

Ted K

Tony Stone

2022

[low ominous humming]
[intense music]
[motors roaring]
[low chanting]
[motor rumbling]
[music fades out]
[ominous echoing]
[bird screeching in distance]
[engine starting]
[thudding]
[haunting chord]
[objects crashing and shattering]
[chair creaking]
[incessant thudding]
[ominous music]
[glass smashing]
[objects shattering]
[door creaking]
[smashing]
[sparking]

Modern technology is the worst thing that ever happened to the world, and to promote its progress is nothing short of criminal.

[footsteps clomping]
[deer huffing]
[water rushing]
[birds tweeting]
[door closing]

Thank you, Grandfather Rabbit.

[squelching]

Thanks for listening to the local NPR classics.

KUHFN 91.7 Helena,

89.1 Missoula, another hour of the baroque.

[lively classical music playing on radio]

[blowing]

[woman singing opera music]

[engine rumbling in distance]

[engine revving]

[vehicle zooming away]

[clinking spoon loudly]

[mumbling] Technique five... take the one.

Sixty-four.

2, 51, 2, 19...

18, 63, 2, 19...

18, 63, 3, 1, 51...

2, 19, 18...

[classical music on radio]

[water rushing]

[birds chirping]

[low, ominous music]

Yesterday was quite good.

The only disruptive sounds were nine evil 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.

In Lamborn, Illinois, there's 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 noises to destroy because one is living in a shit pile anyway.

[truck reversing]

[machine rumbling]

[saw buzzing]

[machinery clanging loudly]

[noise cuts out]

[gravel crunching, bike squeaking]

[birds tweeting distantly]

[engines rumbling]

[coughing in distance]

[Ted muttering]

[eerie music]

[engines rumbling]

[phone ringing]

Excuse me.

Please deposit five cents for the next three minutes.

If five cents is not deposited within 25 seconds—

-Yeah, I did. I—

-...your call will automatically terminated.

-Fuck! Fuck!

[sighing]

[truck beeping]

[engine roaring]

[tree snapping]

[booming thud]

[tires crunching loudly]

[machinery stops]

[water rushing]

[Ted panting]

Need a ride, Ted?

-I can't get this, uh... I can't get this around.

-It's not—

-Ted, it doesn't work.

-Huh?

-It's broke, it's broke.

Just hold on real tight.

Whoa!

[driver laughing]

I couldn't help myself.

[laughing]

Sorry, Sorry, Ted,

I won't do it again, I promise.

Aw, shoot.

[driver resumes chuckling]

[somber classical music]

[bar din]

[patrons chattering indistinctly]

The supertanker bound for Long Beach, California, ran aground about 22 miles south of Valdez early Friday morning after loading a cargo of one and a quarter million barrels from the Alaska pipeline.

Oil poured into the sound at the rate of 20,000 gallons an hour for 12 hours.

Exxon acknowledges that the Valdez detoured into treacherous water.

The Coast Guard says the captain was trying to avoid large chunks of ice known as growlers.

[phone ringing]

-Seventy-five cents.

Hi. Hi, Ma, it's me.

It's so hot. [unzipping]

No, it's okay, it's always... it always does this, but I only had \$1.50 and I'm going to run out of time before we finish the conversation.

Nothing. I just... I just want to talk to him.

I just turned my back on him. Wouldn't talk to him.

Yeah, well, that's his issue.

He shouldn't... He shouldn't have got married.

He shouldn't have married her, Ma. She's a bad influence on him. If that's not obvious to you now, it will be in the future.

Well, I still love him, Ma, but I don't—

I have nothing in common with David.

He was jealous of the fact that I could do most things better than he could.

It's a simple fact, Ma.

Well, yeah, he was better socially than I was, but...

Well, if you hadn't put me two years ahead in high school, perhaps I would have the ability to... to hold a conversation with a woman longer than 30 seconds.

Two relationships in my life. Two. I only got to first base, Ma.

You know what first base is?

Yeah, kissing, tongue rubbing.

Yeah.

I have tongue rubbed twice.

Twice. That's all. Nothing. No... no touching of breasts. No sexual intercourse.

Well, who do you want me to tell? Who should I tell this to, Ma?

Fuck, there's people... There's people listening.

I just need to know if you're going to send me money, Ma. Please, I'm desperate.

All right, please send me a check.

Oh, for the love of God, is that a yes or no?

Thank you.

And do not send... no, do not send food with the check, just a check, Ma.

I have to go.

-[automated voice speaking]

The beeping... The phone... It's the phone company, Ma.

It's the phone company.

I can't. I have to go.

[somber music]

[low electric buzzing]

[bike squeaking]

[ominous music]

[juice dripping]

[keys clacking]

To the editor,

I would like to warn people of the danger of picking berries in power line road cuts.

The Montana Electric Company sprays cancer causing herbicides without any warnings to the public.

[chopping wood]

[pleasant classical music]

[panting]

[chopping]

[pole creaking]

[electric zapping, pole thudding]

[birds twittering]

[wind blowing]

[leaves rustling]

[gulping]

[explosive whirring of jets]

[jets passing]
[thunderous roaring of engines]
Fuckin'... fuckin'...!
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.
[classical music continues]
[fire crackling]
[jets roaring in distance]
[dramatic operatic singing]
[objects clattering]
[thunder rumbling]
[dog barking in distance]
Shoo! Shoo!
Fuck off.

People say violence and the taking of human life is not a way to resolve human problems.

[sawing]
It can't work.
As a matter of fact, history shows that it very often does work.
I want to kill some people.
Preferably a scientist, a communist, businessman or some other big shot.
Use shotgun powder in the last hoping it would do more damage than rifle powder.
[explosion bursting]
Spent 350 bucks on the last bombing mission and barely blew a finger off.
Absolutely frustrating.
I can't seem to make a lethal bomb.
Seeming increasingly infeasible without more money.
[machinery rattling]
[high-pitched sawing]
[machine rattling]
-Okay?
-There you go.
[vehicle rumbling on]
[vehicle reversing]
Hey, Ted.
You keep drawing like that, you're gonna cut your nuts off.
-Yeah, I don't take direction from women on mechanical matters.
Please have your husband advise me on how to work.
-Fuckin' asshole.
-Yeah, did you... you see that?

She tried to fire me,
I'm doing what I'm... I'm doing my job,
I'm doing what you told me.
Fucking—
-You know she runs the show around here?
-What?
-She... she runs the show.
Get the fuck out!
[dramatic music]
There is a psycho-surgical operation that relieves people who get angry too easily.
They stick electrodes into 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.
[curtain rustling]
[splashing]
[light chatter]
Excuse me.
How much... how much is this?
-25 cents.
-Okay,
I'll think about it.
-Doing some entertaining there, Ted?
-No.
Just need cutlery.
-Don't have a wife to chew my food and regurgitate it into my mouth.
[chuckles awkwardly]
-Fair enough.
Since committing the crimes reported elsewhere in my notes,
I feel better.
I'm still plenty angry, you understand, but the difference is that
I am now able to strike back to a degree.
True, I can't strike back to anything like the extent
I wish to, but I no longer feel totally helpless, and the anger doesn't gnaw my guts
as it used to.
Guilty feelings? Yes, a little.
Occasionally, I have bad dreams in which police are after me, or which I am threat-
ened with punishment from a supernatural source such as the devil.
But these don't occur often enough to be a problem.
I am definitely glad to have done what I have.
[music fades out]
[shovel digging]

[grunting]
[scraping]
[metallic clattering]
[thumping]
[scraping]
[soft, eerie music]
[exhaling]
[exhaling deeply]
[explosion booms]
[coughing]

Here comes a tough one.

So, four numbers.

Keeping the seven in the same place.

Mm-hmm.

-Create the greatest and the smallest number in a combination of those four digits.

I'm going to give you a hint.

The zero, seven, five, four is a three-digit number.

Okay?

-Mm-hmm.

-Mm-hmm.

Yeah, what's the greatest and smallest number for those four digits?

Mm-hmm.

[chuckling softly]

Nice. Remarkable.

That's fantastic.

The smallest.

He's really coming along.

He is really smart.

I think you've probably done enough.

Yeah. All this math does give me a headache.

-That's what we want.

[all laughing]

In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some big shot, the driver would doubtless remember

I rode the bus that day.

In the anonymity of the big city, I figured it would be much safer to buy materials for a bomb and mail it.

[whistling "Ode To Joy"]

[owl hooting]

[Ted continues whistling]

[music playing distantly]

[high-pitched voice]

I wanna fuck you.
[low voice]
I want to fuck you too, yeah.
Nice ass. Nice tits. Face, meh.
[laughing softly]
I could end this bitch.
[moody jazz music]
[music fades out]
-What are you reading about?
-The psychology of women.
I'm reading, I have work to do.
I'm—
-Oh, yeah?
-[aggressively] Mm-hmm.
-What do you do?
-I'm a psychiatrist.
-No shit.
-Yeah.
Please do not tell me your troubles.
-[both laughing]
-Right.
What do you... what do you do for a living?
-I just got out of prison.
I gotta go get a job.
-Sure.
[pensive music]
-Maybe I'll go be a psychiatrist now.
[passenger chuckling]
-Um, excuse me,
I have to—
Hey.
-I have to get the fuck out of here.
Have a good trip.
[music fades out]
[door buzzing]
-Evening. I need a... room for one.
-Name?
-It's Conrad. Joseph Conrad.
Um, how much?
-\$19.95.
[rock music playing]
[key clanging]

-A nickel?

Change?

[nickel clanging]

Call me if you need anything.

-Mm-hmm.

... the face of winter again here very, very shortly.

As if we aren't-

-[changing channel]

... reconditioning the America.

It's an even trade-off with the other new carriers proposed-

-[changing channel]

...but sources tell us the internal investigation and report to council raised many questions, and it should be noted to date, there has been no independent investigation on why it took more than a year to arrest the son of a city councilman, the son of a sheriff's deputy and the son of Shipley's administrative assistant in connection with two burglaries in the city.

[Ted sighing]

[uplifting music on TV]

-If you frequently travel from one side of the ocean to the other, you'll find United's vast 747 fleet to be enormously pleasing.

In fact, their superior comforts and spacious surroundings, combined with our renowned international service, make short work-

[TV shutting off]

[tap running]

[sirens in distance]

[mailbox door squeaking]

[ominous music]

[door bell chiming]

[indistinct chatter, machines whirring]

[chatter grows louder]

[video game noises]

[indistinct chatter]

[high-pitched digital ringing]

[indistinct chatter]

[eerie chord]

-Looking for something affordable, or, yeah...

What kind of things are you looking to do with a computer?

-Writing.

-Okay.

[clerk speaking indistinctly]

[overlapping sounds]

-That'd be a PC18...

[clerk speaking indistinctly]
 -...Microsoft Word...
 ...writing, typing, word processing, productivity applications...
 [clerk continues speaking indistinctly]
 It can do a lot more things than just edit text and code.
 I mean, you can—
 The middle name is business.
 Watch this.
 If I'm typing away—
 See, I made a mistake there.
 I typed "A" when I wanted an "S," so if I just hit this key twice, backspace there, I
 could change that "A" to an "S."
 [voice distorting]
 And away I go.
 No white out, no correction ribbon.
 It's all in there.
 -Are you the owner of the store?
 No, no. I just work here.
 -Who is the owner?
 -The owner is behind the counter there with the moustache.
 Oh.
 I mean, would you like me to get him for you?
 -Oh, no.
 -Okay.
 -Thank you.
 -You're welcome.
 -This is interesting. Thank you.
 I need to... need to go.
 But I'll think about it and... get back to you.
 Come back anytime.
 I'm always here.
 My motive for doing what I'm going to do is simply personal revenge.
 I do not expect to accomplish anything it.
 Of course, if my crime and reasons for committing it gets any public attention, it
 may help to stimulate public interest in a technology question and thereby improve
 the chances of stopping technology before it's too late.
 But on the other hand, most people will probably be repelled by my crime.
 The opponents of freedom may use it as a weapon to support their arguments for
 control over human behavior.
 With 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 for my desire for revenge.

[chatter over TV]

[Ted coughing]

-So, how'd we do tonight, huh?

Oh, money, money, money, money.

Heh heh! I love it!

[coughs]

Nice cough. You all right?

-No.

-You don't look so good.

Here.

Here's 40 for tonight,

And get yourself something else to drink, too, no charge.

And I got some Old Spice back there, on the house.

[mysterious music]

[faucet running]

[rack squeaking]

At this hour, police still have no leads in the package bombing in Lake Forest.

Chuck Goudie is here with the latest in the investigation to that story. Chuck.

Jack, a couple of days ago, Percy Wood received a letter from somebody named Enoch Fisher.

The letter informed of when to expect a book in the mail very soon.

But when he got the book it blew up in his face.

The return address:

3414 West Ravenswood Avenue.

It didn't help much.

It's a vacant lot.

So, police are hoping for better luck with clues the explosion left behind.

Today, inside

Wood's home, investigators finished picking up pieces of the bomb.

That was nerve-racking.

Metal fragments were scattered throughout the kitchen and had to be separated from bits of glass and paper.

The evidence recovered from the home of Mr. Hood... Mr. Wood was in good condition and has been dispatched by courier to the Postal Inspection

Service Crime Laboratory in Washington, DC.

The parcel wrapping, the packing and portions of the bomb itself will be analyzed by the laboratory technicians and they will furnish us a full report.

At this time, we are unable to release any details on the makeup of the bomb.

We have initiated an intense investigation to solve the attack upon Mr. Wood.

Recently,

Percy Wood outfitted his home with an electronic security system and he probably wouldn't open the front door if a stranger was outside.

Like most of us, though, he opens mail.

Not knowing what's inside.

- "It will never happen to me," is the way that most people look at it.

Yourself, how many times have you opened your mail and thought that there might have been something in it?

[bang]

[grunts]

-Ugh!

[exhaling]

[groaning]

[news playing in background]

Helping hand.

You got a-

Yeah, I'm fucking angry with the car, asshole.

You wanna know who told us my wife?

Your goddamn brother.

[hanging up phone]

[classical music]

[engine rumbling]

Dynamite blast all over him.

Occasionally autumn at my cabin.

Exxon conducting seismic exploration for oil.

Couple of helicopters flying all over the hills.

Lower, I think, dynamite on cable.

Make blast on ground, instruments smash through vibrations.

I camped out mostly in what I call the diagonal gulch, hoping to shoot up a helicopter in an area east of Crater Mount.

[gunshot]

It proved harder than I thought.

Those helicopters always in motion, never know where they would go next.

[sirens]

[gunshot]

[gunshot]

[gunshot]

Cocksuckers!

[gunshot]

[whirring quiets]

[gunshot]

Fuck.

Desecration.

Where can I go now for peace and quiet?

[somber music]

When I got back to camp, I cried.

Partly from frustration of missing, but mostly grief about what was happening to the country.

Fuck!

Fuck you!

It is so beautiful.

But if they did find oil... disaster.

Even if not find oil, the blast and helicopters ruin it.

Ted Kaczynski reporting for duty.

-[giggling]

-Hey, there, Ted.

-Hello, Mrs. Hill.

-I'm so glad you're here.

-You ready to work?

-Yes. What can I do?

-Let's head back this way.

I'm gonna put you in the back with Becky, and we have this huge pile of books that we have to sort through.

Unfortunately, we have to get rid of all of them.

So I'm gonna have you guys split them up by genre and...

[sighing]

[soft music]

-Hi.

-Hi.

-I'm Becky.

-I'm... I'm Ted Kaczynski.

They should really move from the Dewey Decimal System to the Library of Congress system.

I'd suggested it a while back, but they still haven't, so, now we have to do all this again.

[laughing]

Um...

No, we're—

[change falling in payphone]

[whispering] Fuck.

Ugh. Goddamn it.

Hi, David, it's me. Yeah.

Yeah, because I was...

I was calling to talk to you and she picked up. And I—

Well, I thought... I—

I wanted to speak to you, not her.
 I've never met her.
 I thought it was a bad time to try to meet her over the phone.
 And so I... so I hung up.
 Well, can I be trusted to say the right thing to... to a woman, David?
 Especially Linda, with the history, and...
 Oh my God, is that her in the background?
 David, fuck.
 Just tell her I apologize and ask her to leave the room so I can talk to you in private,
 please.
 You domesticated yourself.
 You're like, like, like a horse that's run into a farmer's field and... and volunteered
 for somebody to jump on your back and put a bit in your mouth.
 Well, I thought that we shared a lot of values and I thought that we were on the
 same page of living in the wild.
 Now you're living in a zoo like a caged animal with a trainer.
 A trainer who, uh, who you need to run everything by. Um...
 I'm sure... oh, I bet you have too.
 Like if I... if I asked you... I was—
 I was actually gonna call to ask for some help, some financial help.
 I just wanted a little money that I could... that I could repay.
 But I'm sure you have—
 Yeah, you would have—
 Yes, you would have to ask her, wouldn't you?
 Mm-hmm.
 See, that's what I mean.
 [hanging up]
 [engines revving]
 [tense classical instrumental]
 Hey!
 [whistling]
 Get off my land!
 Get off my property.
 [shouting indistinctly]
 -Ted!
 Man in the cabin.
 Ted.
 -Good morning.
 -Morning. Nice day.
 Yeah.
 -You know, just checking through the pass and a little investigation
 I was hoping you could help me with.

You seen anyone, anything, people, fooling around with any buildings around here?

-No, only those, uh... kids who vandalized that cabin a while back.

Nothing since then.

-Sure.

-You talk to Steve or Tom?

-Yeah, Steve said his mill got wrecked a while back too.

-Yeah, a while ago. Yeah.

-Or, um, motorcyclers, they hassling you nearby here?

-No, nothing like snowmobile season, anyway, huh?

-Exactly. Right, um...

The reason I had to ask was we heard you got pretty upset with some riders from up the creek.

-Yeah, I did. I did, yeah.

Yes, assholes, though.

A couple of punks tried to... tried to come across my... my property and, um...

Yeah.

I wouldn't call it anything out of the ordinary, though,

I imagine if you were in my position, you would...

You might act the same way.

-Sure. Yeah, that's fair.

I appreciate your time.

If you, uh, hear of anything you let me know.

-Mm-hm.

-Have a nice day.

-See you, Ted.

[man speaking indistinctly on radio]

[audience shouting]

[man speaking indistinctly]

-I don't want to let them get their offer, because they don't have credibility with us.

Some think Earth First is a terrorist organization, and they've not renounced violence.

They see a difference between terrorism and sabotage.

-All kinds of operations,

I've taken a [indistinct],

I've spiked trees,

I've still painted equipment that works.

-Thank you, David. Thank you.

What a guy.

-...the modern industrial system as we know it, and one reason why we see the modern industrial system as being so destructive is because it's based on the premise that it is for human beings that the world exists.

The idea that human beings are just another species among millions of others on the planet.

-And reminder, David Foreman will be in the Missoula area, speaking on September 23rd at the John Edwards School.

This is Tom Douglas reporting of WCGR Montana,
NPR Radio.

[ominous instrumental]

[audience cheering]

-Action!

-Action!

-Action of any kind.

But let our action set the finer points of our philosophy.

We don't have to figure it all out.

We all don't have to be saints on this planet to do something for it.

It's time for a warrior society to rise up out of the Earth.

And to put ourselves in front of the juggernaut of destruction.

We need warriors, we need people and bodies out in the field to take down the apparatus of this mechanized destruction of this precious planet that we have.

That's what my life is for.

And that's what your lives should be for.

If you consider yourselves eco-warriors, you have to get out, put your... stand your ground and fight! Do something!

[audience cheering loudly]

Eco Fuckers hit list, chevron 225,

Bush Street,

San Francisco, California.

Nine-four-one-zero...

[overlapping speech]

The National Lumber

Explorer's Association.

The next day,

I started from my own cabin.

My route took me past a beautiful spot.

A favorite place of mine where there was a spring of pure water that can safely be drunk without worrying.

I stopped and said a kind of prayer to the spirit of the spring.

It was a prayer in which I swore that I would take revenge for what was being done with the forest.

[engine whining]

[intricate classical instrumental]

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.

Introduction. One.

The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race.

We therefore advocate the revolution against the industrial system.

Thirty-seven: we attribute the social and psychological problems with modern society to the fact that the society requires people to live under conditions radically different from those under which the human race evolved.

Forty-six: in order to avoid serious psychological problems, a human being needs goals whose attainment requires effort.

Sixty-nine: it is true that primitive man is powerless against some of the things that threaten him, disease, for example, but he can accept the risk of disease stoically.

One-seventy:

Oh! say the technophiles,

"Science is going to fix that.

We will conquer famine, eliminate" psychological suffering,

"make everybody healthy and happy."

Yeah, sure.

That's what they said 200 years ago.

One-eighty:

When the system becomes sufficiently stressed and unstable, a revolution against technology may be possible.

One-eighty-one: The technophiles are taking us all on an utterly reckless ride into the unknown.

One eighty-five: as for the negative consequences of eliminating industrial society... well, you can't eat your cake and have it, too.

To gain one thing you have to sacrifice another.

Becky.

[laughing]

I got a... I got a fish!

I got one!

Yeah.

-Whoo! Good job!

-Yeah!

-Holy-

That's amazing!

[Ted chuckling]

It's big!

[ominous instrumental]

-No, no, there's nothing that could ever be important enough for you to get in touch with me.

Even if Mother dies, I don't wanna hear about it.

Mm-hmm.

I have nothing more–

I have nothing more to–

David... David.

I just need a yes or no.

Are you gonna–

Will you please help me with money?

What do you want? You want me to beg? I'm begging, David. I'm on my fucking knees, right in a phone booth, begging you.

Do you feel powerful, David? Do you feel empowered? The... the strong, dominant male. Finally, you have your brother on his knees, asking for money.

Goddamn it, David! Cocksucker, man! I... I'm asking for–

Yes. One thousand.

Thank you, David.

Yes, I know. Yes, it is a brotherly act and I... it's noted.

You too.

Hugs and kisses to Linda. [chuckling] Okay.

[distorted instrumental]

Boredom is almost non-existent once you've become adapted to life in the woods.

If you don't have any work that needs to be done, you can sit for hours at a time, just doing nothing.

Just listening to the birds or the wind or the silence.

Watching the shadows move as the sun travels or simply looking at familiar objects.

And you don't get bored.

You're just a piece.

[gunshot]

[airplane engine roaring]

[sound becomes distorted]

To the San Francisco Examiner, 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 the amount of smokeless powder needed to blow up anyone or anything was too large to be practical, we decided to take a couple years off and learn something about explosives and develop an effective bomb.

In closure... the aim of the Freedom Club is the complete and permanent destruction of modern industrial society in every part of the world.

... potentially by long distance, there's not a place to have conversation between the perpetrator and the victims.

So, the fact that we have one eyewitness, which is just luck on our part, is really...

We have looked at all of the victims meticulously.

As to any correlation, so far it has just not being fruitful.

Well, you have... you have a wide range, actually, you have corporate executives, you have one bomb placed aboard an American Airlines aircraft, also in the late '70s.

There have been college professors.

Two types of bombs in the sense that about half of them are mailed, letter bombs or package bombs.

And about half of them have been placed in a position where someone would, uh, disturb the package.

[reporter continues speaking indistinctly]

Well, as long as I'm going to throw everything away anyway, instead of having to shoot it out with the cops or something,

I will go up to Canada, and 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.

I need to renew my passport.

And...

Clearly, we are in a position to do a great deal of damage.

And it doesn't appear that the FBI is gonna catch us anytime soon.

The FBI is a joke.

FBI, suck my cock.

[explosion rumbling]

[alarm bell ringing]

[clearing throat]

[dinging bell]

-Morning.

-Uh, morning.

I have a complaint about the Montana Telephone Company.

It concerns, uh, some of your payphones in Lincoln, Montana.

These pay phones consistently malfunction in such a manner as to steal a caller's quarters.

You put a quarter in and then it either gets jammed or it doesn't register.

And then the coin release doesn't work so that either you can't put the call through and the quarters are lost, or the call does go through, but you end up paying 25 cents or 50 cents more than the price of the call.

This problem has persisted for several years.

This is not the first time that I have, uh... that I have complained, although it is the first time that I've complained in person, but I've spoken to the operators about it several times and nothing has been done over the years.

The main offender is actually the payphone on the corner of Highway 200 and Stemple Pass.

I'm forced to use that one on occasion because it's the only one that the company provides that offers any level of privacy at all.

But it steals at least

50% of my quarters.

It swindles me.

And the company is aware of this offending booth.

That's a criminal act.

My money is being stolen.

-On behalf of the Montana phone company,

I apologize for your inconvenience.

Uh, do you happen to have a record of how much money you've lost over the years?

I do. \$5.75.

-\$5.75?

-Yes. Yes, this year.

-This year.

-Yes.

-Hmm.

-I have a letter which, uh, you could give to your superiors, and it contains all the details that I have just relayed to you now.

-I would love to give it to my superiors, but... we can only accept letters through the post.

I can't hand deliver a letter.

Do you see the problem?

-I came in here to bring you the letter in person.

-I appreciate that.

But I can't take it.

You have a wonderful day.

I'm gonna write to my congressman about this.

Okay.

[dreamy, melancholic instrumental]

[Ted]

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 and bearskin and so forth.

Sequence of small advances, there will be no rational and effective public resistance.

It is not possible to make a lasting compromise between technology and freedom because technology is by far the more powerful social force and continually... erodes on freedom through repeated compromise.

[muttering indistinctly]

As society and the problems that face it become more and more complex, and as machines become more and more intelligent, people will let machines make more and more of their decisions for them, simply because machine-made decisions will bring better results than manmade ones.

Eventually, a stage may be reached at which the decisions necessary to keep the system running will be so complex that human beings will be incapable of making them intelligently.

At that stage, the machines will be in effective control.

People won't be able to just turn the machines off because they will be so dependent on them that turning them off would amount to suicide.

[loud thud, horn honking]

[man groaning]

[men laughing]

[laughter continues]

[laughing]

-I must have been going
40 fucking miles per hour.

[laughing]

[chain clanking]

[screeching]

-You know, my parents... pushed me so hard in academia,
I never really learned to be at ease around women.

-Can you tell me your heart,
Ted?

You're quite right.

You love me.

-I do.

I do. See, actually, uh...

It's the truth. I love you.

I love you so much I'm gonna let go of these handlebars.

-No, don't do it!

-I'm gonna let go!

-No, please don't.

-Okay, one hand.

Just one hand, okay?

Come on, there you go, there you go!

-Put it down!

-Okay, okay.

Oh, the right hand come off!

You're my right hand.

You might have to be the right hand of a man.

Okay, okay.

[both laughing]

[Ted whooping]

[laughing]

We are an anarchist group...

...calling ourselves...
Calling ourselves FC.
...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.

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 the bomb.

[explosion rumbling]

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.

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.

-[explosion rumbling]

-[objects clattering]

FC.

[chuckling]

I am choked with frustration at my inability to get my stinking fucking family off my back once and for all.

No, it does include you, David.

It emphatically and specifically includes you, yeah.

Of course, you... you're part of my stinking fucking family.

It's not an emotional decision.

It's a logical decision, David.

It's logical.

Yeah, I have my own life.

I have my own life, David,

I think my own thoughts and then I do what

I think I should do, as opposed to what other people—

Look, I'm not... I'm not—

I'm not gonna do this again.

I'm not gonna do this again with you, David. All right?

I do not want to hear from you or any member of my stinking fucking family ever again.

Goodbye.

Hi.

[driver speaking indistinctly]

Yeah, yeah.

-This is CNN breaking news.

-Hello from CNN News Center in Atlanta,
I'm Natalie Allen.

We're about to take live a news conference from San Francisco headed up by the FBI today concerning the bomb threat that has come in.

The person behind the threat may be the so-called Unabomber, and the threat has resulted in heightened security at five airports in—

Small debris, big debris, dust—

I'm relieved to see a lot of security around—
...and determination?

-Well, our position is we will keep the security measures in place until the matter is resolved.

It's been more than five days since the Unabomber threatened to blow up an airliner flying in or out of Los Angeles by July 4th.

But after 17 years,

23 injuries and three deaths, the Unabomber is nothing to joke about.

Experts say the Unabomber is stepping up his activities because he's jealous of the attention given to the Oklahoma City bombing which stole the thunder from his last package bomb explosion.

Experts also believe the Unabomber may be headed for a fall.

I think he's on a high now.

I think he's all pumped up.

I think he's intoxicated with his own power, and I think at this point, he's most vulnerable.

[indistinct]

I think he might have made some major mistakes.

The FBI is unable to catch him, and now the Unabomber has raised the stakes again.

In the letter sent to The Washington Post and the New York Times this week, the Unabomber has pledged to stop his murderous spree if these leading American papers will publish a 35,000-word manifesto.

In the document the Unabomber condemns modern technology and says computers have created a world in which humans are mere cogs in the machine.

That proposal has led to a life or death question for The Post and should they cave in to threats and publish, or refuse to let themselves be used as a platform—

In paragraph 125, we use an analogy of a weak neighbor who was left destitute by a strong neighbor who takes all his land by forcing on him a series of compromises.

But suppose now that the strong neighbor gets sick so that he is unable to defend himself.

The weak neighbor can force the strong one to give him his land back or he can kill him.

If he lets the strong man survive and only forces him to give his land back, he is a fool, because when the strong man gets well, he will again take all the land for himself.

The only sensible alternative for the weaker man is to kill a strong one while he has the chance. In the same way, while the industrial system is sick, we must destroy it.

If we compromise with it and let it recover from its sickness, it will eventually wipe out all of our freedom.

We're back at CNN in Washington—

We hear somebody yelling,

It ain't gonna happen.

Trying to catch back up to O.J. Simpson heading past

LAX on the 405 freeway north.

Again, you see traffic in the South lanes stopping and looking, police cars trailing, other traffic, stopping off to the right.

[indistinct chatter]

Hey, Gilbert, you should take this, even though it isn't for you.

-Maybe it's a bomb.

You should send that off to Bill.

Maybe it's a love letter.

Oh, it's Oklahoma City.

Oh, be careful.

This Postal

Service circulates a special training tape illustrating detection techniques.

It also graphically demonstrates the power of a mail bomb by use of a dummy in a mock-up office.

He's matching wits, he's matching wits with everybody who comes into conflict with him.

This is the arena.

This is the Coliseum.

It's me against the lion.

Add to this the letter received by The New York Times, a letter sent before the latest bombings.

It warned of a newsworthy event and claimed responsibility in the name of an anarchist group calling itself FC.

We don't have a shred of evidence that he's connected with any other people.

The FBI says it's up to The New York Times, whether they comply with the Unabomber's demand to publish a long-written piece.

But the FBI seems to doubt the sincerity of the Unabomber's offer.

That's because, in the same letter, he reserves the right to engage in sabotage intended to damage property instead of humans.

[somber music]

[birds chirping]

[ragged breathing]

[heavy breathing]
[flame whooshing]
[tense music]
[intense musical buildup]
[birds chirping]

This morning in Washington, the news dominating street corner conversation was what was on the front page of this morning's paper.

The Washington Post had published a special section containing the 35,000-word manifesto of the serial mail bomber known as Unabomber.

The post cited quote,

Public safety reasons for its decision, taken and paid for jointly with The New York Times.

In an unusual joint statement, publishers Donald Graham of The Post and Arthur Sulzberger Jr. of the Times justified publication.

Quote, "If we fail to do so, the Unabomber--"

[laughing]

-Yeah! Yeah!

[laughing]

Unfortunately, for attorney general and the FBI have all surrendered authority to the Unabomber.

I can see this fellow who has to be right now having a psychological orgasm.

They've elevated him to controlling, like a puppeteer, cities, newspapers and everything else.

Where does it go from here?

It's difficult to argue with his logic.

You can bet that neither

The New York Times nor The Washington Post would have published his essay absent his track record as a murderer and his, therefore, totally credible threat that he would kill again.

[opera music]

[sighs]

[fire crackling]

"I disagree with the popular belief that you are a serial killer" and should be treated like one.

"I pointed out that serial killers derive the whole of their satisfaction" from the act of killing.

"In your case, I suggested that killing was merely a means to the end."

Your objectives are much bolder and infinitely more elaborate... You want to change the world.

"Bob Guccione, Editor,

Penthouse Magazine."

[opera music continues]

[engine rumbling]

Please.

Sure. Sure, come over,

David. Please, yeah.

[sighs]

[plane approaching]

[footsteps retreating]

[metal clattering]

-Ted? It's Gary!

Hey, can you come to show us your boundary?

We're trying to figure it out where your property line ends.

-Morning, Ted.

-Morning.

-This is Bob and Mike.

They're miners.

-Good morning, Mr. Kaczynski.

We've been doing a little mining in the area and, well, we just got a little bit confused about where your property line ends.

And we were hoping that you could show us exactly where this line is.

-Yeah. Yeah, no. All right, let me just get my jacket—

Get your fucking hands off me!

Get your fucking hands off of me!

Get your fucking hands off of me!

-Mr. Kaczynski, we are the FBI.

We have a warrant to search your cabin.

-Okay. Okay.

Yeah.

[shaky breathing]

-Got him!

[somber music]

...we're told by federal law enforcement officials is that they received a tip on this person indirectly from a family member.

This man's brother contacted a prominent Washington D.C. lawyer, who in turn got in touch with the FBI and told them about this person, and they've had him under surveillance now for about a week or so, we're told.

They are preparing right now to serve a search warrant, or probably in the process of serving it now.

We don't know whether this person is at home, or what they expect to find there.

If they're just going to find evidence that they would take from the house, possible evidence, or whether they're actually going to find something.

We don't know whether there's been any arrest yet...

The Ted K Archive

Tony Stone
Ted K
2022

<https://www.tedkmovie.com/>

www.thetedkarchive.com