

... I also did them another dirty trick...Just as I was moving out of the place at the end of the year, I told [**the landlady**] about the fact that the jocks were screwing girls in their apartment ...

I think it was in January, 1967 that I received a letter the Mathematics Department at the University of California at Berkeley offering me a position there as Assistant Professor...

... The Berkeley offer was for only around 9,000, **but I accepted that, because I figured that California had more wilderness opportunities to offer than Southern Michigan. Since I was still intending to take off to the wilderness, I have to explain why I accepted any offer at all. My hopelessness had led to a certain**

psychological liberation which in turn had given me hope. But since I now had high hopes in life I again became cautious. Instead of

making the rash gamble of taking off into the woods unprepared, I wanted to do the job more carefully. I wanted to buy a plot of land, put up a cabin, live there, and then after familiarizing myself with the surrounding country I could hope to live far off

where no one would know my location, so that I would be completely detached from society. But this plan would take a little money, so that I intended to teach for one or at most 2 years to accumulate the cash..

I wanted to get some money before trying to go live in the woods, so in Fall, 1967 I went to Berkeley...

... Reactions to my teaching were quite varied. Some classes seemed to hate me while others thought I was very good. Students of engineering and the like seemed to have the most negative reaction to me. I think they disliked my formal approach and my distant manner. Also, spect that students who wouldn't work diligently sensed my contempt them ...

...**At Berkeley, as usual, I had virtually no social life,** and mostly I continued to purposely avoid social relationships (except that I would have been very glad to get a girlfriend if I had had an opportunity and had been able to make good use of it). I had no social contacts with my colleagues and didn't desire any. I had no respect for any of them ...

...**My recreations at Berkeley consisted, as before, almost exclusively of reading and outdoor activities. My reading**

centered around true accounts of the adventures of explorers, frontiersmen, Indians, etc...

... One time, on one of my walks in the Berkeley Hills, I was coming up into a residential area from off a steep, rough hillside below it. I was coming up along a narrow little path, rather disshevelled and dressed in my raggedy old jacket. Some kids were entering the path, and just after I passed them I heard one murmur, "He looks like he was out there all night." Another one mumbled, "Wino". This both amused and pleased me..

...**During this period I found it necessary to begin disciplining myself to avoid reading newspapers except just occasionally, because if I read the papers regularly I would build up too much tense,**

frustrated anger against politicians, dictators, businessmen, scientists, communists, and others in the world who were doing things th_at endangered me or changed the world in ways that I resented.

ive examples of just a few of the things that I resented: The that my life depended on the decisions of dictators and

po iticians who had atom bombs at their disposal; boosters in the political and business worlds who pushed economic and population growth, thereby increasing air pollution, noise, over-

crowding, and destruction of such wilderness as remained;

scientists and engineers whose discoveries and inventions encouraged economic growth, and population growth by increasing food-supply*, and increased the power of society to control individuals by

either physical or psychological means; groups that pushed collectivist ideologies, which I feared might change society in such a way as to restrict my personal autonomy even further...

... As for sex, at Berkeley, I rarely practiced perversions or had prolonged sex-fantasies, because I would usually masturbate promptly whenever I got excited, so that sex didn't get much grip on me.

My sex fantasies were either of having normal intercourse with a woman, or of being a woman myself and having intercourse that way. I made no sort of advances toward women during my 2 years at Berkeley. I felt myself unattractive to women ...

... here is where my one great weakness — my social weakness — interfered. I was **too self-conscious...! feared people would think me foolish**

or peculiar if they knew I proposed to go off into the woods for 2 weeks alone; and still more so if they knew I wanted to live as a hermit...

... Thus, I had a great *social* problem in trying to bridge the gap between civilization and the wilderness...Doubtless the reader will think it weak of me to have not overcome this problem — and I freely admit that I *do* have a

great weakness in the social sphere...

... There have been...occasions in my life when I have been a little surprized and perplexed at learning that certain other people know more about me than I expected. Perhaps they learn these things via the "grapevine". Ever since my high-school days it has seemed to me that I learn much less by way of the grapevine than other people do. I suppose it's a natural consequence of my social isolation.

Anyhow, I left Berkeley in Spring, 1969 and set off looking for land for a cabin-site...

Ted's Journal Series I

Journal #1

October 10, 1969

[**journal entry** quote from *The Hidden Persuaders*, by Vance Packard]: “The ultimate achievement of biocontrol may be the control of man himself ... The controlled subjects would never be permitted to think as individuals. A few months after birth, a surgeon would equip each child with a socket mounted under the scalp and electrodes reaching selected areas of the brain...

... I think it is very probable that individual liberty will gradually disappear completely and permanently ... Consider all the evils that are imposed on the individual by the system. To mention a few: air and water pollution; the threat of atomic war; overcrowding and traffic congestion, noise; bureaucratic red tape; the draft; destruction of the wilderness; the omnipresence of vulgar, intrusive, manipulative advertising; etc...Furthermore, the individual living independently can at least reasonably attempt to alleviate his hardships. If he is cold he can make a fire or build a better hut. If game gets scarce he can try, at least, to find an area where it is more plentiful. His decisions *count*; he is not *helpless*. But what can the *individual* do about air pollution or overpopulation? ...The point I am trying to make here is that the *important* things in an individual's life are mainly under the control of large organizations; the individual is helpless to influence them ...

... Still more dangerous are scientific advances which make it possible to control people's minds. Scientists have already had great success in controlling animals by means of electrodes inserted in their brains, and these techniques have even successfully applied to human mental patients...Psychological techniques for manipulating people also are meeting with increasing success...Quite likely the invasion of liberty will proceed most quickly in the “education” of children and the “rehabilitation” of criminals and insane people ...

... Sticking electrodes into people's heads makes us feel squeamish, but what is the difference whether we manipulate a person by sticking electrodes in his head or by educational techniques if both methods are equally effective in engineering his personality? ...

Journal #2

C-226B

[July 1970]

... Almost every place along the way where it was possible to pull the road there were one or more campers, trailers or cars parked. ostentatious whiskers, tarty girls in skin-tight pants, the whole This makes me want to kill people... a vehicle off Hippies with pile of shit.

... Though I have had a smoldering and fairly consistent dislike of organized society ever since my middle teens, my hatred of it did not reach full bloom until I was about 24 years old ...

[February 13, 1971]

It ... seems probable — in fact, almost certain — that in future generations the genuine individualist will be eliminated through scientific manipulation of human behavior

...

Journal #3

[April 6, 1971]

... **My motive for doing what I am going to do is simply personal revenge.** I do not expect to accomplish anything by it. Of course, if **my crime** (and my reasons for committing it) gets any public attention, it may help to stimulate public interest in the technology question and thereby improve the chances of stopping technology before it is too late; but on the other hand **most people will probably be repelled by my crime**, and the opponents of freedom may use it as weapon to support their arguments for control over human behavior.

I have no way of knowing whether my action will do more good than harm. I **certainly don't claim to be an altruist or to be acting for the "good" (whatever that is) of the human race. I act merely from a desire for personal revenge.** Of course, I would like to get revenge on the whole scientific and bureaucratic establishment, not to mention communists and others who threaten freedom, but, that being impossible, I **have to content myself with just a little revenge.**

These days it is fashionable to ascribe sick-sounding motivations (in many cases correctly, I admit) to persons who commit antisocial acts. **Perhaps some people will deny that I am motivated by a hatred for what is happening to freedom. However, I think I know myself pretty well and I think they are wrong.** Let me explain more fully. **It is quite true that I do not fit into organized society, and that I don't want to fit into it.**

It is quite true that even if science were not advancing and the degree of social organization were not easing, I would still resent organized society, and I would still seek all avenues of temporary or partial escape from it — or total escape if possible. **But if it were not for the advance of science I would not rebel to such an extent as to risk severe punishment ...**

Journal Series VI, Journal #1

C-230B

[Sept. 20, 1972]

... I have been pretty busy during the day here in Great Falls, running around trying to get various things that I need — felt liners for my boots, materials for repairing my snowshoes, etc. But in the evenings there hasn't been much to do, so I took to reading Joseph Conrad's "The Arrow of Gold," a copy of which has been lying around here ...

... for some reason I felt very refreshed after reading the story — invigorated, and my spirits buoyed up. I still feel that way. This is a little peculiar, since I don't actually consider the story to have been a good one. In fact I found much of it irritating ...

... Perhaps I reacted to the story as I did largely because, before taking up The Arrow of Gold, I had been reading to a certain extent in current magazines and newspapers. As usual, I found much of that material sordid and disgusting, and full of propagandistic devices. It may have been the contrast ...

Letters to Parents

I

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 **suspensions** 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 ...

II

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.

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. There 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...**

Journal Entries

Salt Lake City Journal

[written in Salt Lake City, 1972]

Dec. 17, 1972: I think I am not unusual in being disturbed by the present state of society and especially by the accelerating erosion of freedom that seems to be clearly indicated for the future. **However**, it seems that I get considerably more upset about it than most people do ...

Dec. 25, 1972: ...**About a year and half ago, I planned to murder a scientist — as a means of revenge against organized society in general and the technological establishment in particular...**Unfortunately, I chickened out. **I couldn't work up the nerve to do it.** The experience showed me that propaganda and indoctrination have a much stronger hold on me than I realized. **My plan was such that there was very little chance of my getting caught. I had no qualms before I tried to do it, and I thought I would have no difficulty. I had everything well prepared.** But when I tried to take the final, irrevocable step, I found myself over — whelmed by an irrational, superstitious fear — not a fear of anything specific, merely a vague but powerful fear of committing the act. I cannot attribute this to a rational fear of being caught. I made my preparations **with** extreme care, and I figured my chances of being caught were less than, say, my chances of being killed in an automobile accident within the next year. I am not in the least nervous *when* I get into my car. **I can only attribute my fear to the constant flood of anticrime propaganda to which one is subjected.** For example, murderers in TV dramas are always caught, there is always the stern, moralizing sermon on their “twisted minds”, they are small and helpless before the judge, surrounded by police, etc., etc., etc. **If I ever do work up the nerve to commit such a murder, I will probably have to do it in a kind of suicidal act my vague, of rage — that is, without making any attempt to avoid being caught.** It may be that I can overcome my vague, irrational fear of possible consequences only by saying to myself, **“Damn the consequences — this is the end.”**

Journal Series VI, Journal #1

C-230B

[Jan 17, 1973]

Well, for a little over a month I have been working for a couple of bricklayers here in Salt Lake City. Typically I work about $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day, 6 days a week, and it is hard work, too — made harder by the mud, slush, snow, and cold ...

... my objective here is to accumulate some money as fast as possible, so that I can go back to the woods. On the other hand, I find it somewhat exhilarating. It is a break from routine, an opportunity to take effective action (at least, I *hope* effective) on an individual basis — an increasingly unusual opportunity (scratch-out) for most of us in organized society ...

Journal Series I, Journal #5

C-226E

[March 21, 1973]

...There is a point beyond which the desire for revenge against society becomes more important than the desire to enjoy that which is worthwhile in life...

Journal Series III, Journal #4

August 5 [1973]: Just got back from a 3-day hike (i.e. 3 sleeps) with Dave to the mountains N. of Highway 200. **Going with Dave was convenient for me as we left *his* car to the risk of being stolen, instead of mine.**

Letter to Parents — Sep 22 1973

C-115

Envelope postmarked from Lincoln, MT 59639

SEP 22 AM 1973

.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

...

Journal Entries

Journal Series III, Journal #4

C-228D

[February 17, 1974]

[Referring to large party of snowmobilers] ...You can hardly conceive how much this upsets me...It makes me want to kill people. I hope someday I will work up the nerve to do so ...

Unknown Journal

C-197: "Journal entries w/various dates; mentions Tech Society by Ellul."

From Journal:

March 16, 1974: This morning was very fresh and beautiful...But as I came around the hill N. of the cabin I heard the roar of some snowmobiles ahead, buzzing around and around...**It's not that I'm...shy about meeting people [in itself], but (1)[this is the most important point] meeting people especially people like that — upsets the sense of isolation from organized society (2) just the noise by itself is distressing (3) living off here in the winter it is impractical to keep one's clothes clean or shave regularly, so that I look like a tramp, and must be an object of curiosity, if not of amusement or suspicion, to these slicked and pampered snowmobilers.** Also, Ardrey's famous "territorial imperative" may play some role here. Anyhow, I went back a little way, then sat and brooded for awhile ...

... **I can hardly express how this enrages me.** More snowmobiles have been roaring by the cabin just now ...

... **What I seek here is not recreation or anything of that sort, but a *way of life*. I want to be my own master ... I want ... work to do that is practical, that serves a purpose as a part of my own life, and that is under my own direction and control ...**

... This ... is the crux of the whole matter — I *will not* be part of organized society. [Jacques Ellul's "Technological Society".]

...even the slightest involvement with other people puts pressures on one's autonomy (though this is less so with close friends of long standing). So fuck 'em all. I will do what I god damn well please...

Journal Series III, Journal #4

C-228D

[May 28, 1974]

... My tentative plan is to spend a considerable amount of this summer in the 'back country', then go looking for work again, and this time try to save up enough money so that I can go some place further north ...

Journal Series II, Journal #3

C-227C

[July 1974]

... But I am so *tired* of looking and looking and *always* learning that the places I have found are not very secluded after all. Yes, on second thought it *does* dampen my spirits completely. It is so utterly discouraging. It makes me want to kill people ...

... It may be asked why I experience such an intense desire for a place of my own out off from civilization, while most people do not. I suggest the following: Frustration and unhappiness are widespread in technological civilization. Most people, partly because they are not very self-analytical and partly because they have not experienced any other way of life, do not know why they are not very happy or what it is that they lack. Probably what they are missing is the life for which the human race has been psychologically suited by natural selection — that of a hunter-gatherer ... I know exactly what I want out of life, and I want it very badly, and it is organized technological society that prevents me from getting it ...

Journal Series VI, Journal #1

C-230B [Oct. 1, 1974]

Some remarks concerning myself and (ugh) women. I have **had very little to do with females**. There was only one girl whom I ever even kissed. Of course, I have been attracted to many girls. I **have concluded that there are two distinct kinds of sexual attraction — call them type 1 and type 2**. Type 1 can be characterized as follows: When one looks at the female in question, one's eyes are riveted on the sexual areas of her body; the sight of her body causes an almost immediate tendency to erection; in thinking about her one's thoughts turn immediately to bedroom scenes; one has no more interest in her feelings or her personal well-being than one would in those of any other 120-lb. load of meat. With type 2, when it occurs in relatively pure form, one's eyes are attracted equally to all parts of the girl's body, unless, perhaps, they are more attracted to her face; One is very slow to have an erection from looking at or thinking about her; In daydreaming about her one's thoughts take a long time to come around to bedroom scenes, and when these occur they play far from a dominant role. Instead, one dreams of holding her head and telling her one loves her, or of saving her from danger, or of doing things to make her happy ...

... When type 2 occurs in highly developed form, one typically gets a kind of electric thrill from the mere sight of the girl. There is often something strangely mysterious about the type 2 feeling, something that seems like an echo from some unremembered past. The feeling is intensely pleasurable, but for me it also has always been painful, perhaps solely because I have never *gotten* the girl in question ...

... **Just four times over a span of 22 years (God! that's a long time. Makes me feel old) I have experienced Type 2 in something like pure form — and the fourth and last instance must be regarded as a little questionable because it is too recent to be seen in perspective.**

For not quite three weeks I have worked as a service station attendant at Raynesford. I quit yesterday...there was a college girl working there, about 19 years old, named Sandi Boughton.

Of the four with whom I have been infatuated, she is the only one who could not be considered beautiful. Her face was presentable, but I would say it fell a little short of being even just pretty. Her figure was imperfect, but it was her principal physical attraction. **Her body was so lithe, fresh, firm, and vigorous.** I learned later that she was something of an athlete. Blond (letter scratched out), blue-eyed, rather on the small side. She was the daughter of a rancher near Raynesford, and she was, I believe, about to commence her second year at the University of Montana. I found her attractive from the start, and **after a couple of days I just couldn't get her out of my thoughts..** _

... if she *was* attracted to me it was not to nearly the same extent that I was attracted to her ...

... **I can't get her off my mind. She was such a well, ray of sunshine that I hunger for the sight of her...**

... **I am disgusted at my own weakness for her...**

...**Now let's go back some 22 years, to when I was 10 years old, in fifth grade. There was a little girl in that class named Darlene Curley. She was a beautiful thing with long black hair ...**

... many primitive tribes... believe a man's hunting weapons will lose their power if handled by a woman, or that a man must abstain from intercourse with his wife before going on a war expedition.

It appears occasionally in literature, as in Wagner's Ring Cycle, where it is stated that the Rheingold will confer world power on its possessor *provided he forsakes the love of woman*. The conflict is that between power and pleasure; or rather, between the austere pleasure of hard, demanding work and the soft pleasures of women. Because I am particularly attracted to austerity, power, hard work, etc., this conflict is especially well developed in me ...

... I was attracted to **[Darlene Curley]..but from sheer stubbornness I would never permit myself to form in my mind the words "I like her very much."** **Instead, I had sadistic fantasies about her — I imagined myself inflicting all kinds of ghastly tortures on her...**

... the sadistic fantasies were merely a tool that I used to crush out my love for her ...

...**In looking back on that time I feel a sense of fierce triumph and joy at my success in resisting her — and at the same time I experience an acute longing for the pleasure I might have had if I had yielded to her. Even today the name woarlenew faintly tirs something in me...**

...**The second, and I think the most severe, well-developed Type 2 of which I was victim began when I was 16 years old — a freshman at Harvard and lasted about two years. This girl's name was Carol Stone Wolman...**

... One day it occurred to me that the thought of her hadn't even crossed my mind for 3 weeks — I was liberated, and glad to be so...

...**The third severe Type 2 from which I suffered occurred when I was 28 years old...**

... I had a temporary job in a kind of mail-order warehouse. **This girl was a god-damned greasy wetback spick...She certainly was a beauty...**

About her personality, intelligence, tc., I know practically nothing, — ince I **never spoke more than a few words to her...**

... For some romantic literature dealing with the conflict between power and love — or, if you will, between manhood and pleasure — see Joseph Conrad's Arrow of Gold (the guy who loves, but tries to kill, Dona Rita) and Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame (La Esmeralda and Claude Frollo).

Oct. 7, 1974: This latest infatuation is not quite so severe as the others — perhaps because age has rather quieted the intensity of my feelings ...

...to have a love affair with this girl would be unimaginably delightful...

... So, after a struggle between many misgivings on the one hand, and a kind of contemptuous disregard for all the rest of the human race and its opinions on the other (this latter attitude has considerably increased with

time since I came to Montana) , I sent her the letter quoted below...

“-230B

...Dear Miss Boughton: I am going to lay before you a rather unusual proposition. For most of the last 3 years I have lived alone in a cabin in the hills not far from Lincoln. Because civilization is crowding in on me too much around here, it is my ambition to find a place in Alaska or northern Canada far enough back in the woods to be safe from civilization for some years at least. If and when I can get such a place, I would like to have a...ah...squaw to accompany me there. My proposition is that we should become sufficiently well acquainted so that you can intelligently consider the question whether you would like to go north with me as my wife...

... Very likely this proposition is far out for you to take seriously. I can just imagine you giggling over this letter with your girlfriends. that is your privilege, I suppose, it won't do me any harm anyway...”

...Would I actually go through with that — marry her and take her north with me? I confess my fantasies have often turned in that direction — which just goes to show how sick she's made me...

... As soon as I had mailed that letter, I thought, “Christ! *Now* I've done it!” But I soon stopped sweating about it, and I have fallen into an attitude of insolent disregard about the matter, and a feeling that the whole thing is an interesting though *potentially embarrassing* adventure...

Journal Series III, Journal #5

C-228E

October 10 [1974] —

...This makes me hate society all the more. Why? you ask. Ain't society's fault that I gambled on buying an old, beat-up truck to go into a business I knew nothing about. True enough, **but the whole underlying problem is brought about by organized society.** Without such society, I would have been living from birth the life I want...

Journal Series VI, Journal #1

C-230B

Oct. 15 [1974]: No answer yet from that girl, so I suppose I'm not going to get one. Not surprising. Still, I would have preferred to get a negative answer rather than no answer at all. As it is, I am strongly tempted to pursue the matter further...When we were both working at the gas station, I had a few minor revulsions of feeling toward her, but these were few, feeble, and short-lived. Since then, I don't think I have felt any rebellion at all against my feelings toward her ...

— ...age has mellowed me somewhat — one's feelings are different at 32 from what they were at ..

... I do not particularly want soulful communion; I want to take care of her, be good to her, make her happy; of course I want her love too, physically as well as in every other way. Anyhow, whether it is due to a change in me or a difference in her, this is the one girl I feel I could love with comparatively few conflicting feelings. But it seems pretty unlikely that I will ever have that opportunity ...

Oct. 16 [1974]: All this has stirred up old memories. Last night I dreamed about Carol Wolman...

... I woke up, or half awoke, after the dream with a very strong, bitter-sweet sense

of melancholy, of regret for lost youth and missed opportunities, centering on Carol Wolman, but with other things

aged in, including something vague and indefinable ...

... Alas, that sense of lost youth and missed opportunity is something I fear I am likely to be feeling

10 or 15 years from **now with** regard to something that is much more important to me than any erotic involvement. I mean the kind of life that I have tasted in these mountains, but **which** I have never yet been able to live in close to pure form, without interference from civilization — the kind of thing that to me is some how best symbolized by new — fallen snow and the hunting of snowshoe hares by tracking ...

Oct. 23 [1974]: As I mentioned before, I was reluctant to leave any stone unturned in pursuing that Sandi creature, so, a week ago, I sent her the following letter:

Dear Miss Boughton:

No doubt I have made myself look very foolish already, and I suppose I am going to make myself look even more foolish now, but that doesn't worry me particularly. I haven't had an answer to my letter, and that amounts to a negative answer. I would appreciate it if you would tell me why your answer was negative ...

... My only excuse is that I am extremely ignorant and inexperienced in dealing with women. I simply don't know the proper way to go about these things.

So let me start all over again and give it another try.

It should be obvious by now that I am infatuated with you ...

... No answer yet, so I guess I'm not going to get one to *that* letter either. I *still* am reluctant to give up, but now I guess I'll have to, since I promised not to bother her again. Funny thing is that I don't resent her in the least for **rejecting me. Oh, well...**

... I do believe that a more satisfying life is possible for me *without* any such involvement — yet such things can be so *overpoweringly tempting* ...

Nov. 1 [1974]: I have dreamed about that Sandi girl a couple of times before, and I dreamed about her again last night...

... **After I awoke I felt for awhile very heavy and melancholy. That melancholy feeling was augmented from another source — as I mentioned before, things are pretty well ruined around here, and there are plenty of difficulties in the way of my getting that cabin in the far north — would still be plenty of difficulties even if I had lots of money. I am just sick of the burden of dealing with people d feel like taking to the woods and seeing how many people I can pick off with my rifle before the cops get me. My infatuation with that girl seems to be getting gradually dulled, but it flares up from time to time, and I think it would come back in full strength if I were to meet her again. With regard to the melancholy feelings mentioned above, it is interesting that despite these I do not feel depressed — i.e., I am quite ready for activity and feel I am functioning at a pretty high level...**

... It is frustrating. I look at my reflection in my cabin window, and I see a pretty good specimen of a man. Not heavily muscled, but sinewy and hard, with sufficient muscle showing. I am in excellent condition. My facial features naturally are coarser and not so handsome as when I was 19 or 20, but (especially with my beard, which I have let grow again) I look more virile now. I have plenty of brains, varied talents, and a kind of general competence at most kinds of work.

I suppose my personality is pleasant

gotten set up for the night.

Then I sat down, put my

head on my hands, and cried; from a combination of frustration and a bitter regret for what I am missing through my inability to even *try* to get that girl. I would point out to the reader that since my latter teens I have never shed one tear over physical pain — not even when I scalded all the skin off the top of my foot 3 years ago_ A few years ago when I was having a deep

cavity drilled without anesthetic, the dentist remarked 2 or 3

times, “Gee, you’re a hard guy to hurt!” It hurt, alright, but I wasn’t about to let him know it. Yet on account of that girl I just sat and sobbed.. _

— **11 [1974]: I don’t feel very badly about at girl this morning;** because I guess I have lost all hope of getting her ...

Nov. 12 [1974]: Ever since the latter part of yesterday I think I am

entirely cured of that infatuation — though it would likely come back again if I were to meet her again in the relatively near future. It is as I said some time ago in these notes — **I don't feel I need her. I was in a sweat over her** only so long as I felt there was some chance of getting her. **All the same, this morning I sent her the letter copied below...**

... This morning, when I sent it, I was laughing over it; but I sent it anyway because it is an interesting adventure and because if she *does* answer it will gratify my curiosity — besides, it was frustrating to get no response whatever to the first 2 letters, for -230B which reason it will be a satisfaction to get *any* kind of response to this one. It is a grovelling, bellycrawling letter, but I don't care. As I have mentioned before, I have achieved a certain degree of indifference to other people's opinions of me ...

Dear Miss Boughton:

You may not have seen it under those shapeless **work** clothes, but I **have** a very well-proportioned physique and I am in excellent condition. I have plenty of brains

— I am a Harvard graduate and spent 2 years as assistant professor of mathematics at Berkeley. (If you feel inclined to doubt that statement, look for my name in the author indices of various issues of Mathematical Reviews

L available in the U. of M. library — between the years 1966 and 1971). I have a variety of talents, and virtues ...

I apologize for any annoyance I have caused you. I would appreciate it very much if you would answer my question this time, even if your answer can consist of nothing but derogatory statements concerning me. *Please*. Sincerely

Yours, ...

Nov. 19, [1974]:

I am now perfectly cured of that affair, thank heaven!

Oakland, California Journal

Jan 6, 1975: Have come to Oakland, Calif. to see if I can find more lucrative work than seems to be available in Montana...

Feb 27 [1975]: It is an interesting fact that **over the past few months women have been on my mind a great deal...**

... for some little while before I took that as station job (see other notes), I had been thinking more than usual about women-though still not enough to cause much discomfort. **The noteworthy point is that I thought not**

so much about physical sex as about love and all that kind of mushy stuff. I thought how nice it would be to have squaw to share my life in the woods-especially if I could get up to Alaska or some such place ...

...But it didn't get really bad until I got infatuated with that damned little bitch at that service station (see other notes)

After I got even that, I still felt a strong desire to get *some* woman ...

... **Since**

coming to Oakland I have begun to feel almost desperate for women. I go running around Lake Merritt to keep in shape (I seem to run faster than practically anybody else I have seen running there-ha!) and there are quite a few females who run there too. And some of them are so beautiful!

...**Oh! Oh! Oh! They give me a big hard on...**

-230D

... *something* must have increased my sex appeal; since coming to Oakland I have twice been approached by homosexuals ...

... yesterday I applied for a crummy job at a MacDonald's restaurant. There was one other applicant being interviewed—a good-looking girl probably in her early twenties...this morning, by chance, I happened to spot this girl walking down the street. I quickened my pace to catch up with her. When I pulled up with her, I said "Hello — weren't you applying for a job at MacDonald's yesterday?"

She was obviously pleased by my attention and became very chatty and friendly. I walked **with** her to the YWCA, where she was staying, and stood in front of it talking **with** her for a few minutes. I left **with** her name {Debbie Hechst [spelling conjectural]} and phone number, **which** she gave cheerfully at my request ...

... Perhaps I am not really so inhibited with attractive women as I thought ...

Feb. 28..March 1 [1975]; Further report on above: I certainly do not understand what makes females tick. Today I called that girl and asked her to have supper **with** me. She seemed rather cool about it...I don't resent her very much for it. But I am certainly puzzled ...

Naturally I won't call her again ...

March 2 [1975]: Postscript on the above: The note below I composed in my mind for amusement; contemplating it, I was so pleased with my own parking wit that I wrote it down and sent it. I don't suppose she'll like it much, but **that's okay, since I don't intend to pursue her any more anyway.**

Dearest Debbie:

Obviously you don't want to go out with me at all. I called you back at 4 o'clock, the time appointed by you, and you declined to answer. I was utterly crushed. I ran and got my razor, intending to cut my throat, but I couldn't go through with it because I couldn't find a container to catch the blood in. I wouldn't want to spill it all over the floor. So I guess I'll just pine away and die of unrequited love, you cruel thing. Just to show that I'm selfless and noble and forgiving I'm going to remember you in my will. I'm leaving you my .30-30, my o-yo, my six-point elk horns, and my jock strap.

This last item should be laundered thoroughly before use. Also, I'm leaving you some advice that your mother should have given you: Never speak to strange men on the street.

Yours forever more,

T e d= Kaczynski underneath the signature I drew a picture of a broken heart ...

March 19 [1975]: Have just got back to my cabin. Found job market extremely bad in Oakland and my money had almost run out ...

... But I did bring back

one particularly pleasant memory from California, anyway. In connection with *my* current attack

of lust, I joined the Sierra Club, a section of the Sierra

Club, in the hope of meeting some females with outdoor interests...I did go on 2 hikes, Saturday and Sunday, just before I left...The great majority of the women on these hikes were not goodlooking enough to interest me...I had much

enjoyable conversation with a young woman maybe 25 years old in the car in which I rode to and from the hike...Trina

(last name Enderlein, as I later learned). It turned out she

was from Montana (Missoula)...She had a very pretty face; her figure was only so-so, but she had loads of charm...it is amazing how the most inane remark can sound fascinating when it issues from the

laughing lips of a pretty young woman with sparkling blue eyes shining with animation.

Her "you're an idiot" was so inhibited and spontaneous and

— vely and good-humored that I remember it with particular pleasure...

... It may surprize the reader to learn that I have never before done that sort of thing with a girl. For nearly 13 years I have had almost nothing to do with females. Before that the only one I had much to do with was Ellen Arl, and she was no good ...

... I wish I could have pursued matters further with Trina! But

I was leaving the next day...if I could have gotten just one kiss from those inviting lips...

Oh well. It feels good to be back in my cabin...[but] I don't know when I will ever have

another chance to meet women...I have

wo

Annnow decided that women are

erience I do *not* want miss.

March 30 [1975]: After the first few days back at my cabin I got over my desire for women. Hasn't bothered me since. We'll see whether it stays that way.

Journal Series III, Journal #5

C-228E

March 26 [1975] .. ,While we were working, a tall, rugged-looking old fellow of perhaps 50 summers came walking up to us from out of the woods. He gave his name, but I don't remember it, which is just as well, since I wouldn't want to blow his cover by revealing it. For convenience, I will call him

Mr. Bonaparte. One was immediately struck by the look of suspicion in his eyes...

about his revelations... Among other things, the KGB has killed

7 or 8 hundred children in the United States; 2 local residents whose appearance was described to me are KGB...

All this information certainly makes the state the nation seem frightful. **Next thing you**

ow, the KGB will make Mr. Bonaparte

out to be a dangerous paranoid and have him confined to an institution...

Journal Series I, Journal #5

C-226E

[May 14, 1975]

... Still untroubled by any desire for women, and expect to stay that way as long as I keep away from people ...

Ted Kaczynski's Journal of Early Crimes

C-1

[Summer, 1975]

[Ted writes in 1979 of engaging in various acts of vandalism during this period: Sugar in fuel tanks of various vehicles, breaking and entering a trailer, vandalizing outfitter's camp, stringing wire at neck height across motorcycle tracks]

Letters

Letter From Dave to Ted — Jun 7, 1975 (T-165)

Envelope addressed to: Kaczynski
463 North Ridge
Lombard, Illinois 60148

Postmarked: **Jun 7, 1975**, Canyon Creek, MT 59633

Notation on envelope to left of address: attn: Dave

... Unfortunately, I received your little heraldic thing at a time when I was rereading Vol. II of Bulfinche's Mythology— The Age of Chivalry; King Arthur and all that stuff. All that stuff [CROSSED OUT] went to my head and I suddenly realized what in my heart of hearts I had known all along — namely, that I was in truth Sir Theodorus Johannus Bombastus Kaczynski, Knight of the Table Round, Baron of Crater Mountain and Earl of Cottonwood Gulch, scion of a highborn lineage, Knight Templar, Member of the Order of the Garter and of Queen Guenevere's Brassiere. Only an an evil enchantment put upon me by Morgane da Fay had caused me to forget all this temporarily. So I swiped a galvanized garbage can, cut holes in it for my arms and legs, painted that black bull's head and silver sword business on the cover for a shield, stuck a nail on the end of [CROSSED OUT] a broomstick for a lance, girt on my trusty machete Excaliber, stole a horse, and set off to find a giant to slay or an oppressed of whom had the unparalleled temerity to point at me and say "look at that crazy bastard. "Bastard? Fie, varlet," I cried, "wouldst thou cast so vile a smirch upon my escutcheon?" So I [CROSSED OUT] couched my lance and tilted at him, nd low *villain* that he was, he ran like a rabbit and I was only able to prick his fat ass before he escaped by scrambling over a fence. Shortly thereafter I found myself surrounded by 3 police cars (and a van with padded interior from the state mental hospital at Warm Springs. One of the cops approached me gingerly and said "Say, bud, you got any identification?" Yes, he had the impudence to address me as "bud." [CROSSED OUT] I replied, "Know me by this, recreant caitiff!" And I laid his cheek open with a stroke from Excalibur. So they all swarmed around me and pulled me off my horse. "Unhand me, base-born churls!" I screeched, but to no avail. So now they have me in a loathsome dungeon kept by an ogre with a big red nose, awaiting trial before a judge who probably has no

noble ancestry to speak of. His coat of arms, I doubt not, is a dunghill on field azure, with bar sinister, of course ...

Letter to Mom

C-203

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 _ d 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. **ince he didn't offer to pay anything, I didn't ak.e 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...

Journal Series III, Journal #5

July 6 [1975]:...I explain again why I am so anxious to avoid meeting people

... having to meet people means that I haven't succeeded in severing connections with organized society...I *will not* be part of organized society.

... But now I am unable to escape civilization even to the extent that I did the first year or 2 here—**things are closing in all around me.**

Sept. 1 [1975)...I cannot describe to the reader how terribly this upset me ...I keep working harder and harder to escape from civilization but it keeps closing in more and more until I just have nowhere to turn...**Until today**, these ridge-tops were the one place where I felt secure from intrusion by this kind of garbage; **this area was my last refuge, the last place I could turn to**

within reach of the cabin. And now ... "I was so terribly upset that I believe that if those cock- suckers had come into the meadow where I was,

I would have shot them. To top it off, after I got home some cocksucker rode right into my yard on a trailbike. I went out there with my

.30-30, wondering if I would have the nerve to shoot the son of a bitch, and intending at least to scare him, but by the time I got out there he was gone ...

But I just don't know what to do or where to turn.

for returning permanently to civilization-would rather die. I never thought civilization would close in on me so quickly—I thought this place would be good for a few years yet. But this summer it seems that about every other time I have gone on a long walk I have been frustrated in one way or another by the presence of people. Where did they all come from so quickly?

Ted's letter to parents(?)

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**

Journal C-197

Journal entries w/various dates; mentions Tech Society by Ellul.

Oct. 6 (1975]: — I had a rather bad dream. I dreamt that some loggers were working around the hill into the area just across the stream from my cabin, building roads and tearing everything up. Then came a **stupendous power-shovel, with a bucket big enough to hold half my cabin, digging up the earth.** It came closer and closer to my cabin. I yelled and screamed and waved my arms, trying to call the operator's attention to the

... on his job, and with the noise of the machinery, he didn't hear me. **Just as it seem.ed I was about to be killed by the shovel, I woke up.**

Letter to Parents

C-189

ENVELOPE — POSTAGE MARKED (UI) NOV 29 A.M. 1975 59633

Look, stupid — what in the mme of god is wrong with you? I *told* you I didn't want you sending me packages...You stupid bitch. I've *to1d* you and *told* you I don't want you sending "e crap like this ...

Journal Series III, Journal #6

Journal C-228F

April 8 [1976] ... Lately, to tell the truth, I've been getting a little sick of killing things. Neither the death struggles of the animal nor the blood bother me in the least; in fact, I rather enjoy the sight of blood; blood is appetizing because it makes rich soups. I enjoy the instant of the kill because it represents a success. But a moment afterward I often feel saddened that a thing so beautiful and full of life has suddenly been converted into just a piece of meat. Still, this is outweighed by the satisfaction of getting my food from the forest and mountain. Rabbits and grouse have beautiful eye; in both cases the whites don't show and the iris's are a lovely brown. And this grouse today I noticed that the pupil, black at first glance, is actually a deep blue, like clear, translucent blue glass.

Letter to Parents

C-178

Envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633

APR 23 A.M. 1976

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**

Journal Series III, Journal #6

C-228F

April 27 [1976 — ?] ... yesterday, chomping down with too much enthusiasm on a piece of grouse, I got my teeth hooked over each other the wrong way and chipped a big piece of enamel off a molar. This left a sharp edge which cut my tongue so that it bled. Obviously it was necessary to grind the fracture smooth...I took a small file and filed the thing down myself.”doctors and dentists have their advantages when you’re really sick and can’t fix it your- self. Still, I do not consider those advantages worth the price of living in a technological society. **Better to die in the woods than live as a slave of the social “achine!**

Letter to Parents

1976

C-202

[Letter to parents]

1976

...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 ...

... 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 unboiled water 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.

May 1976

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

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'

JUN 3 A.M. 1976

Look, I flatly aia not interested in any land south of the **canadian border**. **DO HOT SEND ME ARY MORE "UNITED FARM" S'I'OFF, OR ARY OTHER REALTORS' ADVERTISEMENTS"**‘.

... unless you find a possibility that is at least 10 miles (as crow flies) from the nearest human habitation, **DO HOT BOTHER ME WITH ARY 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 HOT 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 stollach**

,ur 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 "e without asking "e 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

Journal of early crimes

C-1

[Summer, 1976]

[In journal entries from this 1979 document, Ted again refers to conducting acts of vandalism–sugaring gas tanks–during this summer]

Letter to Parents

Aug 14 1976

C-187

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

... DO NOT SEND ME ANY MORE MAIL — especially anything valuable — UNTIL I TELL YOU I AM AGAIN READY TO RECEIVE MAIL. “ “ DON IT EXPECT TO HEAR **FROM ME** FOR SOME TIME — MAYBE NOT TILL SPRING. And this tillle *you better attentionto what. !havejustsaid*

Sep 21 1976

C-184

Envelope postmarked from: CANYON CREEK, MT 59633

SEP 21 A.M. 1976

Kindly refrain from telling “e about Dos — toyevsky, E. E. CWolings, and s lar 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 “eans. If it were onl.y speculation, it woul.d represent no danger...**

... Don’t write me *soTed* ften. I find it irritating and I get tired of writing answers ...

Nov 26 1976

C-195

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

When I said you “ight not hear fro” “efor long periods over the winter, that didn’t .ean you couldn’t write “e occasionally if you like — cause I *would* like to be infor.ed of the outcoae of that Mother Earth article whenever you find out.”*

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

Journal Series I, Journal #7

C-226G

Dec. 26, 1976: No one should believe anything my parents say about “e, as “ost of what they say about me is grossly distorted or completely nonsensical.

Their view of me, and especially of my motivations, is quite divorced fro” reality. ...

March 26 Though I have a real affection for my younger brother, I would like to record here my opinion that he is a weakling and a self-deceiver, and that his ideology is silly and superficial...

March 26, 1977

May 3, 1977: My younger brother may be under the impression that his personal ideology and mine have a good deal in common, but I think this is incorrect. I see very little in his ideology (so far as I am familiar with it) that I care for

[April 22, 1977]

... Some time ago — (Last Nov. or Dec.) I submitted a theoretical paper for publication, and I could rather **ashamed** of this. *Hot* because of any idea that the paper will advance technical progress — I feel confident that it will never have any practical applications, direct or indirect — but because it represents, to a certain degree, a personal surrender to one of the escape mechanisms which keep people distracted so that they can forget the purposelessness, subordination, and indignity of life in a technological society ...

Letter to Parents or Meisters(?)

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 **llY** 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 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 hllllble 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 reainds 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.

Journal of early crimes

C-1

[Summer, 1977]

[describes more vandalism: Stringing wire at neck height across motorcycle tracks, setting a booby trap in sWIIID.er of 1977 intended to kill soaeone, shot a cow in the head, Sllashed a mailbox...)

[Fall, 1977]

(describes “ore vandaliSll: Sllashed windows and engaged in other vandaliSll of unfinished “pretentious-looking cabin” and trailer parked next to it]

Journal Series III, Journal #7

C-228G

Nov. 23 (1977]. There being fresh snow on the ground, I went rabbit-hunting just up the gulch here. Brought back one ruffed grouse and one rabbit. **Kenny Lee died of cancer on October 26.**

Letter from Ted to his brother Dave — Dec 17 1977 (C-120)

C-120

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633

DEC 17 AM 1977

Dear Dave:

I apologize for meddling and I promise to keep my nose out of your business in the future. On my side, at least, there are no hard feelings.

I suppose you know that I am not on speaking terms with our parents. In case they haven't given you the full story, here it is: I told them repeatedly, in letters and on the telephone, 'Don't worry about me over the winter—you won't hear from me until I get out of here in the spring.' I made a *particular* point of emphasizing this, because I know what mother is like. Some time in February I got a card from the old bag saying she was worried and wanted to hear from me. Then about the end of February I got a letter from them saying that if they didn't hear from me soon *they would contact the authorities and have them check up on me*. The text of the letter stated (in effect) that it was from Dad, but the style and the worries were so like the old bag that I assume she induced him to write the letter. So I had to get a letter out to them so as not to have the cops come up here to check on me. This cost me considerable embarrassment and inconvenience, and worse still, it broke into that sense of isolation that I so value up here. You may be sure that I cussed them out pretty thoroughly. This cussing out was further aggravated by some festering past resentments against them—some of recent origin and some going all the way back to my teens. Anyhow, I have had enough of them, so I would appreciate it if you would act as my agent, so to speak, in winding up the tag-ends of unfinished business between us ...

Journal Series III, Journal #7

C-228G

Dec. 24 [1977]...I like to say silly little things to myself sometimes, like “ding dong ding.” It sounds so cheerful. Dec. 25; Christmas Day: Celebrated by going up on the ridge—not to hunt, but just for fun. Went out on a side ridge where there’s no rabbits, but a good view. However, on the way back I angled off into a rabbit area, to see if I could get one. Had bad luck. Spent hours trailing 2 separate rabbits, but could get neither one. But no matter; I “**still cheerful and still felt it was a good day, just cause it’s Christmas. I have plenty of rabbit “eat for today and some for tomorrow, and a brick of cheese from” a Christmas package my mom had sent me, so I “set up well enough food-wise.**

Journal Series II, Journal #5

C-227E

Jan 24 [1978] I might be subject to the accusation that I “can’t take it”, that I am excessively delicate to be upset by a volume of noise that by big — city standards is not excessive. It’s *not* that I *can’t* take it; I *refuse* to take it.

To this I would say:

(1) I can take hardships alright cold, hunger, fatigue, mosquitoes — I laugh at them, though they are not intrinsically less uncomfortable than a noise. But they exist as matters of random circumstance; they are not imposed on me by people. To endure them is a source of pride, and of satisfaction with one’s own strength. But **noise, air pollution, etc.** are imposed on “me by other people for purposes with which I have no sympathy. To have to endure them. is a *humiliation*. It results in the building up of a fund of frustrated anger ...

... The anger has been built up over many years. I am now apt to be sent into a rage by any little thing, like the passing of a snowmobile, a sonic boom, or cattle shitting on my lot. But whenever I become enraged by some such incident there lies behind it a lifetime of humiliations imposed by the technological society: The boredom I suffered as a kid in school and the equal boredom of commuters in the sterile environment of suburbia; watching the “prairies” that I loved in Evergreen Park get built up with houses; the purposeless, empty existence imposed on me by urban life until I came to Montana; noise; air pollution; nuclear proliferation; crowding; the network of laws and regulations; being stopped by cops on my solitary walls; having to lie to get a job; computers; propaganda and other forms of psychological manipulation; frustration of the need for a certain... of power — **which** every “man needs to a greater or lesser degree; the whole filthy, evil, corrupt mess that is the technological society; and then the frustration of my numerous unsuccessful attempts to escape from the technological society, to get outside of its sphere of control (this seems to have become nearly impossible *today*).

There is a psychosurgical operation that relieves people who get angry too easily. They stick electrodes in your brain and burn out the **gizmo** that produces the emotion

of anger. Of course, I would rather be miserable, or dead, than be relieved by that humiliating method. If I think I have a good reason to be angry at something, then I *want* to be angry, even though *it may make* "e "iserable.

Later: a change of wind or something has much alleviated the saw noise. If it gets bad again I guess I'll leave, but if it doesn't get bad I'll stay. I hate to leave ...

Letter to T.R.

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.

Journal Series III, Journal #7

C-228G

April 4 [1978]. Today I had a most joyous morning. I went up the gulch just to get nettles, at dawn; but **the Wisp called me**, so that I ended by going up on the ridge, in the mostly snow-free areas, by way of the old Gold Dollar mine. (Many times in the morning I just like to wander at random, **following the “will of the wisp”**. **When I get the urge to wander like that, I say to myself that “the wisp is calling me.”** Only a few days ago, it occurred to make a kind of spirit or demigod out of the wisp, as I did a few years ago out of the Grandfather Rabbit who I invented. Grandfather Rabbit, though he can appear and disappear at will, nevertheless has a definite form, being that of an unusually large snowshoe rabbit. The Wisp, on the other hand, has no form at all, being invisible; unless, just possibly, it might be glimpsed for a moment now and then out of the corner of the eye as a bit of thistledown or some such thing floating on the breeze. The Wisp is the that which makes you want to get out and move and wander and look listen, when you see the first pink clouds at dawn or when the early morning sunlight strikes the mountainsides or when the southwest wind starts blowing. I can't express how intensely I love these things. And the better I get to know these hills the better I love them. I never get tired of them.).

April 15 [1978]...Last night I had a dream. I found a place on a hillside where I was pulling up wild onions of enormous size. But soon I noticed that there was a large number of other people on the hillside also getting wild onions. Then I went to pick wild strawberries. But there were hordes of other people also terribly avid to pick strawberries. The authorities had set up a kind of gate and were letting people into the strawberry patch in groups. So and so many people were allowed to pick strawberries for so and so many minutes. Then they had to get out and make room for the next group. **I have often had dreams in which bulldozers or other machinery are tearing things up in my gulch here, or in which my cabin has become surrounded with crowds of other cabins or buildings.** Considering the number of cabins that have been built along Poorman Creek in the last few years, the earth-moving machinery working nearby, logging operations, and so forth, these dreams are too damned close to the truth ...

April 18 [1978]. Had a very good day. I was scheduled to have my last can of fruit today—applesauce. So, when I got up in the morning, in pleasant anticipation, I made up a silly little song and dance. I only did a few steps of the dance, which was extremely simple, as it consisted only of stamping twice with the left foot, then twice with the right foot, at appropriate points of the song. The tune and words were equally simple: “**Applesauce, Applesauce, yu. yu. yu. yu.** etc.” Whenever I do a silly little song and dance like this, the ridiculousness of it makes me bubble over with cheerfulness and I laugh heartily ...

Letter to Parents (1978)

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 *possibi1ity*) 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...**

Letter to unknown person (May 3, 1978)

C-212

Postmarked: May 3, 1978, AM, Canyon Creek, MT 59633

... (Has Dave told you I am spiteful and misanthropic? No? Then clearly he is over-generous in his judgeaents of people.) ...

I don't want any overnight guests there while I am there — horrible crowding. But I aJll not asking you to refrain fro" having ordinary guests of the day-ti.Ie sort. Of course, I don't pro"ise to be sociable...

..“You can probably find out how “uch ear-protectors cost by looking in the yellow pages under “guns” and calling a gun shop...

Ted's Journal about Ellen

C-230A

July 17, 1978: For 2 or 3 weeks I have been ... working at Foam Cutting Engineers, where my father and brother work (my father got me the job there). The shop supervisor is a 30-year old woman named Ellen Tarmichael. She has a beautiful face but a very mediocre figure (too much fat on her ass and thighs). Nevertheless she is very attractive ...

... result was that I got infatuated-an unfortunate weakness to which I am occasionally subject...! am now... — I thought!... cured of the infatuation; but the story is interesting and possibly is not yet finished ...

... still find her attractive, but an inced that there is such lf between us that I could never feel real, sympathy with her. I learn- ed that she is a Catholic (ugh!) and is very bourgeois in her interests and attitudes...! said, “Am I being too aggressive if I ask for a goodnight kiss?” She averted her eyes and moved her head in such a way as if she were hesitating... we had a nice big juicy delicious kiss with firm pressure ...

...**July 29.** Yesterday I took Ellen Tarmichael to an expensive restaurant for supper. She then invited me to her apartment...We spent an hour and a half there discussing various topics.

Then I took her home, and, on arrival, asked for a goodnight

— s. I got an even better one last time. Mouths wide n, tongues rubbing. *She*

OA arted that open-mouth, tongue-rubbing stuff, not me. I pushed her over until she was leaning way back against the car door (this was in the car of course) on the righthand side and her tit was touching my chest. All this might have lasted, say, 3 minutes. Then she said “I think it’s time for you to go home.” So I did... by now I greatly dislike her because of her egotism ...

I don’t believe I will go out with her again, unless perhaps I get tempted by purely physical lust. I don’t like her at all any more. **July 30.**

Let me clarify the reasons why I consider Ellen egotistical and hard...maybe she just n’t particularly like me. then why the sexy kisses? ...

Journal of Early Crimes

C-1

Here I am going to confess to — or, to be more accurate, *brag about* — some misdeeds I have committed in the last few years...

In Summer '75 I broke into this trailer by unscrewing some screws and prying off a metal window-frame, ruining it in the process. (I had a strong psychological inhibition against breaking the window, even though it's very unlikely anyone could have been within earshot.)...

At the end of Summer '75, after the roaring-by of motorcycles near my camp spoiled a hike for me, I

put a piece of wire across a trail cycle-tracks were visible, at neck height for a motorcyclist summer I found someone had tpped the wire safely around a tree, Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was injured by it.) ...

Spring '77 I went back to this same cabin. There was a diesel earthmoving machine parked near it, and I sugared the fuel tank. Then I unscrewed a window from its frame (still that inhibition about breaking windows) ...

SUDDler '77 I set a booby-trap intended to kill someone, but I won't say what kind or where, because if this paper is ever found, the trap llight be harmlessly reJloved. But it probably doesn't have more than maybe a

— in 5 chance of killing or seriously injuring someone. Slllllller '77 I strung a neck-wire for motorcyclists along the divide trail above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I found the wire was gone. Whether it

t anyone I don't know ...

er '77, I went down at dawn and SJllashed Lee Mason's .ailbox with my axe in such a way that it looks as if some vehicle "ight have hit i — overcoming my earlier inhibition,

I smashed "ost of the windows in the trailer, then reached inside with my rifle and smashed a coleman lantern and 2 gas-lamp fixtures. I smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At the cabin next door I shot a hole in a new tire on a trailer. Then I got the hell out pretty quick, because all this was noisy of course, and close to the road ...

As a result of indoctrination since childhood, I had strong inhibitions against doing these things, and it was only at the cost of great effort that I overcame the inhibitions. ink that perhaps I could now someone (and I don't sean just a booby trap having only

a fractional chance of success), under **circumstances** where there was very little chance of getting caught. But I'm not sure I could, because often one's brainwashing turns out to be stronger than one thought ...

As for motivation: I hate the technological society because it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable, but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating **some** people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated **phenomena**, from **motor** cycles to computers to psychological controls ...

I emphasize that **my motivation** is personal. I don't pretend to any of philosophical or "official" justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by **which** society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like.

I would also like to kill a Communist ...

Ted's Journal about Ellen

C-230A

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in **May, mainly** for one reason: So that I could **more** safely attempt to “urder a scientist, businessman, or the like. Before leaving **Montana**, I made a **bomb...**

I have not the least feeling of guilt about this –on the contrary, I am proud of what I did. But I wish I had some assurance that I succeeded in killing or **:mailling** someone. I am now working, in odd moments, on another bomb ...

igured the bo:ab was probably not powerful enough to kill

(unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). **But I had hoped that the victi.11. would be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise 11ta.iaed.** Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn't been wearing glasses. The article said his “eyeglasses were blown off.” He had burns *around* the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns *in* the eyes if his glasses hadn't momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. **Well, at least I put hi.Jll in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I wish I**

knew how to get hold of some dynam.ite ...

By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is obvious one. **Some of JAY other notes in hints of cri.Jlle, but no actual accounts felonies. But these notes JllUSt be carefully kept from everyone's eyes. Kept separate fro” the other notes they :make a s11ta.11, compact packet, easily concealed. ...**

Aug. 23 [1978]. Despite the negative conclusions about Ellen that

I reached, as stated above, I couldn't help thinking about her constantly ...

... Well, this last weekend I took her out again. It now seems clear that from the very beginning of this date she was out to humiliate me...I asked her if she was intentionally avoiding a goodnight kiss.

After a little hesitation she wered that she was...what she told me is essentially

: She had no sexual interest me...She said a kiss “doesn't mean

OA anything.” She claimed there was no sex in it when she kissed me ...

... Of course, I took pains to conceal my feelings, and remained outwardly cheerful and friendly, though half the time I wanted to cry and the other half the time I wanted to kill her ...

... I loved that damn bitch. She knew I had soft feelings toward her, and she intentionally used these to lead me on; and then she calculatedly humiliated me.

I was so upset by this that for the next 2 nights I was unable to sleep more — hours a night, and, was worse, I was austed by nervous tension ...

... I had an overwhelming need for revenge and I decided to get it by persistently needling and insulting her... at work. (I could think of no other way to get revenge without getting in trouble with the law.) I started Tuesday morning by pasting up some copies of an insulting poem that I wrote about her ...

[There's a certain young lady named Ellen, whose fanny is very repelling, For the overgrown mass

Of fat on her ass

Makes a gross, disproportionate swelling.

Her girdle's a tight one, of course It's nylon- and steel-reinforced.

But no matter how hard She squeezes her lard,

She still has an ass like a horse.]

JOA

... my weak-minded, selfrighteous brother took it upon himself to interfere.

Having seen the poem I pasted up, he said he would fire me...pasted up a copy of the poem before his eyes, and said "OK, are you going to fire me?" Of course, he did ...

... Thus, that weak fool Dave has made that bitch's triumph complete: She humiliates me sexually, she gets me fired from my job, and she causes dissension in my family. I have shed more tears over that cheap whore than I have over anything since my teens

-ordinarily, I rarely cry over anything.

What makes this particularly dis the fact that it lls bitter experiences r many years, reaching right back to my early teens; right back to the time when, at the age of 13, I was foolish enough to phone a female classmate and ask for a date. Needless to say, I was turned down-After having skipped a grade, I came to be merely a freak; certainly not someone to be taken seriously by any selfrespecting girl... this Ellen bitch has used me for a toy ...

You understand, what bothers me here is the

humiliation, not the need for a woman. I can get along very well without women ...

OA

... There is only one way left to wipe out this shame, and that is with *blood*. Tomorrow I am going to get that bitch and mutilate her face..

Aug. 26 [1978]. (Sat.) Last thursday morning I drove to the plant and parked in the lot, waiting for Ellen...I got into the driver's seat. I carried with me a knife...concealed... in a paper bag ...

... she said that the reason she had been so cold on Sunday was...that there was no future in anything between us, because we had nothing in common...she “really thought there might be something in it; friendship, or... I had
, and still have, grave ts about the truth this last statement ...

Nevertheless, the statement cooled my anger, because, if true, it would mean she was not just using me as a toy. So that was the end of that. All I feel now about the whole thing is a kind of wistful melancholy about the whole affair, brought on by the thought of what a woman with some of Ellen’s best qualities might have meant to me
...

... I sent

Ellen a long letter explaining everything from mY...J2oint of view.

Letter to Ellen

T. J. Kaczynski
436 North Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
August 25, 1978

Dear Ellen,

You needn't fear that I'll bother you again. In this letter I merely want to clear up some loose ends of this nasty affair, because I always hate having anything misunderstood.

When I talked to you in your car as you arrived at work Thursday morning (August 24), you said that when you went out with me the first two times, you "really thought there might be something in it; friendship, or.... I seriously doubt whether your statement is true, because your words and actions generally have been so inconsistent. Nevertheless, this statement is probably the only thing that prevented me from attacking you physically. When I got into your car, I intended physical violence of a serious nature — until your statement cast doubt on the conclusion I had reached, that in going out with me you were only using me as a toy, playing with me casually in order to gratify your ego at my expense.

But don't get excited. you have nothing to fear from me *now*. The storm is past, and even if I were to learn that you were really using me as a toy, I wouldn't care to do anything tit. All I feel for you now is a dull resentment.

Possibly you are shocked at the violence of my feelings. me explain further ...

-...it was natural enough that I should get interested in you. You have a very pretty face, and your personality and charm easily make up for your defective figure ...

... But your ambiguous behavior left me in a very uncomfortable state of uncertainty. Were you playing some kind of game with me? Or did you actually like me? I couldn't figure out what you were up to. It was not that I felt I *needed* you ...

... Don't tell me there's not sex in a kiss when you put your tongue out and rub my mouth with it, as on the second date. *You* started the tongue-rubbing stuff, not me. Do you kiss your father that way? ...

... You see ed to have taken my soft feelings for you and used them as a tool to make a fool of me...I was mortally offendedby all this. The more so because

(as you so tactlessly remarked yourself) I am very lacking in social confidence. The trick I believed you had played on me hit me on my weakest and most sensitive side. Also there are other reasons, going all the way back to my early teens, why exceptionally sensitive to that kind of insult ...

oc felt utterly humiliated, and was fully determined to wipe out my defeat with violence on Thursday morning. I see no attractive prospects for me in life, so what do I care about consequences? But when you said (without a smile, for once) that you went out with me the first two times because you “really thought there might be something in it,” it seemed to mean that you took me at least somewhat seriously, that I wasn’t just a toy for you. This turned of my anger -permanently. In spite of the fact that I didn’t know then, and still don’t know, whether to believe you ...

... Perhaps a strain of this kind of insincerity runs all through the cultural group to which you belong ...

... if you were only toying with me, then all I can say is: Watch it! I’m not the only man with a revengeful streak. Next time you tease such a man you may not be so lucky...

Ted's Journal Series VI, Journal #4

Highly personal stuff. #4 also contains ideas and quotations.
C-230-E

Aug 29. 1978. For several months past now I have experienced from time to time a desire for death. I have been feeling ever since, say, last fall I have nothing left to hope for in life. My home country (as I now ider it) in Montana is being ruined gradually, and, while I might still le to find wilder places, there is nowhere I could feel safe from civilization. There's no place airplanes don't fly ...

... in case of atomic war, there's no place I could be sure of avoiding radiation. Where would I be safe from radiation in the event that "peaceful" atomic energy were misused? ...

... to die from radiation or some other form of civilized pollution would be a humiliation. It would gall me to be the helpless victim ...

... So its not a question of preserving my life and health; getting out of the power of civilization has long since become an end in itself for me...By now I have practically lost all hope of ever attaining this end...death began at times to look attractive — it would mean peace ...

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

... This actually was my biggest reason for coming back to Illinois this spring. In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick Landberg would doubtless remember I rode his bus that day. In the nymity of the big city I figured it would be much safer to buy materials a bomb, and mail it. (Though the death — wish had appeared, it was 1 far from dominant, and therefore I preferred not to be suspected of crime) ...

... As mentioned in some of my notes, I did make an attempt with a bomb — whether successful or not I don't know".

... In making a second bomb I have only barely made a start; because during the last few weeks I was too busy thinking about Ellen Tarmichael to make much effort in other directions...my only definite intention was to support myself for awhile — very likely till next spring...using my spare time to build a bomb or 2 or 3 or invent other means

of killing or maiming bigshots. Following that I had a vague intention of taking to the woods — either in Montana or in some wilder place — and, from ambush, murdering snowmobilers, motorcyclists, outboard motor users, or the like; in the end shooting it out with the authorities and not permitting myself to be taken alive ...

... But this affair with Ellen has done strange things to me. In the first place, it aroused in me *hope* — a hope for something worthwhile...the thought of having intercourse with her was probably the most intense sexual fantasy I ever had ...

... I thought that, once I had no more hope of her, my mind would quickly slip back into the state it was in before I met her. So far that hasn't ended... “

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

... Ever since the end of that business with Ellen I have been filled with a terrible sense of *desolation*. No T depression in the usual sense: I have no inclination to sleep too much ...

When I'm depressed I rarely have any urge to cry; but now I've been crying very often when I'm by myself and often have to fight to keep the tears back when other people are present. This is an active, poignant unhappiness ...

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

Aug.JO [1978]. Still feel desolate, but not so badly as last few days. eep thinking of Ellen in daytime and dreaming of her at night. Still

1 she offers something that I value enough so that I'd willingly put up
— hall her faults if I could have her ...

OE

>'c. 1 [1978]. Yesterday I felt extremely bad again. But when I got home from work in the evening I was very much cheered up because my father brought home from FOAJR-Cutting Eng. a present of homemade cookies from Ellen, for the family...it put some hope into me, however distant and illfounded. As a result, I felt fairly cheerful for about 24 hours. I sent Ellen a “message through MY father: that the cookies were delicious, that I apologize for the tone of my letter, and that I no longer have any hard feelings toward her. Today he said he'd given her the message. He said she seemed pleased and that she said: “I think the problem was that Ted and I speak different languages.” But this seemed to confirm her lack of interest in having any type of relationship with me; and consequently I again feel as bad as ever ...

It has occurred. to “e to earnestly search for so”e other wo:man to replace Ellen — but I feel. too discouraged. at the very outset. For one thing, women who have a spark of something to make me think them worth while are not common. For another, if I found one, would she have any use for me? There is *no one*, it seems, with whom I have more than a very limited amount in common. Even the comparatively independent thinker Jacques Ellul believes in Art, Philosophy, and all that crap. I believe in *nothing*. Except by purely hedonistic degenerates, everyone believes in *some* stereotyped ideology. Whereas I don’t even believe in the cult of nature — worshipers or wilderness — worshipers. (I aDI perfectly ready to litter arts of the woods that are of no use to “e — I often throw cans in ‘,ed.-over areas or in places “uch frequented. by people; I don’t find

erness particularly healthy physically; I don “t hesitate to poach.) The trivial pleasures of hed.onisa bore “e. I” glad I don’t believe in anything; but it puts “e beyond the pale, so to speak ...

Sept.2 [1978]. Felt more desolate than ever today (Saturday). I did much crying in my room and was continually fighting back tears when not alone. Yet I walked around a good deal. Strolled over to the park to look out over the pond, as I so often did when love-sick over Ellen. **Ran 5 miles in good time this morning, but what good does that do me?**

...If Ellen would accept “e, I would gladly devote the rest of my life to her.

Letter to Ellen

Ted J. Kaczynski
463 North Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
Sept. 2, 1978

Dear Ellen,

I want to offer you my unqualified apology. I am no longer interested in deciding whether you were or were not insincere with me. Either way, I deeply regret that I insulted you, and I am extremely sorry that I took an unpleasant tone in the first letter I sent you ...

... If I still thought there were any chance that you could ever care for me, I would do almost anything to win your esteem. But you have made it clear that there is no such chance. To my sorrow, I apparently have nothing to offer that is of interest to you.

I hope that you find your new duties at Foam-cutting more congenial now, and I wish you the best of luck generally. Again, I offer you my regretful apology ...

Ted's Journal Series VI, Journal #4

Highly personal stuff. #4 also contains ideas and quotations.
C-230E

... 4 [1978]. Yesterday m.orning I found that m.y sense of grief and elation had disappeared, unexpectedly. Since then I have felt alright. But I still think about Ellen frequently, and would be hot after her again if I thought I had a chance. I guess I'm still in love with her. But not miserable over it at present. This morning I timed myself on a 5 mile run and was amazed to find I did it in about 30 min. and 15 sec, as close as it is possible to time it with that watch.

Sept.16 [1978]. By now I have entirely gotten over that affair with that damned Catholic bitchL Ellen.

Nov.23.[1978] Ever since early September, I have, during a substantial proportion of the time, suffered from a powerful craving for women -enough to make me quite unhappy and sometimes very miserable. I suppose this is partly because, **for the first tae in 16 years, I had a little taste of the delights of wom.an with that catholic bitch Ellen**, and partly because in this society one is constantly subjected to reminders of sex whether one likes it or not. {For example, the majority of the songs played on the radio where I work are about sexual love.) **What I suffer from is not m.erely a desire for genital sex {that would be relatively easy to handle}, but a craving for sexual love.** For example, the sight of a married couple often makes me achingly envious. What excites me more than the idea of intercourse is the idea of lavishing tenderness and affection a woman who accepts it joyfully. The second time I kissed that catholic h, what I enjoyed even more than the hard kiss was the interval of a seconds between the end of that kiss and the time when she dismissed

OE

, during which interval I was gently brushing mv part_e lips against hers; to *me* at least this was full of tenderness. (rn wnat spirit" th8t perverted bitch took it, I don't know.)

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

Nov.28 [1978](continuation of nov. 23 entry).

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

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

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

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

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

OE

Then there is my wish to start an antitechnological organization.

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

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

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

.r).

/”\’, W“T’.

“

- {Dec.24.[1978] As thereader of my various notes will realize by now, I have a tremendous fund of hatred. This fund is increased with every new difficulty that organized society aposes on “e — such as noisy jets. The frustrated craving to have a wo”an to love has of course tended to stir up this hatred. Just lately, some personal events (not directly the fault of

“nized society) have added to my hatred to the point where it is very e to overflowing. I want to get back to Montana in the Spring before :tart killing people, but I a. so close to the edge that I may bust loose and start killing at any little nnor annoyance.

... I seel1 to be excluded fro:a all social groups auto:aatically, before they have any idea what my interests or preferences are; the bowling business described above is an example. Men rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential friend, equal, or comrade; women rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential boyfriend. Their attitude toward me often seems to contain an element of condescension.

... This fo:rllderly did not bother “e “uch; in fact I tended to take a certain pride in being an arch-loner. But ever since this craving for a wollaJl has come on “e, I have been feeling “ore and “ore bitter over the fact that my enforced solitude seems to exclude “e irrevocably fro” sexual affection, and even fro:a plain physical sex.

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

OE

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

was living my solitary life in the mountains was I free fro” the craving for wo”en. But never before was it as bad, for any extended period, as it is now.

Dec.1When I was young I used to view the desire for wmlen as a

30 (1978] !weakness, as something that merely tended to distract me from aspirations that I considered more important. I still take this view (at least to some extent), but only in a detached kind of way; **At present it has no el10tional force with “e. I have a desperate desire for sexual love with a wo.an.**

So much so that I even did something that I consider degrading, namely, I signed up with 3 dating agencies — without any favorable result ...

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

ten get an acute stab of compassion when I think about it.

I think she was quite **nervous...My heart goes out to this poor woman**, especially when I think of her diffidence when she invited me in, and the way she said “See you soon” when I left. From my own experience, I can well imagine what her feelings .ay be. The deep yearning for affection from a :man; the hwailiation that this yearning involves in view of the fact that she is unable ever to attract a .an; thebitter thought

that some accidental characteristics of hers have excluded her from something precious that “ost other people do have during some period of their lives; perhaps a frustrated feeling that she could give so “uch to the right .an — if only he would accept her.

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

OE

— 28, 1979. About 2 1/2 weeks ago Y awful craving for a WOJla.D went **away rather abruptly**. Not that I lost interest in sex, but the intensity was very much relieved. **There followed a kind of nausea or disgust with the whole thing. This was not prbaarily a disgust with wo”en, but a nausea at the intensity of the feelings I had been having.** As I get older, I more and more dislike experiencing violent or stressful emotions. I more and more prefer tranquility and peace.

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

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

... From “Assassination and Political Violence: A staff report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence”, prepared by James F. Kirkham, Sheldon Levy, William J. Crotty. Page 4 “A second category is assassination for the purpose of terrorizing and destroying the legitimacy of the ruling elite in order to effect substantial systemic or ideological change ...

6 [1979]...Unless something definite happens to tempt “e in another action, it is my intention to start killing people this summer...

... The idea of becoming an accepted and respected member of the social group where I work is certainly very tempting.

... I don’t recall ever having had any strong feelings of this type before. It seems strange that these social feelings should come on me so strongly now. But I think I see some of the reasons: If I carry out my intentions about killing people, then I face death “yself in the near future (I won’t be taken alive if I can help it.). So it’s natural that I should feel badly when I see slipping away my last chances at certain great pleasures that I have almost completely missed in life (social pleasures and women). Also, going out with Ellen T. seems to have stirred up a lot of dormant feelings. And, by chance, at Prince Castle I seem to have encountered a group which is more acceptable to me than the average group and which seems to accept me better than the average group does. Moreover, there is the fact that, ever since I left the academic world 10 years ago, my attitude toward the human race has been getting less negative.

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

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

When we fantasize an intense pleasure, and feel that there is a possibility of making the fantasy a reality, we are tempted to think about this pleasure more and more until our desire for it is apt to become irresistible ...

... my ascetic tendencies soon break down, and sexual desire partly takes control.

... during my teens and to a lesser extent during my twenties, the dominant role that ego⁽¹⁾ plays in my personality made me very resistant to the self-surrender involved in sexual love. But **the repeated assaults of sexual desire over the years gradually broke down the resistance of my ego, so that now I am all too ready to experience tender feelings toward women.** Of course (for reasons that I won't enter into here) sexual love is far more pleasurable than physical sex alone, so, now that I am ripe for sexual love, I suffer more from desire than I did in my teens when I craved only physical sex, most of the time.

,ch 6 (1979] . Yesterday, instead of going to work, I phoned in and said I am quitting. It was terribly hard for me to do this. But I had to, for the following reasons. I will not fritter away my life as a pawn of the system. And I **have to get my revenge. Also, I am so tired of** stress and struggle — making a bomb (buying materials separately at different places, working on it secretly in my room, etc.) is an ordeal; I have to force myself to do it, and it takes a lot of forcing. It would be the same with planning out and executing any other means of ordering a big-shot⁽²⁾ safely. It is especially hard to **SWILLON** up the energy to do these psychologically difficult things when one works 8 hours a day. I **have nothing to look forward to in life but that purposeless round of getting up every morning, going to work, coloring home again, eating,**

going to sleep, and getting up for work again the next morning. (Maybe there would still be something better I could still strive for, some corner of the world where there's still some wilderness, or other things — but, again, I'm **so terribly tired of struggling.**) **For these reasons, I want to get my revenge in one big blast. By accepting death as the price, I won't have to fret and worry about how to plan things so I won't get caught. Moreover, I want to release all my hatred and just go out and kill.** When I see a motorcyclist tearing up the mountain meadows, instead of fretting about how I can get revenge on him safely, I **just want to watch the bullet rip through his flesh and I want to kick him in the face while he is dying.**

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

⁽¹⁾ By ego I mean will, purpose, decision, purposeful work, and that sort of thing. strictly correct use of the word ego. desire for power, need for I don't know if this is a

⁽²⁾ Scientist, businessman, govt. official, etc.

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

However, it would have been very tempting to just hang onto my job since Castle indefinitely, even though I have nothing to look forward

The truth is, I don't want to die!

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

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

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

Besides, in quitting I feel as if I have signed my own death warrant. Drifting along indefinitely in that job would have been the path

OE

least resistance — and that, in a way, was the only thing remaining between “me and the finish of everything. Now the path of least resistance is **simply to go back to Montana, and once I'm there, I'll kill, because,**

as I decided before I left Montana, if I ever went back there I'd have to kill, because I had too “much accumulated anger over the inroads of civilization. I'm not likely to change my mind and go looking for another job — job hunting is a great ordeal for me, and so is adjusting socially to a new job. **so it seems nearly certain now that it's back to Montana, and then — the end.**

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

March 8 [1979]. I still feel acutely miserable. (Not depressed — I follow my urge to go out running and walking, and I spend a good deal of time writing down my thoughts — I don't “cope too “much.)

... Because my feelings of a certain type have been stirred up, I have been reviewing my past life. I am feeling so much grief and bitterness over it, that I **conclude the social rejection I've usually endured ever since age and consequent sexual frustration, cut "uch deeper than I foraerly ized.** By the time I was out of high school I was hardened to social rejection, so that I did not find it acutely painful; yet now that my memories and feelings are stirred up I **feel very bitter about it.**

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

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Ma "hA. [1979] **From "Assassination and Political Violence"**, by Kirkham, Levy, and Crotty ...

April 7 [1979]. I just can't stand living with my parents. They turn my stomach. I find them both irritating and repulsive. You ask why I am living with them? **So"e toe ago I found "yself an apartment at an acceptable price.** (This wasn't too easy, since apartments are expensive around here.) **I stayed there less than a "onth, because some stupid wo:man in the aparbaent below "ine would play her radio at night and keep "e awake.**

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

OE

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

Ted's 1979 Autobiography

C-4F (AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1979]
AGE 27 ON —

... I will only cover here, perhaps in a disorganized way, that information for this period which I do not remember covering in my other notes. Also, I expect to include some general information about my personality ...

... I can just as well begin by stating my motives for writing these autobiographical notes.

1. I intend to start killing people. If I am successful at this, it is possible that, when I am caught (not alive, I fervently hope!) there will be some speculation in the news media as to my motives for killing (As in the case of Charles Whitman, who killed some 13 people in Texas in the 60's). If such speculation occurs, they are bound to make me out to be a sickie, and to ascribe to me motives of a sordid or "sick" type. Of course, the term "sick" in such a context represents a value-judgement. I am not very concerned about the negative *value* — *judgements* that will be made about me, but it does anger me that the *facts* of my psychology will be misrepresented. For that reason I have attempted to give here an account of my own personality and its development that will be as accurate as possible.
2. Desire for self — expression ...

...3. Since passing the age of about 30, I have enjoyed reminiscing about my past life. A sign of aging, I suppose ...

... As I said, if I succeed in killing enough people, the news media may have something to say about me when I am killed or caught. And they are bound to try to analyse my psychology and depict me as "sick". In this connection I would point out that many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful *need* to depict the enemy of society as sordid, repulsive, or "sick".* This powerful bias should be borne in mind in reading any attempts to analyse my psychology. Also bear in mind that psychoanalytic type theories are without adequate scientific foundation ...

... I think that there are certain qualities of my mind that could be described as *intellectual* rather than *emotional* which have been of central importance in determining my development. I refer to my strong tendency to think everything over in a careful,

disciplined, analytic way; to turn things over and over in my mind until I have seen them from every angle. I also refer to the fact that my mind is very “closely organized” in the sense I have used that term in my essay on purpose. One way in which the characteristics have been of critical importance for me (is this?) They have (by and large) prevented me from using the self-deceptions, escapisms, and other shams that make life in modern society tolerable for many other people. (Of course, I am not claiming to be totally free of self-deception; only to be much freer of it than the average person, including the average high-intelligence person.) ...

Also, I want to say this about my motives for wanting to kill people: As is indicated in some of my other notes, my central motive for wanting to get revenge on society is that organized society is destroying such opportunities as remain for an independent life in wild country, and is also closing off all other avenues to personal autonomy ...

Some readers will argue: “You are really looking for revenge for the social rejection you have experienced, and are seeking an outlet for frustrations related to this social rejection.” This argument, as stated, is incorrect in my opinion. However, I think it contains important elements of truth. Let me explain.

I think that the powerful resentments I experienced as a result of being treated with contempt or condescension have caused me to have a strong tendency to anger. {This I suppose can be partly explained in neurological terms; the neural pathways associated with anger and hatred were probably reinforced through frequent use during my teens. But also there is the fact that this hatred had to be stifled, as a matter of prudence. This resulted in frustration which in turn strengthened the hatred.) Of course I still hate cliques and in-groups and people having the personality-types of those who rejected me ...

But this does not change the fact that I have a powerful source of hatred independent of social rejection: The fact that organized society frustrates my very powerful urge for physical freedom and personal autonomy. The *situation* can be described this way: My bad social experiences created a predisposition to hatred, which probably greatly increased the strength of my reaction to the frustration of my urge for personal freedom ...

There is no doubt that I would have been a happy man if I could have lived alone in the wilderness with no kind of interference from society. Often, when I was alone in the woods and for a long time had suffered no annoyances from people or society, my anger would fade away, and I would have a good feeling toward the human race — but only until I was awakened at night by a sonic boom, or disturbed by the sound of a motorcycle tearing up the mountain meadows, or reminded of the fact that my health might be dependent on the judgement of the jerks responsible for maintaining storage facilities for atomic waste...

...presumably my anger at these things was made greater by the predisposition to anger that I acquired due to social rejection ...

...I might add that when I have experienced anger from sources *other* technological progress, invasion of wilderness, etc; I often have made a *conscious effort* to turn this

hatred against organized society, technology, etc., because I regard organized society, technology, etc. as my greatest enemy. I feel I can never get enough revenge on organized society, technology, etc., so that ideally that should be the object of all my hatred ...

What people who hold a steady job through most of their lives I regard as part of the system, as more-or- voluntary participants in the technological society. I would like to get revenge on all such people, and also on all people who do much buying of unnecessary luxuries, since such buying promotes economic growth. The only people I regard as more or less “innocent” are social drop-outs of various types, and those who border on being social drop-outs by working only sporadically and buying not very much beyond their physical needs. (For example, my parents are part of the system and therefore are “enemies”. My brother on the other hand I consider to be more or less “innocent”.)

... Of course, my resentment of people who are part of the system is in some cases overcome by personal feelings ...

... I of course have the greatest hatred for those who make the biggest contributions to the system, such as businessmen, scientists, and politicians ...

... Throughout most of my life I have had a sense of inner strength. This has been especially marked ever since that turning point in my life that occurred at age 24. However, it has not given me social confidence ...

In recent years there has been an important change in my feelings toward people. But before explaining this, let me go back and review some of my feelings toward people from childhood. I have said that in childhood I was attracted to power and aggression. For instance, I found war stories and war games attractive and exciting...

... Toward someone for whom I had a definite resentment my feelings could be very hard. Also, I had a tendency to favor stern punishment of anyone who broke rules laid down by authority. Also, in some cases, I could *sometunes* be drawn by other kids into sadistic harassment of someone ...

... As I got into my teens, I think I became callous and uncompassionate. I speculate that this may have been in part due to biological changes associated with puberty in males. But certainly part of it must have been the result of the resentment I felt toward the whole human race on account of the way I was treated by my schoolfellows and parents. This in my *early* teens...From the age of about 17, I tended to feel more and more compassionate and sympathetic as time went on toward people's *hurt feelings*...I mean such things as the loss of some great life-long aspiration, or a mother's loss of her child). I had virtually no compassion for members of social in-groups, and I was most inclined to feel sympathetic toward people who were most rejected socially ...

... Despite all the foregoing remarks, toward *physical* suffering I have remained very callous, as judged by the standards of modern society. Also toward physical fear I am callous.

For example, once while out walking during my last year at Michigan I came on a small crowd of people standing around a college girl lying in the street who evidently

had just been hit by a car... So far as one could judge from appearances, this girl seemed like the very personification of stupid mediocrity, both physically and mentally. I did not feel the slightest pity for this girl. In fact, I was rather amused by her injury, and I had to restrain myself from smiling, so as to avoid shocking the other bystanders ...

... In three other cases I have seen people injured in automobile accidents (in one case some of the people evidently had been killed), and I felt no pity for them. In fact, I was usually pleased at their injuries, because they looked like the type of people whom I would dislike. But in a couple of these cases I was sobered by what I saw, thinking, "That could happen to me if I'm not careful". But that doesn't mean I felt any compassion ...

... I have mixed feelings toward my parents; I strongly resent them, and have no real affection for them, but nevertheless I have a kind of pity for them, and would feel sorry for them in any adversity ...

... One time in a supermarket market around 1969/1970(?) I saw a woman looking anxiously around and calling her child's name. A little further on I saw a small boy hurrying along an aisle looking extremely anxious... but he kept himself under control, rather than bawling or running frantically. Thus I respected him. If he had just acted like a squalling brat, I probably would have thought it would be a pleasure to bash his head in...

... I have indicated before that I am attracted to power. This requires explanation. In personal relationships, I do not like to dominate other people. I absolutely cannot endure being dominated by anyone else...and in doing anything with other people, I have a strong desire to make all the decisions, but I hate to dominate anyone, because I don't want to hurt their feelings — knowing well myself, from my high school days, how it feels to be dominated ...

... I think I am better at taking pain than the average person is. For example, think it was about 6 years ago that I asked a dentist to drill my teeth without anesthetic. (I feel vaguely uncomfortable at the idea of having those narcotics or whatever they are shot into me.) The cavity was a deep one, and the dentist remarked 2 or 3 times while he was drilling, "Gee, you're a hard guy to hurt!" I was feeling pain, certainly, but had no difficulty keeping control, and did not feel that I was seriously suffering. For that matter, when I was a little kid, the dentists never used to use anesthetics when drilling cavities, and ever had any trouble taking it, even when the cavity was deep...A conscious effort at stoicism helps ...

... But let us get back to the subject of power. The kind of power that has attracted me most, in adult life at least, is power of a physical rather than social kind... I never had an ambition to be dominant in personal relationships ...

... When, in my teens, I had fantasies of being a dictator, it was not exactly *social* dominance that rested me. I dreamed of getting revenge on those I hated; I dreamed of being an orator rousing mobs to a frenzy of revolutionary violence; I dreamed of manipulating vast world-shaking forces. I did not dream of dominance in *personal* relationships. I wasn't interested in personal relationships to any great extent ...

... Either I would imagine myself getting power and rebuilding society so as to guarantee maximum individual autonomy; this accomplished, I would retire to spend the rest of my *life in some isolated wilderness*. Or else I would imagine myself becoming a dictator then wiping out the human race by means of an atomic war or some such thing ...

(As I became more and more aware of the extreme difficulty of reforming society so as to guarantee what I consider sufficient individual autonomy without wiping out 99.99% of the human race, I leaned more and more toward the second type of dictator fantasy.) ...

... between the ages of about 20 and 30, I used to have a fantasy that I found extremely pleasant, and at times I would wish ardently that it were possible: I dreamed of waking up in the morning and finding that every human being but myself had disappeared from the face of the earth. Then I would have the whole world all to myself ...

... Now, as indicated earlier, During my last couple of years at Michigan and my years at Berkeley, I was extremely alienated from the entire human race...After I left Berkeley, my feelings toward people very gradually began to soften...I'm not even absolutely certain that it began before I'd spent a year alone in the mountains in 1971-72. But I very gradually became more ready to like certain individuals, to warm up to them...It's difficult to say what the cause of this was. Part of it may have been simple mellowing with age. It may have been partly due to getting away from the university intellectuals...Among the working class I found more individuals whom I liked or respected ...

... In 1973 I first...discovered that I liked small children very much...I thought it would be very pleasant to be like a father to them...I have often thought how pleasant it would be to raise a son. However, this thought is always spoiled by the following consideration: I would have to either encourage a son to be a rebel against the technological society, in which case he would almost certainly have to suffer the unhappiness of defeat, since escape from and successful rebellion against the technological society both are becoming impossible; or else I would have encourage him to acquiesce in the technological society, in which case he would be despicable; or else I could encourage him neither way and leave him to make his own choice between being defeated on the one hand or despicable on the other ...

...Anyhow, as I grew older, I gradually grew less unwilling to like people...But the biggest change in my feelings toward other people has occurred within the last year.* This is described in detail in my journal notes for the last year ...

***Today's date is April 30, 1979.**

By this time, I think of psychological intimacy with a woman as being even more important to me than physical intimacy. In my sex fantasies, what turns me on more than anything else is the idea of opening my soul to a woman...This was true to some extent even before I met Ellen Tarmichael, but since knowing her I have felt this in a much fuller and stronger way ...

... To me this woman was not just a physically desirable object, she was someone toward whom I had a certain *personal* relationship; she was a *personality* toward whom I had certain feelings ...

Physically, classic regularity of face and figure in a woman is less important to me than these factors: a woman should be of good biological quality, with a firm, vigorous body, healthy-looking skin, and hands that are small but strong and capable. Athletic ability in a woman is attractive to me — but not the kind of athletic ability that depends on a lot of muscle, since heavily-muscled women are physically unfeminine...

... Very much in contrast to my attitude during my teens and even during my twenties, I now find women attractive in their maternal role... one fairly common fantasy that I've had during the last year is that of a woman with a baby at her breast. I imagine myself putting my arms around the woman and the baby together, with a strong desire to protect and care for them ...

... Despite all the foregoing remarks, I have a deep-seated contempt for women. To some extent this is a contempt for individual women, but to a greater extent it is a contempt for the general idea of womanhood...Social, rather than technical interests. Less ego than men... Dependence ... Timidity and excessive need for physical security... Irrationality. Hysterical tendencies... Excessive need for respectability and social status. Excessive concern with clothing... I will not argue the point, but will simply state my opinion that probably most of the abovementioned traits of women are based on biologically-determined predispositions ...

When I was up in the mountains, I had very little sexual desire. My sexual fantasies were usually of very low intensity and quite perfunctory. Sometimes in the evening, if I had trouble getting to sleep, I would intentionally excite myself with a brief fantasy, masturbate, and pop off as quickly as possible. Then I would usually drop right off to sleep. I did not feel sexually frustrated, usually.

But occasionally, if I went to town on some errand and happened to speak to an attractive girl, For a week or 2 afterward I might suffer from an intense desire for a sexual relationship. But by and by this would fade out and I would feel OK again ...

... I would willingly have *stolen* money from the government if I could get away with it, but applying for welfare would put me in a position of a supplicant and also would put me under the supervision of the welfare dept.) I felt I would rather take to robbery (surely with fatal results for me, in the end) than apply for welfare or beg from my parents. Of course, it may be that if I had got hungry enough...I would have “chickened out” and applied for welfare — I don't know, not having actually gotten that desperate. But still, when I scrounged for meat, firewood, etc., it was not just to gratify my ego or keep occupied or because I was told to do it; I did this work to prevent myself from having to choose between alternatives that to me were horrible and unacceptable, namely, starvation or applying for welfare ...

... I decided not to apply for work anymore — in fact I acquired a powerful aversion for making any such [TEXT OBSCURED]ication ... Perhaps even greater than my aversion for applying welfare ...

It is true that my parents sent me occasional gifts of money (without my asking for it) amounting to about \$35000 a year, and this was almost all the money I had... what is more important is the fact that I *felt* independent of that \$35000/year. I had little fear of the consequences of having it withdrawn — even though, without it, I couldn't have kept my belly full without poaching deer, or stealing, or the like, so extensively that I would surely be caught. Still, I wasn't afraid of this — not much, anyway. I didn't hesitate to insult my parents when I felt it, even though I didn't know how this might affect their propensity to send me checks from time to time. I felt very much that I was on my own to an extent that is not possible when *one functions as a regular part* of organized society ...

... I still have as much hostility as ever toward people participating in or contributing to things that interfere with my life or threaten [s/o] what I value. But most people in modern society *do* contribute to things that interfere with my life or threaten what I value. So, one day I might like a fellow and feel friendly toward him. But, the next day, if I see him riding a snowmobile, boarding an airliner, performing technological research, doing anything that promotes economic growth, or any other such activity, then I will want to kill him. And I would do it, too, if only it were safe ...

... To some extent, I can turn on my cold or my warm feelings at will toward a person... I mentioned, on page 204, three children toward whom I had warm feelings to determine whether I was developing too much of a tie with them, I asked myself whether I would be psychologically capable of killing them if I had something very important to gain by it, and I decided that I would be capable of killing them *provided* I were relieved of the fear of being punished for it. Anyhow, I could comfortably picture in my thoughts the idea of killing them ...

(However, when I am infatuated with a woman, I am not able to make myself feel cold toward her. And it is probable that through long association with a small child, I would develop a strong attachment which would prevent me from feeling cold toward it)...

Furthermore, the idea of being tied down emotionally, or in any other way, to another person often gives me a kind of sick, nauseated feeling. Even when infatuated with a woman, I am apt to experience an occasional wave of nausea at the idea that I could be permanently tied to her by my own feelings. It makes me feel sick to think of being tied down or trapped or having my autonomy restricted in any way ...

May 1 [1979]. Sometimes I feel such an acute longing for sex that it is almost unbearable. It was easier when I was younger and only suffered from physical lust with a big hard on that could be relieved by masturbation. Now masturbation brings only a limited amount of relief, because what I want is much more than just a screw. I want a screw very much, but I **also want the rest of what goes into a love-relationship between a man and a woman**, and this presents a picture to that is so intensely pleasurable **that sometimes I can hardly stand not to have it**. Especially since it represents a life-long frustration. I **have written the same things before in these notes; I write them again in different words only to relieve my feelings**.

Journal Series II, Journal #6

C-227F

[July 1979]

It is a symptom of the evil of modern society that few people today even understand the old-fashioned proverb, "Silence is Golden." Yet where today can one get silence?

NOWHERE-not even up in these mountains. **Now, a change, I wish I did e wealth. I would use it to build a big underground" bunker for myself-far underground-where I would be isolated from all "anmade noise, not to "ention other man-made disturb- ances ...**

[July 24, 1979]

[after describing hearing a particularly loud sonic **boom**]: ...This was the last straw and it reduced me to tears of impotent rage. But I have a plan for revenge. I think I can make it work ...

July 25 1979 ... In this trip I ad been sort of putting *asiae my* anger at the jets, in order to enjoy this wonderful jforest. But that solid hour of aircraft noise (partly jets *day, capped* and a tiy i qht pianes) yester-

by a startling sonic boom, brought upall that anger. **Things are spoiled for "e now, so I will go hoae t<>day. 'l'hen I will work on "Y**

revenge plan. I feel very melancholy about leaving this camp. I was so happy here. I had looked forward to staying out in the woods much longer than this. Isn't there any place left where one can just go off by oneself and have peace and *quiet?*

Oct. 23, 1979. I am about to stash these notes in a ng-place, so **I will record some things that I didn't like to write here when the notes were not hidden.** Before I left on my hike this summer I **put sugar in the gas tanlc'** of one of Mason's **snowaobiles.** So hopefully he **will** have **soae** trouble with it this winter.

When I went out on my hike this summer I **was** planning to lie in alllbush by some roadside (dirt by-road) a long way fro" **hoae** and shoot **some** trail-bikers or other **mechanized** desecrators of **the forest, without too auch regard for consequences. But once I was out in the woods**

I started to reconsider, for 2 reasons. One was that once I was out in the woods I felt so good that I started to care about the future again

wanted to have more years spend in the woods. The other reason is that I thought of

IF

cellent scheae for revenge

1 bigger scale and didn't

F to screw it up by getting

caught for something else fore I had a chance to cry it out. Considering chnological civilization as a monstrous octopus, the motorcyclists, jeep-riders, and other intruders into the rest are only the tips of the tentacles. I was not really satisfied with striking at these. **My other plan would let me strike perhaps not at the head, but at least** much further up along the tentacles:

In spite of this, I wanted to shoot some of those miners who were fucking things up down around Washington Creek, **if I could get an oppurtunity that looked safe the point of view of getting caught.**

One day I went down there and watched, from cover, a guy with a bulldozer who was tearing a hugh chunk out of a hillside that was otherwise very beautiful.

... But I didn't shoot at him after all. In part this was due to the inhibitions that are trained into us in modern society, and which are very difficult to overcome.

But I have advanced far enough now in that respect so that I **might have been able to overcome the inhibitions s lt except for the fact that** (as I explained above) I had **thought-out as well as instinctive reasons for not wanting to get caught;** and afraid this guy have a partner some-

... You understand, it is **not the noise in itself that bothers me, but what that noise signifies. It is the voice of the Octopusthe octopus that will allow nothing to exist outside the range of its contro1.** Now, with all the planes and so forth, this area makes me think too much of those miserable remnants of prairie that one sees in the Chicago area around airports and in suburban factory districts, or of the smog-choked Cook County Forest Preserves. Just sad reminders of what once was; **though I no longer find satisfaction in this mountain country, I still love it.**

I suppose it is the same way a mother loves a child has been crippled and mutilated. **It is a love led with grief.**

... I would add, incidentally, that **since coming back here to Montana, and getting partly out of the system, my craving for women has vanished. Again I am even somewhat repelled by the idea of being tied down emotionally by such a relationship.**

Though at the same time I've been a little attracted by the practical advantages there would be in having a wife if I had one who shared my values and aspirations. But on the whole I don't think it would be worth it.

Letter to parents, late 1979

...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 ...

Journal Series III, Journal #8

C-228 H

January 25, 1980: As indicated in some of my recent notes, for last summer and fall, I consider my satisfaction in my way of life in the mountains to **be ruined, principally by the excessive number of airplanes. For that reason I've stopped keeping my regular journal.** However, for once, I will — note of something I did that may strike the reader as curious ...

...after getting 4 rabbits, I tracked down another one, took aim at its head, with my finger on the trigger just as if I were really going to kill it, **then lowered the rifle and said to the rabbit: "Rabbit, I spare thy life. Give my regards to Grandfather Rabbit."** This was not just the impulse of a moment. I tracked that rabbit with the definite intention of sparing it when I found it. It was a sort of way of expressing my feelings about snowshoe hares; these animals having a special significance for me; also it is nice to think that I know the rabbits not only as a predator, but also as...is it too ridiculous to say, as a friend? I felt a kind of childish delight after performing this action — i.e., after sparing the rabbit. Later I shot a 5th...

Jan 29, 1980:...I decided last August not to enjoy this place anymore because it is too miserable having that enjoyment shattered by airplanes and helicopters. But the charm of this country is such that I am. very happy this winter anyway. However, a wave of anger passes over me whenever there is a sonic boom or a loud jet.

In late sWlllller and autllllID of 1979, after I decided in August (or was it in late July?) that this country was finally ruined for me, there was a period of perhaps 4 months during which I felt a strong need for escapism or forgetfulness, and, during that period, I turned to matheJRatics for escape...

Letter enquiring about climate change

C-1023

... for generations, and atmospheric effects would severely damage all living things.” This is vague, but it sounds much worse than the other opinion. It would be most helpful to me if you could comment on the reasons for such discrepancies in the statements of those who presumably should know what they are talking about.

Another related question has occurred to me, and, if you can spare the time to answer it, or to recommend appropriate literature, I would be grateful. I understand that wastes from nuclear reactors are stored in facilities that require continual maintenance in order to prevent leaks. If a major nuclear war were to occur, there is no reliable way of predicting the extent or duration of the political, sociological, and economic disorganization that might result. Hence, maintenance of nuclear waste-storage facilities might well be neglected for a long period. What would be the extent of the consequent danger and what protective measures would be advisable? Since the amount of nuclear waste in storage will doubtless increase considerably during the next two or three decades, how will the answer to the foregoing question change with time?

I thank you in advance for any assistance that you may be able to give me with these questions ...

Letter enquiring about nuclear energy hazards

C-1024

[June 8, 1980]

T. J. Kaczynski

463 North Ridge Avenue

Lombard, Illinois 60148

June 8, 1980

Nuclear Regulatory Commission 1717 H Street NW

Washington, D. C. 20555 Dear Sirs:

I have several questions concerning radiation hazards.

Perhaps you can either answer them for me or refer me to appropriate sources of information...

(NOTE: These letters were found in association with many pamphlets and articles regarding fallout and the hazards of nuclear war as well as additional requests Ted made during the mid-to-late 1980—time frame on this subject; his return address was often given as Lombard, Illinois]

Ted's Journal Series V.

Personal experiences, outdoor or city; ideas and quotations; coded stuff (code probably breakable).

June 22, 1980 to Jan 16, 1984

Feb 21 [1982]: ... It has been maybe three years that my parents have customarily given me 500 dollars as a gift every Christmas and every birthday. This is 1,000 dollars a year. I a.JI a little asha.ed to accept this. It is true that a life of poverty gives more satisfaction than a life based on money. It was even more of a greater satisfaction to hunt and gather roots, berries, and herbs, and make clothes, etc., during the three years when I had very little money (sometimes less than twenty-five dollars) than now when the money I have is much more than what would be enough for the physical needs, and hunting etc. is good savings but not an absolute necessity**” **In reality, I would tell my parents to shove their JDoney up their ass, if it were not that I want this “oney for two purposes **** And these purposes are not related to the luxury that can be bought with money, since I still carry a life as frugal as before. **One of the purposes is to provide something in case I get ill. For example, I have a little bit of rheumatisa.** It is minor and it is no problem now, but -in five or ten years? **Maybe I'll turn into a cripple.** Because life would not be worth much to me if I was not healthy enough to be physically active, and it would be more agreeable with my opinions and my attitude towards life that I would go without this certainty and accepted an early death if it would come. **But I have another motive (“uch more important) for accepting this money. [encoded]**

April 2 [1982] ... I am now middle aged and I cannot expect anymore to be as healthy as when I was young.

From Ted to Dave — July 30, 1982 (FL#263) (T-116)

[July 30, 1982]

Dear Dave:

The older I get, the more disgust I feel for the human

“Love only comes within us when reasoning, the guardian falls asleep.” — Javier de Viana, *Lefia Seca*, “Facundo

I remember that when we were kids I sometimes would take advantage of my greater size and strength to dominate you physically. Also I sometimes harassed you verbally. I’ve thought about this sometimes and I now regret that I behaved that way. So I now offer you an apology for it; though I suppose this apology very likely is a matter of indifference to you anyway ...

Ted's letter to his parents (T-121)

“(Ca) FL #273, letter from me to my parents, around Christmastime, 1982”
T-121 [1983 — ?] [letter to parents]

... 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 ur 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 ...

Ted's letter to his brother Dave — 1981 (T-118)

C-834 [1983]

Dear Dave:

As for that essay I was going to write on the way you think...instead of writing it all at once, I'll send you an instalment now ...You can answer back, if you like, and then we'll see where to go from there.

I ask you to remember that, although I'm going to say some things that I expect you'll find highly unpleasant, I'm not motivated by antagonism. It's just that tired of having to conceal opinions that I'm going to res, as explained in an earlier letter...

... The point I want to cover in this letter is: your habitual self-deception ... You might be excused for selfdeception in childhood, but the trait has persisted into adult life...You recall that letter in which I suggested to our parents that they should discourage you from getting close to Linda Erikson. I wrote to this effect: "Dave may claim his interest in Linda Erikson is purely platonic, but...[citing evidence to the contrary]." You wrote me

— letters on this, the first very angry, and the second apologetic ...

... You have to be someone special. I'm the same way. But you are unwilling or unable to go ough the struggle that it takes really be or do something special Now, as a contrasting example (i.e. an example of how one may *avoid* selfdeception) I'm going to use — ahem — myself... in using myself as an example I'll have to make some very uncomfortable admissions. But I can't think of anyone else whom we both know intimately enough to serve as an example of non-self-deception... so I guess I'll have to use myself.

First example: You will have noticed that I have a marked tendency to devalue social relationships... There would seem to be more than one reason for this. One reason is that getting entangled in any sort of social relationships entails a certain loss of independence... in order to be honest with myself I have to admit that there is another, critically important reason involved, and that is simple lack of success at social relationships. From the age off about 8 on, I have consistently experienced one form or another of social rejection from most (though not quite all) of the groups with

which I have been associated ...I'm afraid that if you were in my position you would probably deny the importance of this very uninspiring reason ...

The second example involves an even more humiliating confession than the one I have just made. As you know, I have no respect for law or morality.

Why have I never committed any crime?...I mean felony type stuff — burglary, arson, murder, etc.) Lack of motive? Hardly.

As you know, I have a good deal of anger in me and there are lots of people I'd like to hurt. Risk? In some cases, yes. But there are other cases in which I can figure out ways of doing naughty things so that the would be insignificant.

I am forced to the humiliating confession that the reason I've never committed any crime is that I have been successfully brainwashed by society. On an *intellectual level* I have only contempt for authority, but on an *animal level* I have all too much respect for it. My training has unfortunately been quite successful and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime. Knowing my attitude toward psychological manipulation of the individual by society, you can imagine how humiliating it is for me to admit to myself that I have been successfully manipulated ...

If I had any last lingering illusions on that score they were dispelled by that incident with Ellen T. I was humiliated and enraged to such an extent that thought I was really going to do it. (My intention was give her a really vicious beating — and if her face got scarred up a little, so much the better. I'm talking about felony assault, or whatever they call it — the kind of thing people go to prison for.) But, by the time I was walking over to her car, I knew I wasn't going to do it. I didn't have an attack of conscience, nor was I thinking about the consequences. I just knew I couldn't commit that or any other serious crime ...

... maybe you would like to know whether I consider you weak. The answer is a qualified yes. I consider that your weakness probably stems from low self- esteem...Well, I apologize for saying all this. All I can say is that these are my opinions, and I've been itching to express them for a long time, and my motive is not urt your feelings, even though I realize that that will be the probable result ...

Ted's letter to his brother Dave — July 30, 1982 (T-120)

[August 1983 — ?]

Dear Dave:

Except that at some time in the future I may make those further comments on your psychology that I mentioned, I propose to drop this correspondence with the present letter.. As for wanting to seek land with you, I didn't want to do that for companionship or anything like that — you know and knew well that I'd prefer a place all to myself. I was only trying to use you — not in the sense of taking advantage of you, but in the sense that 2 people use each other when they make a practical bargain...You're the only person in the world whose death would make me feel real grief...on the other hand, I do not particularly desire any contact or association with you...I have a thorough contempt for you and I often find you repulsive...the dream was as follows. I saw you as you were when you were about 18. We were in our old house in Evergreen Park

... You came home and began talking enthusiastically about some people you had just been with and under whose influence you had fallen. They appeared to be some kind of a crackpot cult-group. Soon afterward, 3 members of this cult group came in the door; their object was to tighten their hold on you...They were unmistakably sinister and sly. As each one came in I confronted him, defied him, and killed him ..the big-shot, the leader of the group, was still to come. And then he did appear...He introduced himself as "Lord Daddy Lombrosis"...in my heart I defied him...the price he demanded was *submission* to him and moreover I had a vague feeling that tools were deception and psychological manipulation. I stood between and him, defying him and keeping you from both what was good and what was evil in what he had to offer...he was trying to hypnotize me or gain psychological control over me...Gradually the room became dark and his face turned into a television screen; the pupils of his eyes became two black dots that flew around on the television screen in symmetrical patterns...still I defied him and stood between him and you...I had the powerful and awesome feeling that as Lord Daddy Lombrosis walked out of the house — ALL IN THAT HOUSE **WERE** TO BE LEFT WITHOUT HOPE... I ran after .him begging him not to leave like this, not to leave my little brother without hope... No! Not *me!* I will *never* give in! But my *poor*, weak, innocent little brother! Don't leave *him* without hope!" But the

footprints just kept going off through the snow. And then I woke up with a terrible sense of fear and foreboding. It was a remarkable and very frightening dream... Well, having briefly opened to you a window to my soul, I now close it again, probably forever... Truth is, I have no desire to associate with you any further. For old times sake it would be nice to exchange Christmas greetings and occasional notes about the events of daily life, but beyond that I have no desire for any further contact with you. You're a fool.

Go to hell. (But I say that affectionately.) ...

Journal #1 from Series 7 (1984–1986)

[1983]

[written Sept. 12, 1984] ... It's about time to catch up on some items going back more than a year. Most of what follows is transcribed from some notes that I have on... odds scraps of paper.

August 14, 1983. The fifth of August...began a hike to the east ...

...it had been a long time since I had seen the beautiful and isolated plateau where the various branches of Trout Creek originate.

So I decided to take off for that area on the 7th of August. A little after crossing the roads in the neighborhood of Crater Mountain I **began to hear chain saws**; the sound seemed to be coming from the reaches of Rooster Bill Creek. I assumed they were cutting trees; I didn't like it but I thought I would be able to avoid such things when I got onto the plateau. Walking across...on my way there,

I saw down below me a new road that had not been there previously, and that appeared to cross one of the ridges...I vent on

to the plateau. What I found there broke my heart.

The plateau was criss- crossed with new roads, broad and well-made for roads of that kind. The plateau is ruined forever. The only thing that could save it now would be the collapse of the technological society.

la

... Full of grief and rage I went back and camped by South Fork Humbug Creek, and then

I returned **home** as quickly as I could because — I have something to do!

... Ever since seeing how the Trout Creek area has been ruined, I feel so "uch grief whenever I **am** sitting quietly, or when I am walking slowly through The woods just looking and listening, that I have to keep occupied about all the time in order to escape this grief. That was

...my favorite spot. And of course the cause of my grief is not just the destruction of that one

— ‘,”icular spot. **Whoever** read :my notes **knows very well what** the other causes have been.

I can hardly describe how deeply satisfying I found the wilderness life. My grief at losing it is in proportion to that satisfaction. It’s as if I had had a taste of paradise and then lost it.

Ted's letter to his parents

Christmas Eve 1984 [letter from parents)

Dear Son,

We are sad tonight. No word, no small word of greeting from you. How that hurts!...Obviously, the emotional pain and shock you suffered those four days [in **hospital at nine months old**] became deeply embedded in your brain — your sub-conscious. I think you rejected, you hated me from that time on ...

[Ted's note for posterity(?]):

... I haven't got time / right now to discuss my mother's irrational ravings as seen in this letter. Suffice it to say that none of this should be taken seriously — except as evidence of my mother's self-righteousness and inability to admit that she is in the wrong.

Journal Series VII, Journal #4

C-232

[preface written Jan. 23,1996]...Here is some material that I wrote years ago on odd scraps of paper and until now) never got around to copying into notebooks. The first part of the material is undated, but **must have been written before May 6, 1985**. Here it is:

In some of the things I've written before I've expressed an attitude of hopelessness about the future — that is, I've assumed that it was almost certain that technology would march on to total victory, and attain it in the relatively near future — say in a hundred years or so or possibly sooner. However, in the last few years my attitude has changed somewhat — I now do see some grounds for hope; to wit:

In the first place, there seems to be a widespread disenchantment with the technological society, and a yearning for a life more close to nature — much more so than there was, say, 10 years ago. Things like basket-weaving and organic gardening and other things ...

... I might add that, partly owing to my added hopefulness, my opposition to the technological society now is less a matter of a bitter and sullen personal revenge than formerly. I now have more of a sense of *mission* a concern with issues wider than personal resentment of the technological society. Nevertheless, it should be made clear that the motivating energy behind my actions comes from my personal grievance and personal resentment of the technological system. I certainly wouldn't take such risks from a pure desire to benefit my fellow man ...

... (added May 6,1985)

I should make it clear that the beginning of this passage is hopeful with regard to the future of society. With regard to my personal fate the situation is quite different—here I now feel largely hopeless. This is largely explained by what I recorded in the Sept.12, 1984 entry of my notes ...

... there are other factors involved here. For one thing, I'm now in my early forties and am troubled often by muscle pain in the lower back and at the nape the neck, and sometimes by other more physical problems—none very serious, but enough so that I am no longer so confident about my physical capacity to go into a wilderness and set up a way of life for myself there ...

Still a further cause for hopelessness: A year ago or more I read about some government report which predicts that, beginning in the mid 1990's, the earth's climate is going to warm up due to CO₂ in the atmosphere from internal combustion engines, power plants, etc., etc. Rainfall patterns are expected to change, and so forth. The point is not whether these changes are harmful or beneficial, but the fact that the earth's climate, henceforth, will be at least partly the creation of the Technological Society. Hence there will be no possibility of escaping completely from that society anywhere. You can't escape from the effects of climate.

I might add that, in the last year or two, besides that Trout Creek thing, I've had repeated bitter experiences with finding that my favorite places in the woods have been logged off or otherwise disturbed ...

Over the last year and a half I've been so busy (for an account of what I've been busy with see my 2 large grey loose-leaf notebooks) that I'm behind with everything else. Cabin is in a godawful mess, root cellar not finished, clothes unmended, most of the garden not yet planted, etc. But now I'm ready to act..

[July 1985] ... Not only do I adjust comfortably to solitude myself — I've read in books about lots of other people who've adjusted comfortably to prolonged wilderness solitude — in fact they seem to find it rewarding, as *I do*.

Karl C. Garrison, *Psychology of adolescence*, 6th edition, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., pages 199-___ “An interesting characteristic of mathematically gifted adolescents was their independence with regard to how they spent their out-of-class time...they completely resisted any regimented activity in the way of planned recreation. In fact, irregularity would seem to have been the rule with a high drive level continually dis- played and an occasional spurt of frenzied mental activity.” ...

... It seems likely that mathematical talent depends on the neurological and chemical organization of the brain. Hence the personality traits described in the foregoing passage very likely derive also, directly or indirectly, from neurological or mathematical factors. This is interesting because it suggests that neurological or biochemical factors, rather than psychological factors such as childhood experiences and so forth, account for my own imperative need for complete personal autonomy, for doing things on my own initiative, for *not* being part of the system. Why don't other research mathematicians rebel as I did?

Suppose because they have satisfied their need for autonomous action by re- treating to a fantasy world — i.e. the world of mathematical abstractions. Mathematics is probably the last area of scientific research where the “lone wolf” investigator still predominates. Thus it is excellent for one who needs to exercise autonomous initiative, *provided* he is willing to have as the principal concern of his life a body of abstractions unconnected with the practical aspects of his daily existence such as the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the people, animals, and physical objects around him, etc. Where

I differ from other mathematicians is in having refused to accept a life in a world of abstractions and in having insisted on the opportunity for autonomous action on my immediate personal environment ...

Ted Kaczynski's Correspondence with his Brother David

From Ted to Dave — Apr 16, 1986 (T-34)

[April 16, 1986] [letter to David]

Dear Dave—

You son of a bitch. Your letter made me so mad that I was on the point of cutting off all communication with you forever..let's take your contention that because I was a "gloomy" etc. kid, the parents had reason to believe I really was "sick". OK, for the sake of argument, let's concede that. Let's even go further and assume I was a real nuthouse case

-let's suppose I went around insisting that I was Napoleon Bonaparte. Far from justifying our parents' behavior, that makes it even worse. They certainly knew enough to realize that if someone really is mentally ill, one of the worst things you can do to them is to *shout at them in2 hostileand accusing manner*, "You're sick! You're sick! You have the mind of a two-year-old!" etc., etc. This is a point that I made several times in my letters to our parents on this subject, and you claim to have read at least some of those letters. Yet neither you nor they seem to be able to get this obvious point through your thick skulls. They (and now you) keep citing supposedly "sick" symptoms...If you had any *real* understanding of psychology you would realize that every time I try to get the justice of my case recognized, only to be answered by more arguments purporting to show that there is something wrong with me mentally, it only causes me frustration and consequently intensifies my anger...Since I'm still mad, don't write to me for awhile. Permission to send me a book for my birthday is rescinded. Later, when I get over being mad—say after a few months—

I write to you again and then you can resume corresponding with me if like. But *don't* ever argue with me about my relations with our ents. I have so much accumulated anger against them that whenever anyone tries to argue with me about it, and *especially* when they attribute my resentment to some kind of a mental aberration, I almost choke. This, moreover, causes me to accumulate more resentment against them, so by trying to argue with me you only defeat your own purpose, which I assume is to encourage reconciliation...I flatly refuse to accept any contradictions on this point. No doubt this

is unreasonable. But you're just going to have to humor me if you want to get along with me...[NOTE: this letter was footnoted extensively with quotes from *Sense and Nonsense in Psychology*. H.J. Eysenck, Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1957, regarding the

— non-scientific" nature of psychology]

From Ted to Dave — Apr 21, 1986 (T-35)

[April 21, 1986]

Dear Dave:

I apologize for calling you a son of a bitch and other harsh language that I used in my last letter. But, you know, I was mad. I'm not mad any more, and you can send me the book for my birthday if you want to...while I'm on the subject of our parents' tendency to blame on me anything that went wrong when we were together, there's something that always touches me when I remember it: According to our parents, when you your hand, the surgeons said that you kept saying: "Don't blame Teddy, t blame Teddy." ...

From Ted to Dave — Apr 30, 1986 (T-36)

Dear Dave:

I recently /shortly after receiving your letter that got me mad/ sent a note to our parents saying simply, "I need about \$6,00000 for medical reasons." Actually I had no immediate need for the money...The reason I sent that note was because I was angry and wanted to punish them by subjecting them to the conflict between their greed and their anxiety. The idea was sort of suggested by your recommending to me last winter that I ought to ask them for money if I needed it for medical reasons. If they sent me any money I could either keep it or send it back contemptuously as the humor might suit me. Of course I can always use the money anyway, so perhaps I would keep it. But mainly I just wanted to hurt them because my anger had been stirred up by your letter.

However, I'm afraid you might object to this, and with some justification. Not that I feel you have the right to intervene in any disputes between me and the parents. But it's possible that you might feel you were in some sense a party to this nasty trick I played on them: For one thing, I was of course relying on the assumption that you would tell them that my heart is prone to act funny; for another thing, you had suggested to me that I should ask them for money; and finally, it was your letter that got me stirred up against them.

So, out of consideration for *your* feelings, and *not* out of consideration for our parents (I don't give a shit about them), I'll say

1. If you like, you can tell them that I sent that note just to punish them and not because I had an immediate need for the money. It would be interesting, however, if you would hold off for a while on telling them, just to see what will be the outcome between their love for money and their supposed love for their kids. You can always tell them later, after you see what they decide to do.
2. If they actually do send me money, I will send it back not to *them* but to *you*, and you can do what you want with it, which I assume will be (unfortunately) to give it back to them. They spoke of giving me an advance on the \$600.00 that they usually send me for my birthday. If they send me that I'll just keep it, since it's what they were going to send me anyway, but if they send me anything beyond that I'll send it to you.

I trust this will sufficiently mollify your presumably outraged feelings. You know, if I really *did* need money for doctor bills that's just when I would *not* ask *them* for it...Now, I want to make it clear that I do *not* consider that they owe it to me to send me money. What they owe me has nothing to do with money, and they couldn't pay it off with any amount of money, no matter how large...You can write to me whenever you like, but please *DON'T* try to psychoanalyse me, and *TRY* not to get me upset. It's no use trying to reconcile me with our parents, because only complete and lasting change in their attitude would accomplish that and clear by now that their self-righteousness is incorrigible ...

Journal #1 from Series 7 (1984–1986)

Feb. 2, 1988. In the Sept. 12, 1984 entry of my notes, I wrote that I could not be unoccupied for long without feeling a strong sense of grief over the destruction of the wild country in this region. This remained true for a couple of years after what happened in the Trout Creek area. But now I no longer feel this grief. It is true, though, that the wilderness stage of my life is now finished. I have given up on wilderness and no longer aspire to live that way of life — though I still like to get back in the country now and then for a few days just to rest my spirit. Since the Trout Creek occurrence, my life has centered around the activities described in my coded -books. These activities quite stressful because of amount of work to be done and the problems that have to be overcome — also because they are at certain points dangerous. Because of the stress, I can't say I've been happy; but on the other hand I certainly can't say I've been unhappy either-I've been making significant progress toward my goals in this direction.

But now a new grief and frustration has come on me that is so powerful it is almost unendurable. In my early years there were three critically important psychological needs that were unsatisfied: One was to get out of the system and live an autonomous and purposeful life; another was to satisfy my agner-this is the [OBSCURED TEXT] of the activities described in coded notebooks; the third need was sex — that is to say, women. The first need I have satisfied adequately — not so completely as I might wish, but well enough to get by-by living in the woods. With regard to this need I don't have to struggle any further. As to the second need, I've made significant progress — there is a great deal "ore to do, but I know in a general way how to do it. The third need, women and sexual love, has suddenly begun to drive me desperate. Elsewhere I have described how, when I was in Chicago during 1978–79, I was desperate for a woman, but couldn't get one. Then, after I got back to my cabin, I got disgusted with the whole discouraging, hopeless, iliating, frustrating ness of trying to find a an — I didn't even want to think about women any more and I ceased to desire them. For some 8 years thereafter I was not "uch troubled with se:sexual desire; if I got horny now and then I would just relieve myself by masturbation and that was that — no problems. But a few weeks ago I had a dream in which a young woman appeared. When I woke up, thinking she was interesting I began

inventing a story about her. I soon found that I was developing a portrait of an ideal woman — brilliant “mind, beautiful body, great self-discipline and strength of character, proud and passionate but kind and gentle toward the weak, reserved, dignified yet when relaxed uninhibited fun and clowning.” As a result of these imaginings the desire for women came on me so strongly that at times it has been almost unbearable. This isn’t primarily a matter of genital lust, though of course that is present. **It is a terribly acute longing for something that could have been extremely beautiful if I had ever had it — a sexual love relationship with a woman whom I could respect.** What turns me on is the idea of complete mutual self-surrender between a man and a woman. Two people who become unshakeably loyal to one another and whose interests become completely identified, all barriers between them being inated. (This of course is ideal case.) The desire for a man often becomes overwhelming, and I **am tortured by grief** over the fact that, when I was young and handsome and had opportunities to know women — intelligent, beautiful women, too — **I was unable to take advantage of these opportunities because the unfortunate experiences of my early adolescence rendered me almost incapable of making advances toward women.** Now it is almost too late not only because I am 45 years old but because there are various practical difficulties in the way of my finding a woman. **This desire, grief, and sense of terrible deprivation is tearing me apart; it makes it difficult me to concentrate on sex, because my mind wanders to thoughts of women, sex, and lost opportunities.** It keeps me awake at night with my heart pounding hour after hour—it’s like a terrible obstacle that I feel I *have* to overcome, yet I can’t see how to do it, all my previous attempts to get a woman having been failures. With the first two psychological needs mentioned above, before I began to make progress in satisfying them, I often had similarly desperate feelings, the same sense of something I *had* to get in spite of the obstacles. But with those needs I was able to make progress toward the goal all by myself through determination and willingness to take [TEXT OBTAINED]. **In regard to the third need, sex, I can make no progress without the cooperation of another person,** namely, a woman who, to name the minimum requirements, would have to be reasonably attractive physically and would have to have at least some traits of character that I could respect. Physical sex would not be enough. We would have to have psychological intimacy and strong feelings toward one another. The case seems hopeless and I don’t know what to do.

I forgot to mention that I think that if I’d had just one successful love-affair when I was younger, then I wouldn’t be tormented now by terrible sense of deprivation.

[translation from German]

So golden shone many a star;
I, at the window, did stand
Alone and hear from afar
A coach horn o'er the still land.
In my breast my heart did flare,
And I thought deep down inside:
Oh, who could be traveling along there
On this grand night in summertime!

— Baron Joseph von Eichendorff

“Longing”

Martin E. P. Seligman, *Helplessness: On Depression, Development, and Death*, Wilt. Freeman and Company, New York, 1975, p.139:

“As I write this paragraph, my three-month-old son is nursing at his mother’s breast ... He sucks, the world responds with warm milk. He pats the breast, the mother tenderly squeezes back. He takes a break and coos, his mother coos back. He gives a happy chirp; his mother attempts to chirp back...”

Reading this passage fills me with desperate envy.

Journal Series VII, Journal #3

C-231C

Feb. 22, 1988. I have just read an extremely interesting book: Martin E.P. Seligman, *Helplessness*, W.H. Freeman and Company, New York, 1975. Despite the journalistic — sounding title, this book is a serious scientific study by a reputable experimental psychologist.

... . **Here's how I would connect his conclusions with my own experience:** The things I needed that led me to take to the woods I described as freedom or personal need for purposeful work, satisfaction of “workmanship instinct.” These needs can be subsumed under a single need described by Seligman, namely, the need to exercise *control* — provided that we postulate something that Seligman does not demonstrate or explicitly mention, namely, that the exercise of control must require a certain amount of *effort*. (Seligman does seem to *imply* that effort is required for proper satisfaction of the need for control; see pp. 97–98.) Anyone perusing my older notes (say from 1969 to 1975) will see how frustrating to me was my inability to control or influence certain conditions of urban life that affected me, and how much I resented being subjected to any sort of compulsion. (The need to avoid compulsion is one aspect of the need for control: Seligman, p. 55) **Purposeful work, of course, is nothing more nor less than the application of effort to control some significant aspect of one's life or environment.**

Why was my need to exercise control more powerful than that of the average person? I don't know, but I can conjecture: As an infant I experienced a case of “hospitalisation” that is, I was hospitalized for a week under conditions that drove me into a state of what Seligman calls “helplessness”. But later I recovered from this. Having experienced severe helplessness and then recovered from it might plausibly lead to an augmented fear of helplessness and an augmented drive to avoid helplessness; hence; my intolerance of frustration, of dependence, of compulsion; my drive for power; my determined persistence when something important to me is at stake; hence also my tendency to perfectionism, since my perfectionism is an insistence on making a job turn on *the way*. I damn well want it.

... The need to control and to avoid compulsion may also explain the aversion that many people (including me) have for the behavioral engineer-

ing schemes of B.F. Skinner and other schemes for manipulating human beings. These schemes are offensive not only because it is hard on our self-esteem to envision ourselves as mere pawns in someone else's game, but also, perhaps, because the idea of being controlled by someone else conflicts with our own need to avoid compulsion and exercise control ...

Journal Note C-666(?)

[1988?]

“The close association between vocational interests and other personality characteristics has been suggested by a number of studies. The personality descriptions associated with high scores on two of these keys are summarized below:

High scores on Mathematician Key: Self — abasing, I concerned with philosophical problems, introspective, lacking in social poise, lacking confidence in own ability, I sympathetic, reacts poorly to stress, jnot persuasive in personal contacts, not an effective leader, not ostentatious, not aggressive or socially ascendant”

-Anne Anastasi, *Fields of Applied Psychology*, McGraw — Hills, New York, 1964; p.4–61.

The majority of these descriptive phrases seem to fit me — but not the ones boxed in red. I am certainly not self-abasing, nor do I lack confidence in my own ability (outside the social area). When I was young (Harvard) I took stress very well — in fact I enjoyed working under stress — though it’s true that as I’ve grown older I’ve developed an aversion to psychological stress. I am aggressive in the sense that I show initiative and energy in getting what I want. I am not *socially* aggressive — except that I may become aggressive when I feel that my rights have clearly been violated.

It seems to me that the above description does not correspond well with the personalities of the mathematicians I’ve known.

“An interesting characteristic of mathematically gifted adolescents was their independence with regard to how they spent their out-of-class time. ‘Though they played some individual sports and some musical instruments, they completely resisted any regimented activity in the way of planned recreation. In fact, irregularity would seem to have been the rule with a high drive level continually displayed and an occasional spurt of frenzied mental activity.’”

-Karly C. Garrison, *Psychology of adolescence*, 6th edition, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.; pages 199–200.

Anne Anastasi, *Fields of Applied Psychology*, McGraw — Hill, New York, 1964:

1. 341. 11... both theory and practice in these fields [clinical psychology and counseling psychology) tend to be highly colored by human uses. Discussions of the objectives of counseling and psychotherapy, or notions of ‘mental health’, for example, often touch closely on one’s concept of a ‘good life’.”

... p. 389. "... it should be noted that any definition of either mental illness or mental health implies value judgements" ...

Journal Note C-686

[1988]

The problem, in brief, is that I am 45 years old and still a virgin — very much against my will. The story is as follows ...

... The foregoing was written several weeks ago. Since then I've arrived at a tentative decision: I'll get civilized and look for steady employment in western Montana. If I can't find employment here, then I'll go back to the Chicago area, where I came from originally. I hate to go back to that hell-hole, but it's one place where employment is usually available. Once I get a job I'll start looking for a woman. I'd get married if I could find a woman with whom I had enough in common. I don't have very much hope of finding such a woman; but at least I'd like to have some kind of love-affair for once, anyway, before I get too damn old.

Since my past success has been so poor, it's obvious that I can use some advice about women: how to meet them, how to deal with them when I do meet them, and how to understand them. Any information or suggestions you can give me will be appreciated ...

When making this appointment I asked to talk to a woman counsellor if possible. My motives for this were as follows: For one thing, I thought I would feel less embarrassed revealing these things to a woman than to a man. For another, I thought a woman might be better able to answer my questions and give me advice about women. Finally, and most important, women to me have been mysterious, untouchable, and inaccessible, as if they were separated from me by some invisible barrier: I've never had an opportunity to communicate with any woman on anything other than a superficial level. So, for once, I wanted to get on the other side of that barrier and speak openly with a woman ...

Letter to therapists

C-269

May 23, 1988

Dear Mr. Kaczynski:

I am writing in regard to your request for services at the Golden Triangle Community Mental Health Center. At this point in time, we do not have any female therapists available and we do not expect to have any female therapists available any time in the near future. There are female therapists working in private practice in the Great Falls community. You find these listed in the yellow pages under Mental Health Services, hologists, Psychotherapists and Counselors ...

Ted's 1988 Autobiography

C-265

[1988] Except for some minor corrections, the following is a duplicate of the material I gave Mrs. Gilbertson in late May.

The problem, in brief, is that I am 46 years old and still a virgin — very much against my will. The story is as follows ...

... At the age of 10 I developed very strong feelings toward a pretty girl my own age — I don't think it's going too far to say I was in love with her...after I scored at the genius level on an I.Q. test, the guidance counselor decided that I should skip 6th grade. The result was disastrous. I was not accepted by the older kids with whom I was put. I skipped another grade in highschool; thus I was with kids who were two years older than I was. From the time I skipped a grade until I left highschool I was often the object of contemptuous remarks from the other boys. Speaking in anthropological terms, my dominance ranking was very low ...

... it was brought home to me that the other kids regarded me as a freak genius and not the kind of boy with whom any self-respecting girl would want to have a date ...

... Also during my adolescence my parents mistreated me severely...They developed a habit of screaming insults at me whenever they got annoyed -which they often did for trivial reasons. Some examples of the type of abuse I had to take from them: "You're immature", "sick", "emotionally disturbed", "a creep", "speak respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house." ...

... I had a tough inner core of self-esteem and self-confidence that came through undamaged. But my *social* self-confidence was pretty well destroyed

– I came to expect rejection from other people ...

... I had no opportunity in highschool to learn the customs governing the relations between the sexes — how to make dates, when one can kiss a girl, etc ...

... I often had (and still have) difficulty interpreting women's behavior ...

[details past "relationships" with girls and women]

... As a result of repeated failures and disappointments in trying to get a woman I eventually gave up and became apathetic; I didn't even want to think about women

any more. It was less painful to put up with sexual deprivation than to undergo the stress of trying to get acquainted with a woman, worrying about how to ask her out, and so forth ...

... during my university years, I formed occasional acquaintanceships or slight friendships but never any close friendships, and I was never accepted by groups. As a matter of fact I had no strong desire for male friendships ...

... I found solitude congenial, or would have found it so if I hadn't been tormented by the constant, nagging desire for women ...

... During my last year at the University of Michigan I reached a decision and a psychological turning-point that changed the direction of my life. I had two major psychological needs that were unsatisfied: One of course was sex. The other was what I will call for the sake of simplicity the need for serious, purposeful work...(I won't treat this subject in detail here. For relevant discussion see the psychological study by Kenneth Keniston, **The Uncommitted.**) ...

... The decision that I reached during my last year at Michigan was to chuck everything and do something that I'd always wanted to do, namely, go off and live in the woods. Since I wanted some money to start out with, I accepted the offer from Berkeley and spent two years there as an assistant professor; then, having accumulated several thousand dollars in savings, I resigned my position and took off. To make a long story short, I established myself in a small cabin in western Montana and began reverting to a primitive mode of existence...One big advantage to living in the woods was that I didn't see any women and therefore didn't have to think about them. As a result I was no longer tormented by the constant craving for women and sex that had previously been such a hardship for me. This doesn't mean that I had no sexual feelings at all, but such feelings were much weaker than they'd been when I lived among people, and if I got horny from thinking about sex I would relieve myself by masturbation and that was that — no problems.

By the time I was about 32 years old I found that my shyness with women had greatly alleviated. Under suitable conditions I was able to make advances to them without difficulty. But I rarely had any opportunity to meet unattached women...I still didn't know anything about dating customs, but the main problems was that I never could tell whether or not a woman was interested and available; I've never been able to distinguish between ordinary friendliness and friendliness that indicates a potentially erotic interest. I've read that women have certain signals by which they indicate their intentions to men, but I have no idea what these signals are ...

... I never had the slightest interest in going to a prostitute ...

... Finally at the age of 36 I found an intelligent and attractive 30-year old woman (call her Miss T.) who had a good sense of humor and — it seemed — a pleasant personality. I'd heard vague rumors to the effect that there was something funny about her, but beggars can't be choosers, so I took my chances and made advances to her, which she accepted ...

... The third time I took her out I discovered why Miss T. had a funny reputation. She deliberately and calculatedly humiliated me in public by showing avoidance and aversion...I concluded that she was probably a sadist who got a sexual kick out of humiliating men. Needless to say, that was the end of my interest in her ...

... The kisses I had from Miss T. whetted my appetite to such an extent that I began to suffer from frustrated sexual desire even more than during my teens and early twenties. But the direction of the desire was a little different ...

... the older I got, the more interested I became in psychological contact between them. I thought of sexual love and not only of sexual intercourse. At the age of 36 I recall having a fantasy of a woman holding a baby — hers and mine — and myself putting my arms protectively and lovingly around both of them together. I wouldn't have had such a fantasy during my teens ...

... in the Chicago area...During the rest of that year I was desperate for a woman but couldn't find one...I tried an introduction service with very unsatisfactory _ results. Finally I decided that I might as well go back to the woods...while I was still in the Chicago area I advertised in the Mother Earth News for a woman interested in sharing a "very primitive life." got quite a few replies, but most of them were from women who either didn't read the ad or had a strange conception of what the words "very primitive" meant. For example, one woman seemed to think that a "very primitive life" included raising quarter-horses and pure-bred showdogs. I was so disgusted with her stupidity that I sent her an answer to the following effect:

"I live in a cave, eat raw meat, and hunt bears with a club. I been combin' the burrs out of my whiskers every mornin' ever since I got your letter, so I should be lookin' pretty good by the time you get here. Hurry up and come, cause I ain't had a woman for several years now and I can't hardly wait no longer."

(I have a somewhat undisciplined sense of humor.) ...

... After a couple of weeks alone at my cabin I found that I was no longer troubled with craving for women. Due to the pain of powerful, unsatisfied desire that I'd suffered and the stress of unsuccessful attempts to get a woman, revulsion set in. I got disgusted with women and didn't even want to think about them. Several months after my ad had appeared, one last reply straggled in. It was the most promising of all the answers I'd received; the woman seemed intelligent, was reasonably nice-looking (she sent a photo), understood what I mean by a primitive life, and wanted exactly that. But by that time I was so sick of the whole business that I just threw her letter in the stove

...

... During the following 8 1/2 years I suffered very little from desire for women ...

... my style of life has been somewhat modified. For one thing, the character of the country where I live has been changed by road-building, logging, and influx of people to such an extent as to partly spoil my former way of life. For another thing, my parents, who are in a comfortable position financially, have been sending me \$1200 a year for the last few years. I feel a little embarrassed about this, but not very much so. The money relieves me of having to look for work at intervals and allows me leisure to

pursue certain intellectual interests. I've taught the Spanish language, have done a considerable amount of serious reading, especially in history, and have solved a difficult mathematical problem that for many years I was unable to solve. The years when I lived at the most primitive level were the best and happiest years of my life. Since modifying my way of life I've considered myself to be neither happy nor unhappy; but I've been at peace. Life has been flowing along with no particular problems and no particular joys or hopes ...

... But a few weeks ago I had a dream in which a young woman appeared. After I woke up I recalled her face and thought she was interesting, so I began making up a story about her. I soon found that I was developing a portrait of a perfect woman: extremely high intelligence, great self-discipline and strength of character, no interest in trashy stuff like fine clothes, money, and social status³ — in short, she had all the traits that I most respected. As a result of these imaginings my desire for women and sexual love returned so strongly that at times it has been almost unendurable. It often keeps me awake at night, and it sometimes prevents me from concentrating because my mind persists in wandering to thoughts of women and sex. This isn't just the raw horniness that I experienced as an adolescent. It's rather a sense of terrible deprivation, of having missed something essential in life, something that would have been extremely beautiful and that I will probably never find now because I'm getting too old ...

... I feel like a starving man looking on at a rich man's banquet: All he wants is one good solid piece of bread, but he has to watch the rich people gorging themselves on extravagant delicacies while he has nothing ...

... I felt a need to tell these things to someone. I had no one else to tell them to, so I came here. Apart from the opportunity to unload all this there's just one other thing that I want from you, namely, the answer to the following question. I've read in more than one place that women give out certain signals by which men can tell whether they are available and interested and so forth. What are these signals? It's doubtful whether I'll ever have the opportunity to put this information to practical use, but the question has puzzled me for a long time and I'd like to know the answer just for my own satisfaction ...

Letter to therapists

C-271

Therapy Receipt

[Receipt, See Original]

[Date] — 6/1 1988

[Received From] — Theodore Kaczynski

[Dollars] — \$50.00

[For] — Paid for 1 hour therapy c Elizabet Gilbertson

Letter From Ted to Mrs. Gilbertson — July 1, 1988

[July 1, 1988]

Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson

54 N. Last Chance Gulch

Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Mrs. Gilbertson:

Because you mentioned to me during our interview on June 1 that your daughter was under some pressure to go into mathematics, I am taking the liberty of sending you some comments on mathematics as a career. The comments are negative, and of course are influenced by my own dissatisfaction with the field. You can show my remarks to your daughter or not, as you may prefer.

I'd like to mention that I had a very favorable impression of you and found you personally very likable. It relieves my feelings just to talk about those things with someone, and your comments gave me something to think about. Through the Interlibrary Loan Service I've ordered the three books you recommended ...

... I spent a week in Helena looking for work, without success...Clearly the employment counselor misled me when he told me earlier that my chances of quickly finding work in Helena would be good. Because I don't have the ey to spend much time in the city seeking employment, it looks as though hances of finding permanent work in Montana are practically nil, so

I probably end up going back to the Chicago area — not because I want to, but because that's where the jobs are ...

... I can't afford the cost of another interview with you, so I probably won't be seeing you again.

While I was in Helena I met you on the street and said "hello", but you didn't seem to recognize me — maybe because you were in a hurry. Or perhaps I mistook someone else for you.

Thanks for your kindness and advice ...

Letter from Ted to Mental Health Services — July 11, 1988

C-270

Mental Health Services, Inc.
512 Logan
Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Sirs:

I have a personal problem in connection with which I'd like to do a lot of talking, partly just to relieve my feelings, partly to attain a understanding of certain matters, and partly to get advice ...

Several weeks ago I phoned Mental Health Services and was told that had a 10-week waiting list. Since I didn't want to wait that long for at least a preliminary discussion, I went to a private therapist, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson, of 54 N. Last Chance Gulch, whom I saw June 1. I liked her very much, but I can't ask her for any further services because I can't afford the fee. As far as I am concerned, the counselor or therapist to whom you assign me would be welcome to exchange information about me or impressions of me with Mrs. Gilbertson ...

2nd Draft(?) of Letter from Ted to Mental Health Services — July 11, 1988

Mental Health Services, Inc.
512 Logan
Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Sirs:

I have a personal problem in connection with which I'd like to do a lot of talking, partly just to relieve my feelings, partly to attain a better understanding of certain matters, and partly in order to get advice. I understand that for my income level your fee is five dollars per professional hour, but unfortunately my income is so low (roughly \$1,300 a year) that I can't afford to travel repeatedly to Helena. (A trip to Helena would cost me about \$20 exclusive of your fee.)

Thus, if it's acceptable to you, I'd like to make an arrangement of the **following** kind. If you'll assign me to a counselor or therapist, I will send him at intervals a typewritten statement that can be read in well under an hour, together with a check for five dollars and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The counselor can read the statement and then, in what is left of the hour, write down his comments and advice informally and mail them to me.

I suppose this would be an unusual arrangement, but, as I've already mentioned, I can't afford repeated trips to Helena, so I don't see how else to handle the matter. Actually I'd even *prefer* to handle it this way because, in writing, I can express what I have to say much more precisely, clearly, and completely than I can in speaking ...

Letter from Ted to Dr. Emery — July 25, 1988

Dear Dr. Emery:

Thank you for your letter of July 14 in which you replied to mine of July 11. As you may recall, I was unable to afford the cost of repeated trips to Helena and for that reason asked to correspond through the mail with one of your therapists. You rejected this idea and suggested that I might be able to afford monthly visits to Helena ...

I'll quite appreciate that therapy isn't possible through the mail, but note that I didn't request therapy. What I want is counseling rather than therapy, if you accept the distinction between counseling and therapy drawn by Anne Anastasi, *Fields of Applied Psychology*, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1964, page 431: "..... the aim of clinical psychology is to *change* the individual's basic personality structure and personal constructs, while the aim of counseling psychology is to enable the individual to utilize his present resources more effectively ... While psychotherapy tries to alter a client's anxiety level, defensiveness, and other generalized response habits, counseling concentrates on the solution of specific problems, such as poor study habits or lack of social poise ." ... I do *not* want to change my basic personality structure. I do think that some of what I want could be accomplished through the mail; if nothing else I would get the relief of telling someone about certain painful experiences from my past. However, if such an arrangement is unacceptable to you, I will make no further attempt to persuade you

...

Letter from Ted to Dr. Emery — August 7, 1988

Dear Dr. Emery:

I write in reply to your letter of July 28.

Yes, when you have an opening, please do arrange for me monthly appointments with a therapist, beginning at 1:00 PM and ending at 2:00 PM on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday ...

Letter from Ted to Dave — Sep 15, 1988 (T-59)

[September 15, 1988]

Dear Dave:

Some three years ago, more or less, I had a dream about you that I'm about to report. We were at our old house in Evergreen Park, and I saw you as you were when you were about 4 years old...I have a vivid mental image of you at the age of about 4, running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm. I clipped this picture out of the paper because it reminds me very much of the way you looked at those times. The kid in the picture is 4 years old, too. (PICTURE ATTACHED WITH TAPE)...I was filled with poignant, acutely nostalgic feelings, a kind of grief over the lost joy of your childhood. But then I thought of the fact that you were now enjoying the freedom and beauty of the desert, and this greatly comforted me...That was before you paid me that visit 2 years ago. When you did visit me, naturally, I was extremely pleased to see how much you seemed to be enjoying life...So you see what kind of feelings I have about you, and how much I value you—in spite of our differences.

I suppose it would be superfluous to again express my regret over the way I used to treat you when I was in my teens. But it's something I haven't forgotten. Nor am I likely to forget it ...

Letter from Ted to Dr. Emery — September 24, 1988

C-270

September 24, 1988

Dear Dr. Emery:

Because I was feeling very badly about certain facts from my past life, I wrote to you on July 11 requesting services from your organization. In a subsequent exchange of letters we agreed that you should arrange monthly appointments for me with one of your therapists as soon as an opening was available.

As it happens, I have now gotten over my bad feelings about the past and no longer feel any particular need for your services. Moreover, as I indicated in my first letter, my financial resources are very limited, and owing to a very bad harvest from my garden (because of drought) and a broken tooth that needs fixing, it would be more difficult than ever for me to pay the cost of repeated trips to Helena. Therefore please take my name off your waiting list. If my bad feelings about the past should ever return I may contact you again, but meanwhile it seems best that your therapists' time should be given to someone else ...

Letter about an old colleague

C-953

February 28, 1989

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MILWAUKEE/P.O. Box 413.
Milwaukee. Wisconsin
COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES
(414) 963-4836

Dear Dr. Kaczynski:

Over the years, McMillan became more and more of a recluse. He would not return a friendly greeting from a colleague, so after a while people ceased to greet him. To avoid people he would never take an elevator. His judgement deteriorated.

Someone went to see him about a proposal he had made, suggesting that he change it, and McMillan did not utter a word, so that the man left in embarrassment. I heard that on separate occasions a student and a faculty member had feared that McMillan would become violent. Under these conditions, I did not “give” your letter to him, I put it into his mailbox; but I was skeptical about his answering you. After he resigned, I was told that he and his wife had separated; moved to an apartment, his neighbors complained that he was creating a disturbance shouting, and he was institutionalized for 90 days and released. Since then I have heard nothing about him, except that his physical appearance has deteriorated.

It seems a great tragedy, for at one time he was an excellent and very promising mathematician. He is said to be living in his own world, out of touch with reality; perhaps he has found some sort of refuge there.

Sincerely yours,
/s/ F. Bagemihl

March 8, 1989

C-923

March 8, 1989

Dear Professor Bagemihl:

I'm very sorry to hear about Professor Mc Millan. A couple of years ago I had a very interesting book about schizophrenia; sounds as if that might be McMillan's problem...If you're not well-informed about schizophrenia and if McMillan's case is of sufficient concern to you to make it worth your while, you might want to read that book. The title is *Schizophrenia's, yours and mine* ... Whether or not schizophrenia is the cause of McMillan's problem, you're right — it's a great tragedy ...

Sincerely yours ...

Letter to The Missoulian

4

25, 1989

Letters Column The Missoulian

P.O. Box 8029

Missoula, Montana 59807

Dear Sirs:

Jim Marka's column of May 6, 1989 prompts this letter.

The increasing use of courtesy terms in our society is to be applauded. A courtesy term is a word or phrase that serves as a substitute for an offensive expression which describes a person or thing having a condition that is labelled "undesirable" by the less enlightened segment of our society.

I call for (1) a high-priority research program to discover why courtesy terms keep wearing out, and, meanwhile, (2) a national committee dedicated in the continual development of new courtesy terms as the old ones acquire offensive connotations.

In conclusion, I urge strict avoidance of the offensive expression *euphemism*, **which** is a slap in the face to all who use courtesy terms ...

Letter From Ted to Dave — Oct 1989 (C-794)

[1989]

Dear Dave:

... Of course, you have the right to write anything you damn well please. But I'm not going to criticize your work any more because, as I've just explained, I find your reactions frustrating and irritating ...

More than that, this has been building up for a long time. It's not just this business of the stories. I find *you* insufferably irritating in general. You're certainly not the type of personality I would choose for a friend-I just happened to get stuck with you as a brother. As you know, I have tender feelings toward you, but that's just because you're my brother and because of old ties going all the way back to childhood.

Some of your letters are a pleasure to read, but, just as often, they irritate me and make conscious of an unbridgeable gulf between and me. It's not so much in difference in attitudes or ideology-in some respects our attitudes are pretty similar-as a difference of personality ... I use verbal formulations in a reasonably honest attempt to describe reality. I am so constituted that I find it difficult to listen to your nonsense without arguing against it. So when you write me some of your silly "ideas" (as you choose to call them) I am faced with a choice: either I restrain myself and make no reply, which is frustrating, or, what is more frustrating, I permit myself to be drawn into writing which I explain my point of view in detail- though it is absolutely futile, because I know by this time that, wherever your ego is involved, you are absolutely impervious to reason and will resort to the most far-fetched rationalizations to avoid having to make any concession ...

... This has just happened too many times. If you don't irritate or disgust me in one way then you do so in another. I've just had enough of it. My tolerance for irritation was how to begin with, and the older I get, less I can tolerate irritation. And now, to top off my disgust, you're going to leave the desert and shack up with this woman who's been keeping you on a string for the last 20 years. You write, "I've been in love with her for more than 20 years, so much so that no other woman has ever seriously interested me ...love is one thing and grovelling *servitude* (strike over) is another. Judging from the comparatively little that I know of the case, it seems clear that this

woman has been exploiting you. I recall that one time when I was helping you clean out your apartment in Great Falls, I picked a letter out of the garbage on your table and started reading aloud: "Dear Linda, Of course it was a blow to learn that you may be falling in love with someone...". You got mad and snatched the letter out of my hand... Women like passive, gentle males-but they don't typically consider them desirable as lovers. Especially when they are younger, women are attracted sexually by dominant, virile males. But they like to have a shoulder to cry on-some gentle, affectionate person to whom they can turn emotional support. There's nothing evil in that [TEXT OBSCURED] in using you for that purpose, knowing were in love with her and that her love was going to go elsewhere, Linda Patrick was exploiting you. She must have realized that it would be painful and humiliating for you when she unburdened herself to you about her love affairs, yet apparently she did so anyway, to judge from that letter.

When she got married, I can just imagine her husband's amusement when she told him about "this poor sap who's been in love with me for years, and still is, even though I'm marrying you". Then when her marriage broke up, the first thing she did was run to you for a shoulder to cry on. And you accepted that. Don't you have any self-respect at all? Apparently not. It's just too despicable.

So now, after having kept you around as a kind of spare tire for the last 20 years, she's finally ready to shack up with you. *Maybeshe* (strike out) because she's getting older and can't so readily find sex partners any more, maybe for some other reason. Does she love you? I venture to doubt it. I'll bet you're the one who is making all the essions and sacrifices. Thus you're going olive with her in Schenectady and she's going down to live with you in Texas. It's safe to say that you two will be adopting *her* life-style and not *your* life-style.

If you want to find out whether she loves you, try this: Ask her to make some major concessions to your life-style and preferences. For example, ask her to live with you in Alpine. This would be a reasonable compromise, because in Alpine she would have most of the urban conveniences to which she is presumably addicted, yet you would be close to the desert. If she says yes, then probably she really cares about you. If she refuses to consider the possibility of moving down to Texas, or of making any other major concessions to your life-style, then clearly she doesn't love you but is merely using you as a convenience...

But if I know you, you probably won't even have the nerve to ask her to live in Alpine I can pretty well guess who the dominant member of that couple is going to be. It's just disgusting. Let me know your neck size d like to get you a dog collar next lstmas. I recall your negative opinions about Jeanne's selfishness in her relationship with Hoken, and I wonder whether your own case is going to be any better. You thought Jeanne was selfish because Hoken wanted to stay in Chicago, Jeanne wanted to go to Texas, so of course it was a foregone conclusion that they would go to Texas. How does this differ from your case? At least Jeanne didn't keep Hoken on a string for 20 years before marrying him.

The only thing I've really respected in you has been your life in the desert. I especially remember how you returned that beautifully-made spear-point to its original resting place out of respect for the people who made it, and how you crossed the Rio Grand with Juan and shared his risks and hardships. So now you're going to leave all that just because this female has finally decided to permit you to become her personal property, and I presume that you will now be adopting a more-or-less conventional middle-class life-style. While you're at it, why don't you take a courses and learn to be an accountant? etter-why don't you go to law school? always felt that if a thing is worth doing, then it's worth doing right, so as long as you're selling out you may as well go all the way and become a lawyer.

Be all that as it may, I've just been disgusted and irritated by you too damn many times. I just can't take all that crap any more. So from now on, I am just going to cease corresponding with you altogether, and I'll thank you not to send me any letters of any kind. There's no question of ill will here-it's just that I can't any longer take the frequent irritations that I have from you. You probably don't realize how often I've restrained myself in the face of your irritating traits. That's the reason for the present outburst of irritation in response to relatively minor irritants; as I said, it's been building up for a long time. Time after time, after receiving a particularly asinine letter from you I've told myself that I ought to cut off correspondence with you, but then I've always softened again. But now I just can't take any more. I realize that partly my fault. It's true that you're tuous ass and that our personalities are incompatible, but its also true that my tolerance for irritation is unusually low. I suppose that one reason why you get me so upset may be the fact that I *do* care about you. When my neighbor down here chatters along idiotically like the jerk that he is, I just listen noncommittally to his nonsense and then forget it. But when you speak or act like a fool I find it hard to be indifferent.

You're still my little brother (unworthy though you are of that honor) and you still have my loyalty, and I'm ready to help you if I can whenever you may be in *serious* need. But, as I said, I'm not going to write you any more, and I don't want to receive any letters from you either. If you send me any letters I'll just throw them in the stove unread. *Except:* if something really important comes up, you can write to me and get my attention as follows: On the envelope, *draw g straight,heavyline underthe stamp (orstamps)*. If you send me a letter with this marking, I will know that it is something particularly important and will the letter. But don't cry wolf by putting marking on an envelope that contains an mportant letter. If you do so, then I will no longer regard the marking, and you'll have no way of getting in touch with me if something important comes up. As to what I consider important: If you're seriously ill, that's important; if our parents croak, that's important; If you're in any kind of serious trouble and need my help, that's important; and so forth. On the other hand, if you want to justify to me your ideas about writing, that's *not* important; if you want to explain your relations with Linda Patrik, that's *not* important; and so forth.

I realize that, not knowing very much about the case, I may possibly be wrong about your relations with Linda P. (though I'm probably right), and I don't doubt that you could be induced to withdraw your threat (contained in your last letter) to send me some of your goofballs ideas on language and literature (the last thing I want to hear from you), but it wouldn't really matter, because if it's not one thing then it's another. If you don't irritate me in this way then you irritate me in that way ...

So remember-you still have my and loyalty, and if you're ever in *serious* need of my help, you can call on me ...

Letter to The Missoulian

September 12, 1990

Dr. Paul Moomaw

c/o The Missoulian

P.O. Box 8029

Missoula, Montana 59807

Dear Dr. Moomaw:

I was shocked by your recent column in which you spoke disrespectfully of psychoanalytic theory, and in particular by your remark that “that is the great part about analytic theory; no matter what the patient does, it’s always pathological.” In reply to your sneering aspersions, I’d like to report part of a conversation that I once had with the distinguished Dr. Adalbert Verruckt, of Vienna.

I had remarked to Dr. Verruckt that practically everything that’s fun seems to be bad for the health.

“Yes, Theodore” he replied, “things that are pleasurable tend to be A connected **with** organic disease. As Karen Horny has demonstrated, pleasure is associated with masturbation and its attendant feelings of guilt. Persons who become ill as a result of pleasurable activities — smoking, drinking, eating rich foods, so forth — are punishing themselves for their guilt over atal masturbatory fantasies.” ...

... “Now, Dr. Verruckt, that’s really amazing. But I mean, has all this actually been scientifically?”

“Rather than answer that directly, Theodore, let me simply point out that toilet training is the first step in the socialization of the infant; and Jung has shown that 62% of all persons suffering from red-green color-blindness have had improper toilet training.”

“Well, I guess that sounds pretty conclusive. But, to take another tack, Dr. Verruckt, haven’t there been a number of scientific studies that have proved psychoanalysis to be useless in the treatment even of psychological problems, let alone organic cases?”

“Theodore, these conclusions on the part of some researchers illustrate the phenomenon that we call ‘resistance.’ Many persons are so terrified by the possibility that psychoanalysis might reveal to them the filth that lurks in the depths of their unconscious that they reject entirely the truths of psychoanalysis.”

“But Dr. Verruckt, the objective data they’ve assembled, the scientific controls ... doesn’t all that mean anything?”

“If I considered it worthwhile, Theodore, I could review their and show how their interpretation of it has been distorted by ir need to deny their oedipal feelings. But, in

the final analysis, it matters not. Any attempt to undermine the tenets of psychoanalysis through 'objective' or "empirical' studies must rest on the assumption that there is an external, empirical reality providing criteria of truth that take precedence over the criteria of psychoanalysis. Krankesimo, however, has shown that what we call 'external reality' has no objective existences, but is merely the projection of our neuroses. Thus psychoanalysis stands supreme and unassailable as the sole arbitrator of truth." ...

Letter to a Health Shop in Montana

C-474

August 13, 1990

Andrea Pagenkopf

Food and Nutrition Specialist

Montana Cooperative Extension Service Dear Ms. Pagenkopf:

In an article in the Missoulian, June 27, 1990, you were quoted on the dangers of taking overdoses of vitamins, including vitamin c ... I would appreciate it very much if you could answer the following question for me. As far as you know, would there be any risk in taking, say, 250 mg per day of vitamin C in addition to a al diet? Since I have to spend a lot of time out of doors, I be at greater risk than the average person of developing racts due to ultraviolet-induced oxidation of proteins in the eye ...

Letter to Parker Medical Clinic

C-365

Oct 10 [1990]

[Note to Parker Medical Clinic — appointment was for 10/22/90]

When I made my appointment the nurse or receptionist asked me to make a log or schedule indicating when I sleep and when I carry on various sorts of activities. As long as I am doing that I may as well put into writing the nature of my complaint, which is, in general terms, intermittent insomnia.

I always used to sleep between 8 and 9\ hours per 24-hour period and never felt comfortable with less than 8.

For the last few years (say four, roughly) there has been a specific reason why I have suffered from a good deal of worry and mental stress. The reason is personal, and I do not intend to discuss it.

Though I suffered from occasional sleepless nights, I didn't rt having insomnia frequently enough for it to be a problem il about 2\ years ago. For the last 2\ years I have slept very regularly.

During my worst periods, out of any ten nights I might get 8 hours of sleep one night, 7 or 7\ hours on four nights, and 6 to 6\ hours on the other five nights; or occasionally only 4 hours in a night. During these periods, on days that follow nights of 6\ hours or less I feel very miserable and function poorly.

During my best periods, out of any ten nights I might get 8 hours of sleep on four nights, 7 to 7 hours on four nights, and

6 to 6\ hours on the other two nights. During these periods I find it fairly easy to put up with the 6 or 6\ -hour nights.

As far as I can make out, the insomnia started with stress and worry, and has tended to continue even during the periods when

I am not worrying, owing to a bad habit initiated by worry. During the period when the stress and worry were at their worst, when I lay down to go to sleep my mind would go into high gear, grinding over my worries. This became a habit, and now, even if I am not suffering from stress or worry at the time, and even if I've felt tranquil before going to bed, it very often happens that as soon as I lie down to go to sleep my mind starts grinding away, on any subject at all, and this keeps me awake.

I "*think*" this is the cause of the insomnia, but of course I can't be

, so I ask you to please:

1. Determine whether the insomnia has any physical cause.
2. If there is no identifiable physical cause, consider whether it would be appropriate to prescribe for me some medicine that would put me to sleep on those nights when I can't get to sleep normally. (I've tried Sominex, and it has no effect on me that I can notice.) ...

Letter to Mom — October 13, 1990

C-926

[October 13, 1990]

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 t period. If you'd like to be reconciled and me correspondence with me, I am willing.

Letter to Dave — October 13, 1990

[October 13, 1990]

Dear Dave:

I am astonished that there is to be a “memorial service” for Dad. The term “memorial service” refers to a religious function, probably a CChristian one. As you know, Dad was a convinced atheist ...

... For reasons of health I do not find it advisable to do any travelling at present. But quite apart from that, I am surprised that you would think that I would want to attend any sort of Christian function.

I haven't shed any tears over our father's death — you know how I felt about him. I must say, though, that I feel very sorry for our mother...! never resented her quite as much as I resented Dad ...

At this time there may be various matters about which you have to communicate with me, so — for the present — you can write to me without taking the trouble to underline the stamp, I'll read your letters. (Later we can revert ur policy of non-correspondence.) But please, p^x“Tease, *Please* keep off of those subjects that are likely to lead into those hassles and interminable discussions that we get into.

I just *CAN'T* stand any aggravation at present ...

Letters to Mom

From Ted to Wanda — Nov. 22, 1990

C-922

Nov. 22, 1990

Dear Ma —

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 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 ...

... Being constituted as I am, I find it extremely difficult to refrain from pointing out the holes in his rationalizations ...

... Now I want to make it clear that my 'sion to break off communication with is neither frivolous nor petty — it's a very ious 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...What 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! have very serious reasons for avoiding any further frustration along these lines.

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 k of sudden death by ventricular fibrillation, who knows? Albert Spear lived for at st 35 years after beginning to have marked

2 rt 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 *physicalharm*.

[This concludes the part of the letter of which I considered it worthwhile to keep a copy. The rest is on unrelated subjects.] ...

From Ted to Wanda — December, 1990

C-920

[December, 1990]

Ma — I’ve read Dave’s story *El Cibolo*.

I assume you got my recent letter 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...[it is] such a and sudden vastAimprovement 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. is letter was sent in Dec., 1990. letter went on, on other subjects, but rest isn't worth keeping a copy of.] ...

From Ted to Wanda — January 17, 1991

[January 17, 1991]

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 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. Thanks ...

From Ted to Wanda — mid-January, 1991

C-924

This is a copy of the significant part of a letter that I sent to my mother in **mid-January, 1991**.

... I read your family history with great interest...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 skeptical about the accuracy of your history...One might possibly see a connection between the physical abuse you suffered as a kid and the psychological abuse that you inflicted on me during my teens. The psychologists claim that people who abuse their kids are usually the who were abused themselves as kids ...

... 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 behavior and the family atmosphere began to deteriorate, and it was during my teens that I was subjected 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"..

— ."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...

From Ted to Wanda — March 13, 1991

[March 13, 1991]

C-928

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 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 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 ...

The 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 ...

Letter to Dave — March 17, 1991

Under the date **March 17, 1991**, I sent Dave a copy of the part of the foregoing letter (Mar. 13) to Ma that lies between the 2 red stars*“*” ‘!hen I concluded the letter to Dave with the following remarks:

... So, Dave, the question is, Are you and your wife interested in buying out my rights to the inheritance, either by buying me an annuity or in some other way? Let me know whether you are interested ...

... of course before any definite bargain could be struck I'd have to have full information on just what assets there are to be inherited. As it is, I know almost nothing about our parents' assets.

So let me know what you think — but please confine your remarks to financial matters. As you know, I'm not interested in maintaining personal relations with you ...

Letter to heart doctor

C-366

April 18, 1991

A

Dear Dr. Goren:

I have an appointment to see you, for the first time, on 29 at 3:00^{PM}. In this letter I'd like to describe the symptoms about which I want to consult you, for two reasons. First, by writing the information down I can communicate it with less risk of forgetting something, or explaining something unclearly, than I could by conveying the information orally. Second, if any tests are required, maybe this letter will enable you to be prepared in advance to give me the tests when I come in, thus reducing the likelihood that I will have to make a second trip to Missoula for tests. Such trips are expensive and very inconvenient for me."

General symptoms. I'm now 48 years old. In my early thirties I started having occasional premature heartbeats when under stress.

Since the age of 38 for certain reasons I have frequently been under strong stress. The reasons are personal and I do not intend to discuss them. For the last 4 or 5 years I've been under more stress than previously ...

— "my heart has been performing various other antics.

Some of these are very hard to describe. Very frequently my heart just feels as if it isn't running smoothly, as if it were struggling against something. At other times I'll have a sudden burst of irregular beating, as if several premature beats occurred so close together that they were almost simultaneous. Sometimes my heart feels as if it had taken too large a gulp of blood and held it too forcefully. In a few cases, when I've been lying in waiting to fall asleep, my heart has stopped dead for two or three

seconds, then started going again. This hasn't happened recently but, instead, sometimes for two or three seconds my heart will go into wildly irregular contortions that cannot be described as beating of any kind. Ordinarily there is no pain, but, when my heart is acting up, occasionally when I bend over suddenly I get a twinge that seems to come from the heart.

In a general way I'd say that the symptoms are worse now than they were when they started 10 years ago, but not markedly so. It may be only that I'm under stress now a larger portion of the time than I was earlier. But it does seem that a lower level of stress is sufficient to produce the symptoms now than was the case earlier."

... When under stress I often suffer from insomnia. This means 1 to 3 consecutive nights of perhaps 6 hours sleep. I need 8 to feel right. The insomnia is greatly alleviated when the stress is off.

The following are the kinds of stress that seem to cause my heart irregularities: hurry, frustration, anxiety about problems I can't solve, or in connection with which I have to defer action to a future time, or "anxiety about more than one" problem so that there is conflict concerning which one to take action on.

There is another kind of stress that makes my heart beat hard and fast, but usually not irregularly. This tends to occur when I do a single important task that dominates all my attention. I have this kind of stress when I have to keep any sort of appointment, including doctor appointments.

Because of this stress, when my blood pressure is taken in a doctor's office I tend to get a slightly high reading "90" — on the order of 150/90 to 95. About 15 years ago I bought my own sphygmomanometer, and, taking my blood pressure at home, got readings that averaged about 130/80 ...

Letter to Mom

[April 19, 1991]

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 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.

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 the doctor ...

Letter to heart doctor

May 26, 1991

Dear Dr. Goren:

On May 20 I spoke on the phone with your nurse, Ms. Cooper, and she told me that the results of my blood tests were all normal...She then reminded me that you had noted that a bolter test and an echo test ig t b7 considered for me ... it would be helpful if you could give me some indication of how important or unimportant these tests might be for me ...

... Since I've paid you only for one examination and the accompanying tests, I have no right to ask you to take the time to answer this letter, but in case you do want to answer it I have enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope containing a piece of paper. You can just jot down your comments informally on the piece of paper and save yourself the time it would take to write a proper letter ...

... Besides your advice, a further inducement to cut out the aspirin was an article titled "Aspirin," by Gerald Weissmann, that appears in the January, 1991 issue of the Scientific American...But you probably know all this already, so I'll shut up and bring this letter to a close ...

Letters to Mom

From Ted to Wanda — June 18, 1991 (T-145)

[June 18, 1991]

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 to know what they have to say. Actually I'm quite please that they seem so anxious to secure my (NOTE: One word scratched out by Ted) cooperation, because that i es me. the pleasure.of denying it to them...As for your suggest.ion ?f a visit — ei her y_our corning here or my going there — I'll have think it over, and will give you my answer some later time ...

From Ted to Wanda — July 5, 1991

C-944

[July 5, 1991]

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 re what happened when Ellen Tarmichael (at F

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 r apologized for your behavior to me and *one* instance in which Dad ever did so.

So quit trying to evade responsibility for r 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 resultof 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.* Of course, 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. In the social area I did need someone's help

* 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 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

(Footnote continued) and had a gentle, nice personality. She wore no makeup, jewelry, or fancy clothes, and even though she was 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 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 t 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.t.e.J.l you about it (Footnote continued) 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. because I was shocked at that kind of disrespect being shown to an adult.

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 s 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

— cusable. I was not accepted by the r kids with whom I was put, and if Miss was doing her job she should have been re 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 use she wanted to satisfy her own needs by ing with an unusually smart kid and

Bing 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 e mind of a two-year-old,” etc., etc., etc.

For a kid of working-class origin who already 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 self-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 ...

Letter to a therapist

ly 12, 1991] [letter to Dr. Sharon Kay Melnick, M.D., Psychiatrist]

Dear Dr. Melnick:

I am interested in consulting you about a personal problem...! would like to outline in this letter the problem about which I want to consult you, and I'd appreciate it if you would let me know whether you think you can help me and what approach you would be likely to take in dealing with the problem. If your answer seems promising, then I'll make an appointment to see you... The problem is this. When I was ten years old I scored at the genius level on an I.Q. test, as a result of which I skipped a grade in school. I was not accepted by the other kids...in high school I skipped another grade, so that I was with kids who were two years older than I was. At the same time, I was the victim of a great deal of verbal abuse from my parents ...

... by the time I graduated from Harvard at the age of 20 my social selfconfidence had been pretty well destroyed and I had a crippling fear of rejection...I'd had no opportunity to learn the social skills that one normally learns during adolescence. Especially, I knew nothing about how to get acquainted with women, how to ask for a date, or what one is supposed to do on a date...as a result, I've been almost completely without friends or social contacts throughout my adult life...I find solitude congenial and can get by comfortably enough without male friendships...But frequently tormented by a desire for women...What I crave is a close personal relationship with a woman whom I can love and respect ...

... I would like to have help in learning enough social skills and social self confidence to be able to make friends with women ...

Letter from Wanda to Ted

[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 ...

... 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...But you rejected everyone who tried to be your friend ...

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.* 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... viously, you would have to change your life style if you were to get married, and to be a kinder, gentler person, less vengeful when- ever people don't measure up to your expectations...

Ted's comments

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

First consider lines 1 and 2 of her letter of

12...She claims they “never, never They used to scream at me

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insults of the most cutting kind. I was “sick,” “immature,” “a creep,” “another Walter Tszewski,” 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

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 ...

Letter From Ted to Dave — July 20, 1991 (T-92)

Letter C-948
[July 20, 1991]

Dave —

Recently you offered to help me if I ever needed your help. Well, I need it now and I need it desperately. It is a matter of life and death, and this is not an exaggeration.

I seriously believe I will die if you can't mplyish this for me. And *soon*.

What you have got to do is this: In case you don't know, Ma put aside \$7,732.81 in an account that is to pay medical expenses for me. The deal is that when I have a medical bill, I am to ask her for the money to pay it, and she will pay it, up to the amount of \$7,732.81 total. I asked her to put the money in my name so that I wouldn't have to come begging to her when I have to py a medical bill, and she wouldn't do it...Apparently she likes power and wants to keep it in her own hands ...

... What you've got to do for me is this, and you've got to do it NOW. You've *got* to persuade Ma to do one of 2 things.

Either she's got to send me a check for that \$7032.81 so that it will be my outright property, *Or* she's got to send me a letter that states in clear and unequivocal terms that she is *withdrawing irrevocably* her offer of money for medical expenses. And she has got to state also that she is going to *stopsendingme any* money of *any* kind at *any* time. way I may be able to get welfare

, because the letter will show that I altr no longer getting help from Ma. It is better if I get the \$7032.81 rather than the letter withdrawing the offer, because I have already told the welfare dept about the

\$7000 — odd dollars and they told me I could probably get state medical aid if it weren't for the \$7000. So if I now show them a letter saying that the

\$7000 has been withdrawn, they might reasonably suspect that the letter withdrawing the offer is something I cooked up with Ma just to avoid spending family money on medical expenses and throw the expenses on the welfare dept ...

... But whether I get the \$7000 on the one hand, or the letter of withdrawal on the other, is less important than that I should get one or the other. The point that really matters is a psychological one: I have *got to* know, I have GOT TO, GOT TO,

GOT TO know, that every last tie joining me to this stinking family has been cut *FOREVER*, and that I will *neverNEVER*

. to communicate with any of you again ou're going to live up to your offer elp, you have GOT TO take care of this for me, *IMMEDIATELY*. I have *got* to cut myself off FOREVER from this family and from everything that reminds me of it, and I've got to do it NOW. I can't tell you how desperate I am. You know that I am reserved in expressing my feelings and that if I express this kind of desperation I am very desperate indeed. It is killing me. You have GOT TO get Ma to sever all ties once and for all — either send that \$7000 to me as my exclusive property or else send me a letter stating unequivocally and irrevocably that she will send me no more money under any circumstances. Once again, the question of whether I get any money for medical expenses is not the most important one. (Though I should have medical treatment I can probably get by without it for a while without danger to life.) The important point is the psychological one — I've got to know that I'm cut off from this horrible family once and for all —

FOREVER.

Recently I sent Ma a letter in which

I tried once more to get her to accept responsibility for the verbal and psychological abuse to which she and Dad subjected me during my teens. I ventured to try this because lately she had seemed to be in a more or less sympathetic mood. More frankly than ever before I tried to tell her about the consequences for me of the constant rejection that I suffered both at home and at school throughout my teens — about the terrible fear of rejection that has prevented me from ever having any friends or social life of any kind.

In reply she sent me two letters in a patronizing tone. As she's done before, she tried to evade responsibility by attributing my fear of rejection to "that hospital experience." No one can say with any confidence what effect "that hospital experience" may have had on me.

The point is that, hospital experience or no hospital experience, the psychological abuse I had from Ma and Dad was inexcusable and she refuses to accept responsibility for it. Parts of her letter were even insulting. For instance, blamed the social rejection I've suffered y being "arrogant" and "bossy." This is urd. Most people who know me would probably describe me as shy and reticent, even to the point of timidity.

I challenge you to find even ONE person other than you and Ma who would describe me as arrogant and bossy. I can't blame YOU (Dave) for feeling that I'm arrogant and bossy, because I did indeed treat you that way when we were kids. And I was sometimes arrogant toward our parents, after

I was old enough to feel no longer dependent on them, because of the (justified) resentment I felt toward them. But I challenge you to find *one* other person to whom I've been arrogant or bossy.

I got Ma's letters yesterday evening, and since then I've been in a desperate state of frustration, anger, and outrage. I've tried and tried to get through to her but

I can't get her to understand and acknowledge what she and Dad did to me. It's always

“that hospital experience,” or “we may have made

, _ takes, but then, there are no perfect parents... they screamed insults at me they weren't ing a “mistake” — they were indulging in uncontrolled outbursts of anger and using me as a butt on which to take out their own frustrations. She had the gall to say in her letter of July 12 that she and Dad “never, never rejected” me.

They used to scream at me that I was

“sick,” “another Walter Teszewski,” “immature,” that 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.” Evidently,

Ma finds it convenient to consider that this kind of thing does not constitute rejecting.

Clearly, she is totally inaccessible to reason on this subject.

Last night, after getting those letters, I was unable to sleep at all. I tossed in bed all night tortured by desperate outrage and frustration. I took one of the sleeping pills that my cardiologist prescribed for me for use on such occasions, but it had no effect at all — I still tossed and turned hour after hour with my heart pounding pounding and pounding and pounding a hammer. *This is killing me. got to stop* — and the only way to stop these things from happening is to cut off all connection whatsoever with this stinking family so that I can forget it once and for all.

DON'T give me any arguments about the rights and wrongs of this. You will be doing me serious harm if you give me any arguments, because by doing so you will only increase my frustration. For present purposes it makes no difference who is right and who is wrong in this business.

What does matter is that, rightly or wrongly, I have a terrible, consuming sense of outrage and injustice over the way they treated me during my teens, and the fact that I can't get a full and sincere acknowledgement of what I consider to be the justice of my position is killing me. This is not hyperbole. I am desperate with frustration and anger and I can't stand it any more. You will only be making matters worse if you try argue with me or advise me, etc.

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There is only one solution, and that is to completely and permanently sever *all* connection with *every* member of the family and with anyone who may even remind me of it.

If you were serious about your offer of help, you've GOT TO help me here.

By ANY MEANS NECESSARY, you have to bring about the following:

1. Ma has to *either* send me, as my own absolute property, the \$7032.81 that she promised me for medical expenses, *or* she has to send me a letter stating unequivocally that she is irrevocably withdrawing all offers of financial aid and that she

will send me no more money under any circumstances. or check as the case may be

2. This letter A has to be sent to me by *registeredmail*, and it has to be sent by express mail if it is possible to send a registered letter by express mail, because I have to get the check or the letter as soon as possible, because the limit has been hed. I won't be able to eat or sleep top my heart from pounding until s whole thing is settled and I know that I am *separated forever and*

irrevocably from this whole stinking family. This has got to be done *as soon as possible*, because I don't know how long I can stand up under the strain.

1. You *must not send me anyletter or any communication ofany kind*, except the registered letter containing either the check for

\$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Any communication you could send me, no matter what it might be, would only get me more upset, because the one vital thing that I desperately need is to permanently sever all connection with this family **NOW**.

1. Mother must not send me any checks, money, or communication of any kind, except that one registered letter containing either the check for \$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Other than that one registered letter, any communic- ns that I receive from you, Ma, or anyone connected with our family, will be thrown the stove unopened, *regardless*of they contain checks, *anythingelseimportant*. money, or
2. As for my share of the inheritance, I *don'twant any of* Not because I can't use the money, but because in order to collect the money I would have to have contact with the family, and I can't endure that. If you don't want my share of the inheritance for yourself, then I suggest that you dispose of it in this way: A... use part of it to pay off Juan Sanchez's medical bills. B...Put aside several thousand dollars to help out Juan's family if Juan dies or becomes unable to work before his kids are old enough to support themselves, or if they have any family emergency such as serious illness. c ... Keep the rest of the money to help other people whom you may encounter and who are not covered by any of the standard welfare or charity organizations. If nothing else, you can hand out \$10 bills to bums and panhandlers.

That way you'll at least let them get a le of booze and forget their troubles for ile. Since I am renouncing claim to the inheritance, there is no need for me to be involved in family affairs in any way, so *thereis nothing that couldever*

be importantenoughso that you would haveto get in touch with me.Even ifMa dies,

don't want to hear about it. Thus, letters with underlined stamps will be burned the same as any other letters from you. I'll have to withdraw now the offer that I once made to help you if you're ever in trouble; not because of ill will, but because I have to permanently cut off contact with every member of the family, including you. From a practical point of view it will make little difference to you because you have a wife and many friends, and can certainly get help if you ever need it — besides which, you can expect to inherit a lot of money.

I think it will be extremely difficult for you to get Ma to comply with these measures, but you've GOT TO do it somehow, and

KLY. Because I've got to get away this family NOW, and I don't know

I can live until I'm sure that I will

8 n er again have any communication with you. You certainly won't be able to communicate with me if I'm dead, so you may as well stop communicating with me now, and let me have relief. You've *got to* persuade Ma, and *Now ...*

Note saved with the letter (C-949)

[Late July, 1991]

concerning the foregoing letter of July 20 that I wrote to Dave:

Quite intentionally, I grossly exaggerated my real feelings. I did this because Dave is so inert and passive that I figured that in order to be sure of getting any action out of him I had best lay it on pretty thick.

Actually I was very upset after reading those two letters from my mother, which I received on July 19. I did lie awake with my heart pounding for most of the night of July 19–20; but I did get about 2 hours' sleep toward the end of the night. Moreover, I knew from past experience with

— lar upsets that my anger and frustration d be greatly alleviated by July 21 and ly gone by July 22; and so it turned out.

From a practical point of **view** (i.e., money) it is greatly to my disadvantage to cut myself off from my family, but I'm glad I'm doing so anyway. I don't know how I ever got born into such a family of incapable, silly fools. When I broke off correspondence with my brother a couple of years ago, I felt so good to be rid of them! I felt clean and free! When, last October, I resumed correspondence with my mother because I felt sorry for her after my father died, it gave me a kind of sick feeling to be coming back into contact with that family again. I would compare it to a scene in the movie *African Queen*.

Humphrey Bogart gets out of the water and is horrified and disgusted to find himself covered with leeches. He sprinkles himself with salt and the leeches drop off, to his great relief. But after awhile he realizes that he is going to have to get back down in the

water again, among the leeches. Well, that's the kind of thing I had about getting back into contact my rotten family again. So I'm glad to be breaking off with that family once and for all.

Letter from a therapist

[July, 1991]

Dear Mr. Kaczynski,

I will reply in writing to your letter. Certainly the issue that you asked me about, can psychotherapy help you with your isolation and difficulty with intimate relations, and relations to women is an appropriate one ...

/s/ Sharon Melnick, M.D.

Ted's comments

[Notes handwritten by Ted on this letter]:

What a dummy this woman is! Her letter is disorganized and inept and shows an incompetence in the use of language that makes me wonder how she even graduated from high school. She doesn't even know the difference between "then" and "than. 11 How did she ever get to be an M.D., let alone a specialist? Compare this letter with the letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson, who has only a master's degree. Mrs. Gilbertson uses language well and writes a well-organized letter, which probably reflects a capacity for organized thinking. This...reinforces my contempt for advanced degrees!

A liked Mrs. Gilbertson and thought she was intellectually sharp. That

-g said, the reader may wonder why I wanted to consult someone else.

First, Mrs. Gilbertson is located in Helena, and I *hate* that trip into Helena with Dick Lundberg. It always leaves me feeling physically and mentally exhausted.

Second, as I've mentioned elsewhere, I get quickly and easily discouraged at any failure in an attempt to make social contacts. Since I consulted Mrs. Gilbertson once before and it led nowhere (though no fault of Mrs. Gilbertson's), I felt subjectively discouraged about going back...though intellectually I didn't doubt that she could help me as well as most other shrinks.

Third—a factor of less importance—I felt somewhat embarrassed about going back to Mrs. Gilbertson because I never carried through the intention that I expressed to her of going back to Chicago to get unemployment, etc ...

Letter to a therapist

July 28, 1991

Dr. Sharon Kay Melnick
Providence Center, Suite 304
900 North Orange Street
Missoula MT 59802

Dear Dr. Melnick:

Thank you very much for your answer to my letter of July 12.

As I'd promised in that letter, I did stop in at your office on Friday, July 19, but apparently you weren't available at the moment and other obligations prevented me from waiting.

Unfortunately, it looks as if my financial situation is taking an unexpected turn for the worse, so that it's not likely I'll be able to afford your fees. Thus, if I want help with my problem, it seems I'll have to go to a mental health center where fees are proportioned to income ...

Letter from Ted to Dave — Aug. 13, 1991 (C-832)

[August 13, 1991]

— (Letter sent to Dave Aug. 13, 1991)

Ma sent me a letter which I did *not* open and two postcards *AFTER* I made it emphatically clear that I did NOT want to hear anything more from this stinking family. *POSTCARDS* so that the whole world can read the messages about this family stuff. And now you send me a post card. You *KNOW* that the mailman is an acquaintance of mine. I introduced you to him when you visited me. Now I will be too embarrassed to ride to Helena with him after he has seen these stupid cards from you and Ma. Don't you have any common sense? By sending me these postcards instead of letters you two are deliberately thwarting my expressed desire to receive NO communications from you. I made it clear — I said it over and over again in my last letter that I *DESPERATELY* need to get away from this stinking family once and for all and to get away from anything that even reminds me of it.

How many times do I have to say this before get it through your stupid head? I quite clearly in that letter that *any*

,32 ssage you could send me would only get me more upset — and it did. After I got the check I felt so relieved and so good thinking I would never again have to have any contact with or reminders of this filthy family. Then I start getting these postcards and letters from you and Ma, and every time I get one I get upset all over again. You two are driving me desperate with frustration.

I've TOLD you in the clearest possible terms that I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE FROM THIS FAMILY

EVER AGAIN — NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON IS OR HOW IMPORTANT

IT IS. By this time you have got my heart beating irregularly again and I don't know when it will go back to beating normally. I do know that I won't be able to sleep for the next 2 or 3 nights since receiving your stupid postcard.

Since you can't seem to get it through your head, I'll say it a few more times:

I have got to get away from *everything* that reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from *everything* reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from *everything* that reminds me of this family.

You must not try to communicate with me You must not try to communicate with me You must not try to communicate with me. Now have you finally absorbed that?

ALSO you have got to stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards. I have GOT TO get away from this stinking family and *forgetit completely*, and by repeatedly frustrating my need to do so, you two are driving me to THE UTMOST DESPERATION. So you have GOT TO stop Ma from trying to communicate with me.

She has got to understand that this means FOREVER.

Once more, you have GOT TO stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards.

7 [SepteJllber 2, 1991]

... Dear Dr. Goren:...For the most part I have been able to avoid stress during the last few months. I still experience irregular heart beats now and then, but very much less often than I'd been experiencing them in the period preceding my visit to your office ...

... There's something else about which I'd like to consult you...It does have to do with the "heart," but only in a figurative sense. A little more than four months ago I met a woman whom I liked a great deal. Just about at the end of April I consulted her in her professional capacity...I liked her personality very much. She had the nicest blue eyes.

I've thought about her often since then and I'd like to get to know her better, but at the moment it doesn't look as if I will have occasion to consult her again professionally in the near future. I thought of phoning her at her office and asking her out to dinner, but she might not want to receive calls of that nature at her office. And I'd certainly look like a fool if it turned out she were married. I have a vague impression that she wasn't wearing a wedding ring, but that may be just wishful thinking, since I didn't make a point of noticing her left hand when I visited her office. At that time I was mainly concerned with the matter about which I was consulting her and only afterward did I begin to wonder whether she was married ...

... Well, what do you think? Dare I call her office and ask her out to er? Shall I do something else? Or had I best forget about her except

I may need to consult her in her professional capacity? ...

Letter to Library Staff — September 4, 1991

C-481

September 4, 1991

Sarah McHugh and Nancy Vasquez-Terramin Interlibrary Loans
Lewis and Clark Library

120 s. Last Chance Gulch Helena MT 59601

... Some weeks ago I asked you about the book *Depression*, by

Martin E. P. Seligman. (I can't give you the date of the letter in which I requested this book because I did some drastic housecleaning recently and I seem to have inadvertently disposed of my copy of that letter along with a lot of superfluous junk.) I wasn't even sure whether the book actually existed; I only remembered reading in the newspaper about a year ago that such a book was about to be published. Did you ever find out whether a book actually exists, and whether it is available? ..

8

11, 1992

School of Journalism University of Montana Missoula MT 59812

... You can expect to receive within a few days my scores on the Graduate Record Examination General Test, which I took on February 1...on

January 21 I talked the matter over with Professor Durso, and he pointed out to me the advantage of enrolling as an undergraduate rather than as a graduate student. I do intend to apply for admission as an undergraduate, but, since I had already arranged to take the Graduate Record Exam and paid the fee, I decided to take it anyway, since the scores might prove useful at some later time ...

Letter to Wanda — March 11, 1992

C-940

[March 11, 1992]

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...

Letter to the Missoulian — March 21, 1992

March 21, 1992

Missoulian Letters

P.O. Box 8029

Missoula, MT 59807

Dear Sirs:

In recent weeks the Missoulian has printed some article on fly-tying. Perhaps your readers would be interested to know that there is more than one way of tying flies...there is no reason why a fly couldn't be tied to one end of a woman's hair while the other end of it was still attached to her head. She could then walk around with pet fly on a leash, so to speak. This might even become a new hair-style, a regular fad. Imagine a lovely young woman walking along with a dozen tethered fliers, each at the end of her long, golden hairs. They buzz around her head in a kind of halo, their iridescent wings flashing in the morning sun ...

Letter to an Autism Research Institute

C-330

I never got any answer to this

April 8, 1992

Dr. Bernard Rimland Autism Research Institute
Adams Avenue
Diego CA 92116

Dear Dr. Rimland:

I am a layman who is interested in psychology as an aid to understanding human nature, for which reason I have been doing a good deal of reading in psychology in recent years. Unfortunately, I've had to conclude that much of what is presented to the general public as psychology is no better than pseudoscientific claptrap.

This conclusion was reinforced by a letter of yours, printed in *Time* magazine on September 12, 1988, in which you wrote: "Research has repeatedly demonstrated that patients who undergo talk therapy do not improve any faster or any better than those who receive no treatment at all. The insight that people believe they got from discussions with a therapist is in reality nothing more than psychobabble." ...

I would appreciate it very much if you could send me references to a few of the most important research papers that have demonstrated the uselessness of talk therapy ...

... I understand that there are modern methods of therapy that seem more plausible than the old-style psychoanalytic nonsense. For instance, if a person suffers from a lack of social skills and self-confidence, he may be

— -" reduced he may be able to build some of the skills and confidence that lacks. Might not this be helpful to some people? Or is *all* therapy useless? ...

Unknown Text (~1992)

... life-threatening illness after my \$7000 is all used up.

The fact that I have a PhD would be no obstacle to my getting welfare assistance while a student.

Letter to the University of Montana

C-504

August 2, 1992

Office of Admissions

University of Montana

Missoula MT 59812

Dear Sirs:

Regarding my application to the University of Montana:

It appears that hitherto unforeseen circumstances will prevent me from attending the University of Montana this fall. If I find it possible to attend the University during a later semester, will it be necessary for me to go through the application process all over again?

Letter From Ted to Dave — Aug. 18, 1992 (C-820)

[Aug 18, 1992]

Dave — Ma wrote me another letter. I don't know what was in it because I burned it without opening it. But you have *got* to stop her from writing to me.

I don't care how important it is. I don't want to hear from her...She has got to understand that there must be no further connection between us *of any kind*. She is not to know even whether I am alive or dead. You've *got* to make her stop writing to me. I can't tell you how desperate this is making me — because I know that if she is allowed to get away with sending me this one letter, then she will send me another one and another one and another one.

[Sent August 18, 1992. I intentionally exaggerated my feelings because that is the only way I can make any impression on those clods.]

One reason why I am so ous to stop her writing to me is this. She's a y-wart, and she always used to nag me about writing to her regularly so she would "know that I was alright." I suspect that she writes to me now and sends me checks so that when the cancelled check comes back to her with my endorsement she will know that I am still alive...I wouldn't put it past her to contact the Montana Highway Patrol, or the Sheriff's Office, and ask them to check up on me. Needless to say, it would be acutely embarrassing to me if the cops came up here and I had to tell them that I wasn't writing to my mother because of family problems. So the position in which this puts me is that either I have to make some response to her communications, at least to the extent of cashing her checks, or else I have to risk her sending the cops up here. But I want to completely sever all communication with her ...

Notes about health condition

C-941

[late 1992 — ?]

Regarding the materials in this envelope I want to make the following remarks.

Actually I've been in reasonably good health during the last few years. The problems I've had have been:

Irregular heartbeats...this Dr. Goren says they are probably not dangerous...By the way, on my second visit to Dr. Goren I found her disappointing. On the first visit I had the impression that she was really sharp, competent, on the ball. On the second visit I got a much less favorable impression. For example, when I asked her several questions about items of health information, mostly related to the circulatory system, that I'd encountered in the news media, she seemed to know nothing about them...she seemed to become annoyed at my asking her questions that she couldn't answer; and she sometimes was evasive. If she didn't know the answer to a question, she should have just said so plainly and without showing annoyance.

Teeth. My teeth were crumbling...! needed a gold crown on one tooth ($\$400^{00}$) ...

... Glasses. I was getting so that I needed glasses for doing fine, close work...cost me over \$100-

... Feet. I've got very flat feet now...pains I often get in my
—es, which I suspect are due to incipient arthritis ...

W ... In fact, it was primarily for other purposes

I not for medical reasons that I wanted the $\$7000^{00}$...

... As for other medical matters:

Insomnia. Ever since a little before my 46th birthday I've been suffering from intermittent insomnia. It may be that the insomnia is caused by the fact that I am involved in a project in which I have a tremendous psychological investment and which I am absolutely determined to bring to a successful conclusion, but which involves endless difficulties and delays, so that it drags on and on — hence frustration. or the insomnia may be due to mild depression — yet the only other symptoms of depression I've experienced are feelings of hopelessness that I often have during the evening, when I am inactive; and the periods when I have feelings of hopelessness do not seem to correlate well with the periods when the insomnia is worst. The feelings of hopelessness, by the way, focus mainly on the fact that I've never had a wife or girlfriend, or any kids, and that I'm now pretty nearly too old for that. Good pressure. My blood pressure is about 80, pretty consistently, and that's what it's for many years. So I guess that's OK ...

... Joints. I mentioned in my notes when I was about 36 or 37 years old that I got soreness in my finger-joints. Since then I've found that I can avoid this soreness by being careful to protect my hands from cold ...

... Guts. When I don't get enough roughage, I'm apt to get cramps and constipation

...

... So on the whole I guess I'm in pretty good health considering that I'm 50 years old ...

... By the way, several years ago I bought a radio (a very beat-up second-hand one, for \$3). What I bought it for originally was so that I could get the date and time from it when I needed to go to town. For reasons which should be apparent from my grey loose-leaf notebooks, I by that time I had occasion to go to town much more frequently than I once used to ...

But after I started having a problem insomnia, I began doing something that I most against my principles. I began listening to the radio recreationally. By providing distraction — and occasionally pleasure, as when I heard some music that I liked — the radio seemed to help somewhat with the insomnia and the mild depression ...

... Regarding the fact that I paid a visit to the welfare Dept. in Helena to find out what benefits were available...If it were merely a matter of preserving life, I'd very likely die of starvation or disease before I'd go to the welfare dept...But what worried me in connection with my health was the possibility that I might die or be disabled before I accomplished what I wanted to accomplish with the projects described in my grey loose-leaf notebooks. Those goals are literally more important to me than life itself, and to accomplish them I'd even go crawling to the welfare dept. for medical-expense money. As for money to help study at the U. of M., that was during a period when I was suffering from an outbreak of desire for women. Studying at U of M would have provided a way to get out of Lincoln, hence to have opportunity to meet women, and also might have provided qualifications for steady employment, which most women (slaves to respectability they are) demand in a man. Sex, alas, is the one g that has too much power over me, and to get ortunity to meet women I'd even perhaps have lowered myself to the point of leeching off welfare Dept. I actually did go so far as to apply for admission to U. of M. Journalism School. (I didn't intend to apply for welfare, and hoped to finance schooling without that.) But I decided not to attend U of M after all, because can't afford to take that much time out from my projects, and by that time I'd got over the worst of my desire for women...! still desire women, and even apart from that I'd like to study certain things at U. of M. So, conceivably, I may still study at U of M. at some time in the future ...

Letters to heart doctor

January 20, 1993

C-386

January 20, 1993

Dear Dr. Goren:

In a note dated August 6, 1992, your nurse, Ms. Cooper, asked me to periodically notify you of my blood-pressure readings.

I checked my blood pressure on the morning of January 16, 3, but got very erratic readings. Since the readings were so tic I checked my pressure several more times during the day kept getting erratic readings all day long ...

[1993]

Questions for Dr. Goren.

1. In a letter late last summer you asked whether I'd had any recurrence of heart irregularities. Answer is yes...Is further testing advisable?
2. Is eventual damage to be expected over the years from repeated episodes of stress with irregular heartbeats? (Mention article)
3. Do the irregularities indicate an increased risk of heart attack or stroke?
4. According to news reports, a recent study claims to show that only about 30 mg., or less than 1/10 of an aspirin tablet is as good as a whole tablet a day for decreasing risk of heart attack or stroke. Has this been confirmed?...Aqueous solution of aspirin?

... Halcion — news reports have mentioned possible harmful side effects. Care to comment on this? an you prescribe *one* sleeping tablet for t before test? If it's not halcion, maybe I should have *two* tablets so that I can try one beforehand to make sure that (a) it puts me to sleep and (b) it doesn't leave me groggy in the morning ...

... She says I should tell dentist about heart murmur, also if I ever have any surgery I should tell them about heart murmur — Antibiotics should be used to avoid risk of heart infection ...

... Questions not connected with circulatory system...Harm to lungs from working outdoors at 20° to 30° below zero? ...

Sept. 1993

[To] Dr. Wielenga

I've been suffering from insomnia intermittently for several years. Last summer (1992) I was sleeping adequately. Over the winter the insomnia started getting worse again. This summer the insomnia is worse than it has ever been, and is causing me serious hardship. I am probably averaging less than 6 hours sleep a night ...

... The insomnia first started while I was going through a period of stress. But for the last couple of years I've had very little stress, yet the insomnia is no better ...

... I can think of two possible causes for the insomnia.

Deficiency of melatonin. I don't know if I have spelled "melatonin" correctly ...

Clinical depression. I suspect that the most likely cause of my insomnia is clinical depression. I usually do not feel subjectively depressed, but, as you probably know, clinical depression is not always accompanied by a subjective feeling of depression... the reasons for suspecting mild clinical depression are as follows. (1) Insomnia is a common symptom of clinical depression.

At present, for highly personal reasons that I prefer not to discuss, my objective situation is very unsatisfactory, and I can see very little prospect of improving it in the future. Consequently I sometimes have feelings of hopelessness. But most of the time I do not have such feelings. At present I have insufficient sources of pleasure in life, my existence is rather barren and austere, and I imagine this would be conducive to depression ...

... If you decide that clinical depression is the likely cause of my insomnia, you may want to treat it yourself, perhaps by prescribing an antidepressant...If you do refer me to a psychiatrist I'd like to be referred to one whose orientation is primarily physiological and neurological. I think talk therapy is a lot of crap, and I wouldn't take that kind of treatment even if I had the money for it, which I don't ...

Letter to Mental Health Services about Insomnia

October 6, 1993
Mental Health Services Inc.
512 Logan Helena, Montana
Dear Sir:

I am suffering from insomnia, which is causing me serious hardship and which I suspect is due to some form of depression. I am seeking referral to a psychiatrist or other doctor who could diagnose and treat this problem...I have consulted the general practitioner who has an office her in Lincoln, Dr. Wielenga...he decided that I was not suffering from depression. For the insomnia he prescribed a low, non-anti-depressant dose of the antidepressant trazodone (50 mg, one tablet daily an hour before bedtime), saying that in low doses antidepressants act as sedatives. I took the trazodone four or five times and found that it had no effect whatever on the insomnia. Then I stopped taking it because it had a sideeffect that worried me.

It may be that Dr. Wielenga was right in concluding that I am not suffering from depression. but I have my doubts...I suspect that Dr. Wielenga's view of depression is oversimplified.according to what I have read, clinical depression can range from mild to severe and from the purely

.....,logical (endogenous) kind, through mixed types, to the purely ational (exogenous) type. So I am not certain that Dr. Wielenga is y qualified to diagnose depression, and I would like to be diagnosed by a specialist ...

... for reasons of privacy, I don't feel I can discuss this problem full with Dr. Wielenga. Lincoln is a small town ...

... In order to explain fully to Dr. Wielenga why I suspect my insomnia is due to depression I would have to discuss extremely personal and embarrassing matters, and all this would presumably be recorded in my folder, where the nurse and receptionist would be likely to see it. I don't even like to tell Dr. Wielenga about the negative side-effect that the trazodone has on me, since it has to do with sex ...

... I don't want to pick a psychiatrist at random out of the yellow pages, because I might pay a hundred dollars or more for a visit to him only to find that he is, for example, a freudian who tries to tell me that I have insomnia because I am unconsciously punishing myself for oedipal feelings or some such nonsense ...

... I would strongly prefer to see a psychiatrist who is oriented more toward physiology and neurology than toward talk therapy...My hope is that in one or at most two

visits to a psychiatrist I could have my insomnia diagnosed and get a prescription for some medication that would enable me sleep, perhaps by relieving depression, if that in the cause of the mnia ...

Second draft of the same letter(?)

Director
Golden Triangle Community
Mental Health Center
P.O. Box 5048
Great Falls, Montana 59433

Dear Sir:

October 6, 1993

I am suffering from insomnia, which is causing me serious hardship and which I suspect is due to some form of depression. I am seeking referral to a psychiatrist or other doctor who could diagnose and treat this problem...[same **text as previous**]

Journal Series VII, Journal #4

C-232

November 24, 1993. Because I hoped to get some information that might shed light on the social rejection that I experienced in my early years, I recently wrote to the schools I had attended requesting copies of all the records that they had concerning me ...

20, 1994. In a fairly recent entry in another notebook I mentioned that for the last few years I have had a great deal of trouble with insomnia, and I suggested that the cause was mild depression that resulted from frustrated desire for women, and for certain things that are associated with women, such as children and family life.

I have some fairly definite evidence to support this diagnosis ...

... the insomnia is greatly alleviated whenever anything happens that gives me some kind (however remote) of finding a woman for myself...For example, whenever any of the women around Lincoln seems particularly friendly toward me, I sleep much better for a while afterward... of hope

3, 1994 (?). Concerning the abuse my dmother inflicted on my mother, as that my maternal

2 in an autobiographical sketch that my mother sent me and that I have among my papers: In their classic sociological study, *The PolishPeasantin Europe and America*,

W.I. Thomas and F. Znaniecki report that in traditional

Polish peasant culture, before it was disrupted by migration and other modern developments, domestic abuse was prevented by pressure from other members of the extended family, or, failing that, by pressure from the village community ...

Letter to heart doctor

C-368

July 20, 1994

Dear Dr. Goren:

Here is my semiannual blood-pressure report. On 19, 1994 at about 5:15 PM I took four essive readings: 125/78, 136/80, 130/78, 128/80, for an average of 130/79 ...

Journal Series VII, Journal #4

C-232

Dec. 21, 1994. Since last spring I have not been nagged by frustrated desire for women.

Nor have I had the feelings of hopelessness that I had been having often in the evenings. I continued sleeping badly, but somehow I seemed to have adjusted to the insomnia, so that the lack of sleep didn't bother me as much as it had done formerly. And now, during the last .few several weeks, e been having very le trouble with insomnia. nights I get my 8 s of sleep, sometimes 9, which is what I like. It's true, though that my sleeping schedule is still screwy. My 8 hours of sleep is broken into 2 or

3 periods of 2 to 4 hours each ...

From Ted to Dave — Dec 23, 1994 (T-70)

C-333

Dave —

I need another \$2000⁰⁰. If you don't want to lend me any more, I don't blame you, but if you are willing to lend me either part or all of this amount I'll be very grateful. If you can lend me anything, it would be best if I get it by Feb 1 ...

... If and when I get over present difficulties sufficiently to have an opportunity to do I will get a formal deed made up to transfer the property to you. That way, if I croak or anything, you'll get the property without having to wait for probate or suchlike formalities ...

... There won't be any further requests for loans. If another \$2000 won't do it, then I guess nothing will, so I may as well give up ...

Final letter to heart doctor

C-368

Jan 9, 1995

Dear Dr. Goren:

I took my blood pressure on January 6, 1995 and got 124/80. Since my readings are always well within the normal range, it hardly seems worthwhile for me to continue reporting my blood pressure at intervals, so, unless you ask me to continue doing so, I will no longer send you my readings ...

Meanwhile, I thank you for your good medical services ...

From Ted to Dave — Mar 19, 1995 (T-72)

January 1995

Dave—Thanks again! Some time ago I withdrew my offer to give you any help I could if you ever needed it. I'll now reinstate that offer. It would be ungracious of me, to say the least, not to do so after you've been so generous with me.

Probably you'll never have to make use of the offer, since you have so many friends and so forth. But if you ever do need help in a big way and don't know where else to turn, I'll do everything I can for you ...

From Ted to Dave — Nov 30 1995 (T-74)

C-324

NOTE: FOLLOWING IS COPY OF LETTER SENT TO DAVE ON **NOV 30, 1995**. BUT THIS COPY WAS MADE FROM MEMORY ON DEC 1, SO MAY NOT BE PERFECTLY ACCURATE; BUT IT CERTAINLY IS VERY *CLOSE TO THE ORIGINAL*.

I am not “suffering, sick, or discouraged,” and I don’t know what indications” you think you have that I am so. But if you want me to *get* sick, all you have to do is keep trying to communicate with me, because I get just choked with frustration at my inability to get our stinking family off my back once and for all, and “stinking family” emphatically includes you.

So get this straight—and I certainly hope you *will* get it straight this time, because I get desperately frustrated at the fact that I’ve told you this again and again and it just doesn’t seem to sink in— I DON’T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU OR HEAR FROM YOU, OR ANY OTHER MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY, AGAIN.

If I *were* “suffering, discouraged,” etc., it would only make me feel worse, MUCH worse, to see you or any other member of our family.

It was with the greatest reluctance I asked you for a loan. But since I did ask you, of course some communication may be necessary for practical reasons to connection with the loan, or the land that is security for it. But I would really appreciate it if you would communicate only for *strictlypracticalreasons* connected with the loan or the land. or, of course, you can contact me if you ever have to cash in on my offer to help you if you have nowhere else to turn, all your friends have failed you, etc. But understand that I reinstated that offer not from any affection, but only from a sense of obligation due to your generosity in lending me money. The affection that I once had for you is all gone by this time, and it will never come back.

As for my wishes with regard to the land, if I should die before I get your loan to me paid off, the land will be yours and can do whatever you please with it. On the

other hand, if I ever do get you paid off, we will take your name off the deed, and then you will never have to worry about what to do with the land.

Ted's Notes on his Journals (1996)

C-232

... [Note: **Now, January 1996**, I feel excellent physically, no lower back pain, not much other problems. Also no longer feel hopeless about personal fate, though hopefulness is on different basis than it was earlier.] ...

Feb., 1996

... Series II, #5. p. 130. I **now (Feb., 1996) feel very sorry about the fact that, in a few cases, I tortured. s.a.11 wild ani.Jaals** (two mice, one flying squirrel, and one red squirrel, \as far as I can remember offhand) that caused me frustration by stealing my meat, damaging my belongings, or keeping me awake. **There are two reasons why I tortured. thea. (1) I was rebelling against the moral prescriptions of organized. society. (2) I got excessively angry at these anillals because I had a tremendous fund of anger built up fro" the frustrations and humiliations llllp<>Sed on "e throughout life by organized. society and by individual persons. (As any psychologist will tell you, when you have no "eans of retaliating against who"ever or whatever it is that has made you angry, you are likely to vent your anger on some other object.)** When I came to realize that I had taken out on these little creatures the anger that I owed to organized society and to certain people, I very much regretted having tortured them. They are part of nature, which I love, and therefore they are in a way my friends even when they cause problems for me. **I ought to reserve my anger for my real enelly, which is h1Dlan society, at least the present for. of society.** I have not red an animal for many years now. However I have no hesitation about trapping and killing animals that cause problems for me, at least if they are animals of the more common kinds.

Series II, #3, p. 29 queer 1 (embarrassing, not dangerous)

1. 56 queer 2 (but past statute of limitations)
2. 64 queer 7
3. 82-86 queer 7
4. 102 queer 1

5. 105 queer 3

6. 120–121 queer 2 (but past statute of limitations)

Bad public relations

3. Criminal, Criminal Intent, Moral, and Guilt Issues as Expressed in the Writings of Ted Kaczynski

Ted's 1979 Autobiography

I

1957
K2014C-11
(circled) 43
C4-B 1957

By the time I was, say, 12 years old, my system of morality had evolved into an abstract, artificial construction that could not possibly be applied in practice. I never told anyone about this system, since I knew they would never take it seriously.

After I had skipped 6th grade and began feeling a great deal of hostility toward many of my schoolmates, I developed a habit of trying to find ways of justifying my [s/o] hatred in terms of my moral system.

By and by I got bored with this game. One day when I was 13 years old, I was walking down the street and saw a girl. Something about her appearance antagonized me, and, from habit, I began looking for a way to justify hating her, within my logical system. But then I stopped and said to myself, "This is getting ridiculous. I'll just chuck all this silly morality business and hate anybody I please." Since then I have never had any interest in or respect for morality, ethics, or anything of the sort.

However, it is important to understand that, while on the level of the *intellect* and the *consciouswill* I had completely rejected all morality and all respect for authority, nevertheless on an *instinctiveanimallevel* I was still the *slave* of my early conditioning, so that I was very much afraid to *act* contrary to the precepts of authority. For example, when I was, say 15, I was full of contempt [s/o] for the school authorities and the rules they laid [s/o] down; but it would have been unthinkable for me to play hooky, and to have failed a course would have been an unbearable shame. It [s/o] was not that I believed that there was anything wrong with playing hooky; but (like Pavlov's dog salivating at the sound of the bell) I ...

II

1957–1960

She thought that I thought I already had cancer. I certainly did not think this. But she did not explicitly make it clear that she thought I thought I had cancer, and since I wasn't sure I was correctly interpreting what she thought, I was too shy to correct her, not being sure she needed correcting. So the whole thing was an embarrassing farce, and I think I left her imagining that I thought I was going to die or something. Well, never mind that stupid episode anyway.

The reader must realize by now that *often* in high school and college I often became terribly angry at someone, or hated someone, but, as a matter of prudence, I could not express that anger or hatred openly. I would therefore indulge in fantasies of dire revenge. However, I never attempted to put any such fantasies into effect, because I was too strongly conditioned, by my early training, against any defiance of authority. To be more precise: **I could not have committed a crime of revenge, even a relatively minor crime, because my fear of being caught and punished was all out of proportion to the actual danger of being caught.** I could have much more easily risked my life in a lawful way, than take an equal risk of spending 30 days in jail for some minor crime.

Thus, when I had a fantasy of revenge, I had very little eeIH- comfort from it, because I was all too *clearly* clearly aware that I had had many previous fantasies of revenge, and nothing had ever come of any of them. This was [s/o] very frustrating and humiliating. **Therefore I became more and more determined that some day I would actually take revenge on some of the people that I hated.**

In 1978 I knew a woman named Ellen Tarmichael. Once she told me that if anyone ever played a dirty trick on her she would get revenge no matter what; she would do anything, no matter how underhanded, etc. etc. She sounded so unscrupulous that I started to feel a little uneasy with her. Later that same day, she started giving me a spiel about how she felt everyone had a duty to help society and all that kind of stuff. I asked her how she would square this with the vengeful attitudes she had been expressing earlier. She said, "Well, those ideas of revenge are only things that I fantasy. I have never actually done anything like that." Still, it would seem she found at least a partial relief for her resentments **by means** of from such fantasies. But I don't function like that. Knowing my vengeful fantasies are not being realized, completely spoils them for me. **Thus my hatreds accumulated, and I swore that some day I would break free of law and order.**

Prior to my senior year at Harvard I don't recall ever having had a nightmare — though I suppose I might have had *oneat* some at one time or another that I don't

remember. But during my senior year I had maybe [s/o] 3 or 4 or 5 nightmares. One of them I recall clearly. My trombone teacher Jaroslav Cimera was standing in a room, looking like a fine, noble, erect old man. Then there came a singing as if of angels. Then everything faded into mist. The mist cleared, an Cimera had been transformed into a bent, senile, slobbering old wreck. woke up in a sweat.

Some time during college, I had the following dream, which I

-found very pleasant. There had just been an atomic attack, and civilization had melted into anarchy. My father, brother, and I had some containers of precious food in our hands, and we were hurrying to get out of the city with them. Some hooligans came after us to rob us of our food. They were armed with pieces of 2X4 and other makeshift clubs. I let my father and brother run on ahead with the food, and I hung back to hold off the hooligans. The first hooligan ran up intending to attack me with a piece of 2x4, but I drew my hunting-knife from my belt and stabbed him in the chest. He fell down dead. The other hooligans drew back afraid. Then I ran to catch up with my

III

4-E (1966)

(number is circled)

K-2014 F

... said to myself, "**Why not really kill that psychiatrist ...and anyone else whom I hate**" What is important is not the words that ran through my mind, but the way I felt about them. [s/o]

What was entirely new, was the fact that I really felt I could kill someone. My very hopelessness had liberated me. Because I no longer cared about death, I no longer cared about consequences, and I suddenly felt that I really could break out of my rut in life and do things that were daring, "irresponsible", or criminal.

My first thought was to kill somebody I hated and then kill myself before the cops could get me. (I've always considered death preferable to long imprisonment.) But, since I now had new hope, I was not ready to relinquish life so easily. So I thought, "**1 will kill, but I will make at least some effort**

to avoid detection, so that I can kill again." Then I thought, "Well, as long as I am going to [s/o] throw everything up anyway, instead of having to shoot it out with the cops or something, I will do what I've always wanted to do, namely, I will go up to Canada, take off into the woods[s/o] with a rifle, and try to live off the country. If that doesn't work out, and **if I can get back to civilization before I starve, then I will eeme come back here and kill**

— someone I hate.”What was new here was the fact that I now felt, *really had the courage to behave “irresponsibly”*.

All *this took* these thoughts passed through my head in the length of time it took me to walk a quarter of a mile. By the end of that time I had acquired bright new hope, an angry, vicious kind of determination, and high morale.

I didn’t feel I wanted to take off into the wilderness [s/o] in autumn, with the cold northern winter coming on, and besides,

Ted's Journal Series 1

I

1970
C226-D (1970)
(29) Circled

... decisions in question were senseless, the real reason would be that there are criteria superior to the popular will according to which popular will is judged. Popular will can only express itself within the limits that technical necessities have fixed in advance.”

p. 217: **“What is at stake here is all of man’s liberty, the liberty to take chances, even to gamble with the death penalty. We see in this loss of liberty the ...**

II

1970
C226-B (1970)
{circled — 149}
K-2046 G 17
{circled — 148}

In my experience, a surprizingly large percentage of the individual’s transactions with the bureaucracy involve some error, delay, or foul *up on the part of the bureaucracy*.

July 1, 1970: See the “Phoenix Nest” department of the Saturday Review, *June 13, 1970*.

July 4, 1970: Went almost as far north as it is possible to go by road in Alaska only about 50 mi from the Arctic circle.

All the streams I saw had detergent foam in them. The place was mobbed with tourists. Almost every place along the way where it was possible to pull a vehicle off the road there were one or more campers, trailers, or cars parked. **Hippies with**

ostentatious whiskers, tarty girls in skin-tight pants, the whole pile of shit. This makes me want to kill people. It confirms a lesson I have learned elsewhere: there is *no* place accessible by road where it is possible to get any solitude. Walk half a mile from the road and usually you will find yourself quite alone, because most people are too lazy to walk that far except on a well-marked trail, but anyplace where people can get to without making any physical effort is mobbed.

This is one reason why I hate ...

III

K-2046 G 22

{circled — 157}

even to the individual himself, except in the trivial *matters of wealth and prestige.*

Sept. 28, 1970: Not only do rules and regulations continually increase in number; it also becomes more and more difficult to evade them as the efficiency of law enforcement increases. I think a person should have a sporting chance to get away with even murder. I resent the idea that *any* rule should be so sacred and the power of society so great that it is impossible for it *ever* to be violated successfully. But eventually technology will probably make law ...

Ted's 1979 Autobiography

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]4-F (1970–1972)

Period from age 27 on

K-2014 G 1

186

Much of the information for this period is contained in my journals and other notes. Therefore, I will only cover here, perhaps in a disorganized way, that information for this period which I do not remember covering in my other notes. Also,

I expect to include some general information about my personality. And I may go back and record some occurrences from earlier periods, since I omitted some *occurences* that I would have liked to include, because I feared I would never finish this account if I tried to put everything in.

As long as this section is probably going to be disorganized anyway, [s/o] I can just as well begin by stating my motives for writing these autobiographical notes.

I intend to start killing If I am successful at this, it is possible that, when I am caught (not alive, I fervently hope!) there will be some speculation in the news media as to my motives for killing (As in the case of Charles Whitman, who killed some 13 people in Texas in the '60's). If such speculation occurs, they are bound to make me out to be a sickie, and to ascribe to me motives of a sordid or "sick" type. Of course, the term "sick" in such a context represents a value-judgement. I am not very concerned about the negative *value* — *judgements* that will be de about me, but it does anger me that the *facts* of y psychology will be misrepresented. For that reason I have attempted to give here an account of my own personality and its development that will be as accurate as possible.

1. Desire for self — From my early teens, I have never had any strong desire to communicate with *another* another human being on an intimate level, or to "unload" any of my troubles by talking about them, except in 2 cases. One was when I was so desperately in love with Carol Wolman. The other has been over the last few months, after my desire for women was strongly brought to life by Ellen Tarmichael. This so strongly roused my life-long frustration at not being able to get a girl, that I wished very much that there were someone I could talk to about it.

So I partly relieved myself by writing about my past social life — or lack of social life, I should say.

Since passing the age of about 30, I have enjoyed reminiscing about my past life. A sign of aging, I suppose.

Item 1. induces these remarks: As I said, **-H if I succeed in killing enough people, the news media my have something to say about me when I am killed or caught. And they are bound to try to analyse my psychology and depict me as “sick”.** In [s/o] this connection I would point out that many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful *need* to depict the enemy of society as sordid, repulsive, or “sick”.⁽³⁾ This powerful bias should be borne in mind in reading any attempts to analyse my psychology. Also [s/o] bear in mind that psychoanalytic type theories are without adequate scientific foundation. (I recently read a small part of a book called “your own true

Anyone reading that discription, without having seen a picture of Hitler would assume that Hitler must have been grotesque in appearance. Of course, photographs of [s/o] Hitler show him to have been a very ordinary-looking person, neither handsome nor ugly. (I mean ordinary-looking if you ...

... love” by a psychiatrist named Robertiello. If I remember correctly, this author stated that studies have shown that, in psychotherapy, the psychiatric *theory* followed by the therapist is of little importance, and that the *personality* of the therapist is the important factor in 11curing11 the patient. Of course, many of the various *poycha* psychiatric theories are mutually contradictory; so, if they are all equally effective in “curing patients”, this suggests that *none* of the theories actually are objectively true.)

Be that as it may, I think that there are certain [s/o] qualities of my mind that could be described as *intellectual* rather than *emotional* which have been of central importance in determining

Cs/ol my development. I refer to my *tenden* strong tendency to think everything over in a careful, disciplined, analytic way; to turn things over and over in my mind until I have seen them from every angle. I also refer to the fact that my mind is very “closely organized” in the sense I have used that term in my essay on purpose. One way in which these characteristics have been of critical importance for me is this: They have (by and large) prevented me from using <or being used by?>the self-deceptions, escapisms, and *othe:r* other shams that make life [s/o] in modern society tolerable for many other people. (Of course, I am [s/o] not claiming to be totally free of self-deception; only to be much freer of it than the average person, ‘ncluding the average high-intelligence person.)

Also, I want to say this about my motives for wanting to kill people:As is indicated in some of my other notes, my central motive for wanting to get

⁽³⁾ An example: A “responsible” historian named Robert Waite, in a book titled (I think) “The psychopathic God” gave a physical description of Hitler... discount his supposedly 11hypnotic11 eyes and facial expression.) I am certainly not defending hitler. I am only pointing out how some people have a need to depict the enemy of society as grotesque.

revenge on society is that organized society is destroying [s/o] such opportunities as ...

... I was warm toward some of them. But I fear some readers may get an exaggerated idea of this change, so I will qualify what I said.

First, I STILL have as much hostility as I ever had First, I still have as much hostility as ever toward people participating in or contributing to things that interfere with my life or threaten [s/o] what I value. [s/o] But most people in modern society *do* contribute to things that interfere with my life or threaten what I value. So, [s/o] one day I might like a fellow and feel friendly toward him. But, the next day, if I see him riding a snowmobile, boarding an airliner, performing technological research, doing anything that promotes economic growth, or any [s/o] other such activity, then I will want to kill him. And I would do it, too, if only it were safe.

Moreover, I retain a great capacity for cold, bad hard feelings against people. To some extent, I can turn on my cold or my warm feelings at will toward a person. I cannot completely control my cold or warm feelings, but I can do so to a certain extent. For instance, I mentioned, on page 204, three children toward whom I had warm feelings to determine whether I was developing too much of a tie with them, **I asked myself whether I would be psychologically capable of killing them if I had something very important to gain by it, and I decided that I would be capable of killing them, provided I were relieved of the fear of being punished for it. Anyhow, I could comfortably picture in my thoughts the idea of killing them.**

(However, when I am infatuated with a woman, I am not able to make myself feel cold toward her. And it is probable that through long association with a small child, I would develop ...

Ted's Journal Series 1

I

C226-C (1971) K-2046 H 24

... if you can manage to forget for a time that society is in the process of destroying most of the free country and turning the rest into museum pieces in the form of scientifically managed national parks and national forests.]

To me, ...

March 25, 1971: Pride and selfrespect demand that a person be able to physically resist anything that he regards as an intrusion on his rights, rather than being entirely dependent on society for protection. This requires that he have the physical and mental capacity for violence. Of course, when individuals have the capacity for violence, they may at times hurt people. But to me that risk is a price worth paying for a measure of personal pride and independence. Unfortunately, the capacity for aggression will probably be brainwashed out of people within a few decades, by means of the new mind-control techniques.

... have recently read most of the book "Behavior control" by Perry London. London claims ...

... have a crude illusion of wilderness independence and they are satisfied with that. But I want the real thing.

My motive for doing what I am going to do is simply personal revenge. I do not expect to accomplish anything by it. Of course, if my crime (and my reasons for committing it) gets any public attention, it may help to stimulate public interest in the technology question and thereby improve the chances of stopping technology before it is too late; but on the other hand most people will probably be repelled by

II

C226-E (1972)

... our tour of toy departments, I found that from a third to a half of the merchandise consisted of aggressive toys (war games or guns), racing cars and dolls! ... The two psychologists, both of them parents, buy toys which encourage ... cooperation rather than aggression ... The two psychologists suggest the following considerations when toy shopping: ... is it psychologically desirable?"

I am in certain respects attracted to aggression, mainly because I desire revenge on society at large. Anyhow, I would like to make the following point. Let us assume, for the moment, that hatred and aggression, like pain, are to be considered undesirable in themselves. But this does not preclude their being regarded as appropriate reactions to certain situations. Presumably everyone seeks to avoid physical or mental pain. Yet many people (including me) would not want to be deprived of the capacity for ...

... *sophisticated biotechnology.*

About a year and half ago, I planned to murder a scientist — as a means of revenge against organized society in general and the technological establishment in particular. See the notes that I made during that period. [insert — p.276.ff. of first set of notes. Unfortunately, I chickened out. I couldn't **work** up the nerve to do it. The experience showed me that propaganda and indoctrination have a much stronger hold on me than I realized. My plan was ...

... being caught. **I made my preparations with extreme [CROSSED OUT] care, and I figured my chances of being caught were less than, say, my chances of being killed in an automobile accident within the next year.** I am not in the least nervous when I get into my car. I can only attribute my fear to the constant flood of anticrime propaganda to which one is subjected. For example, murderers in TV dramas are always caught, there is always the stern, moralizing sermon on their "11 twisted minds", they are small and helpless before the judge, surrounded by police, etc., etc., etc. **If I ever do work up the nerve to commit such a murder, I will probably have to do it in a kind of suicidal act of rage — that is, without making any attempt to avoid being caught.** It may be that I can overcome my vague, irrational fear of ...

... give us a hint that this may occur in the relatively near future). **If you agree that not all laws are good and that disobedience of the law is sometimes justified, you should find this disturbing. And there is more to it than that. Inefficient enforcement of a law — even a law that we would all consider good" and "justified" may accomplish a necessary function, and still leave a certain flexibility that is one of the aspects of freedom. Let's take a ...**

... Proudly he contrasts his ragged self: he who never has acknowledged a superior
... *And he turns upon his heel.*"

Viktor Frankel, "From Death Camp to Existentialism"(Beacon, 1963), p.67: "Not only creativeness and enjoyment are meaningful. If there is a meaning in life at all, then there [must] must be a meaning in suffering ... Without suffering and death human life cannot be complete."

March 31,1973: There is a point beyond which the desire for revenge against society becomes more important than the desire to enjoy that which is worth *while in life.*

April 14, 1974: Apparently the technophile L. Sprague De Camp would agree with the thesis that the conditions of society (today) ...

Ted's Journal Series 6, #2

March 12 (typed)

C230-B (1972)

... in the far north — would still be plenty of difficulties even if I had lots of money. I **am just sick of the burden of dealing with *people* and feel like taking to the woods and seeing how many people I can pick off with my rifle before the cops get me.** My infatuation with that girl seems to be getting gradually dulled, but it flares up from time to time, and I think it would come back in full strength (scratch-out) if I were to meet her again. With regard to the melancholy feelings mentioned above, it is interesting that despite these I do not feel depressed — i.e., I am quite ready for activity and feel I am functioning functioning at a pretty high level.

It is frustrating. I look at ...

Ted's 1974 Journal — C-197

(3/16/74)

Journal entries w/various dates; mentions Tech Society by Ellul.

K-2016 A #6 38C

(number in circle)

and regular trails as one can get in a one-day excursion from the cabin. Until today, these ridge-tops were the one place where I felt secure from intrusion by this kind of garbage; this area was my last refuge, the last place I could turn to within reach of the cabin. And now ... **I was so terribly upset that I believe that if those cocksuckers had come into the meadow where I was, I would have shot them. To top it off, after I got home some cocksucker rode right [s/o] into my yard on a trailbike. I went out there with my .30-30, wondering if I would have the nerve to shoot the son of a bitch, and intending at least to scare him, but by the time I got out there he was gone.** Later I spiked a big heavy pole across my road to block it, and I painted a Keep Out sign that I will nail up tomorrow. But I just don't know what to do or where to turn. I can't just hole up in the cabin all the time, and there seems to be nowhere left where I can hunt or gather roots or berries without looking over my shoulder all the time to see if the vile emissaries of civilization are about to break in on me. As for returning permanently to civilization — I would rather die. I never thought civilization would close in on me so quickly — I thought this place would be good for ll a few years yet. But this summer it seems that about every other time I go out on a long walk I have been ustrated in one way or another by the presence of ople. Where did they all come from so quickly?

Oct. 6: — I had a rather bad dream. I dreamt that some loggers were working around the hill into the area just across the stream from my cabin, building roads and tearing everything up. Then came a stupendous power-shovel, with a bucket big enough to hold half my cabin, digging up the earth. It came closer and closer to my cabin. I yelled and screamed and waved my arms, trying to call the operator's attention to the fact that there was a cabin there, but his attention was ...

Ted's Journal of Early Crimes

C-1 (1975)

K-2003 B 1

... rain later. (Next summer I noticed the trailer had been removed.) Still in Summer '75, I went to the camp — apparently it is an outfitter's camp — along the divide trail east of the Trout Creek drainage. They have a corral there, and, a little way back in the woods, a kind of lean-to with equipment stored in it. I stole an axe (this is the axe I still use), poked holes in several 5-gallon plastic water-containers, took the stovepipe and hid it off in the woods, smashed 2 thermometers, and scattered most of the other stuff around. At the end of Summer '75, after the roaring-by of motorcycles near my camp spoiled a hike for me, I put a piece of **wire** across a trail where cycle-tracks were visible, at about neck height for a motorcyclist (Next summer I found someone had wrapped the wire safely around a tree. Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was injured by it.) Summer '76 I went back to Mine X and put a generous quantity of sugar in the fuel-tank of the diesel engine and the gas-tank of the truck.

Fall '76, when those guys were taking rock for landfill from near the cabin here, I went at night and put a large quantity of sugar in the gas tank of an oldish pickup truck they had left there. Also in Fall '76 I went to a certain cabin ...

Lee Mason's mailbox with my axe in such a way that it looks as if some vehicle might have hit it.

Fall '77 I went to some cabins along Dalton Mountain Road. There was one pretentious-looking cabin still not finished on the inside. There was a small house-trailer parked on the lot, immaculately furnished inside. I stole a rusty animal trap I found outside the cabin. Overcoming my earlier inhibition, I smashed most of the **windows** in the trailer, then reached inside **with** my rifle and smashed a coleman lantern and 2 gas-lamp fixtures. I smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At the cabin next door I shot a hole in a new tire on a trailer. Then I got the hell out pretty quick, because all this was noisy of course, and close to the road.

As a result of indoctrination since childhood, I had strong inhibitions against doing these things, and it was only at the cost of great effort that I overcame the inhibitions. I think that perhaps I could now kill someone (and I don't mean just set a booby trap having only a fractional chance of success), under circumstances where there

was very little chance of getting caught. But I'm not sure I could, because often one's brainwashing turns out to be stronger than one thought.

As for motivation: I hate the technological society because ...

... in Rochester Gulch. From tracks **I've** seen, I am pretty confident that it is the people **who own** this cabin who are responsible for much of the motorcycle-roaring that occurs on the ridge that runs east from Baldy. Parked behind the cabin I found 2 snowmobiles and a "coot" (a 4-wheeled off-road vehicle}. I sugared the gas on the coot and one of the snowmobiles.

Spring '77 I **went** back to this same cabin. There was a diesel earthmoving machine parked near it, and I sugared the fuel tank. Then I unscrewed a **window** from its frame (still that inhibition about breaking **windows**}, entered the cabin, stole a trail axe, slashed the mattresses of 6 beds they had there, slashed a sofa, and poured out a 1/3-full bottle of vodka. Swmner '77 I set a booby-trap intended to kill someone, but I won't say what kind or **where**, because if this paper is ever found, the trap might be harmlessly removed. But it probably doesn't have more than maybe a 1 in 5 chance of killing or seriously injuring

Summer '77 I strung a neck-wire for motorcyclists along the divide trail above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I found the **wire was** gone. Whether it hurt anyone I don't **know**.

Summer '77, up South Fork Humbug, I shot a cow in the head **with my** .30-30, then got the hell out of there. I mean a rancher's **cow**, not an elk cow. Summer '77, I went down at dawn and smashed ...

Ted's Journal Series II, Journal #4

66 Notebook Pgs
(6/5/75 — 2/6/76)
C-227D

... when we had that extra ordinary storm of wet snow that broke so many trees, that road was so closed off by fallen trees that it was hardly practical for trail bikes and snowmobiles. **Then that prick-licker Mason cleared it all out with his cat, though it is still blocked for ordinary vehicles. Makes me want to kill that prick.** Anyhow, it got me all upset and very depressed-all the more because the cock

Ted's Journal on His Plans to Disfigure the Face of a Romantic Interest

C230-A
(1978)
27

... at work. (I could think of no other way to get revenge without getting in trouble with the law.) I started Tuesday morning by pasting up some copies of an insulting poem that I wrote about her. (Copy accompanies these notes.)

In coming in in the morning she [CROSSED OUT TEXT] had to pass a door where I had one of these pasted up. She came into the plant looking glum. [CROSSED OUT TEXT]

[CROSSED OUT TEXT] After II good mornings 11 were exchanged, one of the women said to Ellen, "You don't look like it's a good ...

... **There is only one way left to wipe out thisshame, and that is with blood. Tomorrow I am going to get that bitch and mutilate her face.**

Aug. 26. (Sat.) Last thursday morning I drove to the plant and parked in the lot, waiting for Ellen. When she arrived, I ran over to her car, said I wanted to speak to her briefly, and told her to move over so I could get out of the rain. This she did slowly and grudgingly, and I got into the driver's seat. I carried with me a knife [insert-concealed] in a paper bag. I began by saying that
(circled)

Ted's Journal Series VI, Journal #4

Highly personal stuff. #4 also contains ideas and quotations.

C-230-E

(8/29/78)

... technology crap. So its not a question of preserving my life and health; getting out of the power of civilization has long since become an end in itself for me.

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

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

This actually was my biggest reason for coming back to Illinois this spring. In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick Landberg would doubtless remember I rode his bus that day. In the anonymity of the big city I figured it would be much safer to buy materials for a bomb, and

As mentioned in some of my notes, I did make an attempt with a bomb — whether successful or not I don't know...

Journal of Early Crimes

C1 (1978–1979)

... it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable, but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating some people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated phenomena, from motorcycles to computers to psychological controls. Almost anyone who holds steady employment is contributing his part in maintaining the technological society.) Of course, the people I hate most are those who consciously and wilfully promote the technological society, such as scientists, big businessmen, union leaders, politicians, etc., etc. **I emphasize that my motivation is personal revenge. I don't pretend to any kind of philosophical or moralistic justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by which society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like. I would also like to kill a Communist.**

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in May, mainly for one reason: So that I could more safely attempt to murder a scientist, businessman, or the like. Before leaving Montana, I made a bomb in a **kind of box**, designed to explode **when the box was opened**. This was a long, **narrow box**. I picked the name of an electrical engineering professor out of the catalogue of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and addressed the bomb-package to him. I took the package to downtown Chicago, intending to mail it from there (this was in late May, I think around the 28th or 29th), but it didn't fit in mail boxes, and the post-office packages I checked did not look as if they **would swallow** such a long package, except in one post-office (Merchandise Mart); but that was where I had bought stamps for the package a few days before, so I was afraid to go there again because, going there twice in a short time, my face might be remembered. So I took the bomb over to the U. of Illinois Chicago Circle Campus, and surreptitiously dropped it between two parked cars in the lot near the science and technology buildings. I hoped that a student — preferably one in a scientific field — would pick it up, and would either be a good citizen and take the package to a post office to be sent to Rensselaer, or would open the package himself and blow his hands off, or get killed. I checked the newspapers carefully afterward, but could get no information about the outcome of what I did — the papers seem to

report only crimes of special importance. I have not the least feeling of guilt about this — on the contrary, I am proud of what I did. But I **wish** I had some assurance that I succeeded in killing or maiming someone. I am now working, in odd moments, on another bomb.

May 31, 1979. The bomb mentioned just above used match-heads as an explosive. Earlier this month I left it in a room marked “graduate student research” at the Technological Institute at Northwestern University. The bomb was in a cigar box and was arranged to go off **when** the **box was** opened. I did it this way instead of mailing the bomb to someone because an unexpected package in the mail might arouse suspicion, especially since a short **while** before there had been an incident in the news where cops in Alabama had been killed and maimed by a bomb sent them in the mail.

According to the newspaper, a graduate researcher” at Northwestern was “hospitalized **with** cuts on the arms and burns around the eyes” as a result of my bomb. (Tribune, May 9) Unfortunately, I didn’t notice anything in the article indicating that he would suffer any permanent disability. I figured the bomb was probably not powerful enough to kill (unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). But I had hoped that the victim **would** be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise maimed. Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn’t been wearing glasses. The article said his “eyeglasses were blown off.” He had burns *around* the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns *in* the eyes if his glasses hadn’t momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. Well, at least I put him in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I **wish** I **knew how** to get hold of some dynamite.

By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is the obvious one. Some of my other notes contain hints of crime, but no actual accounts of felonies. But *these* notes must be carefully kept from everyone’s eyes. Kept separate from the other notes they make a small, compact packet, easily concealed.

Ted's Journal Series II, #6

C-227-F

K-2003 B 2

C227-F (6/27/79 +)

[Note-all page numbers are circled] SERIES II, #6

3

TUESDAY,

June 26, 1979. I started out before dawn this morning and am now at an old campsite of mine overlooking McClellan Creek. It feels very good to be in the wild country again. I especially value the *silence* here. (It is now so noisy around my cabin.)

The only disruptive sounds this morning have been caused by the 9 evil jet planes that have passed within my hearing. WED. June 27. Am now camped at another of my old campsites in the McClellan Creek drainage, high up. It takes 2 very

exhausting days of toting a heavy pack over steep ...

... lunch and now feel better. Only one thing wrong. **Astonishing number of jets flew over [illegible]. I didn't keep count, but there were too damn many. I hate them. Tues WED**

July 3. July 4. In the 24- hr. period ending yesterday evening I counted 20 jets passing-which of course omits any that passed while I slept. This morning I shot a squirrel near camp. I have been using saxifrage in my soups: It is pretty good for that purpose if cooked long enough to become tender. Getting water down by the stream today, I was attracted ...

... have to be within about 10 feet of a squirrel to be sure of a kill. So hell with it. (Evening:) today, no less than 28 jets passed within my hearing. In spring 1978 I counted the jets on many days and the record for a 24-hour period was 20. Usually the number was much lower (like 13-16). It seems incredible that the number of jets should increase so much in one year. But maybe I am closer to some major air route here than at my cabin. I'll have to make a few counts when I get back to cabin. Or, many of the jets ...

No meat today, but am much enjoying huckleberries. In morning I went to sit on the cliffs not far from camp. I broke a dead juniper stem and much enjoyed its fragrance. Brought some juniper back to camp for firewood to make smoke smell good. July 24. **The 22nd was very bad for jets heard many. Yesterday was quite good-heard**

only 8 jets. Today was good in early morning, but later in morning there was aircraft noise *almost without intermission* for, I would estimate, about an hour. [insert-Partly jet noise and partly li planes.] Then there was a very loud sonic boom. This was the last straw and it reduced me to tears of impotent rage. **But I have a plan for revenge. I think I can make it work.** No one who doesn't know how to appreciate the wonderful peace and satisfaction that one can get from solitude and silence in the woods. In Lombard, Illinois there is far more jet noise, and at times it is very annoying, but it does not disturb me nearly as much as does the lesser jet noise here, because here the noise destroys something wonderful; while in the city there is nothing for the noise to destroy, because one is living in a shit-pile anyway. As I get older, my needs get fewer. But there is ...

... aside my anger at the jets, in order to enjoy this wonderful forest. **But that solid hour of aircraft noise (partly jets and partly light planes) yesterday, capped by a startling sonic boom, brought up all that anger. Things are spoiled for me now, so I will go home today. Then I will work on my revenge plan.** I feel very melancholy about leaving this camp. I was so happy here. I had looked forward to staying out in the woods much longer than this. Isn't there any place left where one can just go off by oneself and have peace and ...

... left on my hike this summer, I put sugar in the gas tank of one of Mason's snowmobiles. So hopefully he will have some trouble **with** it this winter. When I went out on my hike this summer I **was** planning to lie in ambush by some roadside (dirt by-road) a long way from home and shoot some trail-bikers or other mechanized desecrators of the forest, without too much regard for consequences. But once I was out in the woods I started to reconsider, for 2 reasons. One was that once I was out in the woods I felt so good that I started to care about the future again — I wanted to have more years to spend in the woods. The other reason is that I thought of an excellent scheme for revenge on a bigger scale and didn't want to screw it up by getting caught for something else before I had a chance to carry it out. Considering technological civilization as a monstrous octopus, the motorcyclists, jeep-riders, and other intruders into the forest are only the tips of the tentacles. I was not really satisfied with striking at these. **My** other plan **would** let me strike perhaps not at the head, but at least much further up along the tentacles:

In spite of this, I wanted to shoot some of those miners **who were** fucking things up down around Washington Creek, if I could get an opportunity that looked safe from the point of **view** of not getting caught. One day I **went down** there and **watched**, from cover, a guy **with** a bulldozer **who was** tearing a huge chunk out ...

... bulldozer. It was hard to do any thing to it because of its sturdy, tank-like construction, but I cut the fan-belt, cut some tubes, put dirt in the place **where** oil goes in, and a few other such things. Besides that, there was a nice new pickup down by the road, I think belonging to some of these mining-fools, and I smashed the windshield and cut some belts and tubes on it.

Now, ever since that last day out when I was upset by the almost solid hour of aircraft noise, I have never taken any full or unalloyed satisfaction in the **woods-even** on those days **when** there are few aircraft, motorcycles, or other disturbances. In fact, I have made a conscious decision not to let myself have that feeling of wilderness freedom anymore in this area, because it is just too miserable when that satisfaction is shattered by planes or the like. I **now** feel sure that this area will never again be for me a satisfactory refuge from the System. You understand, it is not the noise in itself that bothers me, but what that noise signifies. It is the voice of the Octopus the octopus that **will** allow nothing to exist outside the range of its control. **Now, with** all the planes and so forth, this area makes me think too much of those miserable remnants of prairie that one sees in the Chicago area around airports and in suburban factory districts, or of the smog-choked Cook County Forest Preserves. Just sad reminders of **what once was**; though I no longer find satisfaction in this mountain country, I still *love* it. I suppose it is the same way a mother loves a child who has been crippled and mutilated. It is a love filled **with** grief.

Again, it is not the aircraft noise in itself that ruins things-it is the spiritually unsatisfactory situation of **which** that noise is part, and of **which** it is a constant reminder. Part of the spiritual unsatisfactoriness is in the fact that there is **always** more and **more intrusion of technological civilization, never less. No hope for the future. I can no longer feel in this area that I have gotten outside the system.**

I would add, incidentally, that since coming back here to montana, and getting *partly* out of the system, my craving for women has vanished. Again I am even somewhat repelled by the idea of being tied down emotionally by such a relationship. Though at the same time I've been a little attracted by the practical advantages there ...

Notebook X

C-229 (1980)

PAGE

K2046A

PAGE 2

[Highlighted sections were in numeric code.]

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

Notebook X

APRIL 8

I

... find what I want. The main problem is to avoid **JET PLANES**. I've not had success trying to get information about what areas are free of **THEM**.

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

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

July 30, 1980: From "Mythology of All Races, Ed. Louis Herbert Inc. New York, 1964: ...

II

... very probable that there is more diversity in our society if you take people from widely different backgrounds (say a ghetto nigger and *[S/O]profeoo* an upper middle

class type) than what ordinarily occurs between two individuals in a New Guinea village. But it's not so clear if you restrict attention to a particular class in our society (say upper-middle-class- [S/O]eti-☒- businessman)

Aug 18, 1980: **IN JUNE NINETEEN EIGHTY, I SENT A BOMB TO P.A. WOOD, PSES. ((PRES.)) OF UNITED AIR LINES. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPERS HOSPITALIZED WITH COTS AND BURNS AND HAD SURGERY FOR REMOVAL OF FRAGMENTS. POST OFFICE IFFERED ((OFFERED)) FIVE THOWZAND ((THOUSAND)) BUKS ((BUCKS)) REWARD FOR CSQRVT IDENTIFICATION OF CULPRIT. FBI SAID BOMB HAD ENUF POWDER TO KILL, BUT "FAULTY CRAFTSMANSHIP" WEAKENED IT CAUSE CULPRIT "LEFr SOMETHING LOORE ((LOOSE))". THIS FALSE, THO MY DESIGN.. MAY HAVE BEEN POOR DUE TO IGNORANCE OF THE TECHNOLOGY. THE DETONATOR DID ALL I DESIGNED IT TO DO. IT IGNITED THE POWDER. I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THERE WAS NOTHING "LOOSE" IN THE EXPLOSIVE UNIT ITSELF, CAUSE THE ENDS OF THE PIPE WERE STOPPED WITH POODEN ((WOODEN)) PLUGS FASTENED WITH EPOXY AND FOR EACH PLUG "TWO NAILS PASSING THRU PLUG AND BOTH SIDES OF PIPE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO GET LOOSE THAT COULD WEAKEN ERPLODSION ((EXPLOSION)) " PROBABLY ((PROBABLY)), BOMB WEAK FROM NAIVE DESIGN OR FBI MISTAKEN ABOUT TYPE OF POWDER. THEY WERE PARTLY WRONG ABOUT TYPE OF SWITCH USED, JUDGING FROM NEWSPAPER. "**

Sept. 15, 1980. Shortly after getting back to Montana after spending the greater part of a year working in the Chicago area, I reported in my notes that I no longer had the powerful desire for women that had troubled me while I was living among people. That was correct, and I am still untroubled by any strong sexual desire. Furthermore, I now look with a certain amount of disgust not only on the desire for sexual love that I experienced while at ...

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

YOU ENUF TO BE A PROBLEM. I AM DEFINITELY GLAD TO HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE.

Just **TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO I COMMITTED A PARTICULARLY SATISFY SMALLMISDEED**. Feeling the need for a little peace, I took a couple of weeks rations in my pack and set off. I went first to **THE THICKETS AROUND THE HEAD OF ROCHESTERGULCH**. Tired, I cooked a little cake of bannock, ate, and lay back to rest. Despite occasional passing airplanes, the peace of the woods began to settle over me. Then my ears picked up a tiny fluctuating sound that seemed like **THE DIST.ANT BUZZ OF CHAINSAWS** but it was so faint that I dismissed it as imaginary. However, the noise soon became louder, and it came closer so rapidly that I concluded it was **NO LOGGING OPERATION. SOMEONE MUST BE COTT'ING A TRAIL THR.U THVSE ((THOSE)) THICKETS OF WHICH IHAVE ALWAYS BEEN** especially fond, because they are difficult to walk through, and therefore I had always felt sure of my solitude in them. Though tired, I picked up my [S/0] rifle, stuck a few items in my pockets, and went to investigate. By this time **THE CUTTERS WERE PASSING WITHIN A HUNDERD YARDS OF MY CAMP AND I COULDD HEAR THEIR VOICES**. I sneaked through the thickets very quietly. I passed close to a male spruce grouse which had been resting on the ground, sitting flat on its belly. It moved slowly away, watching me dubiously. When I got close enough, I stood and watched **THE CUTTERS. I COULD HAVE SHOT ONE, BUT I WAS AFRAID THAT IN THAT CASE I MITE BE TRACKED BYIX>GS** and with my heavy pack and fatigue I was in no position to **GET AWAY BY SOME LONG COMPLICATED ROUTE** wading along stream beds. After a while I saw **THEM MOVE A MOTORCYCLE ALONG THE TRAIL THEY HAD CUT**. I was now fairly sure these must be the **PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONE OF THE CABINS AT THE MOUTH OF ROCHESTER GULCH**. I think these people are some of the **MA.IN CULPRTS AMONG THOSE WHO GO TEARING OVER THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS ON THEIR CYCLES**. You can follow the tracks to where they come out quite near **THAT CABIN, AND THERE IS A BIG RO'rl'EDPLACE WHERE THE MOTORCYCLES** climb up to get up on the ridge. This new **TRAIL WOULD NICELY COMPLEMENT THE ROUTES THEY USE, AND LET THEM RIDE PAST THE HEAD OF ROCHESTER**.

After watching them play with their **CHAINSAWS A WHILE**, I sneaked around behind them and followed **BACK ALONG THEIROWN TRAIL** for maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ mile until I found where **THEY HAD LEF' THEIR OTHER 'TWO MOTORCYCLES. I PUT SUGAR IN THE GAS TANKS OF BOTH AND SLASHED ALL THE TIRES. THEN I SNEAKED BACK TO MY CAMP**. Here I waited tensely for a while, afraid to move out immediately because it's very hard to move **THICKETS WITH A PACK, AND THEY WERE WLKING**

{(WALKING)) SO CLOSE THAT I WAS AFRAID THEY MITE HEAR ME. In the intervals when they WERE NOT RUNNING THE SAWS.

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

I was particularly pleased with myself after this incident, for 2 reasons. For one thing, it was a very **NEAT TRICK THAT I PULLED. THOSE FUCKERS MUST HAVE BEEN ASTONISHED AND MYSTIFIED TO FIND THEIR CYCLES RIPPED UP ONLY A QUARDER {{QUARTER)) MILE FROM WHERE THEY WERE WORKING, IN AN AREA WHERE THEY WOULD hardly expect to FIND ANY PEEPLE {{PEOPLE)).** For another thing, this **REVENGE WAS PARTICULARLY SATISFYING BECAUSE IT WAS AN immediate and precisely directed response TO THE PROVOCATION.** Contrast it with the **REVENGE I ATTEMPTED FOR JET NOISE. I WNG FELT FRUSTRATED ANGER AGAINST THEPLANES.** After complicated preparation I succeeded in **INJURING THE PRES OF UNITED A.L., BUT HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A VAST ARMY OF PEEPLE {{PEOPLE}} WHO** directly and indirectly are responsible for the **.JETS. SO THE REVENGE WAS** long delayed, vaguely directed, and inadequate **TO THE PROVOCATION.** Thus it felt good to be able, for a change, to **STRIKE BACK IMMEDIATELY AND** directly.

A few days later I **SENT ANONYMOUS NOTE TO THE FOREST SERVICE INFORMING THEM OF THAT PRESUMABLY ILLEGAL TRAIL.** But I think the **F.S. IS A LITTLE LAX ABOUT SUCH THINGS, AND IF THEY OO ANYTHING AT ALL THEY PROBABLY ONLY REPRIMAND THE PEOPLE** concerned.

Sept. 23, 1980: Yesterday I got back from a 5-day excursion in mostly wet, drizzly or rainy weather. Generally slept cold at night. At the age of 38, I should be well over the hill physically, ...

III

... OF ORGANIZED ((ORGANIZED)) SOCIETY AS "SICK" AND THEREFORE UNHAPPY, BUT I FIND THAT I AM A HAPPY MAN OF COURSE. I HAVE HAD MUCH SATISFACTION AND HAPPINESS EVER SINCE I CAME TO LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, BUT ALL TOO OFTEN I WAS ACUTELY TROUBLED BY FRUSTRATED ANGER AT MITORCYCLES, AIRPLANES, ALL THAT STUFF AGAINST WHICH MY JOURNALS ARE FULL OF CIMPLAINTS, AND AT THE DEATH OF WILDERNESS AND FREEIX}M THAT I FORESEE. I SOMETIMES FELT AS IF I WANTED TO DIE ALONG WITH THE WILDERNESS. HOWEVER, SINCE ACQUIRING THE ABILITY TO COMMIT REVENGE CRIMES, I HAVE FOUND VAST RELIEF FROM THESE PROBLEMS. **NOW MY ANGER NEED NO LONGER BE HELD IN. ALSO, I HAVE MADE A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE.** Wild country is still best, but now I am more willing to take what good things I can get from life even when I can't isolate myself from the system nearly as much as I'd like. This change of attitude is made possible by **MY REVENGE ((REVENGE)) CRIMES, BECAUSE (SINCE I CAN STRIKE BACI} THIS CHANGE OF ATTITUDE NO LONGER. ((LONGER)) REPRESENTS A HUMILIATING, SLAVISH SURRENDER.. WITH FRUSTRATED ANGER, PROVIDED I CAN GET SOME REVENGE.**

Jan. 21. Having chiseled and ground the surface of my flat stone to make it more efficient for grinding seeds, I am now adding a heaping tablespoonful of meal made by grinding pennycress seeds to each of my cakes of bread -the pennycress meal being substituted for an equal amount of whole-wheat flour. I am short on whole-wheat flour, which I need for roughage to keep my guts acting right, so that the equally rough pennycress meal is useful in stretching my supply. It makes a dark-brown bread of very good flavor, with a mustardy bite to

IV

[Spanish]

[Spanish]

[Spanish]

... gadas: -10°, -21°, +10°, +10°, -8°, -15°, 0°, -2°.

[Spanish]
-21° y -22°
-29 1/2° (-31 1/2 °)
[Spanish]

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

Feb. 14. [Spanish]
[Spanish]

Pero tengo otro motivo (mas importante por mucho) de aceptar este dinero.

[Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

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

March 6. [Spanish]

Ted's Journal Series III & Journal #8

C228-H (5/18/80)

... when my anger against modern civilization is such that I really need *some* form of escapism, and at least mathematics is far less degrading than watching TV and that kind of crap. Doubtless I will turn to mathematics again when the need to escape arises. But I want to record it here that the fact that I work on mathematics at times does not imply that I respect it or feel it is worthwhile or anything of that sort. On the contrary, it is merely a rather unwholesome pleasure that I turn to sometimes when I need to forget.

Of course, the kind of mathematics I play with is not likely ever to have any practical applications-i.e., it is not likely ever to be useful to The System. April 27. This past winter I shot 41 rabbits, at a cost of 42 cartridges, and trapped one rabbit. But haven't been keeping any consistent record of what I shoot any more. Have shot a couple of grouse this spring, though (being involved in other projects) I've done little hunting or gathering. A couple of days ago I had a fine day. Shot a particularly large packrat at the old mine, and a big male blue grouse that I heard grunting up on the ridge, and I got waterleaf, bitter-root, lomatium, dandelions, and wild onions. So I've had excellent eating last couple of days. The lomatium was better than usual, whether because I cooked it longer or because it was gathered earlier, hence more starchy. These fine spring days are pure joy. There's been a little bird hanging around here whose singing is most wondrously beautiful.

May 18, 1980. **I have got hold of an introductory book on electronics. I'd like to learn electronics because I hope to use it for purposes of mischief-making — i.e. war against the system.** But I have other projects in hand, and also it takes a lot of time around here just to get a proper diet (hunting, gathering greens, getting firewood, cooking), so that as yet I have not made much progress in reading on electronics. But I've been doing a lot more recreational reading than I used to do when living here in the mountains, because some of my projects are such as I don't enjoy, and I have to *make* myself pursue them; and also because as mentioned before my satisfaction in living in this country has been largely spoiled (planes, etc.); hence I am now doing (**carat** — much) more reading for relaxation — escapism than I used to do. But electronics is not relaxing.

(end of document)

Ted's letter ruse to Airlines president Percy Wood

U-1 (1980)

3414 Ravenswood
Chicago, IL 60657
June 3, 1980

Mr. Percy Addison Wood
887 Forest Hill
Lake Forest, IL 60045

Dear Mr. Wood:

I am taking the liberty of sending you, under separate cover, a book which I believe to have great social significance. I am sending copies of this book, "Ice Brothers," by Sloan Wilson, to a number of prominent people in the Chicago area because I believe this to be truly a book for our time, a book that should be read by all who make important decisions affecting the public welfare.

I realize that a man in your position does not have time to read every book that is recommended to him, so that I may have wasted time and money in sending you a copy of Mr. Wilson's work. But I feel sure that it will be worth your while to at least glance through the book. Since it is as entertaining as it is significant, perhaps you will then decide to read the entire work.

Sincerely,
Enoch W. Fischer

Fully coded notebooks

C-233 C234-B (1980)

(Highlighted sections were in numeric code.)

Date of transcription 5/7/96

The following is a decoded transcription of notebooks K2046C (A1) and K778F (B1).

“MAY ABOUT 1982 I SENT A BOMB TO A COMPUTER EXPERT NAMED PATRICK FISVER. HIS SECRETARY OPENED IT. ONE NEWSPAPER SAID SHE WAS IN HOSPITAL? IN GOOD CONDITION? WITH ARMAND CHEST CUTS. OTHER NEWSPAPER SAID BOMB DROVE FRAGMENTS OF WOOD INTO HER FLESH. BUT NO INDICATION THAT SHE WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. FRUSTRATING THAT I CANT SEEM TO MAK 0 LETHAL BOMB. USED SHOTGUN) POWDER IN THIS LAST HOPING IT WOULD DO BETTER THAN RIFLE POWDER. NEXT I MUST TRY ANOTHER GASOLINE BOMB, DIFFERENT DESIGN. THOUGH GASOLINE BOMB I TRIED LAST FALL DID NOT GO OFF. REVENGE ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING MUCH TIME, IMPEDING OTHER WORK. BUT I MUST SUCCEED, MUST GET REVENGE. NOT LONG AFTER FOREGOING, I THINK IN JUNE OR JULY, I WENT TO U. OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY AND PLACED IN COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING A BOMB CONSISTING OF A PIPEBOMB IN GALLON CAN OF GASOLINE. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. PICKED IT UP. HE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE “OUT OF DANGER OF LOSING ANY FINGERS”, BUT WOULD NEED FURTHER SURGERY FOR BONE AND TENDON DAMAGE IN HAND. APPARENTLY PIPE BOMB WENT OFF BUT DID NOT IGNITE GASOLINE. I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. FRUSTRATED. TRAVELING EXPENSES FOR RAIDS SUCH AS THE FOREGOING ARE VERY HARD ON MY SLENDER FINANCIAL RESOURCES. LOST SUMMER DYNAMITE BLAST WAS BOOMING ALL OVER THE HILLS. OCCASIONALLY AUDIBLE AT MY CABIN, MUCH MORE AUDIBLE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE. EXXON CONDUCTING SEISMIC EXPLORATION FOR OIL. COUPLE OF HELICOPTERS FLYING ALL OVER THE HILLS, LOWER A THING WITH DYNAMITE ON CABLE, MAKE BLAST ON GROUND, INSTRUMENTS MEASURE VIBRATIONS. EARLY AUGUST I WENT AND CAMPED OUT, MOSTLY IN WHAT I CALL DIAGONAL GULCH, HOPING TO SHOOT UP A HELICOPTER IN AREA EAST OF CRATER MTN. PROVED HARDER THAN I THOUGHT, BECAUSE HELICOPTERS ALWAYS IN MOTION, NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY WILL GO NEXT, TALL TREES IN WAY OF

SHOT. ONLY ONCE HAD BE HALF A CHANCE. 2 QUICK SHOTS, ROUGHLY AIMED, AS COPTER CROSSED SPACE BETWEEN 2 TREES. MISSED BOTH. WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I C2IED, PARTLY FROM FRUSTRATION AT MISSING, BUT MOSTLY GRIEF ABOUT AT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COUNTRY. IT rs so BEAUTIFUL. BUT IF THEY FIND OIL,DISASTER. EVEN WHOF NOT FIND OIL, THE BLASTS AND HELICOPTERS RUIN IT. DESECRATION. WHERE CAN I GO NOW FOR PEACE AND QUIET? TRUE,IF NOT FIND OIL,EXXON WILL EVENTUALLY LEAVE HERE. BUT IF IT ISNT ONE THING ITS ANOTHER. SUCH AS ONE OF MY FAVORITE PLACES BEING LOGGED OFF,SPEAING OF WHICH, SUMMER OF 1981 I BEGAN HEARING DISAGREABLE NOISES OF MACHINERY,SOMETIMES SURPRISINGLY LOUD, DEPENDING APPARENTLY ON METEOROLOICAL CONDITIONS. OFTEN BUT OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL, SILENT MORNING WAS RUINED FOR ME WHEN THESE NOISES STARTED UP. THE FOLLOWING WINTER MANY OTHERWISE PLEASANT EXCURSIONS WERE RUINED FOR ME BY THE MOANING AND HOWLING OF THOSE IRON MONSTERS, AUDIBLE BUT OFTEN LOUDLY) FOR MILES OVER THE HILLS. MADE UP MY MIND TO GET REVENGE, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE JUST WHERE NOISE WAS COMING FROM. HAD TO WAIT FOR SUMMER AWYWAY, SINCE MY TRACKS COULD EASILY BE FOLLOWED IN SNOW. BUT NOISE SEEMED TO STOP IN SPRING. THEN I BEGAN HEARING IT AGAIN IN LATE SUMMER,1982. I THINK IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER THAT I TOOK BLANKET, PISTOL, 1 DAYS RATIONS AND FOLLOWED NOISE TO FIND IT CAME FROM A LOGGING OPERATION IN WILLOW CREEK DRAINAGE, LOGGING OFF ONE OF MY FAVORITE WILD SPOTS. THEIR METHOD WAS HORRIBLE. AS FAR AS I COULD TELL WITHOUT GOING CLOSE ENOUGH TO RISK BEING SEEN, THEY WERE JUST PUSHING TREES OVER WITH BULLDOZERS INSTEAD OF CUTTING WITH SAWS. WHEN THEY LEFT FOR THE DAY I WENT IN AND FOUND THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND STRIPPED RIGHT OFF LEAVING UGLY TANGLE OF LIMBS, UPROOTED TRUNKS, AND DIRT. THEY LEFT A 5 GALLON CAN OF OIL SITTING ON THEIR MACHINE THAT THEY USE TO PICKUP LOGS AND LOAD THEM ON TRUCK. I Poured THE OIL OVER THE MACHINES ENGINE AND SET FIRE TO IT. I BET IT COST OVER 1000 BUCKS TO FIX IT. SPENT PLEASANT NIGHT SLEEPING OUT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CAME HOME LEISURELY IN THE MORNING. I FELT SO GOOD AFTER HAVING DONE THIS. THOUGH A MITE UNEASY OVER THE RISK OF BEING SUSPECTED. FORGOT TO MENTION, ON TRIP WHERE I SHOT AT HELICOPTER, I CHOPPED DOWN WOODEN POWER LINE POLE, HOGUM CREEK AREA. FEW YEARS AGO SOME FUCKERS BUILT A VACATION HOUSE JUST ACROSS STEMPLE PASS ROAD. MOTORCYCLE AND SNOWMOBILE FIENDS. THEY WOULD BUZZ UP AND DOWN ROAD PAST MY CABIN ON MOST

WEEKENDS, SUMMER AND WINTER. LAST SUMMER SEEMED THEY WERE WORSE THAN USUAL. SOMETIMES MADE IT A 3 DAY WEEKEND. WHEN THEY WERE NOT BUZZING UP THIS ROAD I WOULD HEAR THOSE CYCLES GROWLING AND GROWLING OVER BY THEIR PLACE, ALL DAY LONG. IT WAS GETTING ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE. MY HEART IS GOING BAD. TAKES EXERCISE OK, BUT ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS, ANGER ABOVE ALL, MAKES IT BEAT IREGULARLY. IT GOT SO THAT THAT CONSTANT CYCLE NOISE WAS CHOKING ME WITH ANGER, HEART GOING WILD. RISKY TO COMMIT CRIME SO CLOSE TO HOME, BUT I FIGURED IF I DID NOT GET THOSE GUYS, THE ANGER WOULD LITERALLY KILL ME ANYWAY. SO ONE NIGHT IN FALL I SNEAKED OVER THERE,THOUGH THEY WERE HOME, AND STOLE THEIR CHAINSAW, BURIED IT IN A SWAMP. THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, SO COUPLE WEEKS LATER WHEN THEY HAD LEFT THE PLACE, I CHOPPED MY WAY INTO THEIR HOUSE, SMASHED UP INTERIOR PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT WAS A REAL LUXURY PLACE. THEY ALSO HAD A MOBILE HOME THERE. I BROKE INTO THAT TOO, FOUND SILVER PAINTED MOTORCYCLE INSIDE, SMASHED IT UP” WITH THEIR OWN AX. THEY HAD 4 SNOWMOBILES SITTING OUTSIDE. I THOROUGHLY SMASHED ENGINES OF THOSE WITH THE AX. THINK THEY WERE THE ONES I CUT CYCLE TRAIL AT ROCHESTER, SINCE SILVER PAINTED CYCLE IS UNUSUAL. WEEK OR SO LATER,COPS CAME UP HERE AND ASKED ME IF I HAD SEEN ANYONE FOOLING AROUND WITH ANY BUILDINGS AROUND HERE. ALSO ASKED IF I HAD HAD ANY PROBLEMS WITH MOTORCYCLES. THIS LAST QUESTION SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUTH CROSSED THEIR MINDS. BUT PROBABLY THEY DID NOT SERIOUSLY SUSPECT ME, OTHERWISE THEIR QUESTIONING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PERFUNCTORY. THIS WINTER (1982 TO 1983) VERY FEW SNOWMOBILES HAVE COME BY. I SUPPOSE EITHER THOSE FUCKERS HAVE NOT GOT MACHINES FIXED YET, OR HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH TERRORIZING THE AREA. WHO SAYS CRIME DOESNT PAY? I FEEL VERY GOOD ABOUT THIS. I AM ALSO PLEASED THAT I WAS SO COOL AND COLLECTED IN ANSWERING COPS QUESTIONS. DEC 29,”1979. IN SOME OF MY NOTES I MENTIONED A PLAN FOR REVENGE ON SOCIETY. PLAN WAS TO BLOW UP AIRLINER IN FLIGHT. LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN I CONSTRUCTED DEVICE. MUCH EXPENSE, BECAUSE HAD TO GO TO GR.FALLS TO BUY MATERIALS,INCLUDING BAROMETER AND MANY BOXES CARTRIDGES FOR THE POWDER. I PUT MORE THAN A QUART OF SMOKELESS POWDER IN A CAN, RIGGED BAROMETER SO DEVICE WOULD EXPLODE AT 2000FT. OR CONCEIVABLY AS HIGR AS 3500FT. DUE TO VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE. LATE OCT. MAILED PACKAGE FROM CHICAGO PRIORITY MAIL SO IT WOULD GO BY AIR. UNFORTUNATELY PLANE NOT DESTROYED, BOMB

TOO WEAK. NEWSPAPER SAID WAS "LOW POWER DEVICE". SURPRISED ME. (IN ORIGINAL AS I WROTE IT IN 1989, THERE FOLLOWED SPECULATIONS WHY BOMB WEAK. NOW KNOW WHY. SMOKELESS POWDER IS DEFLOGRATING NOT DETONATING EXPLOSIVE, AND CONTAINER TOO EAK EVEN TO FULLY UTILIZE ITS DEFLAGRATING POTENTIAL) SEEMS THAT IGGER SYSTEM NOT TOO RELIABLE. ACCORDING TO CHI. TRIBUNE, BOMB WENT OFF AS PLANE APPROACHED WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO SUN TIMES, PASSENGERS AIN BOMB WENT OFF ABOUT HALF WAY TO WASHINGTON. SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF LONG BEFORE. SET FOR 2000 OR UP TO 3500FT. ACCORDING TO INFO I GOT IN L00000000000000000000 25000 TO 40000FT. AND CABINS PRESSURIZED AT ABOUT 8000FT. POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS... DEFECTIVE BAROMETER. PRESSURIZATION INF FROM ABOUT 1971, CONCEIVABLY THEY NOW PRESSURIZE AT LOWER ALTITUDE. SYSTEM WORKED OK WHEN I EXPERIMENTED BEFORE MAKING UP PACKAGE BUT I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT LIGHT TOUCH OF BAROMETER NEEDLE ON CONTACT NOT ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE IN TRANSMITTING CURRENT. I WILL TRY AGAIN IF CAN GET BETTER EXPLOSIVE. BOMO DID NOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH. PROBABLY DESTROYED SOME MAIL. PAPERS SAID IT WAS WITH MAIL SACKS AND THERE WAS SMOLDERING FIRE. NO DAMAGE TO PLANE. AT LEAST IT GAVE THEM A GOOD SCARE. MUCH THICK SMOKE CAME INTO PASSENGER SPACE, PLANE LANDED AT AIRPORT OTHER THAN ITS DESTINATION BECAUSE OF THIS. TRIBUNE SAID NO PANIC. BUT SUN TIMES SAID THEY DROPPED OXYGEN INHALATORS TO PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND PASSENGERS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEM AND SOMEWERE "JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND SCREAMING FOR THE POOR STEWARDESS, "AND AS PASSENGERS IAME OUT OF PLANE SOOME WERE EMBRACING EACH OTHER, PRESUMABLY IN RELIEF. THE PAPERS SAID FBI INVESTIGATING INCIDENT. FBI SUCK MY COCK. SO I CAME BACK TO MONTO EARLY DECEMBER, NOW WORK ON OTHER PLANS. JUNE 1,1985. SUCCESS AT LAST AFTER MANY FAILURES REPORTED IN THESE NOTES. TOOK ME YEAR AND A HALF OF INTENSIVE EFFORT, LARGELY NEGLECTING OTHER WORK Y TO DEVELOP EFFECTIVE TYPE BOMB. 4.45 PARTS AMMONIUM NITRATE (FROMFERTILI) ER) TO 1 PART EXTREMELY FINE PYWDERED ALUMINUM(FROMALUM.PAINT) MIXURE NOT CAKED BUT LEFT IN POWDER FORM, IGNITED IN ORDINARY IRON WATER PIPE WITH METAL PLUGS IN ENDS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ROUGHLY SAME PRESSURE AS WHAT WALLS OF PIPE WILL WITHSTAND. SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT I FOLLOWED SOME FALE LEADS BEFORE TRYING THIS ONE. NOTE DIFFICULTIES I FACED. FOR OBVOUS REASONS CANT ORDER CHEMICALS FROM SUPPLY HOUSE, MUST MAKE THEM OR EXTRACT THEM FROM READILY AVAILABLE MATERIALS. NO VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF,

DIFFICULT ACCESS TO LIBRARIES, VERY LIMITED EQUIPMENT, HAVE TO BUILD OWN BALANCE, OTHER MONEY RELATED PROBLEMS. MAY 8 I PLANTED A SMALL BOMB (LESS THAN 2 OZ.OF EXPLOSIVE) IN THE COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. AT BERKELEY. THIS IS APARATO NO.2, EXP.83 IN MY NOTEBOOKS. AT SAME TIME I MAILED A LARGER BOMB(APARATO NO.1 EXP.82) TO BOEING CORP., AUBURN, WA. OUTCOME OF BOEING BOMB UNKNOWN. BERKELEY BOMB DID WELL FOR ITS SIZE. IT WAS SPRUNG BY AIRFORCE PILOT, 26YRSOLD, NAME HAUSER, WORKING ON MASTERS DEG. IN ELECTRICAL ENG. HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED IF SO POSITIONED RELATIVE TO BOMB AS TO TAKE THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS BODY. AS IT WERE, MAINLY HIS RIGHT ARM WAS HIT. WITNESSES SAID, "WHOLE ARM WAS EXPLODED, "BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. "ONE NEWSPAPER SAID ARM WAS "MANGLED". ANOTHER SAID IT WAS "SHATTERED" AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER RECOVER FULL USE OF ARM AND HAHD. ALSO THERE WAS DAMAGE TO ONE EYE. ONE PAP THAT SAID THE SMALL COMPUTER LAB WAS "DESTROYED". THIS IS IMPROBABLE. OTHER PAPER SAID "MODERATE DAMAGE" TO VARIOUS ITEMS OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY MOST OF THE DAMAGE TO ARM AND EQUIPT. WAS DUE TO FRAGMENTS, NOT SHOCKWAVE. I WAS RELIEVED TO READ WHAT KIND OF GUY SPRANG THE TRAP. I HAD WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY THAT SOME YOUNG KID, UNDERGRAD, NOT EVEN COMP SCI MAJOR MIGHT GET IT. BUT THIS GUY CLEARLY TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE TECHNICIAN CLASS. MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF THE GUYS THAT HAS FLOWN THOSE FUCKING JETS OVER MY HOME. THIS GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO MY CHOKING, FRUSTRATED ANGER AND SENSE OF IMPOTENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM. AT SAME TIME, MUST ADMIT I FEEL BADLY ABOUT HAVING CRIPPLED THIS MANS ARM. IT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME ME A GOOD DEAL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING BECAUSE WHILE MY FEELINGS ARE PKRTLY FROM PITY, I AM SURE THEY COME LARGELY FROM THE TRAINING, PROPAGANDA, BRAINWASHING WE ALL GET, CONDITIONING US TO BE SCARED BY THE IDEA OF DOING CERTAIN THINGS. IT IS SHAMEFUL TO BE UNDER THE SWAY OF THIS BRAINWASHING. BUT DO NOT GET THE IDEA THAT I REGRET WHAT I DID. RELIEF OF FRUSTRATED ANGER OUTWEIGH SUN COMFORTABLE CONSCIENCE. I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN. SO MANY FAILURES WITH FEEBLE INEFFECTIVE BOMBS WAS DRIVING ME DESPERATE WITH FRUSTRATION. HAVE TO GET REVENGE FOR ALL THE WILD COUNTRY BEING FUCKED UP BY THE SYSTEM. LATER... FURTHER SEARCH OF NEWSPAPERS YIELDED...HAUSERS ARM WAS "SEVERED OR NEARLY SEVERED". TIPS OF 3 FINGERS TORN OFF. USE OF ARM AND HAND WILL BE PERMANENTLY IMPAIRED, TO WHAT DEGREE NOT KNOWN. HAUSER FATHER OF 2 KIDS. HE WAS WORKING TOWARD PHD, CONTRARY TO

OTHER PAPER THAT SAID MASTERS. HE WAS AFRAID HIS "DREAM" WAS RUINED. DREAM WAS TO BE ASTRONAUT. IMAGINE A GROWN MAN WHOSE DREAM IS TO BE AN ASTRONAUT. I AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY HAVING CRIPPLED THIS GUY, PARTLY BECAUSE I JUST "GO TO VERIT "WITH TIME, PARTLY BECAUSE HIS ASPIRATION FOR SO IGNOBLE. SEARCHED OTHER NEWSPAPERS. FOUND NO REFERENCE TO BOEING BOMB. SEEMS INEXPLICABLE IT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH SU DOWN OF ARE THAT MALFUNCTION SEEMS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE. LATER. RECENTLY I CAMPED IN A PARADISE LIKE GLACIAL CIRQUE. AT EVENING, BEAUTIFUL SINGING OF BIRDS WAS RUINED BY THE OBSCENE ROAR OF JET PLANES. THEN I LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT CRIPPLING AN AIRPLANE PILOT. EXPERIMENT 100. MID NOVEMBER 1985 I SENT BOMB IN MAIL TO JAMES V. MCCONNELL, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION RESEARCHER AT UNIV. OF MICHIGAN. ONLY MINOR INJURIES TO MCCONNLLS ASSISTANT. DEFLAGRATED, DID NOT DETONATE. MUST BE EITHER PIPE WAS A LITTLE WEAK OR LOADING DENSITY OF EXPLOSIVO A SHADE TOO HIGH AT FAILURE. EXPERIMENT 97. DEC. 11, 1985 I PLANTED BOMB DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE SCRAP OF LUMBER BEHIND RENTECH COMPUTE STORE IN SACRAMENTO. ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISIO EXAMINER, DEC.20, THE "OPERATOR" (OWNER? MANAGER?) OF THE STORE WAS KILLED, "BLOWN TO BITS", ON DEC.12. EXCELLENT. HUMANE WAY TO ELIMINATE SOMEBODY. HE PROBABLY NEVER FELT A THING. 25000 DOLLAR REWARD OFFERED. RATHER FLATTERING. DEC. 11 I MAILED LETTER TO S.F. EXAMINER IN NAME OF A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE FREEDOC CLUB, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR THE HAUSER BOMBING AND ANNOUNCING ITSELF AS AN ANTI TECHNOLOGY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. BUT THE IN GC.20 ARTICLE IN THE EXAMINER DESCRIBED MY SERIES OF BOMBINGS AND STATED THAT NO GROUAND HAD CLAIMED CREDIT FOR THEM.UP TO DEC.22, NO MENTION IN EXAMINER OF MY LETTER. LETTER NOT YET ARRIVED? SEEMS STRANGE. AFTER THIS LATEST RAID I SEARCHED L.A. TIMES THROUGH DEC 13 AND SOME OTHER PAPERS THROUGH DEC 14, FOUND NO MENTION OF BOMBING. I FEARED SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG, AND SINCE EXP. 100 WAS FAILURE TOO I WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED AND THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL WINTER MAKING NEW, BETTER BOMBS, SO WROTE MY BROTHER GIVING EXCUSE TO CALL OF VISIT I WAS GOING TO MAKE HSM. BUT SINCE EXP 97 TURNED OUT SO WELL, I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE TO VISIT BROTHER AFTER ALL."

Ted's letter ruse to James McConnell

U-2 (1985)

Department of History
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112
November 12, 1985

Dr. James V. McConnell
2900 E. Delhi Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

Dear Dr. McConnell:

I am a doctoral candidate in History at the University of Utah. My field of interest is the history of science, and I am writing my dissertation on the development of the behavioral sciences during the twentieth century.

This dissertation aspires to be more than a mere collection of facts. In it I am attempting to analyse the factors in society at large that tend to promote vigorous development in a given area of science, and especially I am attempting to shed light on the way in which progress in a particular field of research influences public attitudes toward that field . in such a manner as to further accelerate its development, as through research grants, increased interest on the part of students, and so forth. I have selected the behavioral sciences for study because I believe that they illustrate particularly well my hypotheses concerning the interaction of science and society.

I have now prepared an initial version of the dissertation, but expect to revise it heavily before putting it into final form. Before completing the revisions, I am asking several distinguished researchers in the behavioral sciences for their comments on the paper. It is for this purpose that I am sending you herewith a copy of my dissertation in its preliminary

Since this dissertation is very long and detailed, I realize that you may not have time to read it in its entirety, but I would appreciate it very much if you could at least look over Chapters 11 and 12, the chapters most closely related to your own field of research, and give me your comments and any corrections you may have. Particularly I would like to know your reaction to the idea outlined in the Last three paragraphs of Chapter 12. Of course, any comments that you might care to make on any other part of the dissertation would also be most welcome.

I thank you in advance for your kind assistance.

Very truly yours,
Ralph C. Kloppenburg

Ted's Notebook #2

Tubing, post office addresses; places where pipe was bought; metals.
C-224E (1985)
K2030
6c

6c. Origin of various things

Objects that have an attached number have their origin indicated as follows:

1. Found near the old antennas atop
2. Bought at Kramis Hardware in Missoula; **disguised**; June 1985; *2a*: other remains of tubes[;] with these I touched them.
3. Solid bar has a safe The tubes were bought from Burton Lumber of S.L.C.(Salt Lake City), May 1985. **On the margin of the part of the receipt the company kept, there will be impressions from one part of my fingers.**
4. I took these tubes from the remains of the old and abandoned mining equipment (**placer**) which is in the creek next to Stemple Pass beyond S. Poorman. A man went by the road in his truck while I was standing there, up near the equipment; I do not know if he saw me or not. He was the only one who went by or who could see me. June 1985
5. Found by the side of Stemple Pass Rd. June 1985. Nobody saw me take it.
6. Found at Stonewall Mtn. peak where the remains of the old watchtower are. I found at the peak three girls who had climbed the mountain on horseback; I pretended to go away, but I really hid and waited until they went away; I returned to the peak later to get the tubes, so that nobody saw me take them. July 1985
7. Orange insulation wire found in the foothills where I have my encampment further up from McClellan Gulch, July 1985. **This wire is either 23 ga. Or 24 ga. according to a measurement of resistance.** [TN: ga. = gauge]
8. Aluminum tube found in Gt. Falls, June 1985. Found on the street.

9. Tubes bought from Rock Hand, August 1985. On this date they are clean.
10. Tubes bought in a **Junkyard, Utah Scrap Metal**, at 900 S Street, some blocks to the west of **West Temple**, in Salt Lake City When buying these tubes, I **gave them Charles Kradnick as the name, without an address. I was wearing silvered glasses, gum (chewing gum) under the upper lip (changing its shape that way), and a piece of wax in the left nostril, distorting it. I had to sign a receipt (with the name of Charles Kradnik), but I did it in such a way that I did not leave impressions on it from my fingers. Neither did I leave on the tubes themselves the impressions from my fingers. December 1985.**
11. Tubes bought from the small “surplus” and “junk” store in Helena. Summer 1986.
12. Tubes bought from the **Coast to Coast Store, Holiday Village**, Great Falls, August 1986.
13. Piece of tube (which comes from **Gold Dollar** mine) which we use to water the garden.
14. Iron bars we found near a small mining firm by the south side of Stemple Pass Rd., July 1986
15. Wire found in Stemple Pass Road, near our house.
16. Bolts, nuts and springs bought in Skaggs and **Coast to Coast** in Great Falls, August 1986. They should be cleaned.
17. **Clean for experiment 116. Butchpipe.**
18. **Beer can. It is clean as far as my fingerprints, but it may well have the fingerprints of a Friend of Kim Williams.**
19. Rubber letters, etc. Bought in Spokane, Nov. 1990
20. Copper tube, outside diameter 3/8”. Bought Nov. 1990 in a **hardware** store in Spokane, on E. Sprague Ave., approximate number: 1802 E In any case, it is some 2 blocks to the east of the post office which is on 1602 E. Sprague. **This tube may have my fingerprints (which, nevertheless, will be easy to erase with a file).When buying this tube, I was wearing a bulky cloak, with a jacket inside, so .Iwould seem heavier than I am; silvered glasses; a cap with visor that covered my forehead; and kleenex inside the nostrils which expanded them; and the beard was darkened so it would seem almost black, or, at least, a very dark brown. To be sure to obtain a tube**

of the correct diameter, I showed the employee a small piece of tube of the kind I wanted to buy. This small piece was from a tube that, almost for sure, I had bought either at **Pacific Hyde and Fur** in Helena, or (less probably) at an **auto parts store** in Missoula. I am sure I took with me this small piece of tube when leaving the **hardware** store, and that I still had it with me upon arriving at the bus station in Spokane. But in some way that I do not understand, I lost it afterwards.

21. Stamps with \$1 I bought them Nov. 1990 [TN: the date was inserted above the words and also on the left margin] from a **vending machine** at the post office which is at 1602 E Sprague in Spokane. Here is a strip of 11 stamps and one loose stamp. I first bought the strip of 11 stamps. I took them with my left hand which had on a soft leather (**soft leather**) glove [TN: 11 soft leather” was rendered in English after the Spanish] . I **took the first stamp from the strip without remembering to first wipe the glove’s fingers. I later wiped the glove (although not with** [TN: continues on page 86)

Ted's Letter to Paul Kurtz

C-524 (7/9/86)

T. J. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639
July 9, 1986

Professor Paul Kurtz
660 Le Brun Road
Eggertsville, New York 14226

No answer received
as of Aug 31, 1986

Dear Professor Kurtz:

I have seen some of your writings in the *Skeptical Inquirer*, and it has occurred to me that you may be the sort of philosopher who would be able to help me with a certain question. If you can't answer it yourself, you can most likely refer me either to another philosopher or to a discussion of the problem in the literature.

I have always been a Materialist, but recently I have come up against a certain difficulty in reconciling consciousness with a strictly materialistic view of the human mind. In the first place, it is clear that there can be no scientific explanation of consciousness, since there is no way of defining "consciousness" operationally in terms of the concepts used by science. (For that matter, there doesn't seem to be any way at all of defining "consciousness". Yet we all claim to know what we mean by it and we all claim to experience it⁽⁴⁾.) **But the facts obtained through research on the brain tend to indicate that all human behavior, thought, and feeling are determined by chemical and electrical events that occur in the body — principally in the brain.** In my youth, therefore, I concluded that while I was aware of certain sensations, and while the *fact* that I was aware of these sensations could not be explained in materialistic terms, nevertheless it was the laws of physics and chemistry that determined *what* sensations I was aware of, and moreover the fact of my awareness affected

⁽⁴⁾ One can provide for one's own use an ostensive definition of one's own consciousness. There is

something that I directly experience and I can associate with it the word “consciousness” even if I can’t explain to another person the meaning of this word. See Footnote 2.

Letter from Ted to his brother David (T-85)

... dept. has only so much money. To get the money they either have to raise taxes or increase the tax base. Your friend won't want to raise taxes. As for increasing the tax base, that can only be done by bringing in more people and industry so that cities like San Antonio get bigger and worse. Well, wait. That argument leads into ramifications that are probably beyond your friend's limited capacity to absorb abstractions. Probably it would be best to keep the argument simpler still: You can't "separate the good from the bad" because you can't have paved roads without having big cities too. **Why?** Because it would be impossibly expensive to pave all those roads with picks and shovels. To do it you need machinery. And you can't have machinery without those poor bastards slaving away on the assembly lines in Detroit and in the steel mills in Pittsburgh and so forth. The more roads you pave the more machinery you need, and the bigger the cities have to get.

Still, the best you can hope to do with someone like that, I think, is create enough confusion in his mind so "that he stops whining for a paved road. Fact is that most people are animals. Except with issues that are of such immediate and obvious practical importance that they can't evade them (and sometimes even with such issues), what they think is what enables them to most easily avoid any psychological conflict. This applies to intellectuals and others supposedly "thinking" people as well as to the average man. I doubt that the pigmies have any guilt, conscious or otherwise, about killing animals. **Guilt is a conflict between what we're trained *not* to do and impulse that lead us to do it anyway.**

Ted's Notebook #2

Tubing, post office addresses; places where pipe was bought; metals.

C-224E

K2030

Page 8 6

21... **great care**) on my cloak, and I touched the other stamps only after **wiping or cleaning the glove's fingers**. I used up my **quarters** and I returned after 2 or 3 hours to buy more stamps from the same machine, but soon after buying one single stamp (this is the loose stamp that is in the envelope), the stamps in the machine ran out. I **only touched this last stamp with the woolen cloth gloves (or cloth, fabric or whatever it may be) that had been well wiped or cleaned on my cloak**. When buying these stamps, I was wearing the same clothes, glasses, beard color, etc., that I described under number 20 above. When writing on the outside of the envelope that contains these stamps, I was careful for the stamps not to be under the pencil so the impression from the writing would not be on them. So these stamps should be quite *clean*, unless it were due to the quite remote possibility that one of the two stamps which are at the ends of the strip got from the leather glove some impression of my finger that would have gotten on the leather when I handled the gloves before putting them on. [TN: The following words were inserted at the end of this item.]

Also see the note which is with the stamps.

22. 9 volt batteries bought at a Safeway in Spokane, 1990.

23. **Typing paper**. Bought at a Safeway in Missoula, Nov. 1990.

24. Springs. Bought at **Coast to Coast**, Missoula, Nov. 1990. **The only disguise I was wearing were the silvered eyeglasses.**

25. Wires removed from our old Japanese radio.

26. Wires bought from UBC in Helena, probably in the middle of the decade of 1980–1990.

Ted's Journal Series VII, Journal #3

Outdoor experiences; ideas and quotations.

C-231C (Late 1980's)

K2046W

PAGE 32

(A top spiral Mead "the Spiral" memo pad with handwritten text)

[Page 63]

(63)

... aspirations in terms of the super-ego ... — Jules Monnerot, *Sociology and Psychology of Communism*, translated by Jane Degras and Richard Rees, Beacon Press, Boston, 1960. Page 136 and page 140. This very neatly describes one of the most important functions that ideology serves for the over conditioned or over-moralized person. But it should be noted that ideology can serve at least 3 other functions. #1. It seeks to reconcile real or apparent contradictions in the socially accepted values. **E.g., in our society both rationality and morality are highly valued, yet rational self-interest would seem at times to lead one to perform immoral acts for**

...
... one's [S/0] **ff:lB. own advantage. Thus the philosophy of "enlightened selfishness" was invented to reconcile morality with prevailing notions of "rationality"**. #2. One seeks to have an organized view of the world and how it functions, and what the future is [S/0] likely to bring under given circumstances; this provides, among other things, a guide to decision-making. But a strictly rational view of the world leaves too many questions unanswered and leads to too many unpleasant conclusions. Ideology fills in the gaps and also may replace unpleasant conclusions with more palatable ones. It also provides a guide for decision-making where rationality fails. For example, what ...

Ted's Journal Series VII. Journal #2

Outdoor experiences, ideas and quotations.

#2. Sept 14, 1984 to Jan 26, 1993

C-941 (1992)

K2017I

PAGE 60

3 (A around #)

... was referring to in my letters. Nevertheless, I haven't had my feet examined, because I assume the only possible treatments would be either surgery or special shoes, either of which I'm sure would be much too expensive. Though they cause me some pain, my foot problems don't restrict my activities in any way. I should have them seen to anyway, since the eventual result of neglecting them may be arthritis; but I need the money for other purposes.

In fact, it was primarily for other purposes and not for medical reasons that I [S/0] *wanted*the wanted the \$7000⁰⁰.

As for other medical matters:

Insomnia. Ever since a little before my 46th birthday I've been suffering from intermittent insomnia. **It may be that the insomnia is caused by the fact that I am involved in a project in which I have a tremendous psychological investment and which I am absolutely determined to bring to a successful conclusion, but which involves endless difficulties and delays, so that it drags on and on — hence frustration.** Or the insomnia may be due to mild depression — yet the only other symptoms of depression I've experienced are feelings of hopelessness that I often have during the evening, when I am inactive; and the periods when I have feelings of hopelessness do not seem to correlate well with the periods when the insomnia is worst. The feelings of hopelessness, by the way, focus mainly on the fact that I've never had a wife or girlfriend, or any kids, and that I'm now pretty nearly too old for that...

... **But what worried me... in connection with my health was the possibility that I might die or be disabled before I accomplished what I wanted to accomplish with the projects described in my grey loose-[S/0] ±ee leaf notebooks.** Those goals are literally more important [S/0] *than life itself*

to me than life itself, and to accomplish them I'd even go crawling to the welfare dept. for medical-expense money. As for money to help study at the U. of M., that was during a period when I was suffering from an outbreak of desire for women. Studying at U of M would have provided a way to get out of Lincoln, hence to have opportunity to meet women, and also might have provided qualifications for steady employment, which most women (slaves to respectability as they are) demand in a man. Sex, alas, is the one thing that has too much power over me, and to get opportunity to meet women I'd even perhaps have lowered myself to the point of leeching off welfare Dept. **[S/0]** A-a I actual did go so far as to apply for admission to U. of M. Journalism School. (I didn't intend to apply for welfare, and hoped to finance schooling without that.) **But I decided not to attend U of M after all, because can't afford to [S/0] lose the take that much tim out from my projects,** and by that time I'd got over the worst of my desire for women.

I still desire women, and even apart from that I'd like to study certain things at U. of M. So, conceivably, I may still study at U of M. at some time in the future.

Letter to Warren Hodge of the New York Times (June 24, 1993)

U-3 (1993)

We are an anarchist group calling ourselves FC. Notice that the postmark on this envelope precedes a newsworthy event that will happen about the time you receive this letter, if nothing goes wrong. This will prove that we knew about the event in advance, so our claim of responsibility is truthful. Ask the FBI about FC. They have heard of us. We will give information about our goals at some future time. Right now we only want to establish our identity and provide an identifying number that will ensure the authenticity of any future communications from us. Keep this number secret so that no one else can pretend to speak in our name.

Unknown Journal (1993)

C-225B PAGE 4 (1993)

PAGE 4. In a letter, say that the “scientists think that they’re very intelligent because they have advanced degrees (advanced degrees) but they’re not as intelligent as they think they are, because they opened up those packages.” This will make [TN: The Spanish verb hara (make) is misspelled] them think that I don’t have an advanced degree.

The Communications of Ted Kaczynski as part of his Terror Bombing Campaign

Letter to David Gelernter (4/20/95)

U-4 (4/20/95)

Dr. Gelernter:

People with advanced degrees aren't as smart as they think. they are. If you'd had any brains you would have realized that there are a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way techno-nerds like you are changing the world and you wouldn't have been dumb enough to open an unexpected package from an unknown source.

In the epilog of your book, "Mirror Worlds," you tried to justify your research by claiming that the developments you describe are inevitable, and that any college person can learn enough about computers to compete in a computer-dominated world. Apparently people without a college degree don't count. In any case, being informed about computers won't enable anyone to prevent invasion of privacy (through computers), genetic engineering (to which computers make an important contribution) , environmental degradation through excessive economic growth (computers make an important contribution to economic growth) and so forth.

As for the inevitability argument, if the developments you describe are inevitable, they are not inevitable in the way that old age or bad (NOTE: WORD CROSSED OUT BY TED) weather are inevitable. They are inevitable only because techno-nerds like you *make* them inevitable. If there were no computer scientists there would be no progress in computer science. If you claim (NOTE: WORD CROSSED OUT BY TED) you are justified in pursuing your research because the developments involved are inevitable, then you may as well say that theft is inevitable, therefore we shouldn't blame thieves.

But we do not believe that progress and growth are inevitable.

We'll have more to say about that later.

FC

P.S. Warren Hoge of the New York Times can confirm that this letter does come from FC.

Letter to Richard J. Roberts

U-5 (4/20/95)

Dr. Roberts: It would be beneficial to your health to stop your research in genetics. This is a warning from FC.

Warren Hoge of the New York Times can confirm that this note does come from FC.

Letter to Phillip A. Sharp

U-6 (4/20/95)

Dr. Sharp: It would be beneficial to your health to stop your research in genetics. This is a warning from FC.

Warren Hoge of the New York times can confirm that this note does come from FC.

Letter to Warren Hoge of the New York Times (April 24)

U-7 (4/20/95)

This is a message from the terrorist group FC. To prove its authenticity we give our identifying number (to be kept secret); 553-25-4394.

We blew up Thomas Mosser last December because he was a Burston-Marsteller executive. Among other misdeeds, BurstonMarsteller helped Exxon clean up its public image after the Exxon Valdez incident. But we attacked Burston-Marsteller less for its specific misdeeds than on general principles. Burston-Marsteller is about the biggest organization in the public relations field. This means that its business is the develop-

ment of techniques for manipulating people's attitudes. It was for this more than for its actions in specific cases that we sent a bomb to an executive of this company.

Some news reports have made the misleading statement that we have been attacking universities or scholars. We have nothing against universities or scholars as such. All the university people whom we have attacked have been specialists in *technical fields*. (We consider certain areas of applied psychology, such as behavior modification, to be technical fields.) We would not want anyone to think that we have any desire to hurt professors who study Archaeology, history, literature or harmless stuff like that. The people we are out to get are the scientists and engineers, especially in critical fields like computers and genetics. As for the bomb planted in the XXXXXXXX Business School at the U. of Utah, that was a botched operation. We won't say how or why it was botched because we don't want to give that FBI any clues. No one was hurt by that bomb.

In our previous letter to you we called ourselves anarchists. Since "anarchist" is a vague word that has been applied to a variety of attitudes, further explanation is needed. We call ourselves anarchists because we would like, ideally, to break down all society into very small, completely autonomous units. Regrettably, we don't see any clear road to this goal, so we leave it to the indefinite future. Our more immediate goal, which we think may be attainable at some time during the next several decades, is the destruction of the worldwide industrial system. Through our bombings we hope to promote social instability in industrial society, propagate anti-industrial ideas and give encouragement to those who hate the industrial system.

The FBI has tried to portray these bombings as the work of an isolated nut. We won't waste our time arguing about whether we are nuts, but we certainly are not isolated. For security reasons we won't reveal the number of members of our group, but anyone who will read the anarchist and radical environmentalist journals will see that opposition to the industrial-technological system is widespread and growing.

Why do we announce our XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX goals only now, though we made our first bomb some seventeen years ago? Our early bombs were too ineffectual to attract much public attention or give encouragement to those who hate the system. We found by experience that gunpowder bombs, if small enough to be carried inconspicuously, were too feeble to do much damage, so we took a couple of years off to do some experimenting. We learned how to make pipe bombs that were powerful enough, and we used these in a couple of successful bombings as well as in some unsuccessful ones. Unfortunately we discovered that these bombs would not detonate *consistently* when made with three-quarter inch steel water pipe. They did seem to detonate consistently when made with massively reinforced one inch steel water pipe, but a bomb of this type made a long, heavy package, too conspicuous and suspicious looking for our liking.

So we went back to work, and after a long period of experimentation we developed a type of bomb that does not require a pipe, but is set off by a detonating cap that consists of a chlorate explosive packed into a piece of small diameter copper tubing.

(The detonating cap is a miniature pipe bomb.) We used bombs of this type to blow up the genetic engineer Charles Epstein and the computer specialist David Gelernter. We did use a chlorate pipe bomb to blow up Thomas Mosser because we happened to have a piece of light-weight aluminum pipe that was just right for the job. The Gelernter and Epstein bombings were not fatal, but the Mosser bombing was fatal even though a smaller amount of explosive was used. We think this was because the type of fragmentation material that we used in the Mosser bombing is more effective XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX”than what we’ve used previously.

Since we no longer have to confine the explosive in a pipe, we are now free of limitations on the size and shape of our bombs. We are pretty sure we know how to increase the power of our explosives and reduce the number of batteries needed to set them off. And, as we’ve just indicated, we think we now have more effective fragmentation material. So we expect to be able to pack deadly bombs into ever smaller, lighter and more harmless looking packages. On the other hand, we believe we will be able to make bombs much bigger than any we’ve made before. With a briefcase-full or a suitcase-full of explosives we should be able to blow out the walls of substantial buildings.

Clearly we are in a position to do a great deal of damage. And it doesn’t appear that the FBI is going to catch us any time soon. The FBI is a joke.

The people who are pushing all this growth and progress garbage deserve to be severely punished. But our goal is less to punish them than to propagate ideas. Anyhow we are getting tired of making bombs. It’s no fun having to spend all your evenings and weekends preparing dangerous mixtures, filing trigger mechanisms out of scraps of metal or searching the sierras for a place isolated enough to test a bomb. So we offer a bargain.

We have a long article, between 29,000 and 37,000 words, that we want to have published. If you can get it published according to our requirements we will permanently desist from “terrorist activities. It must be published in the New York Times, Time or Newsweek, or in some other widely read, nationally distributed periodical. Because of its length we suppose it will have to be serialized. Alternatively, it can be published as a small book, but the book must be well publicized and made available at a moderate price in bookstores nationwide and in at least some places abroad. Whoever agrees to publish the material will have exclusive rights to reproduce it for a period of six months and will be welcome to any profits they may make from it. After six months from the first appearance of the article or book it must become public property, so that anyone can reproduce or publish it. (If material is serialized, first instalment becomes public property six months after appearance of first instalment, second instalment becomes public property six months after appearance of second instalment, etc.) We must have the right to publish in the New York Times, Time or Newsweek, each year for three years after the appearance of our article or book, three thousand words expanding or clarifying our material or rebutting criticisms of it.

The article will (UI) not explicitly advocate violence.

There will be an unavoidable implication that we favor violence to the extent that it may be necessary, since we advocate eliminating industrial society and we ourselves have been using violence to that end. But the article will not advocate violence explicitly, nor will it propose the overthrow of the United States Government, nor will it contain obscenity (UI) or anything else that you would be likely to regard as unacceptable for publication.

How do you know that we will keep our promise to desist from terrorism if our conditions are met? It will be to our (UI) advantage to keep our promise. We want to win acceptance for for us and so will be less likely to accept the ideas. t certain ideas. If we break our promise people will lose respect

Our offer to desist from terrorism is subject to three qualifications. First: Our promise to desist will not take effect until all parts of our article or book have appeared in print. Second: If the authorities should succeed in tracking us down and an attempt is made to arrest any of us, or even to question us in connection with the bombings, we reserve the right to use violence. Third: We distinguish between terrorism and sabotage. By terrorism we mean actions motivated by a desire to influence the development of a society and intended to cause injury or death to human beings. By sabotage we mean similarly motivated actions intended to destroy property without injuring human beings. The promise we offer is to desist from terrorism.

We reserve the right to engage in sabotage.

It may be just as well that failure of our early bombs discouraged us from making any public statements at the time. We were very young then and our thinking was crude. Over the years we have given as much attention to the developments of our ideas as to the development of bombs, and we now have some thing serious to say. And we feel that just now the time is ripe for the presentation of anti-industrial ideas.

Please see to it that the answer to our offer is well publicized in the media so that we won't miss it. Be sure to tell us where and how our material will be published and how long it will take to appear in print once we have sent in the manuscript. If the answer is satisfactory, we will finish typing the manuscript and send it to you. If the answer is unsatisfactory, we will start building our next bomb.

We encourage you to print this letter.

FC

P.S. Mr. Hoge, at this time we are sending letters to David Gelernter, Richard J. Roberts and Phillip A. Sharp, the last two being recent Nobel Prize winners. We are not putting our identifying number on these letters, because we want to keep it secret. Instead, we are advising Gelernter, Roberts and Sharp to contact you for confirmation that the letters do come from FC.

Threat to blow up an airliner (June 27)

U-8 (6/24/96)

WARNING

The terrorist group FC, called unabomber by the FBI, is planning to blow up an airliner out of Los Angeles International Airport some time during the next six days. To prove that the writer of this letter knows something about FC, the first two digits of their identifying number are 55.

Letter addressed to Warren Hodge of the New York Times (June 28)

U-9 (6/24/95)

New York Times:

This is a message from FC,

If the enclosed manuscript is published reasonably soon and receives wide public exposure, we will permanently desist from terrorism in accord with the agreement that we proposed in our last letter to you.

In that letter we stated that whoever agreed to publish the manuscript was to have exclusive rights to it for six months, after which the material was to become public property. We are willing to be flexible about the six month limit. The reason we offered exclusive rights . (temporarily) was to provide an incentive for publication the manuscript. Presumably, whoever published it would hope to profit by doing so. We assume that the six month limit should be ample if the material is published in a periodical, but if it is published in book form we xxxx don't know how long the publisher would need exclusive rights in order to have a reasonable expectation of making a profit. So if the NY Times arranges for publication in book form, we leave the period of exclusive rights to your discretion. But it should be no longer than necessary and in any case must not exceed one year, unless you publish in the Times xx good and convincing reasons for making it longer than that. We don't want our material to remain locked up by a copyright, especially if it is published in the form of a book and the book doesn't sell.

Contrary to what the FBI has suggested, our bombing at the California Forestry Association was in no way inspired by the Oklahoma City bombing. We strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event. We have no regret about the fact that our bomb blew up the “wrong” man, Gilbert Murray, instead of William N. Dennison, to whom it was addressed. Though Murray did not have Dennison’s flammatory style he was pursuing the same goals, and he was probably pursuing them more effectively because of the very fact that he was not inflammatory.

A letter from an anarchist to the editors of the NY Times made us realize that we owe an apology to the radical environmentalist and nonviolent anarchist movements. Statements we made in our letters to the NY Times would tend to associate us with anarchism and radical environmentalism and therefore might make the public think of anarchists and radical environmentalists as terrorists. So we want to make it clear that there is a NONVIOLENT anarchist movement that probably includes most people in America today who would describe themselves as anarchists. It’s a safe bet that practically all of them strongly disapprove of our bombings. Many radical environmentalists do engage in sabotage, but the overwhelming majority of them are opposed to violence against human beings. We know of no case in which a radical environmentalist has intentionally injured a human being. (There was one injury due to a tree spiking incident, but the spiking was probably intended only to damage equipment, not injure people.)

We decided to call ourselves anarchists not in order to associate ourselves with any particular anarchist group or movement but only because we felt we needed some label to apply to ourselves and “anarchist” was the only one that seemed to fit. The term “anarchist” has been applied to a wide variety of attitudes and about the only thing these attitudes have in common is opposition to the power of governments and other large organizations. That certainly fits us.

For an organization that pretends to be the world’s greatest law-enforcement agency, the FBI seemed surprisingly incompetent. They can’t even keep elementary facts straight. Many news reports based on information provided by the FBI are incorrect and even contradict each other. Maybe some of these errors and contradictions are the result of the journalists’ mistakes, but it appears that most are the fault of the FBI.

Examples: It was reported that the bomb that killed Gilbert Murray was a pipe bomb. It was not a pipe bomb but was set off by a home made detonating cap. (The FBI’s so-called experts should have been able to determine this quickly and easily, especially since we indicated in an unpublished part of our last letter to the NY Times that the majority of our bombs are no longer pipe bombs.) It was also reported that the address label on this same bomb gave the name of the California Forestry Association incorrectly. This is false. The name was given correctly.

The FBI’s theory that we have some kind of a fascination with wood is about as silly as it can get. They apparently based this theory mainly on the fact that we’ve used a

lot of wood in the construction of bomb packages, and several of our targets have lived on streets that are named after trees or have names that include words like “wood,” etc. As for our use of wood in construction, what other material is so light, so easy to work and so readily available in large chunks (such as a 2x4) from which suitable pieces can be cut? One FBI agent mentioned in support of the wood theory that we had used wood to make parts that could have been made out of xxx metal. But why use metal where wood can be used. Wood is much lighter and much easier to work. One of the reasons why we used wooden rather than cardboard boxes for mail bombs is that cardboard boxes crush easily and rough handling in the mail could cause damage to trigger mechanisms, possibly resulting in premature detonation. As for our use of “exotic” woods, we’ve used hickory from old tool handles, and we recognized redwood from its color, but apart from that we usually don’t even know what kind of wood we are working with since we just use pieces of scrap lumber that we pick up here and there. As for the “polished” wood, it was only sanded. We sanded the outside of wooden boxes to remove saw marks so that the packages would have a smooth, factory-made appearance, less likely to arouse suspicion. Some inside parts were sanded to remove possible fingerprints. Since wood is porous, sweat from the fingers probably penetrates the surface a short distance, so we assume xx that merely wiping wood does not reliably remove fingerprints. Some metal parts also were scrubbed with sandpaper or emery paper for a similar reason. It is well known that old fingerprints on metal can sometimes be brought out by treating with acid, so presumably the sweat affects the surface of the metal chemically and merely wiping is probably not a reliable method of removing prints. As for the streets named after trees, wood etc., that’s only chance. Just check a street map of any suburban area and see how many of the street names include as a component either the name of some species of tree or a word such as “wood,” “forest,” “arbor,” “grove” etc. The FBI must really be getting desperate if xxxx they resort to theories as ridiculous as this one about the supposed fascination with wood.

What about the morality of revolutionary violence? To the extent that the word “morality” refers to a code of behavior laid down by society, it is senseless to apply moral criteria to the actions of revolutionaries. Each society prescribes a system of morality that is designed to preserve the existence and facilitate the functioning of that society. Since revolutionaries work to overthrow the society in which they live, they have no reason to abide by its moral code. Of course, those who want to preserve the society always regard the revolutionaries as immoral.

But the word “morality” might also refer to the consideration for others as motivated by sympathy or compassion (which exist independently of any socially prescribed code). In this sense one can ask about the morality of revolutionary violence. Do the revolutionaries’ goals outweigh the harm they cause to others? Do the people they hurt “deserve” it?

Such questions can be answered only on a subjective basis, and we don't think it is necessary for us to do any public soulsearching in this letter. But we will say that we are not insensitive to the pain caused by our bombings.

A bomb package that we mailed to computer scientist Patrick Fischer injured his secretary when she opened it. We certainly regret that. And when we were young and comparatively reckless we were much more careless in selecting targets than we are now. For instance, in one case we attempted unsuccessfully to blow up an airliner. The idea was to kill a lot of business people who we assumed would constitute the majority of the passengers. But of course some of the passengers likely would have been innocent people — maybe kids, or some working stiff going to see his sick grandmother. We're glad now that that attempt failed.

But even though we would undo some of the things we did in earlier days, or do them differently, we are convinced that our enterprise is basically right. The industrial-technological system has got to be eliminated, and to us almost any means that may be necessary for that purpose are justified, even if they involve risk to innocent people. As for the people who wilfully and knowingly promote economic growth and technical progress, in our eyes they are criminals, and if they get blown up they deserve it.

Of course, people don't kill others and risk their own lives just from a detached conviction that a certain change should be made in society. They have to be motivated by some strong emotional force. What is the motivating force in our case? The answer is simple: Anger. You'll ask why we are so angry. You would do better to ask why there is so much anger and frustration in modern society generally. We think that our manuscript gives the answer to that question, or at least an important part of the answer.

We encourage you to print this letter, but we don't require it a part of the condition for our promise to desist from terrorism.

FC

P.S. We want to add a qualification to our (temporary) grant of exclusive rights to whoever publishes our manuscript. We are sending copies of the manuscript to several other parties besides the NY Times. We want everyone to whom we have sent a copy to have the xxx right to make a small number (say 5) of copies of their copy, for xxxxxxxxxxxx personal use or for private circulation.

FC

Note. Since the public has a short memory we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we are. But no, we haven't tried to plant a bomb on an airliner (recently).

Letter to the Washington Post (June 27)

U-10 (6/24/95)

Washington Post:

This is a message from the terrorist group FC. The FBI calls us II unabom. 11

In a letter that we sent to the New York Times at the time of our bombing at the California Forestry Association, we offered to desist from terrorism if a manuscript we were preparing were published in accord with certain stated conditions. We are now sending that manuscript to the NY times, and we are sending copies to you, to Penthouse magazine and to a few other people.

If the NY Times is unwilling or unable to publish our manuscript (or arrange for its publication elsewhere) reasonably soon, then we offer the Washington Post the same bargain that we offered the NY Times. NY Times has first claim to the right to publish the manuscript, after that the Washington Post and after that Penthouse. If NY Times gives permission, we have no objection to (unintelligible) simultaneous publication in NY Times and Washington Post.

By the way, to verify that this letter really comes from FC, compare the enclosed copy of our letter to the NY Times with the original that we sent to the Times. The original bears our secret identifying number.

We apologize for sending you such a bad carbon copy of our manuscript. We can't make copies at a public copy machine because people would get suspicious if they saw us handling our copies with gloves.

Letter to Mr Guccione of Penthouse Magazine

U-11 (6/24/95)

Mr. Guccione:

This is a message from FC. The FBI calls us "unabom 11" You offered to publish our manuscript in Penthouse in exchange for our promise to desist from terrorism, and that is what we are writing to you about.

We have not made any phone calls to you. No communication from FC should be accepted as authentic unless it is verified by means of our secret identifying number, which is known only to the New York Times and the FBI. With the present letter we are enclosing a copy of a letter that we are sending to the New York Times. That letter carries our identifying number (cut out on your copy) and you can confirm the authenticity of the present letter and accompanying material by comparing your copy of the NY Times letter with the original that we've sent to the Times.

We are also enclosing a copy of our manuscript. We are very pleased that you've offered to publish our stuff, and we thank you. We aren't in the habit of reading sex

xxxxxxxxxxx magazines ourselves, but we don't have anything against those who do read such magazines or those who publish them. However, it will obviously xxx be to our advantage if we can get our stuff published in a "respectable" periodical rather than in Penthouse, because many people do consider sex magazines to be disreputable or worse. Moreover, if we're not mistaken, Penthouse is basically an entertainment magazine that contains also some serious commentary. In such magazines the serious commentary to some extent serves as part of the entertainment. We are down on the entertainment industry because it is an "opium of the masses" (see paragraph 147, 156 of our manuscript) . So we don't like the idea of playing footsy with that industry by allowing our writings to be used as entertainment. Therefore, if possible, we'd like to get our stuff published somewhere other than in Penthouse.

We are sending copies of our manuscript to the New York Times and the Washington Post. The NY Times is to have first claim on the right to publish the manuscript (or to arrange for its publication elsewhere), then the Washington Post, and after that Penthouse. If either the NY Times or the Washington Post is willing and able to publish our material "(or arrange for its publication elsewhere) reasonable soon, then they will have exclusive rights to the material for a period that will probably be six months (see our letter to NY Times).

If neither the NY Times nor the Washington Post has published the material, or begun to publish it in serial form, or caused it to be published elsewhere, or announced a definite date for its publication, within 3 months from the day the present letter is postmarked, then Penthouse can publish the material, and will have exclusive rights to it for six months in accord with the conditions stated in our letters to NY Times. BUT, Penthouse must publish the material (or publish the first instalment, if it is to be serialized) within two months after the expiration of the 3 month period we've just mentioned, and publication of the entire manuscript must be completed within about six months after the first instalment appears.

Also, the deal we offer Penthouse will have to be a little different from what we offered the New York Times. If we offer Penthouse the same promise we offered the Times (to desist permanently from terrorism) then the NY Times will have no incentive to find a "respectable" outlet for the manuscript. They may just say, "What the heck, let Penthouse publish it and that will stop the bombings. 11 So to increase our chances of getting our stuff published in some "respectable" periodical we have to offer less in exchange for publication in Penthouse. Therefore, if our manuscript is published in Penthouse, and is not published and widely distributed through "respectable" xxxxx channels, then we promise to desist permanently from terrorism, in accord with the conditions specified in our letters to the NY Times, EXCEPT that we reserve the right to plant one (and only one) bomb, intended to kill, AFTER our manuscript has been published.

XXXXSince we are grateful for your offer to publish our manuscript, we are sending you an "exclusive" that you can print in Penthouse if you like.

FC

EXCLUSIVE TO PENTHOUSE

Prior to June, 1993, when we sent a letter to the New York Times, the FBI led the public to believe that “the unabomber” had never explained his motives or claimed credit for any bombings. Since June, 1993 the FBI has maintained that our letter of that month was the first one from “the”unabomber,” and they have implied that the xxxxx significance of the letters “FC” is unknown.

The FBI is probably lying. In December, 1985, shortly after we planted the bomb that killed a computer store owner, we sent a letter to the San Francisco Examiner in which we outlined our motives. This letter revealed that several bombs we’d planted were part of a series, not unrelated events, and it gave enough information about one of the bombs so that the FBI could be sure the letter was authentic. That letter was never mentioned in the Examiner.

Now it is conceivable that the letter was lost in the mail, but that doesn’t seem likely, because in late December, 1985 there was an article in the Examiner about the bombings; this was the first news report that gave any indication that our various bombings were part of a series, and the article stated that it had not xxx previously been realized that the bombings were related. So if the FBI is telling the truth, if they never received that letter, then we have to assume that the letter was lost in the mail and that the FBI just happened to discover on its own at that time that the bombings were related. This is too much of a coincidence to seem likely. It’s more probable that the Examiner did received the letter and turn it over to the FBI, and that the FBI, for some obscure reason of its own, asked the Examiner to suppress the letter.

We never followed that letter up with any further communications before June, 1993, because we discovered that the type of bomb we were using then was unreliable. It was a kind of pipe bomb that often failed to detonate properly unless made in a form that was so long and heavy that it might easily arouse suspicion. So we decided that before attempting again to make a public statement we ought to go back to experimenting and develop a type of bomb that would enable us to be adequate terrorists. That we now have such a bomb is indicated by the success of our last four attacks. By the way, contrary to statements made by the FBI, these are not pipe bombs (except in the case of the Mosser bombing).

We give below some excerpts from our December, 1985 letter to the Examiner. We won’t xxxxx give the whole letter, because there is just a chance that the FBI may be telling the truth, that they never received the letter, and in that case, if we gave them the whole letter now some parts of it conceivably might be slightly useful to them in their effort to track us down.

The letter FC stand for II Freedom Club. 11 We now think this name, which we adopted early, is rather inane, but since we’ve xxx already been marking FC on bomb parts for a long time we may as well retain these letters as our signature.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

EXCERPTS FROM 1985 LETTER TO SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

The bomb that crippled the right arm of a graduate student in electrical engineering and damaged a computer lab at U. of Cal. Berkeley last May was planted by a terrorist group called the Freedom Club. We are also responsible for some earlier bombing attempts; among others, the bomb that injured a professor in the computer science building at U. of Cal., the mail bomb that injured the secretary of computer expert Patrick Fischer at Vanderbilt University 3 1/2 years ago, and the fire bomb planted in the Business School at U. of Utah, which never went off.

We have waited until now to announce ourselves because our earlier bombs were embarrassingly ineffectual. The injuries they inflicted were relatively minor. In order to influence people, a terrorist group must show a certain amount of success. When we finally realized that the amount of smokeless powder needed to blow up anyone or anything was too large to be practical, we decided to ~~xx~~ take a couple of years off to learn something about explosives and develop an effective bomb ...

... The ends of the pipe were closed with iron plugs secured with iron pins of 5/16 inch diameter. One of the plugs had the letters FC (for Freedom Club) marked on it.

We enclose a brief statement partly explaining our aims. We hereby give the San Francisco Examiner permission to print in full any and all of the material contained in this envelope ...

1. The aim of the Freedom Club is the complete and permanent destruction of modern industrial society in every part of the world.
2. The hollowness of the old centering on socialism has become revolutionary ideologies Now and in the future the thrust of rebellion **will** be against the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ industrial-technological system itself and not for or against any political ideology ~~xxxx~~ that is supposed to govern the administration of that system. All ideologies and political systems are fakes. They only result in power for special groups who just push the rest of us around. There is only one way to escape from being pushed around, and that is to smash the whole system and get along without it. It is better to be poor and free than to be a slave and get pushed around all your
3. No ideology or political system can get around the hard facts of life in industrial society. Because any form of industrial society requires a high level of organization, all decisions have to be made by a small elite of leaders and experts who necessarily wield all the power, regardless of any political fictions that may be Even if the motives of this elite were completely unselfish, they will still HAVE TO exploit and manipulate us simply to keep the system running. Thus the evil is in the nature of technology itself.
4. Man is a social animal, meant to live in groups. But only in SMALL groups, say up to 100 people, in which all members know one another intimately. Man is not

meant to live as an insignificant atom xxx in a vast organization, which is the only way he can live in any form of industrialized society.

5. The Freedom Club is strictly anti-communist, anti- socialist, anti-leftist ... This does not imply that we are in any sense a right-wing movement. We are apolitical. Politics only distracts attention from the real issue.

Letter to Scientific American

U-12 (6/24/95)

We write in reference to a piece by Russell Ruthen, "Strange Matters: Can Advanced Accelerators Initiate Runaway Reactions?" Science and the Citizen, Scientific American, August, 1993.

It seems that physicists have long kept behind closed doors their concern that experiments with particle accelerators might lead to a world-swallowing catastrophe. This is a good example of the arrogance of scientists, who routinely take risks affecting the public. The public commonly is not aware that risks are being taken, and often the scientists do not even admit to themselves that there are risks. Most scientists have a deep emotional commitment to their work and are not in a position to be objective about its negative aspects.

We are not so much concerned about the danger of experiments with accelerated particles. Since the physicists are not fools, we assume that the risk is small (though probably not as small as the physicists claim). But scientists xx and engineers constantly gamble with human welfare, and we see today the effects of some of their lost gambles: ozone depletion, the greenhouse effect, cancercausing chemicals to which we cannot avoid exposure, accumulating nuclear waste for which a sure method of disposal has not yet been found, the crowding, noise and pollution that have followed industrialization, massive extinction of species and so forth. For the future, what will be the consequences of genetic engineering? Of the development of super-intelligent computers (if this occurs)? Of understanding of the human brain and the resulting inevitable temptation to "improve" it? No one knows.

We emphasize that negative PHYSICAL consequences of scientific advances . often are completely unforeseeable. (It probably never occurred to the chemists who developed early pesticides that they might be causing many cases of disease in humans.) But far more difficult to foresee are the negative SOCIAL consequences of technological progress. The engineers who began the industrial revolution never dreamed that their work would result in the creation of an industrial proletariat or the economic boom

and bust cycle. The wiser ones may have guessed that contact with industrial society would disrupt other cultures around the world, but they probably never imagined the extent of the damage that these other cultures would suffer. Nor did it occur to them that in the West itself technological progress would lead to a society tormented by a variety of social and psychological problems.

EVERY MAJOR TECHNICAL ADVANCE IS ALSO A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT. These experiments are performed on the public by the scientists and by the corporations and government agencies that pay for their research. The elite groups get the fulfilment, the exhilaration, the sense of power involved in bringing about technological progress while the average man gets only the consequences of their social experiments. It could be argued that in a purely physical sense the consequences are positive, since life-expectancy has increased. But the acceptability of risks cannot be assessed in purely actuarial terms. "(P)eople also rank risks based on ... how t 3. equitably the danger is distributed, how well individuals can control their exposure and whether risk is assumed voluntarily." (M. Granger Morgan, "Risk Analysis and Management," Scientific American, July, 1993, page 35.) The elite groups who create technological progress share in control of the process and assume the risks voluntarily, whereas the role of the average individual is necessarily passive and involuntary. Moreover, it is possible that at some time in the future the population explosion, environmental disaster or the breakdown of an increasingly troubled society may lead to a sudden drastic lowering of life expectancy.

However it may be with the PHYSICAL risks, there are good reasons to consider the SOCIAL consequences of technological progress as highly negative. This matter is discussed at length in a manuscript that we are sending to the New York Times.

The engineers who initiated the industrial revolution can be forgiven for not having anticipated its negative consequences. But the harm caused by technological progress is by this time sufficiently apparent so that to continue to promote it is XXXXX grossly irresponsible.

This letter, which we invite you to print in Scientific American, is from the terrorist group FC. To prove that this letter does come from FC, we quote below the entire fourth

The authenticity of the letter to the Times is confirmed by means t paragraph of a letter that we are sending to the New York Times . of our secret identifying number.

FOURTH PARAGRAPH OF LETTER TO NY TIMES:

Contrary to what the FBI has suggested, our bombing at the California Forestry Association was in Oklahoma City bombing. We strongly no way inspired by the deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event. We have no regret about the fact that our bomb blew up the "wrong" man, Gilbert Murray, instead of William N. Dennison, to whom it was addressed. Though Murray

did not have Dennison's inflammatory style he was pursuing the same goals, and he was probably pursuing them more effectively because of the very fact that he was not inflammatory.

Letter to Tom Tyler

U-13 (6/24/95)

Dr Tyler:

This is a message from FC. The FBI calls us "unabom." We read a newspaper article in which you commented on recent bombings, including ours, as an indication of social problems. We are sending you a copy of a manuscript that we hope the New York Times will get published for us.

The trouble with psychologists is that in commenting on what people say or do they often concentrate exclusively on the non-rational motivations behind the speech or behavior. But human behavior has a rational as well as an irrational component, and psychologists should not neglect the rational component. So if you take the trouble to read our manuscript and do any further thinking about the "unabom" case, we suggest that you should not only consider our actions as a symptom of social or psychological problems; you should also give attention to the substance of the issues that we raise in the manuscript. You might ask yourself, for example, the following questions:

Do you think we are likely to be right, in a general way, about the kind of future that technology is creating for the human race?

If you think we are wrong, then why do you think so? How would you answer our arguments? Can you sketch a PLAUSIBLE scenario for a future technological society that does not have the negative characteristics indicated by our scenarios?

If you think we are likely to be right about the future, do you consider that kind of future acceptable? If not, then what, if anything, do you think can be done about it?

Do you think our analysis of PRESENT social problems is approximately correct? If not, why not? How would you answer our arguments?

If you think we have identified some present social problems correctly, do you think anything can be done about them? Will they get better or worse with continued growth and progress?

We apologize for sending you such a poor carbon copy of our manuscript. We can't make copies at a public copy machine because people would get suspicious if they saw us handling our copies with gloves.

FC

Extract from the Manifesto

U-14 [The Manifesto] (1995)

96. As for our constitutional rights, consider for example that of freedom of the press. We certainly don't mean to knock that right; it is a very important tool for limiting concentration of political power and for keeping those who do have political power in line by publicly exposing any misbehavior on their part. But freedom of the press is of very little use to the average citizen as an individual. The mass media are mostly under the control of large organizations that are integrated into the system. Anyone who has a little money can have something printed, or can distribute it on the internet or in some such way, but what he has to say will be swamped by the vast volume of material put out by the media, hence it will have no practical effect. To make an impression on society with words is therefore almost impossible for most individuals and small groups. Take us (FC) for example. If we had never done anything violent and had submitted the present writings to a publisher, they probably would not have been accepted. If they had been accepted and published, they probably would not have attracted many readers, because it's more fun to watch the entertainment put out by the media than to read a sober essay. Even if these writings had had many readers, most of those readers would soon have forgotten what they had read as their minds were flooded by the mass of material to which the media expose them. **In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people.**

97. Constitutional rights do not serve to guaranty much more bourgeois conception of conception, a "free" useful up to a point, but they than what might be called the According to the bourgeois man is essentially an element of a special machine and has only certain set of prescribed and delimited freedoms; freedoms that are designed to serve the needs of the social machine more than those of the individual. Thus the bourgeois's "free" man has economic freedom because that promotes growth and progress; he has freedom of the press because public criticism restrains misbehavior by political leaders; he has a right to a fair trial because imprisonment at the whim of the powerful would be bad for the system. This was clearly the attitude of Simon Bolivar. To him, people deserved liberty only if they used it to promote progress (progress as conceived by the bourgeois). Other bourgeois thinkers have taken a similar view of freedom as a mere means to collective ends. Chester C. Tan, *Chinese Political Thought in the Twentieth Century*, page 202, explains the philosophy of the Kuomintang leader Hu Han-min: "An individual is granted rights because he is a member of society and his community life requires such rights. By community Hu meant the whole society or the nation." And on page 259 Tan states that according to Carsun Chang (Chang Chun-mai, head of the State Socialist Party in China) freedom had to be used in the interest of the state and of the people as a whole. But what

Ted Kaczynski's Notebook

Checks papers for publication of manuscript; lists hiding places for various articles with maps; list of names at Orvana Mining; serial numbers of guns; location of telephone boxes.

C-2 (1995)

... Chronicle July 4 is *supposed* to contain T's letter.

Checked: A1-A20

B1-B8

[scratch out] C1-C14

D1-D6

E1-E8

Chronicle checked through July 12. (First relevant was June 29)

Could not find T's letter in Chronicle July 4 or 5...

N.Y. Times Friday June 30

Robert D. McFadden: "calling for revolution against what he says is a corrupt industrialtechnological society controlled by a shadowy international elite of government and corporate figures seeking to subvert human freedom."

In same article, Sulzberger complains about follow up articles...

Guccione: will give one page of mag for indefinite period if stop all bombing including property. (NY Times July 1)

Photo: NY Times July 4

NY Times checked June 29 — July 8 (June 29 was first appearance)

Julian Simon ...

Wash Post July 1 expressed doubt about the deal, because “deal is off if Law enforcement comes after him. 11)

Wash Post checked from June 29 (first appearance) to July 8.

LA Times checked June 29 — July [scratch out] 12

Statements by FBI agents: “nylon” strapping tape was used.

“every one” of the [scratch out] devices worked. (Probably from Time, early May, 1995.) FC was marked on “practically all” of the devices.

Quotations from Tyler’s letter [scratch out] given in Chronicle or LA Times are something like this: he doubts my claim that the system can’t be reformed, and suggests that my revolution is already in progress.

As evidence, he mentions that people are moving to the country and recycling their trash...

One newspaper article, probably the LA Times between June 29 and July 12, stated that not one shred of biological evidence had been found, not one fingerprint, not one hair...

According to radio, excerpts from manuscript published in NY Times and Washington Post on Aug 1, or 2...

Better way of characterizing those revolutionaries who should not be trusted by *our* kind of revolutionaries: they have one of two traits (or both):

1. They devote themselves to a cause in which they have little personal stake.
2. They put more emphasis on placing greater restrictions on human behavior than on freeing human behavior from restrictions. (Caution: it does no good if they seek to free behavior from restrictions in areas where we already have almost complete freedom anyway, e.g. sexual freedom, religious freedom, etc.)

Letter to Earth First

C-21 (1995)

TYPEWRITTEN MATERIAL ..

As for the Mosser bombing, our attention was called to Burson-Marsteller by an article that appeared in Earth First!, Litha, June 21, 1993, page 4. According to this article, "The BC Forest Alliance (a timber industry trade group) has retained the services of the world's largest public relations firm, Burston-Marsteller Ltd. (sic) of New York. This company practices a highly sophisticated form of conflict management, and has previously represented the Argentinean (sic) government, Union Carbide after Bhopal; and Exxon after the Exxon Valdez oil spill. BurstonMarsteller has apparently had quite a bit to do with shaping the provincial media's coverage of forest and other environmental issues. 11 We realized that this article was not necessarily an unimpeachable source of information, but we didn't bother to try to verify the above statement because, as we mentioned in our last letter to the NY Times, our attack on Burson-Marsteller was based mainly on general principles rather than on any specific actions of the company. Now it turns out that though Burson-Marsteller has been representing Exxon, it did not do so specifically in connection with the Exxon Valdez incident. To us it makes little difference. The technique of public relations is part of the system of propaganda that is one of the slimiest aspects of modern society. Today people's buying habits, their voting choices and their attitudes to a significant extent are

(HANDWRITTEN note:

Frontside) no longer results of their own spontaneous decisions but are molded by skilled propagandists: advertising agencies, public relations firms, political campaign managers and so forth. It stinks.

Someone raised the question of why we didn't attack an Exxon executive. Actually, at one time we had planned to do so, but after the Reso kidnapping we figured that Exxon execs would be too suspicious and cautious.

Notes on Journals (1996)

C3 (1996)

K-2003 A 6

1. 130 I now [scratch out] (Feb, 1996) Feel very sorry about the fact that, in a few cases, I tortured small wild animals (mice and one flying squirrel) that caused me frustration by stealing my meat, damaging my belongings, or keeping me awake. There were two reasons why I tortured them. (1) I was rebelling against the moral prescriptions of organized society. (2) I got excessively angry at these animals because I had a tremendous fund of *frustrated* anger built up from the frustrations and humiliations imposed on me throughout my life by organized society and by individual persons. (As any psychologist will tell you, when you have no means of retaliating against whomever or whatever it is that has made you angry, you are likely to vent your anger on some other object.) When I came to realize that I had taken out on these little creatures the anger that I owed to organized society and to certain people, I very much regretted having tortured them. They are part of nature, which I love, and therefore they are in a way my friends, even when they cause problems for me. **I ought to save my anger for my real enemy, which is human society, or at least the present form of society.** I have not tortured an animal for many years now. However, I have no hesitation about trapping and killing animals that cause problems for me, provided they are animals of the more common kinds.

How to hit an Exxon exec:

C-263 (Unknown Date)

How to hit an Exxon exec:

Send book-like package [insert-to this *home*] preceded by a letter saying I am sending him a book I've written on oil-related environmental concerns-attacking environmental position-and I'd like to have his comments on it before preparing final version of manuscript.

For return address: Get names and addresses of several big-time business execs and call directory info to get their numbers, until you hit one who has an unlisted number. Use his return address. Thus you'll have a real return address, but the Exxon exec can't get his number to call for verification.

Or — send package **with** return address of [an oil?] exploration firm.

Also, put in the letter a disclaimer stating that the book represents **my own** personal **views** and not those of the company I **work** for this gives a touch of realism, and it also explains **why** the letter is not on the company letterhead. (But try to fake a private letterhead.)

Send to Abigail Van Buren a letter from a woman who states she discovered that her husband is a member of F.C. She says she does not want to turn her husband in. She will confirm the published description of the suspect.

Ted's letter to his brother Dave — 1981 (T-118)

C-834 (Unknown Date)

... The second example involves an even more humiliating confession than the one I have just made. **As you know, I have no respect for law or morality.** Why have I never committed any crime? (Of course, I'm not talking about something like shooting a grouse out of season now and then (~~illegible/crossed out~~) I mean felony type stuff — burglary, arson, murder, etc.) Lack of motive? Hardly. **As you know, I have a good deal of anger in me and there are lots of people I'd like to hurt. Risk? In some cases, yes. But there are other cases in which I can figure out ways of doing naughty things (~~illegible/crossed out~~) so that the risk would be insignificant.** I am forced to the humiliating the reason I've never committed any cri' me i' s confession that,..._ I have been successfully brainwashed by society. **On an *intellectual level* I have only contempt for authority, but on an *animal level* I have all too much respect for it.** My training has unfortunately been quite successful and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime. Knowing my attitude toward psychological manipulation of the individual by society, you can imagine how humiliating it is for me to admit to myself that I have been successfully manipulated.

When I was much younger ...

Letter from Fact and Fiction Book Publisher

C-317 (Unknown Date)

PAGE

K2026

PAGE 33B

Dear Mr. Kaczynski,

Thanks for your letter of Dec. 19, and I'm sorry it has taken so long to get back to you, but we've been in the middle of the Christmas rush.

I've done some research on books about how to locate missing persons. The title you suggested, *You Can Find Anyone* by Eugene Ferraro, is not available from any of our suppliers, and the publishing company, Marathon Press, has had its telephone disconnected. Another title, *How To Locate Anyone Anywhere*, is currently out of stock at the publisher, who says it is due to be back in stock in February. It's a \$10 paperback book, and the total cost, including shipping and handling, would be \$13.50.

There are two titles that are available. *You Too can Find Anybody*: [?!:Reference Manual by Joseph Culligan, is updated annually, and would cost \$24.45, including shipping and handling. *How to Find Missing Persons: b Handbook for Investigators* by Ronald Erickson is available for \$12. (The Erickson book seems to be geared more to private investigators.)

If you'd like to order any of these books, please let us know. We have a new toll-free number: 1-800-769-7323. Thanks for your interest.

Best regards,

/s/ Dennis t {T-132} (1957)

Dennis Held,

at Fact and Fiction

216 W. Main St.

Missoula, MT 59802

406-721-2881

How I Blew Up Harold Snilly

(T-132) (1957)

by

Apios Tuberosa

Pseudonym for:

T. J. Kaczynski

463 North Ridge

Lombard, Illinois 60148)

When I was in highschool I took a course in chemistry. There was only one aspect of the subject which interested me, as any chemist could have seen from a brief inspection of my rather specialized home collection of reagents: powdered aluminum, powdered magnesium, powdered zinc, sulfur, potassium nitrate, potassium permanganate in suitable combinations, these things are capable of exploding.

One day in the laboratory, having finished my assigned experiment early, I thought I might as well spend the extra time pursuing my favorite line of research. On theoretical grounds, a mixture of red phosphorus and potassium chlorate seemed promising. (I did not know at the time that it is the red phosphorus in the scratching surface of a match-book, together with the potassium chlorate in the match-head, that makes a match light so readily. I later found that the mixture is extremely sensitive to friction and practically impossible to work with. The reader is advised not to play with it.) Taking a minute quantity of each of these substances from my collection of reagents, I carefully mixed them, and applied them, with the tip of a spatula, to a bunsen-burner flame. The results was a small but promising POP.

Now, at the table behind me was seated an individual by the name of Harold Snilly (the name is fictitious, of course), who was more noted for irresponsibility than for intelligence. It happened that my experiment came to his attention. His interest was immediately and intensely aroused, and naturally he asked me the ingredients of the mixture. I would like to make it clear to any of my old schoolmates who may read this that, contrary to rumors current at the time, my sole error and sole guilt in the matter lay in the fact that I civilly and truthfully answered Harold Snilly's question.

To the adolescent mind, there is a vague aura of romance and excitement about chemistry, an indefinite vision of dramatic reactions, fireworks, explosions. Perhaps it was this that had led Harold Snilly to take chemistry, and perhaps he had been disap-

pointed to find that the course was mostly drab routine, as with any other highschool subject. At any rate, his enthusiasm now knew no bounds. He immediately poured half a vial of red phosphorus and half a vial of potassium chlorate onto a sheet of paper and began mixing them vigorously. Some of us who had had a little experience with this sort of mischief expostulated with him; pointed out to him the folly of conducting this kind of experiment in the classroom; suggested that, if he *must* do so, then at least he should not use so *much* of the stuff. But But he was intent on his work, with a bright, happy face and excited eyes, and he did not answer or even seem to hear out warnings. One was reminded of Toad in Wind in the Willows, sitting entranced in the middle of the road muttering "Poop-poop", oblivious to everything but the vision of the retreating motor-car on which his glazed eyes were fixed. In the chemicals before him on the table, Harold Snilly saw the beautiful flower of fresh new experience, of freedom, of adventure.

Harold Snilly began rolling his chemicals up tightly in the sheet of paper. Seeing that all argument was in vain, I washed my hands of the matter and turned my back. About two seconds later there was an ear-shattering report. I turned around, and there stood Harold Snilly, rubbing his signed palms together, with a strange perplexed and faintly reproachful expression on his face. The beautiful flower had suddenly turned to ashes in his hands- very suddenly and very literally turned to ashes. Our teacher, Bland, came running out of the supply room where he had been busy, and hauled off Harold Snilly, first to the school nurse (unfortunately he had sustained no significant injury) and then to the chamber of inquisition.

After interrogating Harold Snilly, and extracting from him ... who knows what truths or falsehoods? Mr. Bland returned grim-faced to the classroom, stalked up to my table, and asked me what I knew of the matter. I told him, and was in my turn marched off to the inquisitorial chamber. The upshot was that I was suspended from the chemistry lab for two weeks and Harold Snilly was kicked out of the class altogether. I thought it a little unfair that I should be punished for Harold Snilly's misdeed. t Still, I was not very displeased at being relieved from two weeks

Whether it was the result of Harold Snilly's reluctance to ascribe his misfortune to his own foolishness, or simply due to the general laws according to which RUMOR OPERATES, I was somehow credited among all of the student body and some of the teachers with the lion's share of responsibility for the affair. In popular imagination, I was the mad scientist and Harold Snilly my innocent victim.

My physics teacher was one of those rare teachers with a genuine and spontaneous sense of humor. At the end of the school year I was presented with a rather tawdry award (sponsored by some corporation) for having supposedly been the best science student in the school. When my physics teacher handed me the medal, he informed me that "We decided to give you this for trying to blow up Harold Snilly ... Harold Snilly was in some quarters regarded as a pest.

Ted's letter to his brother Dave (T-79)

ENVELOPE Postmark dated UNKNOWN (T-79)

TO: Dave Kaczynski
Terlingua Route, Box 220
Alpine, Texas 79830
FROM: Ted Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave: I have a problem that you may be able to help me with if you are willing to participate in something slightly shady. I want to build a root cellar, and I want to use logs to hold up the sides and roof. I have re picked out a stand of dead but sound standing lodgepole pines. Since they are dead, the forest service says I can have them for nothing. The only trouble is...how to hauls them to my place. As for that guy I sold my pickup to...I asked him, and it turns out the pickup is no longer in proper running condition. I also tried to make a deal with Irene, but she says there is something broken in the steering mechanism of her pickup and it is only wired together, so she wouldn't want tow have logs hauled with it. I don't know any other likely parties to ask, so I guess I will have to try a regular rental outfit.

Now, the trouble is, I believe most or all car or truck rental outfits require a reference from your employer, and you have to have been employed in the same place for at least a year.

Now, I could try this: I could use my Illinois driver's licence for identification, claiming I am on vacation, and give them the name of an imaginary employer, with our home phone number. t I take it you are still home, usually, between 9 AM and 3 PM, so company", etc. I would call you immediately before I go to the rental place, so that you would be prepared. If you don't want to do this, it's OK, since I suppose conceivably one could get into trouble for it, but I don't suppose it would be very serious trouble, since I'm not trying to pass myself off with a false name or any such thing, I'm only trying to give the impression that I'm employed when I am not.

Here is the fake data we could use:

Horvath Sausage Company
718 National Ave.
Lombard, Illinois 60148
629-7235

You are:
Harold Buldinski,
Plant supervisor.

(THESE TWO COLUMNS ARE SEPARATED WITH A/ DOWN THE MIDDLE)

I work on the loading dock, loading and unloading trucks. I have been working there about 3 1/2 years.

Please let me know what you think about this scheme, and also let me know of any modifications, or alternative ways of getting a truck, that you may think of.

One alternative plan would be for Dad to send me a signed, notarized statement to the effect that he takes responsibility for rental of the truck. He is a sufficiently solid-citizen type for that. The only trouble with this plan is the following: An owner, or a manager with plenty of authority, would probably accept some such arrangement; but I may not be able to see owner or manager. I will probably be talking to -ea some clerk who will say 11 Sorry, but I don't have the authority to do this, I'm only supposed to rent to people who...etc."

A variation on this *scheme* plan might be to have Dad rent the truck by long-distance phone, arranging Dave- >See other letter enclosed where it's explained that I'm not coming to visit you.

By the way, I remember a few years ago you spoke to me about some woman psychologist whom you saw on television who claimed to have impressive evidence in favor of re-incar-nation. You said she cited all kinds of impressive-sounding (alleged) facts. Well, a few years ago when I was back in Lombard there I found a book called *TheGellerPapers* ... edited by some guy named Parati or something like that. It was difficult not to take the book seriously because the papers (those I read, anyway) were by people in the "hard" sciences who claimed to have done experiments under

— *conla* controlled conditions with this guy Uri Geller, and they found he exhibited powers not explainable on the basis of known scientific principles. What was impressive was the fact that there was nothing sensationalistic about the papers and the authors seemed to take a very conservative attitude and made no flat assertions that Geller had any supernormal powers. So I was forced to take the book seriously, though I didn't like to do so. On the other hand, the thing just didn't seem right to me — it all just didn't seem to fit with things that are definitely moreover they seemed to have omitted some obvious experiments that I thought ought to have been done. known, and and simple So I always meant to try to do some checking up to see if the book

was on the level. But I didn't get around to it. t However, a few months ago I learned of an organization that ...

Ted's Coding & Decoding System

C-233B (Date Unknown)

K778E

LIST OF MEANINGS

0 = FOR

1 = BE (all present tense forms, including *am, is, are*, etc.)

2 = BE (all past tense forms)

3 = BE (future tense, i.e., *willbe*)

4 = THE

5 = A or AN

6 = HAVE (all present tense forms)

7 = HAVE (all past tense forms, i.e. *had*)

8 = HAVE (future tense)

9 = ED, or, when tagged onto the end of any verb, indicates the past tense, even if the past tense of that verb is not indicated by lled11 in normal English.

— tagged onto the end of any verb indicates the future tense of that verb.

32 = WORD-SPACER 60 = R 84 = WHEN

33 = WORD-SPACER 61 = R 85 = WHERE

34 = PERIOD 62 = S 86 = WHAT

35 = COMMA 63 = S 87 = ST

36 = QUESTION MARK 64 = T 88 = THAT

37 = PARENTHESIS (65 = T 89 delete

17 = AND 38 =PARENTHESIS) 66 = U

18 = BUT 39 = A 67 = V

19 = OR 40 = A 68 = W

20 = TO 41 = B 69 = X

21 = FROM 42 = C 70 = Y

22 = TOWARD 43 = D 71 = Z

23 = OF 44 = D 72 = delete

24 = IN 45 = E 73 = delete

25 = OUT 46 = E 74 = CH

26 = NO 47 = E 75 = SH

27 = BIG 48 = F 76 = TH

28 = SMALL 49 = G (UNVOICED)
 29 = I, ME, MINE, MY 50 = H 77 = TH
 30 = YOU, YOUR, YOURS 51 = I (VOICED)
 31 = HE, SHE, IT, HIM, 52 = J 78 delete HER, HIS, HERS, 53 = K 79 = OM
 ITS. 54 = L 80 = PLOD
 55 = M 81 = ILL
 56 = N 82 = ETONA
 57 = O 83 = 11
 58 = P (quotation
 59 = Q marks)
 - **C-233B**

DECODING PROCEDURE

for code used in some of my journals

The coded message will consist of a sequence of numbers, ranging from 0 to 99. Spaces, like gaps between words, may occur in the sequence; but the spaces do not actually represent gaps between words; they are introduced only to mislead anyone trying to break the code.

The meaning of a given number will depend on its position in the sequence; hence the following remarks are important. In a given series of writings, it may be that only a small part of the material is in code – the rest will be in ordinary English. For decoding purposes, the English passages are simply ignored; all of the coded passages are regarded as forming a single sequence. (See example below.) Such a sequence will hereinafter be referred to as a coded section. All the coded passages that appear in any one notebook are to be treated as a single coded section. In any bundle of consecutively numbered *sheetsof paper, all coded passages are to be treated as a single coded section*. But when you shift from one notebook to another (or from one bundle of sheets to another) you begin a new coded section.

To decode any coded section, proceed as follows.

1. Circle the third number that appears in the section; this number has a special significance.
2. Delete all punctuation marks; these have no meaning and are introduced only to confuse code-breakers.
3. Delete all of the numbers from 90 through 99 (inclusive) wherever they appear. These, too, are meaningless and are introduced only for confusion.
4. We shall describe as follows a sequence of numbers, which we shall call the *unscrambling sequence*.

Find the sheet which is marked "Code numbers" on the back. The front of this sheet bears a rectangular array of numbers. Set this sheet in front of you so that the numbers are shown right-side-up.

The numbers are in rows running from left to right. Refer to the number that you circled in Step 1. Starting at the top of the sheet, count down until you reach the row that corresponds to the circled number; for instance, if the circled number is 5, you go to the fifth row from the top.

4(a). Now delete the circled number from the section you are decoding.

4(b). The first number of the unscrambling sequence is the number at the left end of the row that you have gone to. The rest of the unscrambling sequence is obtained by reading the row from left to right; then read the next row from left to right; then the next row, etc. In other words, you read off the numbers in the same order that you read the words in a book. When you reach the end of the page, go to the upper right hand corner of the sheet and read down the column. Then take the next column to the left and read down that; then the next column, and so forth until the page is finished. then go to the upper left hand corner and read along the diagonals from left to right and down to up. When the page is finished, go to the upper right hand corner and read along the diagonals from left to right and up to down. When all that is finished, start again at the upper left hand corner and again read as you read a book. Thus the cycle will repeat itself.

ORDER OF THE UNSCRAMBLING SEQUENCE: (ASSUME CIRCLED NUMBER IS 5)

[Diagrams] s T A R T

FIRSTPHASE START HERE-> fifth row sixth row seventh row
----- 'etc.

THIRD PHASE

SECOND PHASE

START"

START ->"DIAGONAL

- UPWARD

- LEFT

- TO

- RIGHT

FOURTH PHASE

4(c). Now to proceed with the decoding. After making all the deletions described above from our coded section, we are left with a sequence of numbers that constitutes a coded message. To the first number of this given sequence, add the first number of the unscrambling sequence; to the second number of the given sequence, add the second number of the unscrambling sequence; to the third number of the given sequence, add the third number of the unscrambling sequence; and so on down the line. Whenever the addition gives a number greater than 89, subtract 90, so that you end up with a number between 0 and 89. (See example.)

5. Step 4(c) gives us a new sequence of numbers. For each of these numbers, substitute the letter or letters given in the *list of meanings*.

6. Remarks: "Word Spacer" of course indicates the separation between 2 words. Two different numbers are used as word-spacers, to confuse would-be code-breakers. Also to confuse code breakers: sometimes words are permitted to run together, without any spacer between them; sometimes words are intentionally misspelled; sometimes foreign words are used; and sometimes meaningless nonsense words are included.

Numbers marked 11deletell on the list of meanings are to be crossed off as meaningless. (*After* the unscrambling sequence has been applied.)

E X A M P L E

66, 54, 7, 91, 73, 83, 63, 40, 55, 32, 74,
 44, 27, 22, 47, 48, 88, 27. 54, 98, 64, 56
 63, 56, 60, 48, 24, 27, 24. Outside the
 CTA Station, 4, 90, 32; 21, 41, 34, 22, 14, 14,
 28, 61, 38, 73. 56, 25, 61, 8/ 29, 36, 31, 73, 26,
 29, 31, 16, 68, 3' 78, 86, 3' 85, 27
 18, 21, 33, 5, 34, 32, 17, 15, 86, 16, 45, 24, 88, 47, 70,
 46, 76, 80, 50, 1, 30, 12, 17, 46, 10, 12, 10, 63, 29,
 54,

To decode the foregoing: First we circle the third number, delete all passages in ordinary English, delete all punctuation marks and all numbers from 90 through 99. Marking the position of the deleted English passages with , we now have:

65, 54, (7), 73, 83, 63, 40, 55, 32, 74, 44, 27, 22, 47, 48,
 65, 71, 15, 41, 26, 80, 36, 54,72, 57,9, 88, 74, 36, 42, 28, 27, 26, 1
 67, 68,12, 75, 6,12, 39, 38, 49, 68, 35, 37,87, 84, 84, 54, 56, 63, 6
 88, 26, 57, 64, 65, 32, 35, 39, 53, 23, 81, 16, 41, 26, 11, 76, 56.

Since 7 is circled, the unscrambling sequence starts on the 7th row of the sheet of code numbers. We now cross off this number

7. Next, we write the first few lines of the coded section with the corresponding numbers of the unscrambling sequence underneath for convenience in adding. Performing the additions and referring to the list of meanings, we get this:

88 / 27 *f*
 11 _§_
 9 33
 54,
 -1. _]_ _]_ -2
 61 56 32 36
 24,
 4,
 32,
l
 21, 41,

21 47
t l HE
I N I
K w E
E R I A s K ED I F I

As mentioned in the instructions, an occasional nonsense word is to be expected, but here the words before and after the nonsense do not fit together so as to make sense, so something is wrong. Having checked our decoding work and found it correct, we conclude that the person who encoded the message made some error. Now, if a letter has been un intentionally omitted in the coded message, that would throw the unscrambling sequence out of phase with the coded section. By experimenting, we find that this has actually happened, and we correct it:

“_
66 54 73 83 63
70 47 62 73 64
Y E S
48 88
40 55
-2. _ § _
45 61
32 74 44 27 22 47
1156 -2. _ J _
43 40 46 32 29 49
57 9 1
PAST
0 TENSE
4 32 21
5 3227 48
A
IIAN / BIG F

The missing letter was evidently D, so the passage translates as: “YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN.

II A BIG FAT... “ and then it degenerates into

4 32 21 41 34 22 14
11-1 _ Q _ § _ _ J _ -24219
A / BIG F A T /
53 81 59 8 47 66 24 25
767284 _ 1 _ .1. 72 _ 2 _ _ § _
39 63 53 9 51 48 33 31
HE superfluous - delete
(14) 40 53 37 45 60 29
1/ _ 15 _] _ _ 1 _ Q _ l

K W E E R /

25 64 14 34 20 5 86 28

33 42 57 66 54 44 33 63

SHE

A S K E D I F / I T / C O U L D / S

61 38 73 56 25 61 8 29 36 31 73 26 29 31 16 68

5

4

70

66

4 62

34

28

6 22

16

8

8

0 16

24

29 33

42 53

31 32

ME

U C K / M Y / C O C K

3 78 86 3 85 27 18 21 33 5

HE

SHE WAS IT / WERE

34 32 17 15 86 16

40

64

82

60

54

39

71 41

31

6

12. 1Ji

1.Q

lli

89 62

29 33

I
D
J
S
G

U S T ING MY/ NOT

Correcting an obvious error, we translate this as

SUCK MY COCK. I NOT ... II

(HE WAS DISGUSTING.)

Continuing in the same way, we get:

I I NOT I L E T

TENSE I

IT / D O I

31 24 25 52 41 86 1 46 34 49 9 33 15 27 38

HIM

Correcting one obvious error, we translate this as:

“I WILL NOT LET HIM DO IT. THIS and p olonged nonsense. Finding by experiment that another letter has been left out, putting the unscrambling sequence out of phase, we correct this as:

-1 _/_ Q

7 33 41

TH H I S / M O R ING MY/ HAD/ B

46 42 31 50 44 63 39 61 86 63 72 24 74 82 75

81

12..Q

-2.

U

H

S

19 14 64 73 12 34 51 47 68 7 84 76 19 32 70 83 59

T U B I ETONA L S S ETONA ED ORE FOR

THE IN ING

76 80 50 1 30 12

17 46 10 12

The missing letter is evidently N, so this translates as: “THIS MORNING I HAD BREAK FAST. I WILL HAVE , and again we degenerate into nonsense. By experimenting, we find that the encoder has omitted a number of the unscrambling sequence, again throwing things out of phase. Correcting, we get:

72 24

4774

29 8

I WILL HAVE

74 82 75 60 58 19 14 ? 64 73 12 34
 646881805 4552 6768702011
 48 60 66 50 63 64 66 ? 42 53 32 45
 F R U H S T U . C K / E
 51 47 68 7 84 76 19 32 70
 83 59
 73 78 16 49
 J 0 y
 FUTURE] TENSE
 HER
 IT I
 I
 MY/
 J
 D I G E TION
 63 29 67 48 49 44 19 9 38 52 66 32 55
 2..Q8481 81_ Q
 1.
 33 1 39 57 57 44 34
 A
 29 32 43 57 32 56
 I
 MY/ D O / N

If the decoder knows that “Fruhstuck” is German for breakfast, and if he observes that with each of the 3 letters underlined with - the encoder has made an error in the first digit of the number, he can now read: “I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY DIGESTION IS GOOD. II

I DO II

Continuing in the same way, we get:

I B R E A K T H I S I C O D

E I BUT/ H 0 w I C A N

23 81 16 41 26 11 76 56

29 1 32 63 66 61 46 36

BE

I IS

MY etc. I s u R E ?

Putting it all together, our coded section now translates as: “YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN -11 A BIG FAT QUEER ASKED IF

HE COULD SUCK MY COCK. (HE WAS DISGUST ING.) I WILL NOT LET HIM DO IT. THIS MORNING I HAD BREAKFAST. I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY DIGESTION IS GOOD -11 I

DO NOT THINK THAT ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO BREAK THIS CODE, BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE?"

Now we re-insert the previously deleted passages of ordinary English at the places marked , to get the complete message:

"YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN.

OUTSIDE THE CTA STATION, A BIG FAT QUEER ASKED IF HE COULD SUCK MY COCK. (HE WAS DISGUSTING.) I WILL NOT LET HIM

DO IT. THIS MORNING I HAD BREAKFAST. I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY

MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY DIGESTION IS GOOD. BUT YESTERDAY I ATE TOO MUCH. BLA BLA BLA ... I DO NOT THINK THAT ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO BREAK THIS CODE, BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE?"

This example was riddled with errors, but that is good, because it illustrates the process of correcting the problem when the unscrambling sequence gets out of phase with the coded section. Hopefully, most messages to be decoded will not have so many errors. But, as we have just seen, it should be possible (with effort) to decode the section even when many errors appear. If serious problems arise, a mathematical mind should be able to help - consult the math dept. of some university .

**4. Books, Magazine, and
Newspaper Articles Referred to in
the Writings and/or Possessed by
Ted Kaczynski**

Books

	A TITLE OF BOOK:	B AUTHOR:			
1	A Baronial Household				
2	A Field Guide to Animal Tracks	Murie			
3	A Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Wildflowers				
4	A Field Guide to Trees and Shrubs	Petrides			
5	A Field Guide to Western Birds	Peterson			
6	A History of the German Language	Washington			
7	A Twice Told Tale: Twins Reared Apart.				
8	Article on Quakes.				
9	Article on Radiation Ecology				
10	Autopsy of Revolution	Jacques El-lul			
11	Book Nuclear Explosion		336		
12	Book on Erosion				
13	Botany - 4th edition	Wilson			
14	Brothers	de Viana, Javier			
15					

Magazine, and Newspaper Articles

1972

Warning: X Rays May Be Dangerous to Your Health

Too many of us have too much X-ray exposure. But there are precautions you can take

In 1970, the last year for which figures are available, 129 million Americans were exposed to a total of 210 million medical and dental X-ray examinations, involving the taking of 650 million films. Such X rays make up 95 percent of all the man-made radiation to which we are exposed, and undoubtedly save hundreds of thousands of lives each year. At the same time, however, experts are becoming increasingly concerned that X rays may pose a major threat to the genetic inheritance of children as yet unconceived and that they may be causing a significant number of avoidable deaths each year. Shockingly, much of this diagnostic X-ray exposure, at least 30 percent, according to John Villorth, director of the U.S. Bureau of Radiological Health, is unproductive — the examination doesn't contribute any diagnostic information to the physician.

Medical X rays are packed with tremendous energy. The beams rip like lightning bolts through the delicate walls of cells, altering their metabolism, changing their character, often destroying them. If enough cells of a particular type are struck, the results are disastrous. If, for example, they are blood-making cells in the bone marrow and enough of them are damaged, leukemia can result. K. Z. Morgan, director of the Health Services Division, Oak Ridge National Laboratories, estimates that deaths due to X-ray-induced diseases (such as bone cancer, thyroid tumors and leukemia) range from 3000 to 40,000 and more annually.

Yet it is not leukemia and cancer but the threat to our reproductive cells that is causing the most concern. If these cells, housed in the male and female genitals, are damaged by X rays, the chances of genetic defects in the offspring — from mental retardation and blindness to a host of lethal mutations — are greatly increased.

No one knows precisely how much of a radiation dose will cause mutations. But animal experiments have convinced radiation biologists that any dose to the gonads — no matter how small — carries some risk. The effects, furthermore, are cumulative. K. Z. Morgan estimates that as many as 30,000 malignancies, stillbirths and spontaneous abortions may occur each year in future generations because of such genetic damage. Mutations almost always produce damaged offspring, and constitute an increasingly

greater burden to parents and society. One study indicates. For example, that there may be increased risk of childhood cancers as a result of X-ray exposure of the mother prior to conception. This means that the reproductive machinery of the mother had been altered by X rays in such a way as to include an increased risk of cancer as part of the future child's genetic inheritance, and henceforth this inheritance may be passed from one generation to another.

Perhaps the greatest X-ray threat comes during pregnancy. A Harvard study of more than 700,000 infants in U.S. hospitals showed a 40-percent increase in leukemia and cancer of the central nervous system in children whose mothers were X-rayed during pregnancy. A study in Great Britain by Dr. Alice Stewart found that the risk of death from leukemia and other forms of cancer is about 50-percent higher among children exposed to diagnostic X rays in utero. As a result of such findings the International Commission on Radiological Protection recommends that all radiological examinations of the lower abdomen and pelvis of women of reproductive age that are unnecessary should be avoided. Too many of us have too much X-ray exposure. But there are precautions you can take. Perhaps the greatest X-ray threat comes during pregnancy. A Harvard study of more than 700,000 infants in 39 U.S. hospitals showed a 40-percent increase in leukemia and cancer of the central nervous system in children whose mothers were X-rayed during pregnancy. A study in Great Britain by Dr. Alice Stewart found that the risk of death from leukemia and other forms of cancer is about 50-percent higher among children exposed to diagnostic X rays in utero. As a result of such findings the International Commission on Radiological Protection recommends that all radiological examinations of the lower abdomen and pelvis of women of reproductive age that are unnecessary should be avoided. Why are so many people subjected to unnecessary X rays? One trouble is that too many X-ray machines in the United States are owned and operated by non-radiologists (such as physicians, dentists and chiropractors), who have no education in health physics or radiation protection. Only three states require that X-ray technicians be licensed, and two of those three exempt the physician simply because he has an M.D., alter his name. But rare is the medical-school curriculum that has more than two or three lectures on radiological protection and techniques. Actually, the only real X-ray training the nonradiologist gets is more than likely from the X-ray-equipment salesman, who is more interested in selling machines than in protecting the patient.

But in many instances radiation protection is easy to provide. One way is to use a collimator. This can be as simple as a lead washer that narrows the X-ray beam size to the exact size of the film. Without collimation, the beam is often as much as four times larger than necessary, thereby exposing far more of the body area. In the case of chest, abdominal and spinal X rays, this means that the gonads are also irradiated. Unfortunately, collimation is often ignored, "collimation means that the beam must be aimed more precisely," explains John Illworth. "If the doctor or technician is careless about aiming, he may miss the target organ entirely and have to reshoot. Too many are willing to expose the patient to a lot more beam, to be certain of getting their picture."

Another way to reduce or eliminate X-ray exposure of the gonads is to use gonadal shielding. A University of California team has recently improved what amounts to a set of lead underdrawers to be worn by men. But it is unlikely that an effective shield can be developed for women.

The best way to reduce exposure would be to eliminate unnecessary X-ray examinations. These are the ones made: Sometimes the patient pressures the doctor into ordering an X-ray. In case he feels that an examination is incomplete without one. Sometimes physicians are so fearful of malpractice suits that they will order X-rays simply to have evidence to show the nature of the problem treated and that their treatment was correct. Sometimes, when health care programs pay up to \$25 to \$250 for X-rays, doctors and dentists use these machines simply to make money. It is suspected that in inner city clinics, even in the inner city, patients have unnecessary chest X-rays, a spinal X-ray for the chiropractor, and unnecessary X-rays of the joints for the radiologist. Later the patient has a full set of 14 mouth X-rays made for the dentist. In New York one dentist with 17 X-ray machines in his office recently sued Medicaid for non-payment of more than \$100,000 in X-ray fees.

But it is in the daily practice of medicine that most people are needlessly exposed, simply because X-rays have become routine. "It is," says Dr. John L. McClenahan in an editorial in *Radiology*, "easier to order an X-ray examination than to think." Proving this point, Drs. Russell S. Bell and John W. Loop of the University of Washington School of Medicine studied 435 patients who received head injuries and were X-rayed in hospital emergency rooms even though preliminary examination did not indicate a fracture. They did not find a single patient whose treatment was significantly different as a result of X-ray. Bell and Loop found that 34 percent of the skull X-rays were made for legal reasons, anticipating a suit or insurance claim.

Some small progress is being made in reducing the routine use of X-ray. Such old routines as mass chest X-rays are being eliminated. But rare indeed is the dentist who does not recommend or simply go ahead with a full set of 14 X-rays of his patient's mouth once a year. The Bureau of Radiological Health and the American College of Radiology have established guidelines and sent them out in the form of a booklet to every user of X-ray equipment in the United States. The single most important step, however — the enforcement of standards for everyone who operates X-ray equipment — is the province of the states, and virtually all states have either not yet established standards or are so hampered by a lack of funds that their standards are unenforced.

Increasing awareness of X-ray dangers has produced some hopeful results. Notably there is a decline in a measurement known as the "genetically significant dose," a highly technical statistical measure of the X-ray exposure to the reproductive system of men under 65 and women under 50. Last spring the U.S. Public Health Service announced that between 1968 and 1970 the (ISO had dropped by a third. But officials warn against interpreting these figures too optimistically: the decline was due primarily to a

decrease in the gonadal dose to males; the dose to women of childbearing age increased by 12% in the same period.

For all its dangers, the X ray is certainly too important a tool to abandon. Until everyone who operates X-ray equipment is properly trained and made to conform to standards, there are questions the patient himself can ask to prevent unnecessary exposure. He should ask his physician or dentist:

- “Is this X ray absolutely essential to my wellbeing?”

- “Are there no previously made X-ray films or other test results that might provide the needed information

- “If the X ray is essential, has every step been taken to limit the exposure to the absolute minimum and to restrict the X-ray beam to that part of my body undergoing examination?”

If everyone who operates X-ray equipment will proceed only when he can answer yes to these questions, then the X-ray beam will resume its role as a vital weapon against disease and not itself become a threat to health.

Overheard: “If God believed in today’s permissiveness. He would have given us the Ten Suggestions!” - The Orben Comedy Letter

America’s Shrine of Democracy

LISA G. WOHLEB, M.D. EL.,:;:HIJFL.:i CUNIC 172 SCILLER ST. ELMHURST, IL 60126 PHONE: 941-2625 -

Carved in ageless granite on Mount Rushmore’s mountain face, these giant likenesses of four of our first Presidents offer an eloquent reminder of America’s ideals ;;

AMERICA’S
SHRINE OF
DEMOCRACY

PAUL Faar.cc,-,:s

1978

Cabin fever? Try snowshoes for a change

by Ted Kaczynski
Lincoln, Montana

Some people think Montana's mountains are dull in winter. But if you try on a pair of snowshoes, get off the beaten path, and

1982

Suntans and Skin Cancer

Between now and Labor Day millions of Americans will offer up their bodies to the sun's rays. A luxuriant tan bespeaks health and glamour, and most sun worshipers will sacrifice a lot to achieve it—including themselves. With each hour, the sun's ultraviolet radiation produces irreversible damage, hastening the development of undightly wrinkles. And with each year on the beach or rooftop, the sunbather increases his risk of getting skin cancer.

1 Skin cancer is by far the most common form of cancer. An estimated 400,000 new lesions will be detected this year in the United States, and almost all of them can be [blamed on overexposure to the sun. Fortunately, most of these cancers are highly [curable. But they can be disfiguring and take time to treat. For that reason, sunworshippers should treat their deity with a good deal of awe

The skin consists of two layers, separated by a thin membrane. The deeper layer, or dermis, is made up of blood and lymph [vessels, fibrous tissue, sweat glands, hair [follicles and nerve endings. The epidermis, consists of a layer of basal cells that divide and form a top layering of squamous cells. In a continual process, squamous cells die and produce the keratin layer, the outermost protective coating which is ultimately sloughed off as dandruff. The epidermis also contains melanocytes, cells that synthesize melanin pigment when exposed to ultraviolet (UV) radiation and produce the much-sought-after tan. "Tanning is the skin's response to UV injury

and a way of trying to protect itself from further damage." says Dr. Mark Greene of the National Cancer Institute.

Sunburn, of course, is the initial hazard posed by UV radiation. Prolonged exposure to UV, however, interferes with the production of collagen fibers in the dermis, causing the skin to lose elasticity and creating premature wrinkles. Further deterioration of the dermis deprives the epidermis of nutrition and causes it to become thin and dry. "UV leads to atrophy of the skin, which is another name for aging," says Dr. Edmund Klein of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo.

Cancer is UV's final insult. Shortwave radiant energy, especially from the UV-B band, breaks the strands of DNA, the genetic material in the cell nucleus. The DNA strands then rejoin in a haphazard, abnormal fashion. Enzymes work constantly to rearrange the DNA into proper sequence, but with repeated UV exposure, the repair

process may eventually break down. Then the mutant DNA may produce a colony of cancer cells.

Catching the rays: Wrinkles can be only one price of a tan Kao ' / "o Suntans and Skin Cancer (?' Fever Blisters: Recent research suggests that U v also contributes to a breakdown of the body's immune system, which, in turn, encourages growth of cancer. Margaret K i ipke of the Nat ional Cancer Institute has shown that mice exposed to small doses of UV don't reject transplanted tumors as readily as they normally would. And Dr John A Parrish of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital has found that UV alters the function of lymphocytes, white blood cells involved in the immune reaction to foreign tissue A reduced immune response caused by sunlight could prevent the body's rejection of a colony of cancer cells. Coincidentally, this might explain why persons infected w ith herpes-simplex virus develop fever blisters after exposure lointeitSe sunlight Skill cancer most commonly arises from the basal eells The nodule usually has a round and shiny or pearly surface with a depressed central crater 11 may range from a sixteenth to b half inch in diameter and lend to bleed and ct usl over The cancer can easily lie confused with other types of skin problems, but Klein advises anyone to see a doctor if a lesion doesn't go away within four to six weeks Possibly because they are attached to the membrane between the dermis and epidermis, basal-cell carcinomas don't spread to other parts of the body via the blood or lymph system and, therefore, pose the least risk of any form of cancer Squamous-cell cancers, however, can metastasize. This type of malignancy may be heralded by a precancerous condition called actinic keratosis. These red. beige or brown spots are usually rough and scaly. If detected, they can be easily eradicated by application of acream containing 5-FU, one of the standard anti-cancer drugs The squamous-cell cancer has a more irregular shape and a greater tendency to bleed than the basal-cell variety. It can spread through the circulatory system, especially if it crops up near the mucous membranes of the lip, ear eyeor nose. Yet it is eminently curable if detected early. The most lethal but rarest of the major skin cancers, malignant melanoma. often stems from a pigmented mole. Although melanoma has been linked to exposure to sunlight, its cause probably involves a number of other factors, including heredity.

Danger Spots: Basal and squamous-cell carcinomas are cut out, burned away with an electric needle or frozen by cryosurgery. Careful slicing of the removed tissue and examination under a microscope tells the surgeon whether he has destroyed all the malignant tissue. Malignant melanoma can also be cured by surgery if caught before the tumor has burrowed too deeply and spread.

But skin cancer may be avoided with a good dose of common sense. People with fair **skin and blue eyes** who **bum** easily stand the highest **risk**. **Special** danger spots are the **parts** of the **body most** constantly exposed to the sun, such as the cheeks, nose, lower lip and the ears People who have already developed precancerous lesions or had one skin-cancer growth stand a greatly increased chance of developing others. Dermatologists recommend avoiding the sun when it's most intense—between 11 a m and 3 p.m. Anyone w-ho insists on sun- bat hing should use a good sun screen These

lotions and salves contain chemicals, such as para-aminobenzoic acid, that block out the burning UV-B radiation while permitting the tanning rays to reach the skin. They come in a range of strengths, tailored to the individual's complexion and susceptibility to burning.

One final warning: exposure to sunlight has a cumulative effect. In other words, the risk of cancer doesn't go back to zero with the fading of each summer's tan. It increases year after year. "The clock is ticking," says Klein, "from your first exposure to the sun."

MATT CLARK »nh DTBORAH WITHERSPOON

The College Brain Drain

Education

On the day she graduated from the University of Southern California last month, *magna cum laude* in English. Gretchen Radke had "an empty feeling." Although she had been accepted into a Ph.D. program at the University of Virginia, Radke * as enrolling in business school at Boston University. "I'm going to nuss English," she says. "But business was a more practical thing to do." Unfortunately, what is practical for Radke and thousands of students like her may be disastrous for higher education. "Some of the brightest undergraduates are not considering academic careers," says Robert F. Goheen, director of the Mellon Fellowships in the Humanities, a new program to encourage graduate study. As a result, scholars worry, universities will face a shortage of new teaching talent perhaps as soon as the next decade.

For several years now, college graduates have been abandoning the classroom for more lucrative careers in the boardroom, the courtroom and the operating room. The reason is simple: tenure tracks became clogged with youthful faculty members in the 1960s, and the demand for new ones has fallen to a whisper in these times of retrenchment. "The job market is practically nonexistent," says history Prof. E. Bradford Burns of the University of California at Los Angeles, who advises his students to stay away from teaching. But the demographics point to a turnaround in the late 1990s, when the college-age population will increase and large numbers of tenured faculty will approach retirement. "We cannot afford a situation in which able people stay away from graduate school," cautions Princeton University president William Bowen.

Decline: According to Harvard, the number of its *summa cum laude* seniors who went on to graduate school dropped from 77 percent in 1964 to 31 percent last year. A new study by the Consortium on Financing Higher Education shows sharp declines in the numbers of students applying for graduate work in the humanities departments of twenty prestigious colleges and universities. Collectively those departments lost an estimated 43 percent of their applicants from 1972 to 1980 and enrolled 32 percent fewer students. The English departments, for example, received an average of 338 applications in 1972 and just 184 in 1980; history departments enrolled seventeen graduate students in 1980, half the 1972 number. Over the last decade there was also a steep drop in the

number of students taking the Graduate Record Examinations achievement tests in the humanities—an indication that fewer students plan to attend graduate school in those fields

“One final note, then, as we wish you all Godspeed. Those of us «»inside academia most heartily encourage those of you outside academia to stay outside academia”

Many graduate-school deans insist they are still getting top students, and some suggest that the hardy souls now seeking Ph.D.’s represent the committed scholars who really belong in academia. Goheen, a former president of Princeton, is not so sure. “The issue is not numbers but quality,” he says. “There are people who love the intellectual life, who are not commercially motivated, but who simply don’t have the talent.” Adds John Gryder, associate dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Johns Hopkins: “The [humanities] are at a great disadvantage right now. Gryder fears that the numbers of students “may decrease to the point where it will be difficult to keep operating the programs.”

Humanities departments are not the only ones worried about the prospect of empty professional chairs. For engineering-business schools, the famine has arrived—because there are so many winning jobs in the field that few good students even give teaching a thought. “The situation with respect to Ph.D.’s in engineering is atrocious,” says Robert Page, Dean of the engineering school at Texas A&M. Last year the nation’s colleges and universities awarded 45 percent more bachelor’s degrees in engineering than in 1972, but 10 percent fewer Ph.D.’s—and nearly half of those went to foreign nationals who may not stay in the country. Raising professors’ salaries to compete with the \$524,000 a business school can earn doesn’t always help; A&M tried, but this month it is losing two faculty members to six-figure jobs in industry. Twenty percent of business-school faculty positions are also vacant.

It’s a seller’s market, totally,” says Richard J. West, dean of Dartmouth’s Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, who last year filled three of seven faculty vacancies—only to lose three others. William Dill, a former dean at New York University, was so desperate that he hired a philosophy Ph.D. as an accounting professor.

Practical: PhD programs in the human

Humanities have traditionally been vocational training for the ivory tower. Rebecca West, dean of students in the Humanities Division at the University of Chicago, would like to broaden that outlook—and keep good people in graduate school—by “changing the emphasis in various programs so that students will not [necessarily] study with the goal of working in an academic context.” Last month, after two years of study, a faculty commission at Chicago issued a list of recommendations to make Ph.D. programs more appealing—and more practical. It suggested combining some programs (international politics and foreign languages, for example), reducing the time spent on course work and providing more financial support for postdoctoral research in the humanities and social sciences.

Given the current uncertainty about aid for graduate students, even devoted scholars need fiscal incentives. To that end the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation is underwriting a 524 million humanities fellowship program to be administered by the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation in Princeton. Starting in the fall of 1983, as many as 125 graduate students in fifty or more universities will receive stipends of 57,000 and have their tuition paid in full. Fellows recommended by their departments will continue to receive money in the second year, and those who have done superior work will be supported while they complete their dissertations. The grants, says Goheen, are designed to encourage "people with a yen for the intellectual life who feel they can't pursue a career in the humanities because the economic prospects are so forbidding." Goheen has formed a national committee and seven regional committees to act as talent scouts. In fifteen years, he promises, "we will have a considerable impact on humanistic education. »DENNIS A WILLIAMS with ELOISE SALHOLZ in New York. MAC MARGOLIS in Berkeley and I L'OR HOWARD in Washington, D.C.;

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By DISPATCH

Gothcs that you have worn during the day and especially if they were worn while you were cooking food should never be placed in your tent or at the foot of your sleeping bag. The clothes should be placed in a bag and placed far away from where you are sleeping.

You should never camp in tents tn areas where hardshell camper use is recommended.

Remember, bears are wild animals and you should not try to feed them. Bears are attracted to human foods which offer a powerful "reward." They can develop a bad habit after only one reward. Bears that do obtain human food or garbage may lose their fear of people and become a danger.

If bears are sighted, if you see bear signs such as tracks oc droppings, or if there are posted signs warning that bears are in the area, change your route of travel and avoid closer contact with the bears.

Camp only in designated areas and make sure your campsite is clean. Never leave coolers out. never leave food on tables and never put food in

tents. You should always place food in hardshell campers or in the trunk of your car. If you are backpacking and don't have a place to store your food, place it in a bag or backpack and hang it from a tree, approximately 15 to 20 yards from your sleeping area.

- Most Forest Service campgrounds are "pack-in, pack-out" areas. Yannonoe doesn't recommend digging holes to bury cans; in fact, you would be in violation of the regulations if you did this. Instead, burn all items that you can and carry out all liner with you. You should try to leave the campsite cleaner than the way you found it.

Yannooe says that preventing conflicts with bears and humans is essential if you are to have an "unbearable" trip. There are no hard and fast rules to ensure protection from a bear attack, but following these precautions may greatly reduce the risk. U—H0lafO*T 1511 - QDALTTT LOG HOME approximately 3,000 sq. ft. near Lincoln, configured for guests « lodge use. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths and room for dormitory. 2 fireplaces*. adjacent to public forest on 11.4 acres. Creek with pond in front yard. I139.J00.

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How to have an 'unbearable' trip

by W*. Y*

Ever since men and bears first encountered each other, there have been conflicts. But a healthy respect for bears and their unpredictable natures will help hikers and campers avoid trouble while traveling through bear country.

Vince Yannone, Youth Educator for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks in Helena, has researched bears and their behavior and has the following suggestions for your trip:

"First and foremost," Yannone says, "be sure you know which kind of bears inhabit the area you'll be traveling in. Check with local sporting goods stores, sportsmen's clubs, people who hike in Yannoos suggests that if the bear starts to climb the tree after you, swing it in the face with a tree limb. This way the bear is busy trying to keep the limb out of its face and has trouble climbing.

Many people wonder how long they should stay in the tree if they find themselves in this predicament. "Obviously, you need to stay there for as long as it takes for the bear to leave the area," Yannone says. "This could be anywhere from five minutes to three hours, but stay there for as long as it takes."

He cautions people who are "treed" by a bear not to yell. Yelling has, on occasion, drawn the bear to the tree he says. Remember that bears can't see well, although they can hear and smell well, and that the sound of your voice may help the bear find you.

As a last resort, if the bear does charge and you can't find a tree, assume a "canonball" position to protect your neck and upper body while playing dead. Grizzlies have passed by peeping."

The Fish, Wildlife and Parks office*. They have range maps of where grizzlies and black bears appear. Learning to identify the two species is essential. Grizzlies are generally more dangerous than black bears; they are more aggressive." "But," Yannoos says, "more people are bitten by black bears than by grizzlies, simply because there are greater numbers of black bears than there are grizzlies."

The main reasons that bears attack people are because: 1) they are startled. 2) people come between a sow and her cub and they see humans as a danger to the cubs, or 3) they are defending a food source and they perceive people as a threat to the food.

According to Yannone, bears have an excellent sense of smell and hearing, but are nearsighted; they see well close up, but can't see objects at a

distance. For these reasons, they stand on their hind feet and use smell and hearing to deter- are confronted by a bear. Yanoooe says. “take on *object* on your person, aock aa a backpack or jacket, and throw k in front of you. Generally, the bear will go to smell the object and usually, *d* the bear detecta the »cent of a haaiaa. he wffl try to avoid row.”

While the bear ia checkin* out the object oa the ground, thia ahould give you time to diatb a tree. “People worry about beiaq able to climb a tree.” Yanoooe “bta it ia surprising how quickly climbiag a tree *i—-rvv*. a natural instinct *d* a bear ia la hoc pursuit.”

The size of the tree doesn’t matter, Yanaoae aaya. Jnat getting tome distance between yon and the bear la the Important thin*. Yon should be sure you are out of reach of thn bear, though. Black beam, both young and old. are excellent climbera. Gritillea are good climbers when they are young, but not aa good at climbing when they are adults. This does not meaa, however, that older grizzlies can’t climb and an adult grlnly may be able to reach up to ten feet high.

them. Sunning futde, he continued, and aay only eidta the animal area morn, fat fact, grizzlies can. attain short bntata of speed fid up to 40 miles per honr, running is a poor option. — Yanoooe alto aaya that ana way to avoid bear confrontation» ia to alert bean that yon are w the vicinity. He recommeadnj wearing “beat bells” (available ia moat national parti), which make aoiae aa yon walk, carrying traasistof radios (obviously turned on fairly load and wrthom headphones), tying a *r—* containing rocks to yout backpack or belt, or jut talking louthy-anything to ware bean that yon are nearby.

Other tngteatioaa that Tanaone ghnn aret

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L. M. Boyd's Trivia Column + Today's puzzle

July 5.

1987

Bomber elusive

SALT LAKE CITY (AP) — A “shadow penon,” possibly a computer wtitl or professor, baa planted 12 bomb« la Ox state* over nine yeaa tod may be someone with a grudge again« universities, professors, airlines or computer bii«nnmn*. authorities say.

The bomba have killed one person and injured 21. The search lor tha person who painstakingly built them is centered on Utah, and rewards lor bis capture *nri conviction total MO.000.

The bombings began May M. 1VH, at Northwestern University In Illinoi. One was planted In an airliner en route from Chicago to Washington, DC. and 12 passengers were treated for smoke inhalation. The most recent occurred Just over a week ago outside a Salt Lake City computer store.

“I don’t like him.” said Salt Lake Ciiy Police Capt. Brent Davis, a member of the task force tracking the bomber. “He doesn’t care who he blows up, obviously.”

A slender, blond man dressed in a hooded sweatshirt, jeans and sunglasses ambled into the parking kx of CAAMS Inc Feb 20 and, in full view of two employees, pul a pipe bomb encased in wood and metal next to a parked car

“This guy’s getting a lot of confidence,” FBI agent Lou Bertram said. “la tact, he*» » cod and cat*3; that whan tha ewe witaemaa mw Mm “. mt tha package dowaa they aM. ‘Oh- wett, he’s not trying to hide anydUag, ,, wwY krveetlgaie It iaier.” !

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It was the fir« time the bomber , bad been seen by wltneaaat. Thatr , descriptions produced a corapoi “ketch <UatnL-jted la« weak to I enforcement iganrlea nationwide.

Tha FBI has made public ih» ! ; snippeu of Its psychological profile ‘ of the bomber, described by Devi* as “a Wiedow person.”

“It Is apparent that from the «W triordinary amount of time tha bomber conaumea la drsigning, coe- nruclng and uaemhllng them bomba that he

derives significant psychological fulfillment,” according to the profile. “His secretive nature and he is an extremely inadequate individual who fears any open confrontation with his real or imagined enemies.”

“Just based on his track record,” Devis said, “we would have to conclude we’re dealing with somebody who’s obviously quite bright.

“In a period over eight years, it doesn’t appear that he’s blown himself up yet.”

WASHINGTON (AT) — The CIA to produce a comic book to tell the story of Marina to the Soviet Union. It is a story of a woman who was captured by the CIA and held in a secret facility. The book is a collaboration between the CIA and a group of authors. The book is a collaboration between the CIA and a group of authors. The book is a collaboration between the CIA and a group of authors.

CIA’s comic book

How to be a terrorist

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taa*... Hide aad damaye looi*...Throw loo la tato aewar.”

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Prime minister [text obscured]

By JOHN BELANGER

Cox News Service

OTTAWA — Wbeo parham«* Raima silling Monday after a ona- week poet-budget break, oppoakkn political sharks will be circling the prime minister — eagerly watching lor alight signs of weakness.

If they find them, if they discover cracks in the usually impenetrable armor of the prime minister, they will strike quickly and with gusto, sensing the political demise of the country’s chief esecudve.

For Martin Bonn Mubnasy. former lawyer and mining executive, father of four, prime minister for only 30 months and staggering since his second year in office began, this could be the most Important week of his brief political life.

It may determine whether he becomes a “one-term wonder” or leys the groundwork for a successful comeback when the next election is called in 1988 or 198«. The main problem lies in setting his own agenda, putting the past behind him and win- nmg back public confidence in his ability to govern effectively

That confidence has been badly eroded in the last month as the government reeled from crisis to crisis

It first started at about 4 p.m. today as a high-profile last night on the tab, which tasted bitter as a result of the U.S. national election, said Fred Burson, director of the White House press secretary's office. The latest Gallup poll showed the government's popularity down to 21 percent compared with 44 percent for the opposition Liberals under leader John Turner, the lowest level for any governing party since Gallup began polling in Canada 45 years ago. The figures indicate the Liberals' handling of the drug administration has led to a loss of support for the government. No major news was reported and the damage, although significant, was not as far as Justice Minister R. Wilton, the minister of justice, (and his cabinet) in a series of meetings 'narrowly focused on the government's handling of the crisis. In the meantime, the government's handling of the crisis has attracted a lot of voluntary labeling agreement in the United States.

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A;ad lands will begin Oct 13 in Egypt A2

ions In the Nation...® other rot informal; Armored including descriptive the truck The trv. between 5 million, v Highway Former anti-war radical Kamenne Poser, who came out of hiding to confront her past, was sentenced to eight to 12 years in prison Wednesday for a C-Z?c. ittory Hachar m Say "on found haraaj a «tanta Tar throughout n rmr ta ladtanaat." TW octa>o(board nid K »otad try Bta tan ☒ tat ta paopta Hr« morad kn (rna attar parts ta tai oaaatry atan tata tata ta tata« tata taatac- nsUblt." atad Biskay. "Sta said » satanes raotand «ta uhl .. ,»s iCi,, , wst wttb ☒ motan paddU ta Ho l~wu f™.r. Marin trrtarrüJo KZOHI R <JfOA

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from the crowd. Motorists tooted their horns in response to a sign asking them to "Honk for Wildcoves*,"

The rally was arranged by the /frteri- cans for Wilderness Coalition, a group composed of local activists and members of state and national environmental groups.

Organiser Mike Bader said that the group reatUae that a Montana wilderness bill won't coatak g » million acres of wilder, ness. ‘

“We just wantfd lo speak the truth about what we warn,” he said. “If we said that we just waht 4 million *rcs. then poti- iihani would say ... only that much is eves argrtlt considering.”

I

economic assumpiions used by industry lo argue against wilderness.

Tom Power said the timber industry is confused when It complains that Us declining business is caused by United access to national forests.

“IPs nol a lack of acceu lo trees, it's that the public doesn't want to buy them anymore,” Power said of the industry's troubles.

The traditional economic |»U. to be found in Montana's *4M lands arc miniscule compared to tb* MBdfits undeveloped , Mad holds, he said.

Pristine country Is a major reason Mos- tanans Hus where Ussy do. and an Inability to see the economic ImaAcatloas of iku is “sunpju silly.” be inhL

“That's why we Ha hers, that's wly wt stay here, and that's why £o*e lam# should be protected as wbag #sy aff” Power said.

Although Wolke turned down the volume. he insisted his message must be heard by members of Montana's congressional delegation now working on a state wilderness bill.

“Our delegation must say ‘no more’ to the Forest Service and other development extremists,” he said.

But it's not likely that what Wolke and the others who gathered on the courthouse lawn want — wilderness designation for tbs sute's remaining 9 million arts of roadtsas land — will be granted.

Figures between 1 and 2 million acres get tossed around in congressional discussions of Montana wilder new. Aides lo Rep. Pal Williams said. Monday that be could have a proposal' raady hy tbs sad of March.

>y MICHAEL MOOHE

oi it>e Missouiiar

Environmentalist Howie Wolke couldn't have made his point belter if he had devised the example himself.

Addressing a tally that drew about 200 Montana wilderness supporters Mooday, Wolke had urged the activists to “cut through the fog of bureaucratic intransigence” when a bureaucrat stepped from the door of the Missoula Couasy Courthouse and told Wolke to hush.

What disturbed the well-dressed bailiff from Missoula District Court was Wolke's decibel level; apparently a tirade against amt-wilderness forces was inadmistable evidence in a trial underway upstairs la lb« courthouse.

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Wilderness rally rouses courthouse

“- , J . c . , JO\ (- 50-fU 5f. y Alc>«J Yo*V 1002 2- * i/iA^cA 3 iify7 ede- But the disturbance made the point perfectly: Government. Wolke said, doesn't provide a sympathetic ear to those who would save the wilderness. {JJytissVIA a Monday's rally, billed at Montana Mb, ever Wild, also yielded criticstas by tb*r+ chairman of the university of Montana's ' economics department, who cl Power's matarkt as well a* ihgaa «f Wolke and others drew rounds of i^yn The rally closed as the Mfaeouta office if Rep Williams, wtsero the group chanted and rang, urging Williams' aidas to let I heir boss know that some Montanans have' bed k with what aue called "the absolute raps of everythin* that's good about this USB o n AT OUT t*> I C (A'lsii 'i.*M J» an1 1 rawc/f.stvr pMfly- I fkj * V l rit.4

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Fairground».

Rocky MamiflwrtM “* “orahoy Chonm, Tuesday. 7:»P-i.. Si. Paul'» Luiheraa Churchj 202 Brooks

**» tkrd tqogma, Tuesday. 7:50- 9:50 p m.. Holy Family Church. 4614

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married

Eugene J Routt In Falmouih. Ky. They made their home in Ne»port until moving to California They moved lo Montana in 1969 and bought ihetr retirement home on the Blue Slide Road.

Mr» Routt enjoyed golf, working with ceramics and Minting

Survivors Include her hutband, cu- ,tne. ai ihe (»»>1» I»™: “ d*u»h,CT' Betty Romero, Sir Frutcitco, three grinddaughltrt. i gr»nd»o ««I lhr*< great-gr anddaughi ers.

Funeral “ervu.es will be I p m. Wednesday at the Trout Crack Community Church with the Rev. Timothy Fouli officiating. Burial wiM follow at Whitepine Cemetery under the dime tion of Shrider Pur*»

3f 'pabiol^WPJfTndiOOK and three

peat-graadchildren.

Funeral services will be 2 p.m. Wednesday at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Ronan. Burial will be at Lake View Cemetery under the direction of Mosley Funeral Home in

Boon...

The family will observe a memorial service for Robert W. Arnold at 10 a.m. Wednesday at the Lutheran Church. The Lutheran Hour on Pablo Fire Department

Robert W. Arnold

Memorial service for Robert W. Arnold will be 2 p.m. Tuesday at McGuire Simonson & Carr Funeral Home. Cremation has taken place.

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291*5963 FlrW ... Mr. Arnold. 67. of Missoula, died of heart failure Friday, Feb. 27, at Community Medical Center. Plains. "e vai Ho © AROUND MISSOULA DdtaAndWe KsMoreThanA Ife An All-Star. Juertliy Suwite group (ckned meer- g » m , and High Noon group, noon, Knight. o(Columbia Hill.)I3 E Pine St Nooncr g/otip. noon. AUno Clnb 725 W, Alder St.; High Noon young people. »;» p.m ..nd MimouU group. Ipn.m- Hill; Silverlip gtoup (.harreit Mam tiCJim .md_ . plus level V' \$ a/ > 'VCr ☒irtr t'i vtJui ri i. * ,

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WORLD WAR I: OMint un ehlorin* gM In Belgium, — AM** ratailat* wMh phosgene and chlorine gas. k)8t7,-^ , Germany introduced mustard gas*..* V”>- < -1 -(ip

1*231 Geneva Protocol ☒ signed by t* nation* to avoid use of poison gas in war. The U.S. ratified the agreement in 1925. Italy allegedly used mustard gas* on the Italian front, 1915-1918. Japan used chemical weapons* against China* 1937-45. The U.S. banned the use of chemical weapons* by the Soviet Union, China and North Korea of using chemical weapons* in the Korean* and Chinese*. ~ 1947 Egypt charged with using chemical weapons*,

W* in Soviet help, in Yemen. v>ir’-/i{ “☒ ‘ >..

VIETNAM WAR) U.S. charged « Via» Cong w/it going ahead of» and biological weapons*. The U.S. used herbicide (Agent Orange) and riot control gas. In the late 70s Vietnam is accused of using chemical weapons* in Laos and Cambodia. Ethiopia is accused of using chemical* on rebels.

1980 Iran uses chemical weapons* against Iranian rebels.

MARCH, 1988 Iran uses chemical weapons* on Kurdish land.

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Poison Gases

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Beware of toxic woods 4)

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[toxic," says Ellen Silbergekl, a toxicologist with the Environmental De-
fense Fund, a Wash- infton-based group that recently hdd a conference on
wood preservatives. "It's an open secret that this is a very, very hazard-
ious problem, but I don't think * many people know about it."

A portion of the toxic exposures occur when do-it-yourselfers treat wood
for their own . carpentry work, often in under- ventilated workshops.

Even more dangerous are fumes released from treated wood when it is
burned in a fireplace, or that build up in rooms whose walls are built with
treated logs.

The fumes are laden with dioxins, among the most toxic manmade chem-
icals known, and ' other toxic substances.

The most dangerous of the chemicals used to treat wood, called penta, is
not be sold to consumers but can be found on wood that is sold pre-treated.

Another wood preservative, copper arsenate, is widely marketed. Its fumes can release arsenic, which even in minute quantities can cause cancer and damage the nervous system.

woods

Scripta Howard Haws Sarvta

Some people expose themselves to hazardous levels of toxic chemicals — including dioxin — when they light wood fires, work with wood or just sit in certain rooms.

The problem is wood preservatives, a little-known and scarcely controlled source of invisible and sometimes odorless fumes.

Preservatives are used on raw, unfinished wood — such as logs in log cabin homes — or on finished wood to be used outdoors, such as for a deck. The chemicals are not typically used on stained wood paneling in a recreation room.

“All the chemicals used to preserve wood are terribly toxic,” says Ellen Silbergeld, a toxicologist with the Environmental Defense Fund, a Washington-based group that recently held a conference on wood preservatives. “It’s an open secret that this is a very, very hazardous problem, but I don’t think many people know about it.

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The fumes are laden with dioxins, among the most toxic manmade chemicals known, and other toxic substances. *Si-*

The most dangerous of the chemicals used to treat wood, called pentachloro, is not sold to consumers but can be found on wood that is sold pre-treated.

Another wood preservative, copper arsenate, is widely marketed. Its fumes can release arsenic, which even in minute quantities can cause cancer and damage the nervous system.

Creosote “contains a whole range of very well-known cancer agents similar to what you find in cigarette smoke and gasoline,” Silbergeld says.

The worst cases of toxic contamination have occurred in the interiors of newly built log cabins, where natural-looking walls of treated logs continually release fumes from preservatives into enclosed spaces.

In 1982 the U.S. Centers for Disease Control documented a case of severe intoxication in Kentucky, where contemporary log cabins built from kits were exposing residents to dioxins

If you lack a grill on a backpacking trip, just

carry foil and a Jew spices. Fish cooked wrapped fa crowd in a matter of minutes.

Fish contains little fat, a substantial amount of %& protein and is modest in calories. The onVi|l 3 fifty acid in fish also may be helpful in preventing the «-V

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wind tfevl

Stalking the wilds for berry and trout

Trout barbecued over an open fire, served with fresh mushrooms and with huckleberry biscuits,

Sound like something you'd like to try? Summer Is the time to collect and enjoy fresh, delicious — and healthful — foods collected from the wild. — , t

The outdoor barbecue is the perfect place to * cook that fresh-caught fish. For a heart-healthy treat, seif, spray the grill with a non-stick spray or use foil under the fish. Sprinkle garlic powder, lemM and ^.^tS parsley in the fish cavity and place on the gnu. A A > — ^ quick, tasty meal is ready for the family or a ^whote^^^

Strawberries Wild urai berries and V Benk<ftp deBdous No sugar If you're out ☒ breakfast. OfT try w*

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Wild my*i£>fla «kt provide potassium. too, 5#awir^Ou of mushrooms you ire picking before ,< up. Stir-fry. tIK “

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»47.J0; under 500 lbs steady. over »0 MM FtKNR CATTL*

Pricey new bomb detector may not work

WASHINGTON (AP) — A \$1 milium bomb detector that the Federal Aviation Ad-
miniitration warn operating Friday at a New York airport is not sensitive enough to
»pot an explosive like the American the one that **deilrnv#*! Pan Am** Flight 103 lau
Advancement or Science, said the : bomb detector, called a thermal ; neutron analysis
device, or TNA, -j — a being set at a sensitivity dut i w9l uncover about 2.5 pounds
of ; plastic explosives.

Science said that British ‘experts believe the bomb that -brought down Pan Am
flight 103 i rover Lockerbie, Scotland, on Dec.. ‘21 contained only about one ‘pound of
explosive.’ Thrrcrash killed 270 people. , .

A TNA bombC detector has been installed in a special building¹ at JFK Airport in
New York and; will go inu> operationfo* international TWA -flights on ‘Friday, FAA
officials said. *Thé* ‘agency said thaï it wants U.S. airlines to; spend about half a billiof
dollars to install 491 of the machines at international airports over the next five years.

The bomb finder 1* a 10-ton, Moot-long nyschlne. U useepcu- irons, a type of sab-
aiomt&pgniv de, to j?robe luggage for the. presence, of nitrogen, | ajogjor^’ component
of explosives. The hig- ; *tAgx* through the ‘machine. on a conveyor belt. Science said
the machine Is so < massive that it requires special construction to Install, increasing
‘ the *com* of deploying lion machine.

A problem with the system Is that some types of fabric, leather and such things as
plastic ski boots can have nitrogen densitie* as high as explosives; said —☒% Cuttm
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“If heavy trunks and woolen clothing are Involved, it becomes hard lo distinguish a
reeJ bomb from background readings, ere- I sting false Alarms,” (he tnapxine J

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[Apert has conducted comprehen- rcfino&ojygotic (N » 49) and diiygotic ""(average
age of separation = 0.3 and t'lbe formative years (average age of twins are administered
two spe- (H-B), supplemented by several "d toward the beginning of the (CAB) is
administered toward and sex-corrected. The average rlh R-B substesta were 0.45 and

0.34, intraclass correlations for the 13 subtests. Biometric model-fitting of these correlations yielded estimates of heritability ranging from 0.50 to 0.80. Data for groups of subtests in the Accuracy and Memory domains were analyzed separately to yield the highest and the lowest heritability estimates.

“On Special Mental Abilities” by J. M. Shields. *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 1977, 35, 100-108. The Minnesota Study of Twins Reared Apart: Extensive battery of special mental abilities

Lykken, D. T., & Tellegen, A. (1976). Heritability of personality in twins reared apart and together.

Lykken, D. T., & Tellegen, A. (1976). Heritability of personality in twins reared apart and together. *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, 35, 100-108.

and (ii) the effect of being reared in the same home is negligible for many psychological traits. These conclusions will not come as revelations to the many behavioral geneticists who have observed similar results and drawn similar conclusions (5). This study and the broader behavioral genetic literature, nevertheless, challenge prevailing psychological theories on the origins of individual differences in ability, personality, interests, and social attitudes (6). Here we summarize our procedures and review our results and interpretations of them.

Participants complete approximately 50 hours of medical and psychological assessment. Two or more test instruments are used in each major domain of psychological assessment to ensure adequate coverage (for example, four personality trait inventories, three occupational interest inventories, and two mental ability batteries). A systematic assessment of aspects of the twins' rearing environments that might have had causal roles in their psychological development is also carried out. Separate examiners administer the IQ test, life history interview, psychiatric interview, and sexual life history interview. Psychological Differences: Study of Twins Reared Apart

David T. Lykken, Matthew McGue, Auke Tellegen

Minnesota

Psychological effective for

twins, especially

“Of importance, life history interview. A comprehensive mental ability battery is administered as a group test. The twins also complete questionnaires independently, under

the constant supervision of a staff member. Reared-apart twins have been ascertained in several ways, such as (i) friends, relatives, or the reunited twins themselves, having learned of the project, contact the Minnesota Center for Twin and Adoption Research (MICTAR); (ii) members of the adoption movement, social workers, and other professionals who encounter reared-apart twins serve as intermediaries; (iii) twins who are, or become aware of, a separated co-twin solicit assistance from the MICTAR staff in locating this individual. Selection on the basis of similarity is minimized by vigorously recruiting all reared-apart twins, regardless of known or presumed zygosity and similarity. We have been unable to recruit to the study six pairs of twins reared apart whom we believe to be monozygotic.

Zygosity diagnosis is based on extensive serological comparisons, fingerprint ridge count, and anthropometric measurements. The probability of misclassification is less than 0.001 (7). Where appropriate, our data are corrected for age and sex effects (5). Due to limitations and the smaller size of the DZA sample (30 sets), in this article we focus on the MZA data (56 sets). The results reported here are, for the most part, based on previously reported findings. ¹ that the sample sizes do not include the most recently assessed pairs and vary depending on when in the course of this ongoing study the analyses were conducted.

As shown in Table 1, the sample consists of adult twins, separated very early in life, reared apart during their formative years, and reunited as adults. Circumstances of adoption were sometimes

reared-apart twin intermediaries; (iii) twins who are, or become aware of a separated co-twin solicit assistance from the MICTAR staff in locating this individual. Selection on the basis of similarity is minimized by vigorously recruiting all reared-apart twins, regardless of known or presumed zygosity and similarity. We have been unable to recruit to the study six pairs of twins reared apart whom we believe to be monozygotic.

Zygosity diagnosis is based on extensive serological comparisons, fingerprint ridge count, and anthropometric measurements. The probability of misclassification is less than 0.001 (7). Where appropriate, our data are corrected for age and sex effects (5). Due to limitations and the smaller size of the DZA sample (30 sets), in this article we focus on the MZA data (56 sets). The results reported here are, for the most part, based on previously reported findings. ¹ that the sample sizes do not include the most recently assessed pairs and vary depending on when in the course of this ongoing study the analyses were conducted.

As shown in Table 1, the sample consists of adult twins, separated very early in life, reared apart during their formative years, and reunited as adults. Circumstances of adoption were sometimes

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T. Borkhard, Jr., and M.

Minnesota Center for Twin and Adoption Research,

University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55455.

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and (ii) the effect of being reared here in many psychological traits. That conclusion is revealed to the many behavioral geneticists. Similar results and drawn from similar studies (Jensen's broader research) show that the results are similar.

Using psychological theories on the origins of twins, person-to-person and a priori summarize our procedures and review our findings of them.

Participants completed approximately 50 hours of psychological assessment. Two or more tests of human intelligence, each major domain of psychology, were administered so as to provide coverage (for example, four different types of trait occupational inventories, and two mental ability tests). A systematic assessment of aspects of the twin's rearing environment was conducted. The twin's development was also assessed. *Separate exam IQ test, life history interview, psychiatric interview, and sexual history interview. A separate mental ability battery is administered as a group to each twin also. Complete questionnaires independently, under the supervision of a staff member.*

Reared-apart

(i) friends, ...

Monozygotic and dizygotic twins who were separated early in life and reared apart (MZA and DZA twin pairs) are a fascinating experiment of nature. They also

provide the simplest and most powerful method for disentangling the influence of environmental and genetic factors on human characteristics. The rarity of twins reared apart explains why only three previous studies of modest scope are available in the literature

(1-4).

Adoption studies, including a pilot

Thomas J. Bouchard, Jr., David T. Lykken, Nancy L. Segal, and Auke Tellegen

Articles Sources of Human Intelligence: The Minnesota Study of Twins Reared Apart. Since 1979, a continuing study of monozygotic and dizygotic twins, separated in infancy and reared apart, has subjected more than 100 sets of reared-apart twins or triplets to a week of intensive psychological and physiological assessment. Like the prior, smaller studies of monozygotic twins reared apart, about 70% of the variance in IQ was found to be associated with genetic variation. On multiple measures of personality and temperament, occupational and leisure-time interests, and social attitudes, monozygotic twins reared apart are about as similar as are monozygotic twins reared together. These findings extend and support those from numerous other twin, family, and adoption studies. It is a plausible hypothesis that genetic differences affect psychological differences largely indirectly, by influencing the effective environment of the developing child. This evidence for the strong heritability of most psychological traits, sensibly construed, does not detract from the value or importance of parenting, education, and other propaedeutic interventions. More than 100 sets of reared-apart twins or triplets from across the United States and the United Kingdom have participated in the Minnesota Study of Twins Reared Apart since it began in 1979. Participants have also come from Australia,

Canada, China, New Zealand, Sweden, and West Germany. The study of these reared — apart twins has led to two general and seemingly remarkable conclusions concerning the sources of the psychological differences—behavioral variation—between people: (i) genetic factors exert a pronounced and pervasive influence on behavioral variability, learned of the project, contact the Minnesota Center for Twin and Adoption Use-aiti^MICTAI^; (K) member .of ^»aoption “To w McCiuc »k in the Department of Pivehokwv and the , Univcniry of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN 55*55 D. T Tcilcgen are tn the Department of Psychology, Uwverwv Aj shown in Table 1, the sample consist! of sduk twins, separated very early in life, reared apart during their formative years, and reunited as adutn. Circumstances of adopoon.’1were sometimes bsb- ni

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The ttudy repotted in the I A England Journal of Medi involved the examination of 1 cords of 30,121 randomly «elected ‘A patients at hospitals in New York ‘A State, said Brennan. It is the larg- — at study ever done of doctors’

V mishaps, and it provides the best estimate so far of how common such mishaps are, he said.

The problems Include such

things u drug complications and allergic and they said no.” wound infections, Brennan said, the standard of care, but.

f About half of the problems be the patient ends ;tip. occurred in patients undergoing .allergic and hasto eosnebat surgery, be said. ‘jl.*the hospital.’^, ‘

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Doctors’ goofs pose risks, startling study concludes ..

British officials warn against plastic wrap

LONDON (AP) — The Agricultun Ministry warned people Tuesday again» covering fatty foods in plastic wrap oi cooking foods covered in the clingy plastic that it said could cause cancer. ^

than 100 years, when dentists started using mixtures of mercury, silver, tin and copper to fill cavities in teeth

But where 10 years ago Yost and her dentist would have been branded as kooks, new scientific studies and a class-action lawsuit filed against the American Dental Association in September by a group of its own members have added new fire to the old claim that the mercury in these "silver" or amalgam fillings can be a health risk.

Even the federal Food and Drug Administration, which gave amalgam its seal of approval in 1976 without a scientific review, will consider "possible hazards from dental amalgam" in March.

"This will prove to be the biggest boondoggle medical problem of this century;

'How can anyone say that mercury is not safe outside the mouth but is safe inside the mouth? Mercury does not belong in the mouth. Mercury belongs in thermometers.'

- Joyal Taylor, Environmental Dental Association

century," said Dr. Joyal Taylor, a San Diego dentist and founder of the 700-member Environmental Dental Association. "How can anyone say that mercury is not safe outside the mouth but is safe inside the mouth? Mercury does not belong in the mouth. Mercury belongs in thermometers." The American Dental Association, the 140,000-member association for dentists in the United States, continues to sharply disagree with such aides. "There is no responsible, conclusive scientific evidence to characterize amalgam as anything but safe and effective," said Philip Wrintraub, manager of ADA media relations.

It's only been in the past decade that the type of research needed to determine whether dental amalgam is safe has been undertaken. Results from those studies have established that mercury from silver fillings accumulates in the body, sometimes passes from the mother to a fetus and sharply reduces kidney function in sheep.

No one disagrees that mercury is one of the most toxic substances known. Leading toxicologists have said there is no safe level of mercury exposure, but they have not yet to

show

show a direct link between health problems in people and the amalgam in their mouths.

The debate is over whether the mercury vapor inhaled by people with amalgam fillings, which are only a third silver, accumulates in the body enough to be harmful. Autopsy studies in Sweden, for example, have shown that people with amalgam have two to three times as much mercury in their brains and nine times as much in their kidneys as people without silver fillings. But it did not determine whether those amounts were harmful.

Symptoms reported by people like Nancy Yost include central nervous or immune system disorders, depression, anxiety, headaches, back pain and dizziness. The symptoms mimic such diseases as multiple sclerosis and chronic fatigue syndrome.

The first evidence that mercury could escape from hardened amalgam fillings came in 1979, when University of Iowa researchers found that chewing food and grinding teeth constantly releases small amounts of mercury vapor, which can be inhaled into the lungs.

Preliminary results from a subsequent University of Southern California School of Dentistry study indicated that dental amalgam can decrease the count of infection-fighting white blood cells.

A recent study from the University of Calgary Medical School found that when 12 amalgam fillings each were placed in the mouths of sheep, the animals lost half their kidney function within 10 days.

Not even critics of amalgam fillings recommend removing them unless someone is ill or having unusual symptoms. Improper / removal can expose patients to more mercury than if the fillings are left in place.

But *amalgam* critics do urge that no new „ silver fillings be put in.

problems, but they're very specific. And you just sit down and take a list of them and look at those; I don't see that in the general population. I don't see that in my patients.

“Silver fillings have been used for 150 years. We don't see massive neurological problems appearing in the general public from people who have used silver fillings and from people who don't. That's the evidence I look at.”

Sam Queen of Colorado Springs has a different story. A — former medical technologist turned medical writer and health educator. Queen was diagnosed with terminal illness in 1971. He believes that several years of exposure to mercury in the lab caused his illness; he also believes that he was healed by removing

Sam Queen, a board member of the International Academy of Oral Medicine and Toxicology said the board's position on amalgam replacement is to consider it carefully.

“If you have a health problem, consider looking at the possibility of mercury,” he said. “If not, don't run out and have your amalgams replaced. That's foolhardy.”

Queen said there is “some a record-high 30 wins and two losses in debate. Hellgate students placing were Nartaa Koehn, Kevin Baird, John Chapman and John Lott. Sentinel student winners were John Ophua and Jason Mkhelto.

Sentinel High School winners at the State Thespian Conyngtion held in Missoula Nov. 30 ggd Dec. 1 were Robert EUngson and trauma to the tooth” from having fillings replaced, and emphasized that significant amounts of mercury are released during replacement, putting both Die patient and the dental staff at risk of additional exposure.

Bigelow recommends that patients who are concerned talk to their dentists. r

“If you don’t feel confident about his answers, get another opinion,” he said.

Rosequst, Scoff Hodkhaltar and Jacob Snyder for Thespian ‘ yarned i to the Karte vy an id: .

Rifle Association’s Wildlife Art Contest. Her pencil drawing of two bighorn rams was published in the December issue of InSights, the NRA magazine. She also won the award last year.

Othar achoola

Thom«» J. Fitzpatrick, a

Missoula student attending the University of Central Florida

Administration have called at least ooe of Vlmy and Lorscheider’s sheep studies “extremely flawed.” According to the ADA Newi, Dr. Gregory Singleton of the FDA questioned the applicability of an *animal* study to humans and suggested that the sheep had eaten some of their fillings, thereby increasing the mercury in their bodies.

In published reports of their findings, Vimy and Lorscheider Mate that none of the fillings were lost or swallowed during the studies.

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SHJNDUP

« cope wfth mini-crime wave

our suapects trc being held in the Shoshone County Jail in .

Idaho, after their arrest on theft charges stemming from lent at the Silver Dollar Bar in St. Regis, according to I County Sheriff Wade Van Gilder. The woman and three u e being held on \$15,000 bond each pending extradition. ‘ try Turner, George Richard Randall, Gerald M. Turner and Eugene Eeford, addresses unknown, allegedly broke into keno machines about 11:52 p.m. on Dec. 11 and then fled, n Gilder also reported the arrest of Robert John

tor, 29, Debra Darlene Hollis, 38, and Kenneth Joseph 8, on criminal trespass charges stemming from an accident that happened about 4:32 a.m. in Saltese on Interstate 90. cording to police records, the three were passengers in a that had been reported stolen in Missoula. The vehicle . Hollis

was injured and the three then allegedly broke into a ,t the Saltese Motel.
“ <⊠ e

so on the evening of Dec. 11, the sheriffs officers arrated “year-olds follow-
ing the theft of gasoline at the Town PutqjLx jK iegis. Further investigation
revealed the two were runa*W»i’\$ y ^ lлена. They were cited to juvenile
court and released to — — ‘ -< according to Van Gilder’s office. ⊠’ . v.

Maxent Feint?

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3REAT FALLS — Nearly 2.5 million poundi ot’

I into the United States has been rejected so far this eetgrass border
crossing, a federal inspector says...

of the meat refused entry has been contaminated ^^^irial, abscesses,
blood clots, hair, bruises and 1H# said Bill Lehman, a USDA meat and
poult!.- «grass. , ‘ ⊠’.”J.T

I. i of U.S.-bound meat refused during selected-^

ha...ged up to 41 percent of all the meat Inspected,;*/ ((

ndrtfhe US.-Canada Free Trade Agreement, implement gjj , 1989, only
trucks pre-selected by computer are required U.S. Inspection Service fa-
cilities along the border, and :leaed lots of meat at the back of the truck
are Inspected past all Canadian trucks were required to stop.. thman, who
has been vocal about what he considers a threat i safety, has been criti-
cized for speaking out about tht lined system. He also has been physically
threatened; he te Great Falls Tribune in an interview, urrently pending is
a proposal to exempt all Canadian meat

⊠e-inspection at the border. -

^ *Associated Press*

urday Lotto has no big winners —

DES MOINES, Iowa — Nobody cracked the \$7.4 n Lotto America jackpot
Saturday, driving the prize to an

For example, he said, the first murder in Ravalli County was committed
over water rights, when one rancher found another rancher “stealing” his
wit«.

““oiaput** ov*r w*t*r have

been a constant in Montana history, starting with gold miners and con-
tinuing to ranchers and farmers.

(low, almost 250,000 wiier- rights claims are filed with the state Depart-
ment of Natural Resources and Conservation, It is the job %f the wax«
court* Jo oversea, these claims. “ “

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of the hidden costs of QQinQ to cciege a that of vwbnq prospective Kftcdi For many parerts, that coufd mean vwtnq sex or more campuses to get ☒ fee* tor a and that gets One way lo out toat expense la by viewing video tapes made by Coiegute

Choca. The videos. 20–120 mruestong. are not promotiopai but honest tours cf some 275 campuses. The sound and ighbnq on the tapes sometimes are not the best, but tNs onfy adds to their candto view, and al S20 for one tour and \$15 for each additional one. they are an excellent way to do some co*ege tounng at low cost.

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ll:ghs in ihd 80s by midweek; lows in the 40s.

PRECIPITATION

24-HOUR PRECIPITATION — i TOTAL PRECIP.THtS MONTH MONTHLY NORMAL THIS TOTAL PRECIP. THIS YEAR ANNUAL NORMAL FOR THIS OATE'r'

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YESTERDAY S STATS

Cats

- Do not turn your back on tfee animal.

“ «j ' ' “ *’

- Do not play dead.¹⁴¹
- Do stay calm. Move slowly. Back away slowly, facing the animal and throwing stones or poking sticks at it. Last June, a

fisherman at Quartz Lake successfully fended off a cougar with his fishing pole. “

- Do try to make yourself

“bigger” and more threatening.. Hold something over your head or open up ‘ your jacket like bird wing». / v- ‘ % ;

- Stand your ground, speak firmly and constantly. You want to convince the lion that you are

not prey’ and, in ‘fact,; t l
may be a danger.,;,. ^.^:

- If the lion attacks, t

back. Hit the animal about ^ , head. Try to keep on
‘ j ☒ “ Fighting bad atmosphere that used to,” Riley used to their prey So people
who fight much higher chance an attack.* “““J“
Riley’, ; jfc

killed by a mountain lion in September 1989. Last summer, a Day-

ncil receives \$120,000 annually president of Defenders of Wildlife p.OOO annually.
iple and others like them are doing Jmake sure rich protectionists do not endanger
species.

people motivated by an overwhelming ‘ planet? Do they see themselves as the to
save the Earth for our grandchildren?

that Montana’s resources would serve good or the good of primitive (the people
with the greatest ideals)? believe crisis they can dream up helps to contributions and
then their salaries. Let’s reality and start identifying these people ig idealists who (for
\$100,000 a year) are

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he Missouan welcomes letters to the editor ‘oh topics of general interest Letters
must be 300 words or less and carry the writer’s name, address and daytime telephone
number. *Telephone* numbers are for verification and won’t be published. Not all letters
can be published.

Repetitive letters are tricky to run. All letters are subject to condensation, and the
Missouan reserves the right to reject or edit letters for reasons including Sbet, inaccuracy
and taste. Address: Missouian letters, P O. Box 8029, Missoula, 59007.

1991

A Twice-Told Tale: Twins Reared Apart

Thomas J. Bouchard, Jr.

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Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 199 .

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The heart of the matter

Despite training, time still takes a toll on the heart

ou don't stop the effects of aging. All the tissues are less resilient. Recovery from injury is poor Nothing works as as it did 30 years . j;

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“If one continues to be active , ~ and keep the skeletal musdes in good tone, then one will continue ; to be able to perform at a .

relatively higher level than some

young people. There are bO-yearr.

olds who complete marathons that . an average sedentary 25-ycar-old couldn't.' — ☒ ‘

“Their hearts are not stronger, J They're probably weaker. But . they've trained their skeletal ? muscle lo the point where they can perform.”

? A R A 0 E ' S

Like Father, Like Son

I

q the victory parades

(Verm Pennsylvania Avenue to Broadway, Gen.

Colin Powell was hailed as a war hero who rose steadily from the mean streets of New York's South Bronx to the post of chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was a bumpy but amazingly successful journey.

Little is known, however, outside Powell's close family circle, about Michael K. Powell

at 28, the general's oldest

child—and his equally bumpy ride to his manifest destiny Michael was born to Alma and Colin Powell on March 23,

1963, in Birmingham.

Ala. , while his father was away earning stars and a purple heart in Vietnam.

The Powells had moved to Birmingham to be near Alma's parents, Robert and Mildred Johnson. Robert Johnson was

principal of the city's largest black high school. “He used to sit by the door in those days with a shotgun in order to protect us while my dad was in Vietnam,” recalls Michael, u didn't see my father until I was over a year old.”

In due course, Michael grew to be a strapping 5-foot-9, 190- pounder and big brother to *tT-nrfa*. now 26, and Annemarie, 31. While attending the College *at* William & Mary in

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delighled-and protected. MAIL NORISK COUPON

I stretching from Pennsylvania Avenue to Broadway. Gen. Colin Powell was hailed as a war hero who rose steadily from the mean streets of New York’s South Bronx to the post of chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was a humpy but amazingly successful journey.

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Ala., while his father was away earning stars and a purple heart in Vietnam.

The Powells had moved to Birmingham to be near Alma’s

ora roll baron a highway near] Frankfurt. It was 6 pm. He and his buddy, who was driving. *fiari* been up since 5 am. The last thing Michael remembers la the jeep suddenly flipping over.

“When I woke up from the accident,” says Michael, “I had a shattered pelvis and cracked vertebrae. My driver suffered almost no injuries, but I was in critical condition. A German ambulance rushed me to a nearby hospital, then I was helicoptered to a U.S. Army hospital near Nuremburg. Later I was flown to Walter Reed hospital in Washington,

D.C.

“Ironically, Dad had just been named President Reagan’s *rational* security adviser. I became an inpatient at Walter Reed for one year and

and the Army with 100% disability. In all, I’ve undergone 14 surgical operations and numerous blood transfusions.’ Today it’s difficult to detect any physical handicap from the accident. Michael limps a little. He has a small spinal curvature and suffers residual pain but is too busy to pay it much mind. He’s in his second year at Georgetown Law School and working as a summer intern with a Washington law firm. He’s married to a fellow William & Mary grad, Jane Knott, and has an active 2-year- old. Jeffrey. Plainly Michael Powell has taken his lumps, swallowed hard, readjusted his goals from the Army to the law and is on his way again.

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t's never too late to flatten your stomach and narrow your waistline. But as you have probably noticed, diets alone are not enough.

That is especially true as you get older. Even if you keep your weight down and get some exercise, your stomach may bulge *anri cAg* because your abdominal muscles are not properly toned.

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check with your doctor be- “ other exercise program. jotvaJ Syndication» toe.

\ HS? r I rhetoric. Many think it was ^N * L- one of the amendments that was not necessary but was included in the Bill of Rights to make people fee! more secure. The U.S. Constitution does not specifically list all the rights of the people, and the Ninth Amendment was adopted to assure that “we the people” retain certain rights even if they are not named in the document. The federal government has only those powers given to it by the Constitution.

The Constitution did not undertake to

define all our rights, and James Madison included the Ninth Amendment to resolve the objections of those who contended that the Bill of Rights could never be comprehensive enough to protect *alt* fundamental rights.

The word “privacy” appears nowhere in the Constitution, yet we Americans tend to be fierce and independent—especially when it comes to freedom from arbitrary governmental interference in personal affairs. It’s to-m«*”? «L omiro^{that *}>^s >roasured liberty is linked directly to our Constitution through the Ninth Amendment.

PAM 1« “ JULY 2k 1991 “ PAJtADC MACUWE

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(ft AW DUGAN AND THE EDITORS OF CONSUMED GUIDE*,

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t* never too late to flatten your *ftnm*rh* and narrow your waistline. But a* you have probably noticed, diet* alone are not enough.

That b especially true as you get older. Even if you keep your weight down and set scene exercise, your stomach may bulge and sag because your abdominal muscles are not property toned.

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I recabo« * SLMartia. Photos by Breadas^{1!} dad. Sea. McMamara

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The Ninth Amendment to the Constitution has to do with privacy and the fundamental right of the individual to pursue his own life without governmental meddling. Because it ^ recognizes personal rights in such a general way, it opens for the photographer (an almost limitless range of subjects— from marriage and travel to friendship and the

right to direct the upbringing of one's own children.

Your subjects are everywhere: a young couple getting married, a mother and child or father and son, a family or perhaps a couple of friends or even a bunch of s~lchl_dren;j, “, 7 7n™ged in pursuits ranging from work to play. What do you think.

J^endaeni Nine Riylí Thai Arai't Spelled Oui—Marital Privacy or Tixrel, For Example

“THE ENUMERATION IN THE CONSTITUTION OF CERTAIN RIGHTS SHALL NOT BE CONSTRUED TO DENY „

OR DISPARAGE OTHERS RETAINED BY THE PEOPLE. ^

You Have More Ri^tsThan Are Stated In The Bill Of Rights

THE NINTH AMENDMENT , a,a, — -. is vague but wonderful in its ISgy / rhetoric.

Many think it was ☒ one of the amendments that lessary but was included in

k _ . _

Page 2:

Boston Glob«

A new picture of moderate drinking, difficult to accept in some quarters, is emerging from studies showing that having two or three alcoholic drinks a day not only helps protect against heart disease, but is largely free of adverse health effects.

Research published in today's issue of Lancet, a British journal, adds to growing evidence that moderate 'drinking reduces the risk of serious Heart disease.

In addition, studies over the* past > . * decade have consistently failed to find that moderate alcohol drinking is _ v\ . associated with added Hsksof cancer or other diseases.

unconfirmed finding of increased incidences of breast cancer among women who drink moderately.

Otherwise — except for pregnant women and individuals who cannot drink without losing control over the amount they consume — health experts say moderate drinkers can be reassured their habit is safe.

“If someone has shown they can continue drinking at a moderate level, there is at the present time no compelling reason to have them stop doing that,” said Dr. Charles S. Lieber, head of the alcohol research and treatment center at the Bronx Veterans Administration Hospital..

‘The latest link in the chain of

evidence that moderate drinking is good for the heart comes in today's Lancet report of research carried out by scientists at the Harvard School of Public Health.

Eric Rimm and his colleagues surveyed drinking habits among 27,700 doctors and demists, and related those to the number of heart attacks and coronary bypass operations over a two- year period. They found that the men who had one-half to two drinks a day had a 26 percent lower risk of heart attacks and bypass surgeries.

The data also suggested as much as a 40 percent drop in the risk of heart disease among men who had three drinks a day, but Rimm said that link was not statistically certain.

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Many older people close their eyes but that does not mean they do not hear. Hooray for Judge Clark, for he is indeed a rare man, a person who cares for other people. I am pleased to know such a fine man and can count upon him to be fair in all that he does. — John Bollinger, P.O. Box 2517, Missoula.

Forest

Each year in the Lincoln Ranger Helena National Forest, herbicides are sprayed on thistles and certain other plants that are considered undesirable. This is done not only along the main roads but in some logged-over areas as well. I didn't know¹ this until quite recently when I came across a Forest Service crew that »a* spraying in and around one of my favorite berry patches.

In some places I found ripe wild strawberries less than one foot from thistle* that had been sprayed. It seems very probable that some of these berries were heavily contaminated with herbicide. If I had come along 20 minutes later, after the crew had left, I wouldn't have known about the spraying and I would have eaten those berries. No notices were posted to indicate that the area had been sprayed,

S

nd as far as I know there had been no public announcement to warn people about the fact that berries or other wild edibles might be contaminated with herbicide. “, ‘ “ “ .”.7. -VKi? . ‘a

Since similar spraying may occur in other ranger district* and in other national forest*, and since wild | * berries and mushrooms growing on Forest Service lands are very popular and widely used* I think the ‘ public should be informed that they may be contaminated — perhaps heavily contaminated — with V” herbicides, and that it would be wise to inquire at the nearest ranger station about spraying activities before gathering any wild edible*. t L»

The Forest Service personnel whom I consulted about thi* issue were very helpful in giving me information, and I would like to thank them for ‘ courtesy. But I don't see how valid, except for the Forest Service's duty to inform the public about the Road

A-6—Mtssoulian. Sunday. August 13, 1989

U.S. congressman.”

Alma Ne'son, Leland's press Secretary, said it was her understanding that the Sudanese rebels were "joining in" in ground search efforts on the Sudanese side of the border.

Leland, the chairman of the House Select Committee on Hunger, disappeared Monday en route to a camp that shelters thousands of Sudanese refugees who have fled the fighting between the government, the rebels, and their

Be alert to spraying

This is in response to June Siple's article, Jems must be informed about local chemical mg." the July 16 Missoulian.

I also believe Missoula needs the BOW law. Having gone through a similar your permission. The Environmental Management Division of the Department of Agriculture staff member assigned to investigate metal violations. The phone number, is 54

In my case, the person spraying was blowing, wore no protective gear, left the sprayer on while she walked over the truck which was parked on the edge of my lawn and gave me false information about what was in the tank. All of the above factors should be reported to the Environmental Protection Department. — *ifl?*

Careful, responsible handling of pesticides only protects our health and our property. Also go a long way to defuse the tensions of those who do and those who don't. Barbara Newby, 4022 South Aye. Wagon

CITY DESK 523-5242

gun restrictions

By JOHN STROMNES

of the Missoulian

Montanans with money to keep and bear concealed weapons will be able to do so much more easily now under a law that took effect Tuesday.

The law, passed last week by legislative action, takes away from district court judges the power to grant concealed weapons permits and gives it to the sheriff in the county where the applicant lives.

Previously, judges gave almost total discretion in granting permits; no appeal was possible.

But recurring charges of cronyism stalked the process by which permits were granted. Judges in some counties granted permits to virtually anyone of good character who applied. Elsewhere, judges granted no permits at all. For example, county figures released earlier this year showed one

In every 2.421 people in Missoula County had a concealed weapons permit. Whereas in neighboring Mineral

,‘CONCEALED

Weapons

By county, rate of people with concealed weapon’s permits to those without:

Mineral... I In 94

Lincoln.-^,.....’...I I* 2S0

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Missoula.., 1* 3.421

a permit caq,

tract court, and ultimately to the Montana Supreme Court.

“We welcome the (new) law because it gives people equal access to the law,” said Bill Bigelow, Montana field representative for the National Rifle Association.

The law is modeled on Idaho’s concealed-weapon statute, he said, and it was drafted by the Great Falls Police Chief, so law enforcement had substantial say in the legislation.

Even so, some law officers in Montana are hesitant to embrace the change.

Missoula County Sheriff Doug Chase acknowledged that many law-enforcement officers, himself included, “get uncomfortable about concealed weapon permit*.”

“But we’re not being alarmist over it,” he said, “we’re going to ‘case into it and see how it goes’*.”

A sheriff can deny an application only if he discovers through a search that the applicant is a threat, or if the sheriff otherwise:

“has reasonable cause to believe the applicant is mentally ill, mentally defective or mentally disabled or otherwise may be a threat” to the community.

The latter provision concerns Gary Marbut, a Missoula gun enthusiast who lobbied hard for the new law.

“We will have to wait and see how this is implemented,” he said “I’m certain most sheriffs will go by the book. There may well be a sheriff or two who will use it (the provision) as an excuse to deny a permit.”

Marbut, who is president of the Montana Shooting Sports Association, a firearms education and public policy group, said Montana counties likely

will not experience a flood of applicants, now that the permitting process* has been liberalized.

And he said he doubted that the people who do apply for permits
(See GUNS, Page B 2)

Kron Tuna

ROUNDUP

Man denies drug charge

☒ MISSOULA — A Missoula man pleaded innocent in District Court Wednesday to possession of marijuana with intent to sell. *Si*

Charles F. Mosley III, 32, was arrested Sept. 11 at his Bide Mountain home, where Missoula County sheriff's deputies allegedly discovered three pounds of packaged marijuana. Mosley also pleaded innocent to possession of drug paraphernalia, a misdemeanor. *, , >*

A second man detained in the bust, 32-year-old Thomas Campbell, was not charged. Mosley is scheduled to reappear in court on Oct. 9.

Mkfaei Mvort, MisjouMm

Man charged with assaulting girls

☒ MISSOULA — A Seeley Lake man was charged ^

Wednesday with two counts of sexual intercourse without consent for allegedly forcing two teen-age girls to perform oral sex on him« last year. *j rf.*

Patrick Broderick, 22, was arrested in Missoula on Tuesday on a warrant and appeared before Justice of the Peace Michael — Morris Wednesday afternoon. According to court records,

Broderick met both girls — who were 15 when the incidents allegedly occurred — in the Potomac area. ‘

Court records indicate Broderick met one girl at the Potomac Bar in June, then showed up at her house the next day when *Uo returned home from school. The girl invited Broderick in, then . ; found herself trying to fend off his sexual advances, court record*, state.

The other victim met Broderick, who is apparently absent without leave from the U.S. Navy, in April and was allegedly assaulted by him in a car near Johnsrud Park. In both cases, Broderick forced the girls to perform oral sex on him, court

records state.

The girls notified the Missoula County Sheriff's Department

Wilma seeks fortune & ☒ & £!

by DON BATY

of the Missoula

The owner* of the historic Wilma Building in downtown Missoula asked the city for \$1 million Wednesday to renovate the 1,100-seat theater.

“If you want the symphony and the ballet and the other things in the Wilma, you’ve got to help us,” co-owner Ed Sharp told (he Missoula a Redevelopment Agency Board.

Under the proposal, the owners would enter into contracts with the performing arts groups allowing continued use of the theater for the next 35 years in return for the million. About half of the money would go to bringing the theater and stage area into compliance with building safety codes. I

“When the Wilma was built 70 years* ago it was state of the art, but) lots of things have changed since those days,” said building manager Bob Ranstrom.

Sharp and co-owner Bob Sias argued that without the renovations they could continue to

show movies, but wouldn’t be able to use the theater for performing arts.

“The symphony would be in a terrible pickle without the Wilma Theater, as would the other performing arts groups,” said Missoula Symphony Orchestra board member Phil Smith.

But redevelopment agency Director Geoff Badenoch said the money is “simply not there.” He said the agency did not budget for the Wilma renovations this year and has other commitments.

Beyond the immediate lack of money, Badenoch and agency board members expressed a reluctance to go the renovations alone.

“We cannot just simply take on the burden of this project ourselves,” Badenoch said.

“This isn’t simply MRA sitting down with Sharp-Sias saying we’re going to hatch this deal and that’s it. The arts groups have to be involved.”

, Board Chairman Leon Stalcup asked Sharp about possible funding alternatives, but

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B-2-Missoulian, Thursday, October 3, 1991

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Wilma see

By DON BATY

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A second man detained in the bust, 32-year-old Thomas Campbell, was not charged. Mosley is scheduled to reappear in court on Oct. 9.

Michael Moore, Missoula Daily Inquirer

Man charged with assaulting gifts

MISSOULA — A Scelty Lsks m»n was charged Wednesday with two U.HJUIJ of sexual intercourse without consent for allegedly forcing two local girls to perform oral sex on him last year.

Patrick Broderick, 22, was arrested in Missoula on Tuesday ; on a warrant and appeared before Justice of the Peace Michael Morns Wednesday afternoon. According to court records,

; Broderick picked up both girls — who were 13 when the incidents allegedly occurred — in the Potomac area. *

Court records indicate Broderick met one girl at the Potomac Bar in June, then showed up at her house the next day when she, returned home from school. The girl invited Broderick in, then found herself trying to fend off his sexual advances, court records state.

The other victim met Broderick, who is apparently absent without leave from the U S. Navy, in April and was allegedly

HELP FOR:

“ nearsightedness

“ FARSIGHTEDNESS

“ HYPERSENSITIVITY TO LIGHT

N

Now you may improve your vision naturally with the Aerobic Training Eyeglass System. 30 years of clinical research has proven that people of all ages and all prescription strengths may improve their sight by exercising their eyes! Our scientifically designed Aerobic Eyeglass and exercise program may help you strengthen your vision the natural way.-as you read, sew, work on hobbies or watch TV.

EXERCISE YOUR EYE MUSCLES- EASILY, AUTOMATICALLY

Your eyes, like other parts of your body, need exercise or they lose their strength.

The Aerobic Training Eyeglasses exercise and relax the eye muscles through use of scientifically designed and spaced “pupil openings that change the way light enters the eye. This change allows the eye muscles

to relax, blood circulation to increase and eye strain and tension to be reduced.

SEE RESULTS IN JUST MINUTES A DAY! Simply wear the Aerobic Eyeglasses for 10 to 15 minutes a day while you read, watch TV or do most other tasks (except operating machinery or a moving vehicle). Gradually the openings seem to disappear as your vision becomes clearer. Also perform the easy-to-do eye strengthening exercises outlined in the instruction manual. By wearing the Aerobic Training Eyeglasses, doing the exercises and wearing glasses or contacts that slightly undercorrect your visual needs, you can gradually reduce the

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You must be disappointed with your purchase, J**1 (R) your return I far "prooap«
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Shlpnenl 1» «rawi

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~ ABANDONING SCIENCE

1992

U.S. faces technology crisis

By DAVID GELERNTER

NEW HAVEN, Conn. — When The New York Times uses the term “operating system,” it usually feels obliged to define it.

Other newspapers do the same. They’re not patronizing the readership. They’re just facing facts.

But suppose they felt the same way about “election” or “touchdown”? “Operating system” is that kind of term.

An operating system is a fundamental item in the world of software. If you don’t know what one is you’re not going to learn on the basis of a single phrase, no matter how artfully craned.

And how likely are you to grasp the point of the news story when you literally don’t know the first thing about the topic?

Whenever this newspaper defines operating system for you, it’s assuming you don’t give a damn about technology.

The topic finds most people bored and disengaged.

They are diners at a high-tech feast, wolfing down the latest goodies without wasting a thought on the mere science going on in the kitchen.

This rift between the patrons and the help is growing worse and getting dangerous.

For one, we’re not getting the people we need.

In 1991 a Department of Commerce report concluded that the United States “is in danger of being surpassed by the Japanese in 11 major emerging’ areas of technology.” Meanwhile, the number of computer-science majors at American universities continued to drop tiown by almost 25 percent since 1986.

In 1990, the proportion of U.S. computer-science doctorates awarded to non-U.S. citizens was 45 percent, up from 36 percent a decade earlier.

Students at Yale are five times more likely to pursue law, business or finance than graduate school in science or technology.

In the technology community we

need people. Even more, we need engagement. Your reactions to our new ideas, your own new ideas in turn. *

It used to work like that. Technology would play a theme: urban planners, industrial designers, architects, painters, writers and random visionaries would reexamine.

The 1939 New York World's Fair perfectly captured that vanished music

Today there is silence. Plans for the U.S. pavilion at the 1992 World's Fair in Seville call for a limp bunch of geodesic domes.

Technology applications and 2

multimedia are stymied: great ☒

technology, but what to do with it?

In the humanities, computers are ubiquitous, doing tired, primitive chores: creating and printing documents, once in a blue moon — handling electronic mail. “ -

In commercial settings, desktop “* computers are routinely idle 98 percent of the time. ☒

In a recent issue of *The New Republic*, Martin Peres wrote feelingly about our “drastic shortage of young (dentists.”

But he's part of the problem, part of the intellectual establishment that regards science and technology as unfit topics for a real intellectual's attention.

The last 28 issues of *The New Republic* published, on average, one — quarter or an article each on technology or science. The competition is a lot worse.

The feelings are mutual. Scientists and technologists are getting comfortable behind their wall too. *

They do not solicit meddling by outsiders, whom they have always considered — they weren't going to tell you (his, but since you insist — just the tiniest bit dim.

Explaining research dearly to the non-technical community is widely placed, in the pantheon of academic dupes, right up there in urgency and appeal with emptying the pencil sharpeners.

A leading electronics engineering magazine, *IEEE Spectrum*, publishes wistful lamenting about the fading of

its “heroic image of the steadfast”; young people in the field don't even realize that the public once found technology downright inspiring.

In the 1950s, popular culture was a fantasy on technology themes: jet planes and atomic power, miracle fibers and electronic brains, the rockets and robots of the future. Remember? «

The need for engagement will grow steadily more acute.

Today's technology crisis is slow boil. Tomorrow's will be an explosion.

However large it looms today, technology is guaranteed to grow radically more important.

We will stop looking at computers and start gazing through them.

They will be out windows on this world, purveyors of repackaged
?L images we know and deal with — of our business, governments, communities — and

at this “mirror reality” of the future is a score for many voices.

The lay public has charge of the crucial part dealing with political,

‘esthetic and ethical issues. The technical stuff merely OK is the harmonics. ,.

That performance will transform the social world — whether or not we bother to do it right.

Recently, technology has been shooting off like fireworks. You will find them at the heart of public-policy disputes, major industry realignments, entire regional economies, progress in science and the threats and promises of a software-powered future.

Meanwhile, at Stanford, Berkeley, Princeton, Harvard and Yale, exactly one requires a technology course of “very student.

Too U.S. is so very interested in debating “multiculturalism” — a masterful response to modern times. It has all the cogency of smashing Japanese cars: progress.

David G. Unruh is the author of computer tamer *it* *Yak* (Ad author of “Mirror World.”

1993

Bulletin

BY ROBERT LEWIS

Unemployed older workers hoping to relaunch their careers this year better apply some extra “oomph” to the task, job-placement experts say.

With jobs tight and many obstacles in the way, do what you can to get a job.

business research group.

Indeed, 1992 was a tough year for older jobseekers. As in previous years, their seniority—and higher salaries—made them targets of cost-cutting and downsizing efforts.

Their bouts of unemployment stretched to more than 27 weeks on average compared to 21 weeks in 1991.

Clinton told care ‘a must’

BY ELLIOT CARLSON

AARP has joined forces with other *aging* organizations to press the Clinton administration to include family long-term care services as a “core component” in its still-evolving health-care reform program.

“Without such services, health reform would fail to address a critical and growing need of millions of Americans,” AARP Executive Director Horace B. Deets told President Clinton.

In a letter to the president, Deets indicated that fast action on long-term care is needed because “[many] family caregivers are forced to leave jobs and lose family income as a sequence of their caregiving efforts.”

The letter to Clinton was written by Deets in his capacity as chairman of the Leadership Council of Aging Organizations (LCAO), a coalition of more than 100 organizations.

When hospitals make you sick... or worse

How to protect yourself from an adverse event

BY WILLIAM BARNHILL

M

Martha T. entered a New York hospital cheerfully. She was beating “Big C,” a few more sessions of chemotherapy and it would be all over.

But it was over much sooner than that. By mistake, Mrs. T. received the wrong drug, a far more powerful substance than was prescribed.

A few days later, she died.

Hers is not an isolated case, health authorities admit. One study at Harvard University School of Public Health reveals that as many as 1.3 million Americans may suffer unexpected, disabling injuries in hospitals each year—and 198,000 may die as a result. Doctors call them “iatrogenic” injuries or “adverse events.” Basically, they are the results of medicine gone awry—treatment by health practitioners that is designed to help, but that instead causes illness, injury or even death, whether from surgical or drug errors, infections or side effects, misdiagnoses or flat-out incompetence. And while iatrogenic injuries are not a new phenomenon, recognition of their serious implications has been slow in coming. Especially considering, as the Harvard study points out that they cause four times the annual fatalities as highway accidents.

“Clearly, there are injuries that result for unforeseeable reasons,” says Jon Ross, a spokesman for the American Medical Association. “It does put the injury figures [of 1.3 million injuries per year] in perspective.”

But not everyone is so sanguine. Among those who insist the medical community can do more to reduce iatrogenic injury are authors of the Harvard study, who contend that seven of

ten of the most serious causes of hospital-induced infections in the last two decades.

“Why are the elderly at greatest risk?” asks Robert W. Haley, M.D., director of the division of epidemiology and preventive medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in

Dallas, Texas, who is playing a defensive game from the beginning, say experts.

Whatever you do, go into hospitals with your eyes wide open, urges Lowell Levin, professor of public health at the Yale University School of Medicine and editor of *Iatrogenics*, the journal of the International Society for the Prevention of Iatrogenic Complications.

“Patients must understand hospitals are hazardous and medical care is a dangerous enterprise

LOWELL LEVIN

“Medical care, like so many other things, is problematic; it’s not a sure thing,” Levin says. “Patients must understand hospitals are hazardous and medical care is a dangerous enterprise ... important and valuable so long as you are willing to put a considerable amount of energy into self-protection.”

Can one person really make a difference?

Catherine G., 55, thinks so. She paid close attention to the three-page “informed consent” form when she entered a suburban Washington hospital recently for a routine dilation and curettage (D&C). Among the items

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“Clearly, there are injuries that result for unforeseeable reasons,” says Jon Ross, a spokesman for the American Hospital Association. Ross calls the error rate cited by the Harvard study “obviously too much,” but notes that the fact that community hospitals around the country make 31 million admis-

Resources

T

o protect yourself from harm, consider these resources:

- “Take This Book to the Hospital With You.” by Charles B. Inlander and Ed Whiner, Pantheon Books; \$14.95.

Or call The People’s Medical Society at (800) 624-8773 to order.

- “The Best Medicine: How to Choose the Top Doctors, the Top Hospitals and the Top Treatments, by Robert Arnot, M.D., Addison-Wesley Publishing Co.; \$22.95.

sions annually “does put the injury figures [of 13 million injuries per year] in perspective.”

But not everyone is so sanguine. Among those who insist the medical community can do more to reduce iatrogenic injury are authors of the Harvard study, who contend that seven of 10 “adverse events” they studied were preventable—and nearly one-third resulted from negligence.

“Medical injury is indeed a hidden epidemic,” declares Lucien Leape, M.D., the surgeon and public health lecturer who directed the Harvard study. “Hundreds of mistakes occur every day in a major hospital,” many of them going “unreported, unrecognized, uninvestigated and unknown.” Among those most at risk: elderly Americans, who are

twice as likely as young adults and children to experience an adverse medical event in a hospital, Leape says.

Older persons are also more susceptible to “hospital infections,” or infections that would not have happened had the patient not been admitted to a hospital. In fact, studies by the Centers for Disease Control indicate a precipitous rise in the incidence of hospital-induced infections in the last two decades.

“Why are the elderly at greatest risk?” asks Robert W. Haley, M.D., director of the division of epidemiology and preventive medicine at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center in Dallas. “When elderly persons become sick, they are likely to have other conditions as well; it is the illness that predisposes [one] to infection, not age—people at greatest risk for infection are the ones who are the sickest. None of which changes the fact that some invasive technologies, such as the urinary catheter (the largest single cause of hospital infections), are overused and often used only for the convenience of hospital staff, he adds.

Errors due to negligence are also double for older Americans; indeed, says Haley, “The more serious the illness, the more people are touching the patient—and the more times a patient is touched, the more risky things are done and the more potential there is for an error to occur” —

How can you be sure you won’t become an “adverse event” statistic? By

“Medical care, like so many other things, is problematic it’s not a sure thing,” Levin says. “Patients must understand hospitals are hazardous and medical care is a dangerous enterprise ... important and valuable so long as you are willing to put a considerable amount of energy into self-protection.

Can one person really make a difference? —j

Catherine G., 55, thinks so. She paid close attention to the three-page “informed consent” form when she entered a suburban Washington hospital recently for a routine dilation and curettage (D&C). Among the items she nixed before signing the form: a clause allowing use of a substitute surgeon— . ,

Her action was prophetic; quite by accident, Mrs. G. later discovered a careless hospital clerk had scheduled her for a full hysterectomy. The operation would have taken place, too—but her surgeon knew better.

Here are steps experts say *you* can take to cut your risk of hospital-induced health problems:

Try to stay out of hospitals. Insist on a second opinion when surgery is recommended. Surgery accounts for 48 percent of injuries, Leape reports, the most common being wound infections, nearly 90 percent of which are preventable.

Once in the hospital, be assertive. It’s your health, your body—and you

Continued on page 9

BY ROBERT LEWIS

Unemployed older workers hoping to relaunch their careers this year better apply some extra “oomph” to the task, job-placement experts say.

With jobs tight and many obstacles in the way, “they need to do something that gives them an extra edge over the rest of the field,” says Helen Axel, an employment analyst at the Conference Board, a New York-based

BY ROBERT P. HEY

A new government trial balloon is being floated to see whether Americans will accept the idea of a higher eligibility age for Medicare.

If the idea indeed floats, employers and older Americans, beginning early in the next century, could wind up paying considerably more money in health-care costs before

business research group.

Indeed, 1992 was a tough year for older job seekers. As in previous years, their seniority—and higher salaries—made them targets of cost-cutting and downsizing efforts.

Their bouts of unemployment stretched to more than 27 weeks on average compared to 21 weeks in 1991.

By contrast, younger workers (age 35–44) were out of work 21 weeks in 1992 and 16 *continued on page 14*

they’re old enough to join Medicare.

“In short, we’re talking about a benefit cut for tomorrow’s older Americans,” says AARP legislative director John Rother.

The new idea is to raise from 65 to 67 the age at which Americans can start getting Medicare, the federal insurance program that reimburses older people for most hospital *continued on page 13*

‘a must’

BY ELLIOT CARLSON

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In a letter to the president, Deets indicated that fast action on long-term care is necessary because “[many] family caregivers are, to leave jobs and lose family income as a consequence of their caregiving efforts.”

The letter to Clinton was written by Deets in his capacity as chairman of the Leadership Council of Aging Organizations (LCAO), a coalition of more than 30 aging groups

representing consumers, educators, volunteers and others. Among member groups; the Older Women’s League (OWL), Gray Panthers, National Council on Senior Cit-

izens, National Hispanic Council on Aging, National Caucus and Center on Black Aged.

Noting that President Clinton has pledged to submit a health-care reform plan to Congress by April 30, LCAO members warned that the coalition would be unable to support the proposal unless it makes a start in establishing a comprehensive long-term care program for all Americans.

“At this point we couldn’t support the Clinton reform plan without long-term care, says OWL Executive Director Joan Kuriansky. Right from the start, “There must be a timetable and a financial mechanism for putting such a program in place” over the next several years, she says.

continued on page 12

continued from page 2 have a right to defend it. Ask questions—repeat them if necessary—or ask a family member to follow up for

‘Hospitals need to rethink [how] they deal with human mistakes.’

LUCIEN LEAPE, M.D.

you. Don’t be afraid of making anyone angry, or hurting feelings.

- When your doctor prescribes a drug, ask for its name and correct spelling, the dose, how many times a day you should receive it and how it should be taken. When a nurse dispenses medication make sure you’re getting the right product before taking it. Errors involving the use of drugs accounted for 20 percent of all injuries in the Harvard study. _

If you have any reason to believe the care you are getting is inferior if your doctor doesn’t seem competent, or your nurse is lax about *bringing*

To reduce the common risk of pneumonia, get pneumococcal vaccine a few weeks before entering a hospital, if that’s possible, Williams suggests.

Don’t let yourself be physically restrained.

“It’s important to avoid being restrained in any way,” Williams cautions. because injuries frequently result. More than 36,000 patients, the majority of them elderly, suffered “significant injuries” in falls, many while

trying to climb over railings placed on

their beds so they could use the bathroom late at night Leape reports TH1 your nurse you don’t want railings up

on your bed,” says Williams “If you get

objections, ask for the supervisor or your doctor.”

What else can be done to prevent iatrogenic injury?

A lot say the Harvard study authors, who advocate changes in how hospitals are administered.

“Hospitals need to rethink the manner in which they deal with human mistakes,” they note. With nearly one in 25 hospital patients suffering from an adverse event Of some sort (and

with more than twothirds of them preventable), “it is time for the medical profession to become as concerned about safety as about cure.”

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s 'Working vacations

*

Whether in this country or elsewhere, voluntl

Spratt says that, initially, he was struck by the privations endured by hi^ new friends, especially the children.! “We have so many things they don't! have—a dry house, a warm house.] Transportation, telephones, contact] with the outside world.

But living and working in Guatemala I also gave him a new respect for the host country's culture. “.After a while vou really wonder: Are those advan- ‘

NEW HAVEN. Conn. (AP) — ail bomb severely injured a University computer scientist i nursday, and the FBI was investigating a possible link to other explosions, including one that maimed a California professor this week.

David Gclcmtr, 38, was opening his mail in his office at 8:15 a.m. when the explosion occurred, said John Scnctt. an FBI spokesman. Later, after the bombing was reported on radio, someone called in a threat to the medical center where Gclcmtr's brother, a Yale geneticist, works.

The bombing occurred just two days after a geneticist at the University of California-San Francisco, Dr. Charles Epstein, lost several fingers when a mailed package bomb exploded at his home.

The FBI was looking for possible connections between the two cases and other recent bombings, “both solved and unsolved,” Sennett said. ^[1]

FBI officials in Washington pointed to a 1989 Reader’s Digest article on unsolved mail bombings, some targeting professors and computer specialists. The bomber sent or placed 12 devices from 1978 , through 1987. killing one man — 38-year-old computer-rental store owner Hugh Scrutton in Sacramento, Calif., in 1985 — and injuring 21 other people.

FBI bomb examiner Christopher Ronay in Washington determined one bomber was behind the dozen incidents based on the meticulous handiwork employed. The FBI would not say Thursday whether the same person was suspected in this week’s bombings...

The serial bomber struck at the University of Illinois in Chicago, Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, Vanderbilt University in Nashville, the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor and twice at the University of California at Berkeley.

The FBI said authorities had to presume that David Gelemter was an intended target, although no motive was clear.

“We’re looking closely for any kind of motive, including those that are terrorist in nature,” Sennett said.

Gelemter, an associate professor and director of undergraduate studies in computer science, is an outspoken conservative, said a colleague. Professor Vladimir Rokhlin.

Dr. Joel Gelemter, a Yale psychiatrist whose specialty is genetics, works at the Veterans Affairs Medical Center in neighboring West Haven.

After the bombing, someone called the medical center switchboard and warned: “ ‘You’re next,’ ” said Louise FitzSimons, a VA spokeswoman. Federal agents checked Joel Gelemter’s mail, but the hospital wasn’t evacuated.

The blast caused David

Gelemter severe wounds to the abdomen, chest, face and hands. He remained in critical condition Thursday evening at Yale-New Haven Hospital.

Gelemter ran a block from his fifth-floor office to the university health clinic to get treatment, leaving a trail of blood, authorities said.

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By DENISE LAVO«

Asaomed Press

The forensic experts believe „that the maker or each of these 14 explosive devices are the or

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hands, Yak-New Haven Hospital sail E phea Cohn, director of the trauma cencsr at the hospital, said OdcrMcr anderwant A hoots of surgery sad wooid probably usai additional surgery to his right hand, which wan severely injured. ¹ ys-* -☒ ..!

Oa Taeaday, a gmetkret at the UtoaiHy of Cahfomta-San Fra nosco, Dr. Oreria Epstein, 59, tare several fingere whoa a nreiad package boato rxpi-odad at Ires boato.

Epstein, the head *at* the mediaigenerica dhrisioo at UC-Sare Fnmdaco, was la fair condition at Marin Oencral Hospital He aka offered burns, cuts and injuries to his tint, abdomen and face when he apenad tha package in ha kitchen ie Tiburón, north of Imi. Francisco. ;- — “““““ “ -;d’ . ,

‘ “We ssrabQshed today the New Have* boato is similar to the Tmuroa bomb, and those two, are believe, an connected -to Unabom,” mid Rick Smith, a>FBI spotaanren ta San Fraadtco.

The nature of tha attacks and the stradar

of Aksoài ,

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- After the New Flaven bombing, sosrreooe caked a nearby medical ceala where Ocktnt- er’s brother, psychiatrist sad genetics »perilHer Dr. Jod *Qciaata*, worked. The caller warned, “You are next,” a medicai career pclnmn

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Earth First Ltha 1993

B.C.

New studies provide irrefutable evidence of a joint government-industrial strategy to destroy the remaining wild areas before they can be protected. Most of the remaining wild areas will be roaded and logged in the next three to five years.

—Scott Greacen

The war over British Columbia's last vast wilderness areas is moving into its final stages. BC populations of keystone species like Grizzly and Salmon face a future so bleak it defies imagination. How could a region so vast and wild be so swiftly and utterly laid waste?

British Columbia has millions of acres of roadless wilderness, the last and greatest wildlands of temperate North America, and some dedicated folks working to keep the wild alive. But the province's politics are still caught in an industrial death-grip. BC is a virtual colony of the multinational corporations which hold the rights to strip the almost all of the province's remaining forests. BC's legal system protects timber companies, not natural systems. Its citizens cannot sue to stop illegal projects; in most cases, they don't even have the right to see government plans.

In BC as elsewhere, activists are moving from a blobs-on-the-map vision of wilderness protection to landscape-level conservation planning. Unfortunately, the multinationals have learned from the US, and the BC government is running full steam ahead on a program of landscape-leveling devastation. A stream of barges is now steaming up the BC coast, carrying heavy equipment to the last great valleys of virgin temperate rainforest. And nobody even knows it's happening.

This spring, BC's New Democratic Party (NDP) government approved the timber industry's plan for the forests of Clayoquot (klak'-wit) Sound, and by doing so dropped

all pretense to environmental sensitivity. As the last large, mostly intact area left on either coast of Vancouver Island, Clayoquot Sound is essential to the survival of native ecosystems on the island, and the decades-long struggle to protect the sound has become the political centerpiece of the battle for BC's forest wilderness. In rage and disgust at the government's decision—and its investment of \$50 million in Macmillan Bloedel—even the terminally timid groups which dominate BC environmental politics have withdrawn from the government's CORE (Commission on Resources and the Environment) processes.

The CORE process is a multiparty roundtable process which, together with the ludicrous PAS (Protected Area Strategy)—a scheme focused on protecting a representative scrap of each of BC's native ecosystems—was supposed to have been the NDP's great solution to the crises of BC's natural resource policies. But both "planning" processes have been revealed as "talk-and-log shows," in which the only areas getting even temporary protection are those for which replacement sacrifice areas can be found. The Webb Reports Activists' bitter feelings have been crystallized by two reports prepared for CORE by researcher Clinton Webb. Using government plans not previously available to the public, Webb has painstakingly confirmed activists' worst nightmares, providing irrefutable evidence of a deliberate government-industrial strategy to destroy the remaining wild areas before they can be protected. "The conservation options are disappearing very quickly," Webb told the journal. "There are hundreds of people working full time planning and approving logging plans, and only a handful working to monitor and trying to stop the plans."

Webb prepared reports for the three most hotly disputed regions of the province: Vancouver Island, the Cariboo-Chilcotin, and the Kootenays. His first task was to inventory wilderness areas, including many important areas about which environmental groups know little or nothing. Having mapped the "conservation options," Webb then compared the remaining undeveloped areas with five-year logging plans approved by the BC Ministry of Forests.

The results are stupefying. On Vancouver Island, where between 2.5% and 3.5% of the islands magnificent temperate old growth forests have been protected in reserves, Webb was able to identify 295 unprotected wilderness sub- areas. 98 or 33% are scheduled for logging in 1992 alone, and 194, or 66% will be cut by 1995/6. According to his report,

"a total of 215 or 73% of the remaining unprotected wilderness sub- areas ... were found to be either potentially threatened or definitely scheduled for logging between 1992 and 1995/6. Because road building usually precedes actual logging by one or two years, this fragmentation and loss of wilderness conservation options will occur within the next two or three years unless the logging plans are significantly changed in the very near future."

Counting cutblocks (clearcuts, and big ones: BC holds the world's record for clearcut size), Webb identified a total of 1050 planned cutblocks for Vancouver Island, 1201

for the Cariboo-Chilcotin, and 1326 in the Kootenays. That's a total of 3577 major clearcuts planned for areas that are now wild, all to be completed by 1997/8.

It is difficult, but very important, to understand the implications of Webb's report. He offers an analogy: "It's like a bathtub when you pull the plug. It drains slowly at first, but when you get near the bottom it flows out very quickly indeed." The bottom line is stark. In the next two or three years, BC will make choices about wilderness destruction that will not be open again for the next two or three thousand years.

The Rest of the Grim Picture

BC environmentalists don't have a lot left to work with. They've run public education campaigns envied the world over. They can't sue. Big Timber owns the conservative politicians and much of the media outright, and uses Big Labor to keep progressives on a tight leash. Peaceful blockades by desperate communities, including hundreds by forceful, committed bands of native people (known in Canada as First Nations), have been met with a ruthless, coordinated campaign of intimidation and suppression by industry and government. On Vancouver Island alone, 107 people have been prosecuted for interfering with logging operations. Many have been sentenced to hundreds of hours of community service, and given two years' probation while more than 20 others have spent up to 45 days in jail. Activists across the province face a wave of SLAPP suits as well.

The BC Forest Alliance has retained the services of the world's largest public relations firm, Burston-Marsteller Ltd. of New York. This company practices a highly sophisticated form of conflict management, and has previously represented the Argentinean government, Union Carbide after Bhopal; and Exxon after the Exxon Valdez oil spill. Burston-Marsteller has apparently had quite a bit to do with shaping the provincial media's coverage of forest and other environmental issues.

Industry propagandists have been particularly successful in using a few pitiful instances of monkeywrenching to spread eco-terrorist hysteria across the province, helping to obscure industry's enormous crimes.

Taking Action

Road blockades will continue this summer on Vancouver Island both at the Walbran (see story next page) and at Clayoquot Sound, where Friends of Clayoquot Sound (FOCS) will again be coordinating protests in cooperation with local native peoples.

BC activists have begun to call for a worldwide boycott of BC's wood products industries. Garth Lenz of FOCS is one pressing for boycotts of Interfor and Macmillan Bloedel; he states simply, "consumers should not be supporting the destruction." Lenz and Valerie Langer of FOCS toured Europe with a slideshow presentation that cost \$5000. In response, the industry bankrolled a \$1.5 million tour by top officials of the provincial government.

Radicalization of BC's famously polite environmental movement may be the most lasting result of the NDP's sham reforms, but it is by no means easy to be a public radical in British Columbia. Environmental activists in BC are constrained both by Canada's civil culture and by the necessity of living and working in communities

dominated by industrial interests. Many have horror stories of harassment, intimidation and violence. Canadian police agencies routinely monitor known activists. This is something to bear in mind if you plan to visit BC: you will be denied entry to the province if authorities learn you are an environmental activist—if, for example, you admit to having been arrested once on a logging road. Be discreet.

In addition to the ongoing tragedies of southern Vancouver Island, there are stories in this issue about the Kemano II dam project and the plight of the Grizzly in BC. What binds all these horrors together, beyond their common location, are links to the world outside BC. Were it not for the US, European, and Asian markets for timber, metals, power, water, and even pieces of dead bears, the multinationals and their minions could not afford to destroy BC. US activists must help save BC, in part because we may be the only ones who can.

OpEd: There is hope—hut not for us!

BY GUINEA WORM EMERGING

“ Well, folks, it looks like the time has come for Wild Rockies Earth First! to say good-bye to the *Earth First! Journal*. Boo boo. Don't forget the Desert Camo hat on the way out.

Let me explain my bad attitude. The other day, when I was ranting and slobbering about all the nauseating dreck we in Missoula had to put up with, than you are. Those people do things (and say so too) like *network* with each other. They worry that people they don't know or like might be allowed to say things that might offend loggers or social justice activists or compromise the careful coalition-building they're engaged in. They ask for, and expect, handouts of money so they can fly to conferences and make decisions about the way you are going to have to do things from now on and what can and cannot be printed. They demand resignations. They will call you up on the telephone and scream at gested that, were it not for five people—five people, that's all—then your experience as a *journalista* would be smooth as a baby's bottom. That may or may not be the best answer. These are my thoughts:

Since we seem to have no trust in each other, we must resort to legalistic means of coming to agreements. When you make a formal proposal, _insist that whatever other structural or content decisions get made at the Rendezvous, your host group, say, Big

Clearcut EF! in Stripmine WV, gets the final say on what goes on at the *Journal*. If you can't and how I would personally set fire to any *Journal* equipment or editors that remained in town after the Lugnuts issue was finished, a friend asked me, “Why do you care, like, why do you take it so personally?” I had to think about that one; after all, I had not worked on an issue for nearly a year (though I have often foisted my sage advice upon any hapless staffers I could come), whereas others who have worked considerably more than I generally don't get all worked up,

“ especially not in public meetings such as Activist Lynchings, er ... uh, Conferences, I mean.

The reason, I suppose, that I feel compelled to put poison pento paper, is that the self-important morons who've worked very hard to make publishing the *Journal* a miserable experience for everyone involved PISS MEOFFI You see, for me, working on and publishing the *Journal* was one of the most rewarding things I'veever done.In alife-filled withshame and failure, it's you. They will call you an FBI agent. They will hold meetings and tell people that you are a racist. They will demand to be taken off the contact list, then demand to be put in charge of purging it. They will alter records of meetings to further their personal agendas. They will crucify people if it suits them. They will try to appoint large San Franciscans into positions of power over you, if they didn't like an article you ran. They will slander the people you love and respect

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rteALL ha4 accept some control freak's proposal, tell 'em to get lost. If they insist and a lot of folks agree with them and you're at an impasse, inform them that the computers are ready to travel at "a moment's notice if they don't shut up. Maybe they will, or maybe they'll go off and publish the rag elsewhere. Either way, they're outta your hair. Just don't get in the position of accepting top-down impositions that you disagree with on principle and/or resent. Producing the *Journal* is a lot of hard and poorly paid work; you've got to be happy about doing it.

Also insist that monstrosities like the Journal Advisory Committee, anybody that some folks would like to see have executive authority over all aspects of the *Journal* something I'm actually mildly proud of. I know most of the cool Wild Rockies people are above stooping to the level of the finger-pointers and communique senders, but maybe there was a time when if we had stood up and told 'em to fuck off, publicly and in no uncertain terms, things might be different now. Oh well.

I was in Moscow, Idaho last week, attending a demo that had to do with the Cove/Mallard campaign. The level of enthusiasm I saw there astounded me. Coming from Missoula, it was like comparing bright-eyed and bushy-tailed little foxes to a bunch of whipped dogs. Understand now, those of you who are considering putting out a bid to take the *Journal* home, that you are going to face some interesting times.

There are people in this movement who consider themselves to be important, maybe more important most in the world. They will try to make your life a living hell.

Why would anyone do stuff like this? Because they know they are right, because they are not, like you, subject to self-doubt. If they could only *control* things, then it would all be OK. And they feel good when they're quoted in the paper, have articles published regularly in alternative weeklies, speak at large conferences and have their words listened to by lots of people. By God! Don't you get it? They're *important* now and they can't have unknown people like you defining their Movement and messing up all that they've worked so hard for all these years with your irresponsible talk. Besides, you didn't print their last diatribe, so obviously you're a threat to the Movement.

So how do you keep from ending up like some of us, demoralized and bitter? One fellow I know sug-

nal (but who are silent on how the executive authorities are chosen), are either disbanded or rendered toothless; ditto for the Activist Show Trials ... no, Conferences, dammit! Inever can get that oneright. In other words, reduce the number of venues by which powertrippers can call the shots and set you up. EF!'s most democratic forum is the Round River Rendezvous. Let the *Journalmeeting*stherebe the onlymechanism for proposing changes to the paper. Invite as many of the great unwashed as you can to take part. Be wild and dangerous, don't take the assholes seriously, and be ruled byyour commitment to Mama Earth, not by anyone else's fears.

James Barnes (Guinea Wonn) has been a parasite in the body of Wild Rockies EFI for some time now; hisorigins are English and Virginian.

DearSFB,

So i hear the pope is coming to Colorado thissummer to speak to the faithful, and the site where his holiness is to speak is outdoors, so they (you know, THEM) want to build a bunch of bleachers to park Christian butts on. The only problem is that the bleacher site is already home to a town of prairie dogs, and they're worried that the dogs' tunnels will undermine the bleachers. Well i say right on doggies, but the religious fucks say they gotta vacuum all the doggies outta there. That's right, they plan to suck all the prairie dogs out of their homes with a giantvacuum device, and then transport the ones that aren't maimed in the process, and dump them in another prairie dog town. I believe this is called forced relocation. My idea is to make up bumper stickers that say THE POPE SUCKS PRAIRIE DOGS and plas ter 'em everywhere, then go to the Vatican

(or your local church) dressed as large rodents, and hold ademo where we try to suck the pope out of the Vatican with vacuum cleaners.

This idea is from Alan Ginsberg: at demonstrations groups of demonstrators with cameras and tape recorders should surround newspaper and television reporters demanding to know why they are there, have they been paid to attend, what they expect to achieve, etc. Every way they tum theyshould find cameras pointing at them and microphones thrust before them to record their every word

–cRAZYMAn, BERKELEY

Dear Shit Fer Brains,

So I see the Joumalistas have changed from being willing to print everything that isn't a "travesty"toexcludinganything"racist, sexist bigoted or violent". My my, some things never change. "

I recall back when Dave Foreman edited the *Journal*. Dave and his pals thought that Earth First!should devote its energy towards wilderness, biodiversity; and they made the editorial decision to not print a lot of material that strayed from that. (Yours trulyisone who had a letter deep-sixed by the Formanistas.) The masses were enraged and revolted.

Now, Dave & crew are gone; and the new Earth First! marches on with its shining vision of social equality incorporated. We have advanced so far that we have reached the

point where Dave Foreman stood nearly ten years ago: We realize that not everything fits in the journal. Congratulations.

Well to hell with this! At least Foreman's prejudices were clear and consistent. You want to exclude everything racist, sexist, bigoted or violent? Have you forgotten bad manners? I hereby announce the formation of a splinter faction: Always Say Something Wild In Public Especially (ASSWIPE). Our goal is to wipe out the shit that clings to our collective foundation. You may laugh at us now-as Dave once laughed at you; but one day the journal will be ours!

Speaking of which, I understand Roselle is dusting off his traveling shoes. Well, I cannot type quickly; but I have a phenomenal talent with spelling, grammar, proof-reading, etc. How about it? Love,

-MAMIEW

!!!Earth First!!! Dear Sirs,

My name is Casey Egan. The thing I like to do is swim, and jump on my trampoline. I'm 9, and in Mrs. Mitchell's class. I'm concerned because mankind is cutting down habitats and it is making *certain* problems. Antarctica is melting, same as North and South Pole. There's also problems in California. What can our class do to help? Would you send us something? Please give me a picture of you and I'll give you a picture of me. Thank you for your time I'm enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Love,

-CASEY EGAN

Dear EF!

I've been reading about the problem the *Journal* has coming up with money.

I would like to make a proposal- perhaps other would be willing to do the same thing. I am willing to undertake paying for 2 one year subscriptions to EF!ers who are unable to pay for one. Perhaps things are tight for them financially or they're spending more time sitting in trees than in making money! I consider that time well spent. In fact I could consider it like hiring someone to do a job for me!

I'm not sure how you could administer such a program. Maybe having all those who need that free subscription could send their names in and they could all go into a jar — then you could collect all the names of the people who are willing to donate a subscription. Then someone could just pick some names out of the jar — sort of the lucky winners.

In any case, my offer stands. Let me know. Sincerely,

-ELOISE JOHNSON

P.S. Our family had 18 really bad months financially- I can really understand if someone is having the same problem. Things got better for us — we were one of the lucky ones.

Dear Earth First! Journalists,

You may wonder sometimes why you should keep mailing your publication to people with "L" on their mailing label. You may be asking yourselves, what have those "L" people done for us lately?

So I'll mention to you that I appreciated your recent publication of "An Appeal from Mark Davis" (from prison). It helped bring me up to date on the Arizona 5. And I was able to respond by providing a substantial part of the funding help he was asking for.

Keep up the good work,

-W. "TuCK" FoRSmIE

Dear composted mentality:

A suggestion from my trusty dictionary: a *Journal* is a record or account of occurrences, experiences, and reflections. Like a ship's log. And for you present or wannabe writers: edit means to prepare for publication as by correcting or adapting. Also: to eliminate, delete. flJlarchist that I am, can't imagine a publication without an editor(s).

My only complaint: some writers are a bit long-winded-notenough"adapting"-succinct and salient please.

Also, like mostly knowing what's going on in my own area, the Pacific :('ilorthwest. Any possibility of two smaller Journals like an eastern edition and a western, with some overlap of general interest like hearing from those raunchy Brits? "

Given the givens, I say the Collective is doing a great job! My Best,

-:DAVID CoE

...more letters, p. 32

Page 3 Earth First/ Lltha 1993

Blasts From the Past

CHARLES EPSTEIN WAS SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE when his daughter Joanna brought in the padded brown envelope with the day's mail. He saw nothing unusual about the package, but when Epstein, a geneticist at the University of California, San Francisco, opened the package, it exploded. Rushed to the hospital, Epstein lost several fingers on his right hand, broke an arm and suffered severe abdominal injuries.. ,

Two days later, David Gelernter, an associate professor of computer science at Yale, received a package at his office in the college's computer-science center. It blew up ta hta hands. Wounded in the abdomen, chest, right eye and hands, he ran downstairs to a nearby university medical clinic, leaving a trail of blood behind him.

At first the timing of the bicoastal explosions seemed only coincidental. Then pieces suddenly fell into place. The serial bomber behind a 15-year-old chain of misdeeds was back.

The perpetrator is believed to be responsible for 12 previous bombings—the first in 1978—that have killed one person and injured 19. Six of the 12 involved parcels that exploded on college campuses, among them Northwestern and Vanderbilt. The last attack prior to this week, in Salt Lake City, Utah, in February 1987, may have lent the bomber underground af-

ter a witness described a man with reddish-blond hair, a thin mustache and ruddy complexion dropping off a burlap bag that later exploded outside a computer company..... ,

“We figured he was dead or in jail or in the appropriate facility.” says Milt Ahlerich. a New Haven. Connecticut. FBI agent, “but he’s back in a big way which is all the more maddening.” Ahlerich says the bombs’ construction linked the new cases to the old perpetrator. “The intricacies of the devices are unique, and experts tie the similarities from device to device.” Ahlerich says all were pipe bombs but

refuses to give specific».

Other telltale signs indicated a hacker smiled to the New York *Times* just before the Yale bombing “We are an anonymous group calling ourselves PC,” the note read. “We will give information about our goals at some future time.” Another

my earlier attacks were also linked to the FBI.

The new cases revive the dormant Unsub Task Force, formed for the attacks on universities and an airline. It includes elements of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the railroad and the Postal Service. In 1991 investigators compiled a psychological profile based on the chronology and location of FBI targets based on the materials used in the explosive devices. The bomber is a white male, approximately 30 years old, with low self-esteem stemming perhaps from personal flaws. He grew up in or around Chicago and was employed in low-level work. The investigators believe he is meticulously organized and loves making lists. The bombings compensate for his need to express his aggression. “There are a variety of theories we are following but the big question is the motive Ahlerich says “It’s not known.” No one, though, believes he will stop on his own accord.

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Most remarkable about the scene were not the security man and woman from the CIA standing outside the Senator’s office on Capitol Hill last month. Dennis DeConcini is, after all, chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee and a frequent host to high-level visitors from the agency. What was unusual was the cast of characters they were there to protect. When DeConcini’s heavy wooden office door opened, out stepped CIA Director R- James Woolsey—accompanied by none other than Yevgeni Primakov, head of the Russian Foreign Intelligence Service, successor organization to the kgb. Picking up their guards, the chiefs of the world’s two largest

intelligence agencies, once mortal enemies, bustled down the corridor to another meeting.

Virtually unnoticed,

Primakov spent four days in Washington in mid-June, meeting with Woolsey and the House and Senate intelligence committees. In several lengthy talks, Primakov and Woolsey discussed how their organizations can cooperate and share information on worldwide threats such as terrorism, the spread of weapons of mass destruction and drug trafficking. The Russian's visit was in return for one paid to Moscow last October by Robert Gates. Woolsey's predecessor as Director of Central Intelligence, who also dropped by the Russian embassy for a

Were he still alive, James Jesus Angleton, the CIA's consummate cold war spook, would have launched a full-scale internal investigation, condemning a conversation of any substance between Primakov, a longtime Kremlin Middle East expert, and Woolsey, a specialist on nuclear and conventional arms control, as treasonous. [Hiring most of their careers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union struggled for every square foot of terrain anywhere on earth that one might win from the other. With nuclear war in the balance, Moscow and Washington focused most of their spies' efforts, and spent most of their intelligence budgets, *on* each other..

The cold war competition has evaporated, but the world has not necessarily grown safer. While the West no longer lives in fear of a surprise attack from the Soviet Union, it worries very seriously when and where some of the 27,000 nuclear warheads on former Soviet soil might slip into the hands of irresponsible governments or terrorists elsewhere on the planet. More than 25 countries are on the road to building weapons of mass destruction—or buying them from those who have too many arms and too little money. Every industrial state is trying to steal another's high-tech secrets and protect its own. Terrorism is a multifaceted worry, emerging from religious and ethnic conflicts around the globe. Governments—whole countries—are being subverted by billionaire drug traffickers.

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DR ROBERT STILLMAN, right, accompanied by Dr. Jeffrey Halt, gesture* where meeting on Monday with reporters at George Washington University Hospital .

' researchers have cloned microscopic human embryos, becoming the first to report *uch ^ work on human cells.

Cloning report spurs 4 call for ethical rules

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to be a human being is going to
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Hormone pill

induces sleep

WASHINGTON (AP) — In research hinting at a new weapon against insomnia and jet lag, researchers find that pills of the nat- L ural hormone melatonin will bring I on slumber quickly without the a addictive effects of drugs.

Dr. Richard J. Wurtinan, professor of neuroscience at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said Monday that the studies show that melatonin,. which is secreted;| by the pineal \$and Int^rbnunj’

— functions naturallyV'Bf' inducing h o rropne, ^“cveny/”

*. given os pills in ve ry

“Our voluqtfensj faU^f : five or six roinuleiria qieJAtonin\$| while those on placebo taka about!! r; 15 minutes or longer,^'WurtroarrH; I -Mid.

A report og a study of rodat ain is to be published Friday .ui☒ he Proceedings of the ‘National** Vcadcmj of Sciences...’*

Dr. Judith L. Valtuknitis, dk “dor of the National Center for rsearch Resources, said thq MIT idings offer hope “for a natu- , nonaddictive agent that could >rovc sleep for millions of cricans.”

‘These results will help scien- jVio pull hack the curtains that obscured understand- ing of sailt Vaitukaitis. n the MIT studies, 20 young volunteers with given various _ i of melatonin or placebos athen placed in a dark room at “lay and told to close their eyes .0 minutes.

ha*. In the stressful environment¹ ,ving to sleep on demand, it take our volunteers 25 min- :o fall asleep on placebo and r six minutes to get to sleep’, latonin,” said Wurtman.

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JUi, to wisfi away the Interiopers...

Tia repty is in response to John Cochrane’s «nrnems » die Feb. 23 issue of the Missoul”a_n The headline reach What’ll the tribes want next?”

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take, trip to the Eai<S^~Ci

Make sure you take everything with you — ««yourancestral bones and bhtoriis. Takeout 2?^er »☒»“: your hormone-infested dairy products TW yow technolop, medicine and scientists, and “ “ptrawns with you and tio ☒”forget to throw in all those hale-mongers and j«fian-hatmg squatter» who live on and border

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Wildlife manager's job on the line

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KAt.ISPEIL (AP) — Some conservation groups are angry because the wildlife department invited an official of Plum Creek Timber to help pick the department's new regional wildlife manager.

"It's completely inappropriate," said Tony Jewett, spokesman for the Montana Wildlife Federation. "It should raise questions in anyone's mind... I find it to be quite bizarre."

"To me. It really compromises the department," said Herb Johnson, president of Flathead Wildlife Inc. "It's unheard of. It boggles the mind."

Ross Titus, president of the Flathead Chapter of the Montana Wilderness Association, agreed.

"This sends a very clear message to the finalists about who calls the shots in western Montana," he said. "It is the moral equivalent of the tobacco industry screening finalists for surgeon general."

Dan Vincent, regional supervisor for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks, asked Plum Creek's superintendent of Libby timberlands, Jerry Walcott, to join four department staff members on the interview panel. They interviewed five finalists.

Vincent said he wanted to reach out to the community and get "a business person's perspective."

He said he has invited other nonagency officials to help interview job candidates. A police officer was asked to help hire a game warden, and a staff member from the Flathead Basin Commission helped pick the public information officer.

Personnel officer Doug Denier said in Helena that the agency has been experimenting with nonagency members on interview panels.

Plum Creek is the largest private landowner in Montana, its timberlands provide habitat for grizzly bears, bull trout and

regional wildlife manager heads a team of state biologists who determine hunting seasons, review Forest Service timber sales and conduct other business pertaining to land management.

"It's the agency's job to oversee protection of the wildlife resource — wildlife that is easily impacted and has been impacted by the actions of special interests. Plum Creek being one of those," said Jewett.

Allowing any special interest to influence hiring taints the entire process, he said.

"It's an extremely precarious position to put any job candidate in," Jewett said. "It's sending a pretty strange signal."

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WASHINGTON (AP) - A gene for the internal clock that tells the body when to wake up in the morning and when to go to sleep at night has been located in laboratory mice, a finding that may prompt a similar discovery in humans.

Joseph Takahashi of Northwestern University, senior author of a report to be published Friday in the journal *Science*, said the research could lead to drugs that will overcome jet lag, keep night workers from falling asleep on the job and solve narcolepsy, one of the most common sleep disorders.

The biological clock, located in the brain, controls the daily, or circadian, rhythms of life. It somehow triggers changes that invigorate or slow down the body on a 24-hour cycle. It is the circadian rhythm that is disrupted by rapid flight across time zones, causing jet lag.

Circadian rhythms have long fascinated and confounded scientists, prompting research into sleep and how humans adapt to daylight and darkness. But the work by Takahashi and his group is the first to locate in a mammal the gene that plays a key role in the cycle.

Takahashi said researchers in his lab located the gene by finding and then breeding mice that lacked the gene.

"We isolated the mutation that affects the circadian clock in the mouse, he said. "With that mutation, the mouse loses (its) circadian rhythm completely.

The gene was located by an ingenious system that measured the circadian rhythm of 300 mice automatically at the University of

same time.

Takahashi said that exercise wheels in each of the mouse cages were connected to a computer. When each mouse awoke and started exercising, a switch was thrown that recorded the time.

"They all started within a minute or two of the same time each day," he said.

Except for one mouse.

Researchers discovered that the mutant started an hour later each day. When it was bred, some of its descendants also started late.

By comparing the genetic pattern of the mutant and the normal mice, Takahashi laid they located a single mutation in an area of chromosome 5.

More mice were bred until there were lab animals that contained double muta-

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Techno-grown tomatoes have

FDA’s blessing

*6»r WASHINGTON (AP) — The government gave its approval Wednesday for the first time to the marketing of a genetically altered food — a tomato that will stay ripe longer.

The tomato is called Flavr-Savr by its developer, Calgene Inc., of Davis, Calif. The company said the tomato will be in grocery stores in Western and Midwestern states within 10 days.

The tomato, said the Food and Drug Administration, “is as safe as tomatoes bred by conventional means.”

It was the first time the agency evaluated a whole food produced by biotechnology, although it gave approval in 1990 to a food product, chymosin — a milk-clotting agent used in making cheese. I

The tomato's genetic change! will enable the grower to "allow it to ripen on the vine longer, let it get redder and more flavorful and still have time to ship it long distance," said Laura Tarantino, an FDA scientist.

But the approval, expected since last month when the FDA's Center for Food Safety ruled the tomato was safe for consumption, met with complaints from a "number of consumer and environmental groups.

Most of the dissatisfaction is not with the new tomato; In fact, Calgene was prabed for ' voluntarily requesting the FDA to study h and promising lo label it as being genetically altered.

FDA approval "gives the misleading impression that the agency is going to oversee safety of all genetically engineered " «ntH i*ni »j«Ur a plant pathologist scientists. "It

r, chairman and CEO of Catgana, showed oil two of hi* luring a photo session last year. The techndoglcalty win stay rip* longer and b* Just as healthy as normally

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0 approve any Environmental Defense Fund, uld the sis before there b * agency "devoted an enormous «mount of ent and libeling of resource« to the tomato and has ignored the

1 food." larger and more important food safety and attorney with the consumer safety questions Involved here."

Is it safe to travel to areas where hantavirus infection has been reported?

Yes. Travel to and within all areas where hantavirus infection has been reported is sale. Nevertheless, il you camp or hike in an area inhabited by rodents, you have a small risk of being exposed to inleeted rodents and becoming infected with hantavirus.

To minimize the risk for hantavirus infection, follow these precautions:

" Before occupying abandoned or unused cabins, open them up to air out. Inspect for rodents and do not use cabins if you find signs of rodent intestation

" If you sleep outdoors, check potential campsites for rodent droppings and burrows

" Do not disturb rodents, burrows, or dens

" Avoid sleeping near woodpiles or garbage areas that may be frequented by rodents

" Avoid sleeping on bare ground: use a mat or elevated rots If they are available

" Store foods in rodent-proof containers and promptly discard, bury, or burn all garbage

What is hantavirus pulmonary syndrome (also known as HPS)?

Hantavirus pulmonary syndrome is a deadly respiratory disease that has been found in rural areas as well as at Slad-s.

This disease is caused by a hantavirus that is spread by rodents and passed on through inhaled rodent urine, saliva, or droppings.

Should tourists, campers, and hikers worry about hantavirus infection?

Hantavirus pulmonary syndrome is a rare disease, and most tourists are not at increased risk for hantavirus infection. However visitors to rural areas and nature resorts—campers, hikers, and others who take part in activities outdoors—can become exposed to rodent urine, saliva, or droppings and become infected with hantavirus.

What kinds of rodents carry hantavirus?

The deer mouse (see photo) is the primary carrier of the virus that causes hantavirus pulmonary syndrome. This type of rodent is found throughout the United States except in the Southeast and East Coast. In the Southeast, the cotton rat is known to carry hantavirus.

If your activities take you to areas where you may become exposed to rodents and their urine, saliva, or droppings, take the precautions listed in this pamphlet to prevent being exposed to hantavirus.

WASHINGTON (AP) — As much as 26 metric tons of highly radioactive plutonium is being stored in conditions that could endanger workers and “potentially threaten the public and surrounding environment,” says an internal Energy Department report.

The review, which examined plutonium storage at 35 government sites in more than a dozen states, found plutonium in leaking and corroding packages, in cracking plastic bottles, in old decaying buildings and in pipes, ventilation vents, equipment and machinery.

“Overall the inventory of plutonium presents significant hazards to workers, the public and environment and little progress has been made to aggressively address the problem,” concluded the draft study.

Tara O’Toole, the department’s assistant secretary for environment, safety and health, said Tuesday that “there’s

no question that we have serious

issues here that we’re going to

have to handle.” She said efforts were under way to repackage plutonium stockpiles.

O’Toole, in an interview with reporters, cautioned that the possibility of public exposure to “plutonium is extremely low and “likely would occur only if a — storage facility were struck by a major catastrophe such as an earthquake or tornado.

“The main threat is to workers,” she said.

The department made public the draft report after some copies were leaked to private advocacy groups and to reporters. The review, which was undertaken by some

200 technicians, had been requested by Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary last March and was to be released early next year.

The report cited the Rocky Rats weapons facility 15 miles outside of Denver as posing the greatest potential danger, with

Argonne West, Idaho

Los Alamos, N.M

San Francisco, Calif.

Lawrence Livermore, Calif.

Source: Plutonium Working Group Report

12.8 metric tons of plutonium believed to be on the site in various forms, from liquid solution to residues trapped in building ducts.

When the Colorado plant

stopped plutonium operation five years ago, little attention was

given to long-term storage of the material because production was

“high”

Argonne East, III. Uoond, Ohio

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AP/Wm. J. C. Ho

department facilities, including the Hanford reservation (4.4 metric tons) In Washington state, the Savannah River weapons complex (2.1 metric tons) in South Carolina, and the Mound facility (26 kilograms) near Miamisburg, Ohio. They were singled out as ‘having the greatest vulnerability’ after Rocky Hats.

The Mound facility has a “large” amount of

Out

remain on the sites in various forms and in ‘inappropriate packaging’ that makes workers vulnerable to exposure.

The report identified 299 potential risks to either workers or the public at the 35 sites examined. Investigators found welded steel pipes that had ruptured because the plutonium inside had oxidized and expanded; bulging cans of incinerator ash containing plutonium, and hundreds of plastic containers of plutonium solution, many of them cracking because of internal, chemically induced pressure

Miniaturized test works in minutes instead of days

By KMT Devviw*

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to create a 1-inch-long gel that » only two-thouaandtha of an inch wide — 60 times smaller than ordinary gels. Then they chemically etch it to create long, thin tunnel« in the gel through which the DNA fragments slide.

Mathiee envisions the creation of portable DNA-identifying gadget* that forensic scienri«!* could use in the field. Such t device would include the miniature gel and would al»o ma** -reproduc* DNA fragments to ensure enough was available to make a “match.

(The maaa-production technique is called polymeraee chain

Krics of crimes by b deadly bomber who specializes in mailing lethal packages to hi* victims.

The bomber, code named UNABOM, has been held responsible for 14 previous incidents since 1978 that have resulted in 23 injuries and one other death. The code name reflects the fact that most of the bomber’s early targets involved universities or airlines.

On Saturday morning, Thomas J. Mosser, 50, died at his home in North Caldwell, N.J., after opening a package that had been delivered on Friday by the Postal Service. A statement issued by the FBI’s Newark Field office Sunday said that the bomb that killed Mosscr “appears to have been constructed and mailed by the same individual” involved in the other UNABOM cases.

“A physical examination of the bomb’s components have led us to believe that this is linked to the other cases because there are some unique characteristics, said I III Siwi i il A,viii Kick Smith

bomber came in 1987 when a witness saw a man place behind a computer store a package that later exploded, injuring one

.on. The man was described as . ,hilec male with a ruddy complexion and blond or red hair. Hi.- Mil Sunday issued a sketch businessman, who was killed on Dec. 11, 1985, when he picked up a bomb disguised as a block of wood near the rear entrance of his computer rental store

John Hauser was iduate student at the University of California at Berkeley working

UBOKATOXT

mail bombing

Federal Invest igstorl Sunday Mid I he killing of a lop advertising executive Saluiday may have been the laical In a loa| \boxtimes erics of ciimea by a deadly bomber who specUlixea in m»llirt| lethal packager to hla viclimi. ^

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"A physical examination of the bomb's components have led us to believe that this is linked to the other cases because there are some unique characteristics," said FBI Special Agent Rick Smith.

Investigators are also trying to determine where the bomb was mailed from and whether Mosser had any connection to either the airline industry or scientific research, especially in the area of computers because most of the bomber's previous victims have worked in those fields, Smith said.

The bomb that killed Mosser was about the size of a videotape, and it exploded as Mosser was opening it in his kitchen.

Experts have described previous bombs as "diabolical in construction because they involved hundreds of hours of meticulous work, including the creation of handcrafted parts.

The FBI statement said the bomber is believed to be a white male in his late 30s to 40s "with a high school education who has an exposure to and/or familiarity with the college environment."

The only known sighting of the

the only outward evidence of his home on Saturday.

businessman, who was killed on Dec. 11, 1993, when he picked up a bomb disguised as a block of wood near the rear entrance of a computer rental store.

John Hauser was a graduate student,

student at the University of California at Berkeley working alone in an engineering laboratory on May 15, 1993, when he noticed what appeared to be a black notebook inside a plastic

container. Opening the container out of curiosity set off an explosion that obliterated part of his right hand and ended Hauser's career as an Air Force pilot.

UNABOM's most recent bombings involved two packages mailed from Sacramento in June 1993 — one to a medical researcher in Turbun, Calif., and the other to a professor at Yak University.

The UNABOM Task Force, made up of three federal agencies, is offering "a reward of up to \$1 million for information leading to the identification, arrest and conviction of the person or persons involving in making or mailing these explosive devices. The task force can be reached at 1-800-701-2662.

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The FBI released this composite sketch Sunday of the man suspected of sending mail bombs that have killed two people and maimed 23 over the past 16 years. The FBI is offering a \$1 million reward for information about the string of bombings.

By KATHLEEN McLAUGHUN IR Mate Bare!»

U.S. Rep. Pat Williams is demanding the National Park Service act quickly to stop bison wandering into Montana from Yellowstone, suggesting a three-pronged strategy to allow the migration.

“The management of the Yellowstone bison is not — repeat not — Montana’s responsibility, written Thursday to Park Service Director Roger Kennedy. “The bison herds are creating problems of overpopulation, overgrazing and the very real health and economic concerns of brucellosis.”

cowas to abort their calves. Ranchers and state officials fear its spread from bison to cattle would destroy the state’s livestock industry.

Federal policies have forced state officials to shoot the animals when they wander from the park because the management plan permits no other action.

Montana Gov. Marc Ricketts threatened to sue to force changes in the federal government’s policies if the Park Service or U.S. Department

“I share the state’s frustration, although frankly, I have not seen the right type of coordination or leadership among the relevant agencies,” he explained. “A more capable job in Montana would have aided the federal government toward a workable solution.” His proposal melds parts of solutions that have been suggested by others.

The congressman asked Kennedy to look at the feasibility of three measures to help solve

the problem, “grazing management” areas should be set up on public lands outside the park where bison can be quarantined and tested for brucellosis. Animals that test positive would be “labeled”

1995

STATE 'GREEN' LAWS UNDER FIRE

Feud persists over water quality laws

C331

Industry fights self-reporting law

STATE 'GREEN' LAWS U

Industry fights self-reporting law

By BILL HEISEL JR. Auodald Prew WHi

The public would be left in the dark about possible health threat* under a bill that would allow companies to keep some environmental law violation* secret, opponent* said Monday.

But Rep. Scott Ott, R-Iowa, and supporters of his House Bill source* Committee the bill would actually encourage companies to clean tap air and water quality messes because they would not have to face the threat of litigation or state imposed fine*

"I think this is a good bill in that it moves us from being blame oriented to being solution oriented," Orr said.

Both sides agreed on the intent of the bill. It seeks to allow companies to voluntarily perform a self-evaluation and then report any air or water

(Mara SELT REPORTING, page (A))

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rs of paranoia’
>ices in America today⁵
Mail bomb kills one employee at limber association office

By STEVE LAWRENCE

Associated PtwS

SACRAMENTO — A «cri»l bomber with a fascination for wood b the likely suspect in Monday¹« bombing at the offices of a timber industry ioobyng group that killed one person, the FBI said.

The mail bomb appeared to be the work of the so-called Unabomber, who is responsible for 15 previous bombings around the country in the past 17 years, said FBI Special Agent Richard Rosa of the Sacramento office.

The special federal Unabom task force from San Franciao arrived Monday afternoon and is *inking* over the case, Ross said.

“The similarities in the forensics preliminarily reviewed at the crime scene strongly suggest the Unabomber,” Ross said Mooday night

This would be the third deads attributed to the Unabomber, a name that refers to the bombers tendency to targe! universities and airlines, Tbe attacks have injured

h was addressed to i person in the office, but he declined to say who,

The person it killed was identified as Gilbert B. Murray, an insurance lobbyist. The bomb blew up just after 2 p.m., as Murray, who was married and the father of two, was opening the door.

"It blew doors out. It blew windows out. There was a lot of debris in the hallway. There are doors lying in the hallway. There is a lot of glass and ceiling tiles on the floor," said San Francisco Department 7- Division Chief Jan Dunbar.

Gov. Pete Wilson condemned the bombs as a barbaric act of "cowardice."

No warning was sent to the building before the package arrived wrapped in brown paper and about the size of a shoebox, Heenan said.

He said five other employees were in the office when the bomb went off, but no one else was injured. A pregnant woman was taken to the hospital as a precaution.

The California Forestry Association is a nonprofit trade group representing wood products companies and commercial forest

landowners. In 1993, it filed a petition seeking to remove the northern spotted owl from the federal endangered species list,

"In my personal opinion, this is the work of extreme environmentalists, not linked to Oklahoma," said Don Zea, an association's vice president. T.

He speculated that the bomber might have confused the notation with a government agency, a mistake that frequently occurs.

Judi Bari, an activist with Earth First! who was injured in a car bombing in Oakland in 1990, — said she was "horrified" at the bombing and denied any connection with her organization.

"Having been the recipient of that kind of terror, I can't imagine anybody doing that to another human being," she said by telephone from Wilts.

We don't yet know the motive behind the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City, but I think I can guess one of the contributing factors. There has been a growing willingness in America to openly speak with hate of our human beings, to insist that violence is the only way to deal with our differences in values and views. The federal government has particularly become a target.

From public speeches to callers on radio and newspaper stories to private conversations, there has been a constant barrage of verbal violence against the federal government. To the point that some people have come to see it as a sort of evil presence of aliens that don't have human faces. It may be someone who thinks this way bombed that federal building. Every one I knew who works in a federal building is getting rather nervous about going to

^ hope this tragedy reminds us all that the . federal government is U.S. (us) and
mirre^ tnera and friends Ind neighbors. Next time you Hunt abemt talking tough about
ehasing off a federal em] with your gun, remember the bloody baby in

{jreman's arms. — ‘ ☒ , r.mirt

Federal workers ire humans and have fanuises.

They are carrying out laws and policies that wc»» £S!try adc£Sd. If you don't
like to change them. Resist in nonviolent ways. Buttreat federal workers (including
politicians) as *you* *~“.

I- treated. That goes for all government workers.

And let's all watch our language and make sore (bat our discontent with laws and
policies does not bt voiced as violent threats. We should even tone down the insulting
innuendoes against those we disagree with because this might make think violence is
called for. I shall try my verbal attacks dearly it the laws and P0***** disagree with
and make dear that I the people who disagree with me. I hope they will do
the same.

— Vicki Wtaon, 509 Dtty Avc., Missoula

Show some respect, cat owners

I really want to thank Steve Sickles f^t h» Apln 9 letter Cats are lovable to their
owners and I think Ku wait one, you should be responsible for Hive a little respect for
your neighbors.

*I don't know why I should have to buy » >° of rmdlent that doesn't work and then
tt trams and I £2 m .S h again, so h .doesn't -rksgsimMy mmrAe-n and flower beds art
important to me, but g^eU like cat leavings andrny Sucked because someone's lovable
fnend had to % SThTbatSSom. If you have to have a cat, you should be responsible
for k.*

— *Mont Meytr,*

Q Bax 521, Hot SpnngJ

Plant diet Is healthier tor Earth

Most people are concerned about the environment but do not realize the damap:
an animal-based diet causes. In order *tor* peopU: to eat n*»!, eggs or dairy products,
livestock mud be W and housed, and these products refrigerated, which requires a
tremendous amount of resources. ^One-third of all raw matenals consumed In the

United States are used to product our immal-bared

«Set Over half of the water used in this country goes to raising livestock. Waste
products fromjmimal vpriculture create th

NATION

“People with »dvtnced degrees aren't as smart as they think they are,” the Gdcnrter
letter said.

“ If you’d had any brains you would have realized ihut there arc a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way techno-ncids like you are changing the world and you wouldn’t have been dumb enough to open an unexpected package from an unknown source.

Gejerntes wa| badly Injured when a mail bomb exploded In his office on June 24, 1993. He needed extensive surgery on his right hand and was woundeyl on his abdomen, chest and fftCC.

Tlie letter was one of four mailed April 20, the same day as Ihe Unabomber’s latest package, which killed a timber lobbyist Monday Hi Sacramento.

Jim Freeman, tha FBI chjef its San

opening

Francisco, told reporters Tuesday that only three letters were mailed. He said Wednesday it was four and the two others were rctived by people unrelated to the case. He refused to disclose the contents or any details of the other two letters.

Both letters were signed “FC,” which the bomber described as a group of anarchists. He used the same signature , l^st lime he communicated by letter, also

package to the Times, in 1993.

The bomber, believed to be | white male loner in his 40s raihcr than a member of a group, taunted tie FBI in his latest letter to the newspaper and offered to stop the bombing» if the Times or other major medio print a “manuscript” detailing “ov” belief* that society should be brown down into “very small, completely Wonomous uniU.”* I

. , ÎHUftSDAY, April 27, 1995 ,

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& Dits (S. Beu..A, Publishes

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DaViS» Ruffria i .W. i . Entro*

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!j|A TherÎsa PjHwewL. ,f Features Entro*

Ja Miaron Settenne* ..Direct Marretwo Director

i Qulck\return to media’s fare says something

MISSOULIAN EDITORIAL

NATION

LOS ANGELES (AP) — After threatening to blow up an airliner in an apparent publicity prank, the Unabomber delivered a revolutionary manifesto that he demanded be published in order to end his campaign of bloodshed.

The New York Times and the Washington Post said Thursday they had received package* authenticated by the FBI in which the Unabomber promised to stop killing

— although not sabotage — if its full text is published by one, of the newspapers within three months, and if that paper prints three annual follow-up messages.

The newspapers said in statements Thursday that they were studying their options.

“There seems to be an implicit promise that bombs will not be sent while we are considering the document,” said Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr., publisher of the Times.

The manuscript, entitled “Industrial Society and its Future,” calls for factories to be destroyed, technical books burned and leaders overthrown, with the hope that the ensuing chaos would foster a return to “wild nature.”

The bomber rails against what he describes as an International elite of government and corporate officials.

The Unabomber also sent a copy of his manuscript to Penthouse publisher Robert Guccione, and a spokeswoman said Guccione stands by his promise to publish it if it will stop the bombing.

But the Unabomber set a gruesome condition to try to pressure the newspapers into publishing his writings.

“To increase our chances of getting our stuff published in some ‘respectable’ periodical we have to offer less in exchange for publication in Penthouse,” he wrote. “We promise to desist permanently from terrorism, EXCEPT that we reserve the right to plant one (and only one) bomb intended to kill. AFTER our manuscript has been published.”

In Los Angeles, terminals were busy despite the on-again, off-again threat to bomb a flight out of Los Angeles International Airport, and

the crowds in the lines belied the fear

“Once your suspicions have been raised it’s hard to put yourself back in that peaceful state of mind,” said John Smith, who prepared to send daughters Sara, 7, and Krissy, 6, to North Carolina. “We won’t feel good until we know they’ve landed.”

Authorities also were keeping up their guard.

“Based on the Unabomber’s prior history of violence, and specifically violent acts directed against airline passengers, the FBI is continuing to take the threat as stated in the letter ... very seriously,” the FBI said in a statement.

But some passengers were comforted by news of the letter proclaiming the threat to be a hoax

“We saw all the police and TV cameras when

we drove in. It’s a relief, thank God, said Harry Freer, 71, of Long Beach.

Postal authorities indefinitely extended a ban on aerial shipping of mail originating in California weighing 12 ounces or more.

The Postal Service said such mail already collected would be returned to senders, and window clerks would not accept any more Express. Priority, first-class, international air or military mail weighing 12 ounces or more.

By Thursday about 40,000 pieces of mail were stopped at post offices and 2.1 million major postal plants statewide.

The Unabomber, so named because many of his targets have had connections to universities and airlines, has mailed or planted lb bombs »ince 1978 killing three people and injuring 23.

The most recent attack killed a limber Industry lobbyist on April 24 in Sacramento. Authorities said the bomber has shown a fascination with wood in building the bombs and ‘ choosing targets, although he scoffed at that in his letter to the Times.

His threat to blow up a plane before the end of the July Fourth weekend surfaced Tuesday in a letter to the San Francisco Chronicle. The Times received its letter Wednesday

The letter to the Times said: Since the public has a short memory, we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we arc. But. no, we haven’t tried to plant a bomb on an airline

K xööM B umA ¹>
-A. _ LABORATORY JL_

Panel asked to study youth justice

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___ers of paranoia’

___ voices in America today’
Mail bomb kills one employee at timber association office

...

Unabomber jeers victim for opening package

...

Enough senseless gun deaths

...

Unabomber delivers manifesto

NATION

Publish it and the bombing will stop, he promises — with certain conditions

LOS ANGELES (AP) — After threatening to blow up an airliner in an apparent publicity prank, the Unabomber delivered a revolutionary manifesto that he demanded be published in order to end his campaign of bloodshed

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“We saw all the police and TV cameras when

Brain may doom some to life of booze

NEW YORK (AP)—A malfunctioning communication system within the brain might predispose some people to become alcoholics, a study says.

The work also suggests that medications that help this system work better might help nonviolent alcoholics stop drinking, but not violent ones, said researcher Dr. Jari Tiihonen.

He and colleagues at the University of Kuopio and Niuvanniemi Hospital in Kuopio, Finland, report their study

expert Bald he Jrmahly found In the bf alcoholism rather iredispositlon to It, hut be&aid the is signifcint.

✗TTic wctVbdksed on a brain System M ‘ikhicb beatn cAs signal each other ‘ bfttleaslfli bursts of a chemical called ^MMmia^pnce each burst has done signaling brain cell by a structure called a transporter. The new work looked into a part of the brain called the striatum to record the density of these dopamine transporters.

Researchers scanned the brains of 19 habitually violent alcoholics whose alcoholism usually developed before age 25, and 10 nonviolent alcoholics, plus a comparison group of 19 ✗ nonalcoholics.

They found that the transporter density was markedly lower In«“ ^ “ normal In the nOnviolenf alConOttCI II* the violent alcoholics, it was slightly higher than normal

The reduced density In the honviolent alcoholics was probably In place before the alcoholism began, and it may be a sign that the dopamine

?

stem Is not working normally, “ ‘

llbonen said. The malfuncloaing system may have produced a vulnerability to alcoholism, he said In w trimtuMtf interview. I >

Scientists say they’ve turned up humans’ oldest know ancestor

WASHINGTON (AP) — The earliest know apes and humans was a squirrel-sired monko years ago, according to an analysis of skull. |.i In an Egyptian desert.

Elwyn Simons of Duke University said the distinctive teeth and skull shape of the small i “at the bottom of the human family tiec. ncai

This is the earliest animal known from m group that humans, apes and monkeys arc in.

The ancient and extinct animal, known as reported by Simons and his colleagues three ‘ and skull fossils (hat unmistakably mark it as found more recently.

A report on the discovery is to be puhhshe journal of the American Association for the /

Simons' claim of finding the oldest higher plausible but unprovable, sard Beil C overt of Colorado. Boulder.

"This is fantastic material, the best from c said Covert. "The auestion is, is it really the i evolutionary branch that includes humans

Toll Free 1-800-
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Fax 523-5:

Quakes

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Newsweek Cover

The Hunt for the Unabomber
Chasing the Unabomber
Page 40 July 10, 1995

...

Will It Be Publish—Or Perish

Faced with the Unabomber, journalists should stall and do what
By Jonathan Alter
All the talking heads last week sounded as ...

Flummoxing the Feds

...

worked alone, the bomber claims to be a terrorist group calling itself "the Freedom Club." That name appears to answer the question of why virtually all his bombs contain at least one metal part carefully stamped with the letters "PC" a signature designed to be retrieved after the bomb explodes. The letter attacks "the old revolutionary ideologies" and says the Freedom Club "is stnctly anti-communist, anti-socialist, anti-leftist." But the writer also says "this does not imply that we are in any sense a right-wing movement. We are *apofrrical*- Politics only distracts attention from the real issue." which is science, technology, the complexity of modern society and the rule of elites.

The second piece of evidence is a letter sent to Scientific American magazine last week. The letter also claims to be a message from the terrorist group FC. and it is essentially a diatribe against the “arrogance of modern science. “Scientists and engineers constantly gamble with human welfare.” the writer says», “and we see today the effect of some of their lost gambles—ozone depletion, the greenhouse effect, cancer-causing *radon*... overcrowding, noise and pollution [modern] massive extinction of species...Significantly, the letter also says “we strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event,” another indication *that* Unabomber has wounded his pride.

Taken as a group, the “FC” letters are alternately preachy, chatty, ironic and even subtly self-mocking. They are surely the most remarkable letters any serial killer ever wrote, and they seem to indicate the bomber’s need to justify his actions. Earth First!, a radical environmental group, recently denounced his form of terrorism, and some anarchists have similarly distanced themselves. Nevertheless, the Unabomber in his letter to The New York Times makes violence seem almost reasonable:

...hear else, he says, could he put his Luddite views considered by major news organizations? He also admits error when he tried to bomb an American Airlines jet in 1978 (the device did not explode). “The idea was to kill a lot of business people,” he wrote.

“But of course some of the passengers likely

would have been innocent people—maybe kids, or some working stiff going to see his sick grandmother. We’re glad bow that — attempt failed.”

He’s all heart. The (question is whether the sudden flurry of oommunications signals some sort of inner crisis that could lead to a mistake or whether the jokester, always sly, keeps right on killing

Tom Moberg *in New York. Nadimi*)o»bph « *Sm Pmm-cum. Mkunda Lju WmtbtmOam*

IWIWIII 41

do more harm than good (page 46). In the meantime, however, the Unabomber has achieved precisely what he wanted, which was to “meet” some of the most powerful publishing figures in the country on roughly equal terms.

His disdain for lawful authority needs no demonstration. In April, after the bombing death of Gilbert Murray, chief lobbyist for the California Forestry Association. Unabomber called the FBI “a joke.” He has tempered his language a bit. but his contempt «*fill* runs strong. “For an organization that pretends to be the world’s greatest law-enforcement.” he wrote the Times, “the FBI seems surprisingly incompetent.” There was another bit of sly humor in the letter announcing his bomb threat. This missive, sent to the San Francisco Chronicle. listed “Frederick Benjamin Isaac Wood” as the return addressee. Wood is one of Unabomber’s trademarks: he uses it as a bomb component and frequently invents woody-sounding names and addresses for his lethal packages. So “F.B.I. Wood” was another little joke.

What is one to make of a man who is an anonymous egomaniac, a self-taught machinist who hates all technology, *and* a killer whose professed goal is to live in harmony with nature? Obviously, the Unabomber is no ordinary bad guy. which is why the FBI and other law-enforcement agencies have had so much trouble tracking *him* down (page 44). Criminals—even career criminals—are typically none too smart, and many are eventually tripped up by their own M.O.s. But Unabomber has continually changed and improved both his bomb« and his tactics—which suggests that, educated or not, he is very intelligent. He is also not insane in the usual sense of the word. He is clearly in touch with everyday reality, and he has been able to *maintain* his cover for an extremely long time. So while Unabomber probably fits the “quiet loner” stereotype, and while some experts think he may have problems with women, he does not appear to be a serial killer in the mold of Ted Bundy, John Wayne Gacy or Jeffrey Dahmer. He is not, from the available evidence, a sexually driven psychopath.

His mainspring—the apparent reason for it—is vanity or narcissism. Consider the power trip inherent in watching the FBI chase its tail, or watching authorities at LAX (and other California airports) get the shakes. Consider the ego rush in seeing prestige publications like the Times and the Post, which owns Newsweek, forced to take his views seriously. “He’s enjoying it to the max —trying to jack us around, taunting and teasing the media and the public.” says San Francisco State University criminologist Michael Rinstigan “The guy is not getting tired, he’s in his prime. He was a fledgling author, now he’s in the big leagues. He’s not a mall fry, cutting his wood and perfecting the layers of metal in his basement in northern California. He’s Serial Bomber No. 1, he’s stopped the nation, he’s graduated.” Newsweek has obtained two new pieces of evidence about the Unabomber. One is a letter he *Haims* to have sent to the San Francisco Examiner in 1965, after one of his devices crippled John Hauser, a graduate student of the University of California, Berkeley. This letter, a copy of which was sent to Guccio, is an early and much shorter version of the Unabomber manifesto. Although the FBI believes he has always

Tracking an Elusive Killer

Using the mail and choosing hard-to-contact targets, the Unabomber has [^] [^] Jt-nxxXS times in IT years, killing three and maiming 28 in a campaign« [^]terroCdirectefat airfinesand techno-industries. “; /

secretary Janet Sadth

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Angebkoa paexa wfi r “^7. tnrtindcr t)nkia|k]M atudcK project, and injured Oars

Mv. of Mffaraia,

Mil) John Hauser *m* injured when “metal box on a Ub counter exploded as he operated it

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anyone ehe. But there were a few erreats. The killer refused to give up bombing property, and he demanded that the papers publish three annual follow-up statement» he intend» to write. He also reserved the right, if *that* i» the word, to kill one more person if hi» proclamation appeared in Penthouse instead **of** one of the "respectable"* publications. The S5.000-word state- *rr* ~p not yet released by its recipients,

Misc. not dated

Terrorism sends security researchers [unknown text]

pounds found in most explosives and V /'With each of the triggers sn alarm. Thermedicx. Inc, jgles we are looking at of Waltham, Mass., has a JL3 million jwiH separate explosiv. FAA contract to develop a system, 'thing else In the worl Other companies- .already haartet c^But we are also loot' —'^jog the current types

itors and looking for ne ' ;yBy 1968. the agenc; explosives detecte *than* six seconds, gers for dynamite, fatecltlpowder, amrr. -products, TNT and tlu

streams oi tow-energy aionuc puiu- / . nMWU f "nT7A ^Lt r~_r.*' ^ , - *exp-kdlves* used In the

cles to detect explosives. When they infamóla "WJackeris special! ^tocúc-its.

contact the nitrogen in explosive ma- ' plastic Glock 17 handgun that is unre- ; .-^Dynamite Is reh tprint», the neutrons touch off see- t cognizable on most airport X-ray sy*\i detect** says Wail, ondaty radiation that triggers wT^tems.. Dual energy X-ray sy^ems, F«rood about some o *alarm*, An experimental unit *already* under development by P*nu-

has been tested successfully at four Research "Corp. in Hartw ' a^i^xpfaBlves. But if yoi airports: The Westinghouse Research Gallic, also can detect plastics ajwJ .;progm^»nd oxygen, and Development Center in Pitts- other tow-density "ateriab-T^ burgh has a H2 million contract to Some of the newsy^tems ^ develop by next year, two proto-". ready ÍOT,testing next mOTtn.tHnm»i __ — types of £ probe St could scan a 'may, be,a.dec3de away. But*«P*t»V bag in less than 12 seconds, 'i*'.,-⁵ of soch research has accelerated.

A chemical "sniffer" system that -i... Almost exactly a year ago,;.^- — — *c ham I luminescence* to Identify r suddenly wenOnto higl^gear^

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a it, f / * ☒

Weapons

Private sales exempt from gun control laws
MIAMI (AP)—The Brady bill and similar laws
require a waiting period before anyone can buy a handgun,
right? ... ‘*’

Wrong.

‘TVs they bought require a

on all buyers. / [X] . ,

But’s? lest they dictate that handgun sales be regulated.

Strike three. — “ —

The Brady bill and most state laws bars

loopback of the FBI

. farough — because they apply only to Brady » « dealwa.. “

few. mUc Mo [X]—How asked

Private gun owners can and do *act*¹⁰

anyone. No questions asked, no background check, no waiting
off period. .

The runs in this secondary market are often akl * “gaugh classified ads.
But an increasingly popular outlet is

the gun show, where licensed dealers and private owners ^

often compete side by side. , . _ _ “:

“Easily millions of gun sales can be transacted at gun shows,” says Jack KiDoria,
a “pork ^ ^ torta” «eu at

Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms to Washington. ^

ATT estimates that Americans own 300 million guns « kinds, including « 7 million
handguns. Licensed gun shops sold 17.5 million guns last year.

I Am Port Under the shadow of the ^ who ^ es

In her name only as Karen taps to * mT I Lice special on sale next to a sign: “Private
Sale, IU6. No forms. No waiting period.” _ [X] rr

. “These shows have gotten as common as garage sales, but all this is a problem for
us.” Kill or to us. U » b » otat guns have moved out « these shows to a criminal ban*.

The boot

“If you do have thoughts that flash into your head, that’s long « thorn.’ ^

doubt,” said Carban, who is suing her therapist. “I’m saying, ‘If you do have
thoughts that dash into your head, challenge them.’”

Such skepticism comes as a challenge to the idea that children sometimes repress
memories of physical, emotional or sexual abuse, but can regain those memories as
adults through psychotherapy.

Many such cases have given rise to lawsuits and even criminal charges; Chicago’s
Roman Catholic Cardinal Joseph Bernardin, (for example, is the defendant in a civil
lawsuit over alleged sexual abuse filed by a man who says he recovered memories of

WASHINGTON (AP) — Clinton and his wife, Hillary, and their friends dined (killed; chiding distant cousin — and in-laws — to the St. Ignace for a Christmas Eve party. The affair was part tradition dating to Clinton's Arkansas governor's family members gathered the country at Christmas.

LOCAL FORECAST

High 35 Low 20

A

Pacific cold front will move into the

Flathead Valley this morning and push through moat of Montana by the evening. Gusty northwest winds and cooler temperatures will follow the front. High in the mid 30s. Tonight and Tuesday, continued cloudy with a chance of snow showers in the valley. Snow showers decreasing and part.

“Opening the hostel in 1977.

And since have thousands of travelers from a multitude of nationalities who have passed through the hostel's doors at the corner of Orange and South Fourth streets (luring the past 12 years.

“We offer, not a private ac-

Missoula County

Sheriff's U. Ed Brannin, Greenville said the girl was sitting in his when “his hands slipped and went inside her pants,” court records

state. ¹

“He did acknowledge that what he had done was wrong, court records state. “He also was asked by Detective Brannin if he had ever done anything like this before to (the girl), and he stated last summer he had put his hand inside her blouse, but his mother had caught him and made him stop.”

Canadian Consul stops in Missoula

- MISSOULA — Tension involving U.S. trade with Japan comes as no shock to Canadians, said Canadian Consul Path Bennett during a visit to Missoula on Wednesday.

“We don't think it's unusual for the United States to be involved in trade disputes with Japan. The United States has to protect its interests. At the same time, we

trade liberalization,” said Bennett, who is based in Minnesota.

“Every sovereign country has a right to protect its trade interests. But at the same time, we hope countries will move toward liberalization and there will be greater harmony, *ht* The U.S.-Canada trade relationship is remarkably strong despite recent disagreements over trade and other issues, Bennett

^ “Wheat, right now, is what I’d call an irritant t*TM« “ “ two countries,” he said.
“We recopuze that » ..
relationship that has this breadth, here are
Health-care expert to speak

tgo boost no

By CAROL TAVRIS

“or :he Los Angeles Tiroes

S

in in favor of self-esteem. It’s n good thing to have, it we judge from the depressed,
delensive or hostile behavior of people who don’t have enough oi it I’m also in lav or
ot educational and parental .”Hoits to mcieaxe children s appreciation for their gender,
race or lieitage. W hen I was a child, iny patents were forever feeding me biographies
ot Cireat Women linnet F’ubman, F’li/abeth Blackwell,

Susan 15. Anthony, Mane Curie,”Pocahontas — anil I’m sure these books influenced
my ambition, at b, to be die world s first woman bus driver.

I .hI i\, however, self esteem is a mere shadow of its t,inner sell. Once, it referred
to a fundamental sense of wit worth; today that meaning has narrowed into merely
letlint’ good about oneselt. Selt-esteem used to a on ihe daih aets ol effort, care and
iipiishnieni ihat are the bedioek ot character; now ,1 ☒ esls «Mi air. on being instead
ot doing. Healthy selt- esteein used to tall between the ccjually unhealthy stales of
insecurity and narcissism; now it runs from low to “high.” with no recognition, in these
greedy times, that some feel too good about themselves for no good reason.

None of this would matter, except that the murky psychological concept ot sell
esteem has become a blueprint for educational reform. I he new goal increasingly is **10**
make children “feel better about their gender, race or ethnicity.

In Detroit recently, a black teacher described lire benefits of Afrocentric education
for black boys. When they see a traffic light, he said, they should know it was invented
by a black man, Garrett Morgan. Well, yes. they should. But what if the traffic light
had been invented by a Chinese-Lithuanian immigrant woman? Does that mean that
black boys cannot aspire to become inventors or traffic engineers?

balneation historian Diane Ravitch refers to an

**Parents and educators would do better to focus on helping children
achieve competence, perseverance and optimism — the real contents of
self-worth.**

interview she road with a talented black runner who models herself after Mikhail
Baryshnikov. Baryshnikov.¹, needless to say, is not black, lemale, a runner or American-
born, but he inspired this athlete because ot his training and skill.

All students in American society, regardless of race, should learn about slavery,
the civ il-rights movement and the contributions of black men and women. And each
student would do well to -mdy the

specific, truthful history of his or her own culture — venal, stupid and murderous contributions to the world drama as well as its noble, smart and generous ones. But as Ravitch points out, “knowing about the travails and triumphs of one’s forebears does not necessarily translate into either self-esteem or personal accomplishment.”

In fact, self-esteem is not necessarily related to academic success.

Delinquent teen-age boys have lower self-esteem; they feel they are heroes to their parents, — is it? — adolescent girls have higher self-esteem and more self-worth than white girls, but, to preserve this in a system they perceive is always putting them down, they are more likely to drop out of school and reject white authorities. While girls show a depression in self-esteem between childhood and adolescence — “i.e. many nonetheless go to college.

Psychologist Sigmund Freud at the University of Michigan argues that the more idealistic “good” adolescents’ self-worth lies not in material wealth; about themselves but in what they can envision for themselves in the future. People are guided by these “possible selves” that help us imagine what we might become (for better and worse) and that motivate us “to reach our ideals.

Possible selves are unrelated to self-esteem, but they are better predictors of behavior. Delinquent boys may have high self-esteem, but when faced with their futures, most see themselves as being depressed, alone, addicted or in jail.

So I propose a moratorium on self-esteem as a psychological concept and as an educational aim. Parents and educators would do better to focus on helping children achieve competence, perseverance and optimism — the real contents of self-worth. They would do better to help children discover or invent their own best possible selves, to expand their visions of what they can become — even if no one of their gender, race or culture has ever done it before, then self-esteem will follow.

Carol Tavris 11 Social Psychology in the 21st Century

Or I could simply send her the china (whole, with a note saying I hope she is enjoying her uncle’s things). But I think the irony would be wasted, and I doubt that she would return what she took*

I want to do the impeccably correct thing, but I don’t know what it is. I don’t find etiquette books.

GENTLE READER: That is because etiquette — recognizing that, alas, there is no shaming the shameless — yields to the law in punishing crime.

But Miss Manners has special sympathy for you because it was a mannerly impulse that got you into this situation. Hospitality and consideration for the relatives of your late friend prompted you to put yourself in a position in which unscrupulous took advantage of you. Unfortunate as that demonstrates your virtue.

Write the

ADVICE & CONVERSATION

No simple answers on pesticide issues

With the arrival of summer in western Monhas comes an increase in phone calls to the Health Department about pesticides: "Are pesticides safe?" "How can you let my neighbor spray his lawn while my children are playing in the yard?" "Is it legal to throw my old pesticide containers in the garbage?"

The questions are simple: the answers are not.

The health risks associated with any chemical are complicated to understand and even more complicated to determine. Most pesticides pose acute (short-term) health risks when a person is exposed to one very large dose and chronic (long-term) health risks when a person is exposed to smaller doses over long periods.

Acute effects usually are experienced only by pesticide applicators or by children who inadvertently ingest the chemical. There usually are clear symptoms requiring immediate treatment.

Chronic exposure — such as from residues on food or in drinking water — does not produce immediate symptoms, but can cause internal organ damage, cancer and a host of other chronic ailments.

The media blitz surrounding the pesticide Alar (daminozide) is a good example of the confusion and difficulty scientists and health officials face when try-

A HEALTHY ENVIRONMENT

ing to communicate with the public; Alar is used in the apple-growing industry to make apples firm and prevent early dropping. News coverage of a private report stating that Alar caused cancer in humans resulted in worried mothers dumping apple juice down the drain and apples being removed from school cafeterias, despite Environmental Protection Agency assurances that such measures were unnecessary.

How come nobody would listen to EPA? Well, for the same reasons I find it difficult to answer questions about pesticide use. Most people lack the knowledge to understand the complicated formulas used by scientists to predict theoretical risks. People want to know "is it safe to eat apples?" or "does Alar cause cancer?" They want a black or white answer and have little patience with scientists' uncertain deliberations.

Cancer risks are evaluated based on the number of increased cancers predicted from laboratory-animal experiments due to exposure to a chemical over a lifetime. The key words are "increased" and "lifetime exposure." ' I j

"Increased" means that exposure to the given j chemical must cause more cancers than would normally occur (currently, one of every four people develops cancer over a lifetime). An acceptable increase $r \sim$ in the number of cancers' usually is taken to be one additional cancer for each one million people.

"Lifetime exposure" means the person must be exposed to a given dose every day for 70 years. Because of these assumptions, EPA risk calculations generally are taken to be worst-case scenarios and are considered to have a built-in margin of safety.

— ' The biggest problem with risk-assessment formulas and one-in-a-million cancer-risk data is not that | the public lacks access to the information, but that it

; may lead consumers to overlook the most significant health hazards in their lives. Many people have developed a phobia about food and drinking water because they believe pesticides or other chemical contamination may give them cancer. We face many truly important health issues, but they are being

various reports that apples and water but everything else causes cancer in laboratories.

actual numbers, not theoretical predictions that smoking kills more than 400,000 each year. Another 100,000 will die due to Heart disease, motor-vehicle accidents and style-related issues remain the main health in the U.S. Yet we seem more willing to take huge risks associated with smoking or seatbelt than the very small risks associated with use of pesticides and chemicals. Perhaps human nature to fear the things we don't

ask those questions about pesticides, "Pesticides safe?"

and no. It depends. It won't ever be safe — but each of us can, by the choices we make our exposure to chemicals, we can buy organically grown products and use products that do not con-

I

tainants or additives. We may choose not to in our homes and gardens and can opt for products from places that do.

Each of us makes individually and we will do much more to protect ourselves from pesticides than all the federal

to

the books.

drove to the vineyard where he was employed, shot and wounded a co-worker, then killed his boss, Tracy Toovcy, with a shovelful in the face as he drove up to the vineyard. Sheriff's deputies said

The wounded co-worker called deputies, who went to the Salcido home, where they found the body of Salcido's wife, Angeliu, 24.

Authorities alerted police nearby in Cotati. Officers went to the home of Angelia Salcido's parents. Her mother, Marian Louise Richards, 42, and two young sisters, Ruth, 12, and Maria, 8, had been bludgeoned and stabbed to death, according to authorities. The younger girl's head had been partially cut off.

Business and fast fusion

Washington Post

T7T

WASHINGTON — Corpora America is responding to claims of potentially harmful breakthrough 'energy' technology with a mix of emotions that grip a person who is finding a million-dollar weepsakes win: It's got to be a big one, but I'll just make a call and find out. *Li*

In recent days, about 30 companies have rushed to sign agreements with the University of Utah; that allow them to review two confidential patent applications the school filed last month on nuclear, clean-fusion technology.

Multinationals like Westinghouse Electric Corp. are crowding out small energy companies and venture-capital firms just for a chance to look at the patent applications; they're barred from doing anything with them. Another 40 companies have expressed interest.

One Palo Alto, Calif., venture-capital firm says it is exploring the idea of a company in fusion.

"We're actively doing our homework, trying to understand better some of the scientific implications," said Mark Bailey, associate partner at Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers, who visited the university recently.

With developments coming day-by-day, companies and investors across the country are keeping tabs through the news media, conferences and sleuthing by their own experts.

"They are burning up the telephone wires to learn what's real, 'what isn't,'" said Jeffrey Harris, managing director of the venture-capital firm Warburg, Pincus Ventures Inc. of New York, who maintains it is 100 years soon for investors to be thinking about pulling money in the technology.

—

so, lo, ly

Richard Clark, who lived near the Salcidos, said Salcido had threatened his wife often, once vowing to "blow off her head." He was also said to have been resentful of his in-laws, a devoutly Roman Catholic, conservative family, v-

The violent rampage, shattering the relative peace of the so-called Valley of the Moon, began Friday ... morning:

— Investigators said Salcido "drove to the vineyard where he was employed, shot and wounded a co-worker, then killed his boss, m Tracy Toovey. with a shot in the " « ai'trc drove up to the vine — jd, sheriffs deputies said.

"The wounded co-worker called , prides, who went to the Salcido home, where they found the body of Salcido's wife, AngeJia, 24.

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Wets fast n fusion

WASHINGTON — Corporate America is responding to claim of potentially historic breakthrough, -energy technology with tnc mix of emotions that grips person who gets

a letter nouncing a million-dollar weepstakes win: It's got to be a akc, but I'll just make a call and Ind out.

In recent days, about 30 com-

C HSl (f_ Q'/£r?<j

ureenibii tuics could have you back in the pink
H

AMILTON — Taxol, Ihc cancer-fighting drug made from the bark of a scrubby tree, is Ihc most recent example, bul roughly one of every four prescription drugs now available were derived from plants.

In fact, herbal remedies used to make up a much higher proportion of common therapies in this country, and they still do in most others.

They're not wonder drugs, say even the most staunch proponents, and they don't supplant a doctor's care. But, proponents say, they help keep a body functioning in top form, and they do ease **minor ifis**.

: American use of medicinal herbs may be about to bloom
igaJn.

i "Consumers definitely want these herbs, there's no question ra about that,¹" said Mark Blumenthal, executive director of the non-profit American Botanical Council in Austin, Texas. "I predict the £ average American household is going to have a bottle of garlic N,bnMR>teai}ti'its breakfast table, next to the vitamins, in the next five out!ar«.?' . ☒ *☒

family may also have on the bathroom shelf an
, cea (purple cone flower), as an antibiotic and antt-
Bnmatory;;a salve of Calendula (false marigold) for skin ailments; flpesr the teapot,'dried «nd shredded Valerian to soot Iso nerves
' ☒

, -(See HERBS, Page A-10)

c of them might be under your nose ...

- Osha, an anti viral agent particularly good for respiratory problems that accompany colds and ilu.
- Arnica, for external use only, cases the pain of sprains and strains
- St Johnswort. a sedative and pain reliever, gixxl for l*MS, irritability and anxiety
- Mullein, m lea, for respiratory complaints
- Burdock, seeds act as a diuretic and case joint inflammation; roots help skin eruptions and psoriasis

- Dandelion, a tonic for the liver and gall bladder, speeds recovery from hepatitis, aids digestion, and is high in calcium and potassium
- Ceanothus or buck brush, helps cleanse the lymph system.

Somes

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Male bomb wounds Yale professor

NEW HAVEN, Conn. — Mail bomb» that maimed professor» at Yale and the University of California this week were linked Friday to a dozen similar attacks since 1978, mod at uni-versities and high-tech companies, the FBI said.

The FBI examined fragments of the most recent bombs and believe the attacks are tied to the “Unabom” case, coveting a dozen unsolved mail bombings that killed one person and injured 21 since 1978.

“The forensic experts believe ... that the maker or makers of each of these 14 explosive devices are the same person or persons,” MBt Ahkrich, special agent in charge of the FBI in Connecticut, told reporters.

He wouldn’t comment on a motive but said international terrorism was “not at the top of the list.” No threats or demands were made in any of the 14 bombings, Ahkrich said.

Most of the 14 bombings involved universities or high-tech companies. The investigation’s name comes from “university bomber.”

The FBI urged universities to be on the alert for suspicious packages, including ones that appear to have excessive postage or bogus return addresses.

A bomb that severely injured Yale computer scientist David Gdernter, 38, on Thursday was contained inside a package, Ahkrich said. The package was addressed to GekmteT and investigators believe it was sent from the West Coast through the mail.

**5. Documents Written by Ted
Kaczynski Within Two Weeks of a
Bombing Incident**

INCIDENT	INCIDENT DATE	WRITINGS OF KACZYNSKI NEAR INCIDENT DATES	BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF WRITING TOPIC
University of Illinois Northwest University	5/25/78	None	
American Airlines Flight 444	11/15/79	None	
Percy Wood	6/10/80	C-1024 (6/8/80)	Letter to Nuclear Regulatory Commission re radiation hazards
		C-1023 (6/3/80)	Letter to Dr. Ian Bellany re his article on nuclear war
		C-229	Personal journal with an entry of 6/22/80, re driving through Canada
University of Utah	10/8/81	None	455
Vanderbilt University	5/5/82	C-56 (4/23/82)	Letter to parents re their planned visit

The Ted K Archive

The UNABOM Task Force
A Review and Compilation of the Writings of Ted Kaczynski
October 23, 1996

<archive.org> (California University Archive Source: Part #1, #2 & #3)
A large amount of this is unreadable due to automatic transcription errors, but I'm uploading it at this early stage so that it can be worked on by anyone who wants to and so that people can hit CTRL+F to find rare information in the text.

www.thetedkarchive.com