

United States, for this reason, is the greatest failure the world has ever seen. We've been able to get a very good price for our souls in this country—the greatest price perhaps that has ever been paid.”

Throughout his adult life, O'Neill was, like Kaczynski, a self-identified anarchist. But unlike Kaczynski's conviction that only violence was capable of dismantling technological power and reverting our species back to its primitive state, O'Neill's “philosophical anarchism” advocated nonviolent protest against all institutional power, mostly by ignoring it. “I am a philosophical anarchist,” he said in 1946, “which means, ‘Go to it, but leave me out of it.’”

Had Kaczynski actually read O'Neill's 1928 play *Dynamo*, as the FBI also presumed and reported to the press, he would've discovered that O'Neill shared his revolutionary outrage against the societal effects of technology, but no more. O'Neill rejected terrorism as well as state-sponsored violence. “True anarchism,” he wrote in 1940, “never justifies bloodshed.”

Still, the FBI's bogus theories would surely have furnished the “Black Irish” dramatist with a dose of ironic amusement. Nearly all of O'Neill's representations of law enforcement are satirically drawn, and many of his plays—*The Web*, *The Dreamy Kid*, *The Hairy Ape*, *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Great God Brown*, *A Touch of the Poet*, and *The Iceman Cometh*—end with policemen awkwardly confronted with depths of tragic humanity only O'Neill could conjure.

Sure enough Kaczynski, in his reply to my letter inquiring about his political connection to the playwright, claimed the FBI's link of him to O'Neill was “bull manure.” “I've never had the faintest interest in Eugene O'Neill,” he wrote in a carefully printed hand, “and I've never read anything by him, unless perhaps I was required to read something of his in a high-school English course, in which case I promptly forgot it.” He thanked me for the coorespondence, but warned me not to “believe anything you've read or heard about me in the media or on the Internet ... I simply bought stamps of a specified denomination, and I took whatever stamps of that denomination were handed to me over the counter or came out of the vending machine.”

My mailman David assured me recently that he only inspects outgoing envelopes enough to make sure there's sufficient postage. In our post-Edward Snowden America, the notion of being wary of a mailman's inspection seems laughably quaint, I know. Had the initial FBI investigation taken place in our current age, who knows to what extent they might have gone to peruse my and my fellow O'Neill Society members' private computer files? In the end, though, it was Kaczynski's parting advice that offered the last laugh.

“I suggest you read my book *Technological Slavery*,” his letter concludes, “which you can probably get from amazon.com.”

Robert M. Dowling is professor of English at Central Connecticut State University. He has written extensively on Eugene O'Neill, including, along with several other books on the playwright, the newly released