

Ted Kaczynski & his few hybristophilic fans

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Ted Kaczynski: I get letters from kooks who think that I'm in cahoots with space aliens... (laughs) really... I've had a few letters from people... who do regard me as some kind of cult figure...

There are women who write to me just because they... There are women who just think that high-profile prisoners are attractive and they want a personal relationship with them. And they send me pictures of themselves and tell me about their, you know, personal feelings and things like that.

— Theresa Kintzs' Interview with Ted Kaczynski

Wikipedia Page on Hybristophilia

Source: <en.wikipedia.org/wiki/hybristophilia>

Hybristophilia is a paraphilia involving sexual interest in and attraction to those who commit crimes.¹ The term is derived from the Greek word *hubrizein* (ὕβριζεν), meaning “to commit an outrage against someone” (ultimately derived from *hubris* ὕβρις, “hubris”), and *philo*, meaning “having a strong affinity/preference for”.²

Many high-profile criminals, particularly those who have committed atrocious crimes, receive “fan mail” in prison that is sometimes amorous or sexual, presumably because of this phenomenon. While less common, the aggressive type of hybristophilia can occur in men with female serial killers. In some cases, admirers of these criminals have gone on to marry the object of their affections in prison.³⁴ In popular culture, this phenomenon is also known as “**Bonnie and Clyde syndrome**”.⁵

Causes

Some speculations have been offered as to the cause of hybristophilia. Katherine Ramsland, a professor of forensic psychology at DeSales University, discusses the condition in females and mentions that some of the women in particular who have married or dated male serial killers have offered the following reasons:⁶

- Low self-esteem and the lack of a father figure
- “Some believe they can change a man as cruel and powerful as a serial killer.”

¹ Hybristophilia definition, American Psychological Association

² Eric W. Hickey, ed. (2006). *Sex crimes and paraphilia*. Upper Saddle River, N.J.: Pearson Education. pp. 197–9. ISBN 978-0-13-170350-6.

³ Ramsland, Katherine (20 April 2012). “Women Who Love Serial Killers”. *Psychology Today*. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

⁴ Seltzer, Leon F. (24 April 2012). “Why Do Women Fall for Serial Killers?”. *Psychology Today*. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

⁵ “Bonnie and Clyde Syndrome Is a Real Thing — Nerve”. Internet Archive. Archived from the original on 2017-11-13.

⁶ Ramsland, Katherine (20 April 2012). “Women Who Love Serial Killers”. *Psychology Today*. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

- “Others ‘see’ the little boy that the killer once was and seek to nurture him.”
- “A few hoped to share in the media spotlight or get a book or movie deal.”
- “Then there’s the notion of the ‘perfect boyfriend’. She knows where he is at all times, and she knows he’s thinking about her. While she can claim that someone loves her, she does not have to endure the day-to-day issues involved in most relationships. There’s no laundry to do, no cooking for him, and no accountability to him. She can keep the fantasy charged up for a long time.”

Others offered reasons along the lines of:⁷

- “Some mental health experts have compared infatuation with killers to extreme forms of fanaticism. They view such individuals as insecure people who cannot find love in normal ways or as ‘love-avoidant’ females who seek romantic relationships that cannot be consummated.”

Psychologist Leon F. Seltzer proposes the condition could be related to the riskiness involved with dating a criminal, the desire to tame or fix them, and primitive instincts based on evolutionary psychology. In the latter theory, he mentions dominance is attractive as it would mean such men could protect women and their offspring, according to evolutionary history. Seltzer says women today may consciously realize that it is unwise to date a serial killer, but they are nevertheless attracted to them; he stated, “as a therapist I’ve encountered many women who bemoaned their vulnerability toward dominant men who, consciously, they recognized were all wrong for them”.⁸

As evidence of women’s fantasy preference for dominant men, he refers to the book *A Billion Wicked Thoughts: What the World’s Largest Experiment Reveals about Human Desire* by Ogi Ogas and Sai Gaddam. Seltzer discusses Ogas and Gaddam’s argument that this fantasy is the dominant plot of most erotic/romantic books and movies written for women, but the fantasy always holds that this male dominance is conditional, “it doesn’t really represent the man’s innermost reality”. He also says in reality, very few women are actually swayed by these “primitive instincts”.⁹

Women who write love letters to or even pursue men who are incarcerated for a crime are sometimes referred to as a *prison groupie*.¹⁰¹¹

⁷ Ramsland, Katherine (20 April 2012). “Women Who Love Serial Killers”. Psychology Today. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

⁸ Seltzer, Leon F. (24 April 2012). “Why Do Women Fall for Serial Killers?”. Psychology Today. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

⁹ Seltzer, Leon F. (24 April 2012). “Why Do Women Fall for Serial Killers?”. Psychology Today. Retrieved 13 May 2013.

¹⁰ Poniewozik, James (Apr 2, 2018). “Review: ‘The Last O.G.’ Searches for Brooklyn, and Itself (Published 2018)” – via NYTimes.com.

¹¹ Mailhot, Terese. “Paul Simon Money.” *Transmotion* 2.1&2 (2016): 131.

Notable examples

- One of the most infamous examples of hybristophilia is the large number of women attracted to Ted Bundy after his arrest.¹²¹³ He often drew scores of women at the jammed courtrooms of his trials each day.¹⁴ Bundy allegedly received hundreds of love letters from women while he was incarcerated, and married a woman, Carole Ann Boone, whom he had met while both were working in Washington. He proposed to her in the middle of proceedings while Boone was on the witness stand. Boone gave birth to a daughter whom it was believed Bundy had fathered.¹⁵¹⁶
- Jeffrey Dahmer, a serial killer, is said to have had amorous women sending him letters, money, and other gifts during his time in prison despite being a gay man and a cannibal.¹⁷
- Richard Ramirez, the “Night Stalker” who killed 13 people and had “more than a passing interest” in Satanism, had fans who would write him letters and pay him visits. This included Doreen Lioy, who married him in California’s San Quentin State Prison on October 3, 1996.¹⁸ However, Lioy eventually broke ties with Ramirez in 2009 after DNA confirmed he had raped and murdered 9-year-old Mei Leung, though it seems she never legally filed for divorce.
- Charles Manson’s fangirls are also examples.¹⁹
- Terrorists such as Ted Kaczynski,²⁰ Timothy McVeigh, Anders Behring Breivik,²¹ and Dzhokhar Tsarnaev²² have also been the objects of hybristophilia.

¹² Cawthorne, Nigel (2007). *Serial Killers and Mass Murderers: Profiles of the World’s Most Barbaric Criminals*. Ulysses Press.

¹³ “Seriously Though, Why Were So Many Women Obsessed With Ted Bundy?”. *Women’s Health*. 7 May 2019.

¹⁴ Michaud, Stephen G. “The Only Living Witness: The True Story Of Ted Bundy”. *Crime Library*.

¹⁵ “Bundy’s wife is pregnant – but she refuses to kiss, tell”. *Deseret News*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret News Publishing Company. Associated Press. September 30, 1981. Retrieved April 25, 2011.

¹⁶ Levenson, Bob (January 24, 1989). “Courtroom Wife Fades Out of Sight, Not A Recent Visitor”. *Orlando Sentinel*.

¹⁷ Barnard, Ian. “The Racialization of Sexuality: The Queer Case of Jeffrey Dahmer”. *Thamyris. Rodopi*. 7 (1 & 2): 88. ISSN 1381–1312.

¹⁸ Fimrite, Peter; Taylor, Michael (March 27, 2005). “No shortage of women who dream of snaring a husband on Death Row”. *San Francisco Chronicle*. San Francisco, California: Hearst Corporation. Archived from the original on July 10, 2013. Retrieved May 22, 2012.

¹⁹ Corsini, Raymond Joseph (1999). *The Dictionary of Psychology*. Psychology Press. p. 692. ISBN 1-58391-028-X.

²⁰ Bailey, Holly (January 26, 2016). “Falling in love with the Unabomber”. *Yahoo! News*. Retrieved May 17, 2023.

²¹ “Breivik ‘gets love letters from 16-year-old girls’”. *The Local*. June 18, 2012.

²² Allen, Charlotte (May 22, 2013). “Dzhokhar Tsarnaev and his fangirls”. *Los Angeles Times*.

- School shooters Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold have been posthumously subjected to hybristophilia.²³
- Karla Homolka, a serial killer who acted as an accomplice to her husband Paul Bernardo, is considered to be a hybristophile by some forensic psychiatrists.²⁴
- Jeremy Meeks, following his 2014 arrest for felony weapon charges, went viral on Facebook for his appearance in his mugshot. After his release, he became a fashion model.²⁵²⁶

Further reading

- Sheila Isenberg (2000). *Women Who Love Men Who Kill* (third ed.). Backinprint.com. ISBN 978-0-595-00399-0.
- Jacquelynne Willcox-Bailey (1999). *Dream Lovers: Women Who Marry Men Behind Bars*. Wakefield Press. ISBN 978-1-86254-381-2.
- “Why are women drawn to men behind bars?”. *The Guardian*. 13 January 2003.
- “Women who have killer instincts”. *The Independent*. 27 January 2005. Archived from the original on 2007-10-01.
- Liz O’Keefe. “The partners of prisoners: Their reality, how they contribute to the criminal justice system and prisoner rehabilitation and how we can assist” (PDF). Archived from the original (paper presented at the Women in Corrections: Staff and Clients conference convened by the Australian Institute of Criminology in conjunction with the Department for Correctional Services South Australia, 31 October-1 November 2000, Adelaide, Australia) on 2008-08-01.

²³ Beaumont, Hilary (2015-02-24). “Inside the World of Columbine-Obsessed Tumblr Bloggers”. *www.vice.com*. Archived from the original on 2019-06-23. Retrieved 2021-02-19.

²⁴ “Karla the victim?”. *Canada.com*. 30 May 2005. Archived from the original on 17 August 2011. Retrieved 22 February 2024.

²⁵ Rocha, Veronica (March 9, 2016). ”‘Hot Felon’ Jeremy Meeks released from federal prison and gets job offers” – via *LA Times*.

²⁶ “The ‘hot felon’ is now a successful model”. *independent.co.uk*. June 19, 2017. Archived from the original on June 8, 2022.

Joy Richards

Title: Falling in love with the Unabomber
Authors: Holly Bailey & Ted Kaczynski
Source: The Cliff Notes & Letters
Date: January 26, 2016

The Cliff Notes

Joy Richards had something she needed to confess.

Sitting in her pastor's office at Grace Lutheran Church in Upland, Calif., in early 2006, Richards, who had been diagnosed with terminal cancer, wanted to make things right with God. And to her, that meant being honest about a secret she'd been keeping from those closest to her out of fear they might reject her, as others had, including her own family.

But as she sat there with the pastor and her closest friend, Richards didn't seem to know where to begin. Finally, with tears in her eyes, she just blurted it out. "I'm in love with Ted Kaczynski," she said.

It is a chapter in the Unabomber saga that is virtually unknown but captured, in part, in letters in Kaczynski's archive of personal papers at the Labadie Collection at the University of Michigan Library. Arrested in 1996 and charged in a deadly string of mail and package bombs over nearly two decades, Kaczynski at some point began to correspond with Richards, a woman he had never met but eventually fell in love with and wanted to marry.

She was a mystery even among those who came to know her, and exactly how and when their relationship began is unclear. Richards, who died in late 2006, donated her correspondence with Kaczynski to a library at Smith College, her alma mater, where a representative said it is not available to the public.

But Kaczynski mentioned Richards in countless letters to others. He wrote about how much he loved her, how lucky he was to have met her and, later, the extreme anguish he felt over her illness and death, at 53. "My friend has suffered more than anyone deserves to suffer, and I can do nothing to help her," Kaczynski wrote in June 2006, expressing the kind of empathy he has never shown for the dozens of victims of his bombs.

At first, according to Kaczynski's letters, Richards was simply his closest friend and confidant, someone he trusted enough to allow to speak regularly to his lawyers, negotiate possible interviews with the media and help form the network of pen pals who shared his aversion to the technological society he feared.

"She started out as someone who acted as kind of like a researcher for him," said Quin Denvir, a former federal public defender who, along with attorney Judy Clarke, led Kaczynski's Unabomber defense. "She got him books and sent him articles and was a friend to him."

But soon she became much more than that to Kaczynski, who began to refer to her in letters as his "angel" and "Lady Love," a title he sometimes accentuated with a tiny hand-drawn heart. He drew her cards using colored pencils from the prison commissary and wrote her original pieces of classical music. With help from other pen pals, he sent her books he thought she might like.

"[Joy] is an angel. I mean a real one. I'm sure she could fly if she wanted to," Kaczynski wrote to a pen pal in April 2002. "You don't see her halo because she's too modest to wear it. She keeps it hung up in her closet. But really she is an honest-to-goodness angel. Absolutely perfect."

Wanda Kaczynski, right, mother of convicted Unabomber Ted Kaczynski, wipes tears from her eyes as Kaczynski's brother, David Kaczynski, talks to the press outside the U.S. Courthouse in the Fred E. Moss Federal Building, Jan. 22, 1998. (Photo: Reuters)

Wanda Kaczynski, right, mother of convicted Unabomber Ted Kaczynski, wipes tears from her eyes as Kaczynski's brother, David Kaczynski, talks to the press outside the U.S. Courthouse in the Fred E. Moss Federal Building, Jan. 22, 1998. (Photo: Reuters)

At one point, Richards even began speaking regularly to Kaczynski's family — his mother, Wanda, and brother, David, whom the bomber had cut off after learning his sibling had given the FBI the tip that led to his arrest. Her overtures weren't a secret. His mother and brother wrote him letters mentioning Richards, and Kaczynski, who was quick to cut off anyone he didn't trust, apparently had no objection.

His family, desperate to end their estrangement with him, viewed Richards' outreach as surprising but hopeful. "I thought it was an opening, that maybe Joy could become the bridge by which I could reconcile with my brother," David said in an interview.

In letters and phone calls, Richards mainly gave the family updates on Kaczynski's life in prison — though occasionally she seemed to hint that she was passing the messages on at his request. "Once or twice, she even said something like, 'He said to tell David this' or something like that, which made me hopeful," David recalled.

But one day, he had a phone conversation with Richards about his brother's crimes in which she offered a view into her thinking on the Unabomber. "You know, they have never really proven that Ted killed people," she told David, who was taken aback.

"Joy, if I thought he was innocent, I would be fighting a different cause right now," he told her.

On the other end of the line, Richards was silent for a moment. “Well, even if he did it, I can still accept it,” she said. “I can understand it.”

Not long after that, David recalled, Richards stopped communicating. “The door was really shut,” he said. Several months later, the family learned why: Richards told Kaczynski’s mother that her son had forbidden her from talking to the family. He thought she was becoming too sympathetic to them and had started to question her loyalty.

Richards, intensely private all her life, left few clues about her background. She grew up near Cleveland. Her parents, like Kaczynski’s, were second-generation Polish-Americans, she told friends. She had a brother and a sister — though it’s unclear if they were older or younger. She told a friend she had been married briefly to a man who was in the military, but after a few years, they split amicably. (Using public records, Yahoo News was unable to locate any of Richards’ relatives, and friends had no information.)

Described by one friend as “incredibly intelligent in a superhuman way,” Richards apparently put off attending (or finishing) college for years, finally graduating at age 36 from prestigious Smith College in Northampton, Mass. Classmates remembered her in the obituary that ran in the alumni magazine as a “mysterious mix of solitary and gregarious.”

It’s unclear how or when she ended up out West. Public records show she briefly lived in Idaho and then in Montana, which is where she was living in 1996 when Kaczynski was arrested, although they apparently never crossed paths. She later told friends that she had been intrigued by the Unabomber manifesto, which she said was “brilliant.” It appears she first wrote to Kaczynski not long after he was arrested, but their regular correspondence only began in 1998 after he was sentenced to life without parole and sent to the United States Penitentiary Administrative Maximum Facility (ADX) in Florence, Colo.

In prison, Kaczynski’s life took a remarkable turn. Before his arrest he’d had almost no experience with women, as he confided repeatedly to his diary. The opposite sex confounded him: What did women want? How did you know when they liked you? Why was it so hard?

But as a notorious serial killer, he attracted the interest of women, dozens of them, who wrote him to say how handsome they thought he was. They called him “Teddy,” sent him provocative pictures, told him about their sex fantasies and begged to visit him. One woman, in a letter sent to Kaczynski’s attorneys, even proposed marriage.

Kaczynski was welcoming of the attention but also baffled by it. In his methodical way, he pursued the mysteries of life with his attorney, Clarke, who had become one of his first close female friends. “I think he assumed that there was a little booklet or something he could read that would tell him in exact factual terms about women,” said Denvir, Clarke’s co-counsel. “He was so intellectual, but there was also this naivete. Sometimes it felt like he was 12 years old.”

Shortly after he arrived in Colorado, Kaczynski began to receive letters from a woman who wrote him in explicit detail about her sexual fantasies about him. The letters shocked him so much that even though he rejected the mental health profession he wrote to a psychologist to ask if he thought the woman might be mentally unstable. “Can unresolved anger lead to sadomasochistic sexual impulses?” he wrote.

Though their correspondence continued, Kaczynski warned her not to become too attached to him. She wasn’t the only woman he was writing to — he was also exchanging letters with a woman he identified as “J.” “I like her, and I think she needs me as much as you do, though probably for different reasons.”

Richards and Kaczynski first met in person in late 1999. Though his visitors list at ADX was strictly limited to his lawyers or people he had known before his 1996 arrest, she was able to first visit him under the guise of being a journalist. (Later, though it’s unclear when or how, she was added to his approved visitors list permanently.) In her mid-40s then, she was 5-foot-7, slender with dark brown hair and brilliant blue eyes and most often dressed in practical khakis.

He had granted her an interview that would run more than a year later in the Blackfoot Valley Dispatch, a regional publication in Montana. Initially, Kaczynski had shopped the interview to other publications, including Rolling Stone, Penthouse and Playboy, but under the strict rules he presented, including his choice of Richards as the writer and his final approval of the text, there were no takers.

Richards wrote under the pen name J. Alienus Rychalski — a mix of a nickname she’d had as a kid and her family’s original Polish last name. Conducted while Kaczynski was still appealing for a new trial, the interview focused mainly on his daily life in Montana, what had made him want to live in an “uninhabited place” and whether he believed in “fate” and God. (“No,” he replied. “Do you?”)

Richards returned to Montana. An unidentified acquaintance of Kaczynski’s wrote him to say she had run into Richards, who had gushed about the “thrill” of finally meeting him in person. Kaczynski said he was excited to meet her too. At some point, Richards relocated to Rancho Cucamonga, Calif., where she began working as a fourth-grade teacher. By that time, her relationship with the Unabomber had turned romantic — or as romantic as it could be under the strict rules of the supermax, where prisoners are not allowed physical contact with visitors. Every meeting is to be conducted in a sterile, concrete room equipped with security cameras where visitors are separated by a thick pane of security glass. They could never touch, never kiss.

But Kaczynski tried to be the best boyfriend he could be to the first girlfriend he’d ever had. According to his letters, he shared with Richards copies of all correspondence he sent and received to prove his openness and loyalty — which meant he was copying letters by hand at least twice, once for her and another for his archive in Michigan, since he didn’t have access to a copy machine.

Though he continued to correspond with other female pen pals, he cut them off when they showed any hint of romantic interest in him. But sometimes it wasn’t easy. In 2002, a woman who was a librarian began writing to him — a key acquaintance for

a man behind bars who had a desire to read obscure articles and books that other pen pals couldn't find. But when she sent a flirtatious letter, Kaczynski told her he already had a "Lady Love" in his life.

"Could I be your second lady love?" the woman asked.

"I've put that question to Lady Love #1, and she says 'no,'" he replied. Though he welcomed a "friendship," he cut off all contact with the librarian when she later addressed him as "sweetheart." "Lady Love No. 1 would not be comfortable with the tone your letters are taking," he wrote. "You will not hear from me again."

He couldn't stop gushing to people about Richards. "She's beyond my wildest dreams!" he wrote to a former member of his legal team. There's evidence he considered marrying her, which would have had one practical benefit: As his next of kin, if she survived him — he was 11 years older — she, rather than his estranged family, would have had control over his remains. Whether he actually sought permission or whether it would have been granted is uncertain.

The following year, Kaczynski sold his half of the land he owned in Montana (about 1.4 acres) to Richards at the bargain price of \$7,500 to help fulfill her dream of having a wilderness escape. (His brother, David, owned the other half.) The sale brought Richards unwelcome attention from the media. "I am a very private person," she told the Sacramento Bee in what would be her only interview about Kaczynski. "I wish I could become invisible right now. This is the moment I dreaded the most."

Though the media's curiosity about her dealings with Kaczynski faded as quickly as it had flared up, it took only one headline to stir up drama in Richards' life. She later told friends that her family, with whom she already had a tenuous relationship, learned of her friendship with the Unabomber around that time. Upset that she was corresponding with a serial murderer, her family stopped speaking to her, she said, leading to an estrangement that lasted until shortly before she died.

Richards told the Sacramento Bee that she had become "fond" of the Unabomber, but it was more than that. By then, she was regularly writing to him and visiting him in prison. That Christmas, she made a three-day trip to Colorado, where she spent hours talking to him through security glass. But while there, Richards began to cough up blood. The diagnosis was lung cancer. Surgeons removed part of her right lung but warned her the cancer would likely return.

Breaking the news to another pen pal, Kaczynski wrote, "If she dies, it will break my heart because I love this woman."

Over the next year and a half Richards' health briefly improved, but her outlook soon turned bleak again. She underwent chemotherapy and was forced to give up her job as a teacher. She kept writing to Kaczynski and visiting him, but with no contact with her family and few friends, she began to worry about the prospect of dying alone.

Though she had never known him in the outside world, Kaczynski was as present in her life as anything. In her tiny apartment she had his books — including a bound copy of the Unabomber manifesto — and some of his belongings that had been left behind in his Montana cabin. On the walls was art he had drawn for her, while scattered

around the apartment were copies of musical compositions he had written for her — though it's not clear she knew how to read music.

“It was like she was living with a ghost,” a friend, who declined to be named so as not to be associated with Kaczynski, said. “It was like [Kaczynski] was there, but he wasn't.”

In late 2005 doctors told Richards that her cancer had returned. By chance, she met and became friends with a couple — devout Christians — to whom she began to confess her fears about her health and her fate in life. She mentioned her relationship with Kaczynski to no one — until the day she summoned her friend and the church's pastor, James Pike, to confess that she was in love with him.

Both Pike and the friend were stunned. “Wait, the Unabomber?” Pike recalled saying.

Richards tearfully nodded. By that time, she was undergoing a spiritual epiphany and was considering being baptized in the church. But she told them she couldn't go forward with the symbolic spiritual rebirth if she wasn't fully honest about her life. She had been too scared to tell them out of fear that she might lose them as she had lost her family. “If this is a deal breaker,” she told them, “you can tell me.”

“You can't help who you love sometimes,” the woman told her. “And it doesn't change how we feel about you.”

The following spring, Richards was baptized in the church. Finally free to speak of her secret relationship, she confessed her increasingly conflicted feelings about loving a man who had committed such terrible crimes. At the same time, she openly worried about what Kaczynski would think of her becoming more spiritual when he didn't believe in God.

In prison, Kaczynski had noticed the changes in Richards. He wrote to others about her growing involvement with the church and how she, in her sickness, had started to rely heavily on her faith. She was in constant pain, physically and emotionally, and Kaczynski struggled with his own emotions over his inability to help the woman he loved so desperately.

In July 2006, doctors told Richards she had only months to live. By then, she was consumed with getting her affairs in order, and because of her conflicted feelings about Kaczynski, she was writing less often. He felt her fading from him. “I love this woman truly, even though her love for me has cooled,” he wrote to a friend that month.

Out of work and with her benefits drained, Richards soon began to run out of money. When Kaczynski spoke of her plight to another pen pal, the man sent her \$2,400 and promised more if she needed it. But her health only worsened. She entered the hospital in November and Kaczynski went frantic trying to reach her. He wrote letters to the manager of her apartment complex and to members of her family. He didn't know if she was alive or dead, and he enlisted some of his other pen pals in his desperate attempt to find out.

In late December, Richards went to stay with the couple who had befriended her, and she lived out her final days there. While she made peace with her family, who

came to visit her, friends say her relatives did not offer to help with any of her final arrangements, including her will or her funeral. They were left up to the couple and the church.

She was too sick to speak to Kaczynski, though she made those around her promise they would let him know she had passed. “She came to reject the killing and the things that he had done, but she loved him,” a friend said. “She had a deep connection with him until the end.”

The day she died, one of Kaczynski’s pen pals from Los Angeles drove out to visit her at the bomber’s behest. When he arrived, Richards was in pain and barely conscious, but the pen pal had one final message from Kaczynski for his Lady Love. The man, a musician, put headphones on Richards and played a piece of music — “a trombone duet” — that Kaczynski had written for her and the man had performed on his synthesizer.

Richards died on New Year’s Eve 2006, but though Pike and others left messages with the prison, Kaczynski didn’t learn of her death until more than a week later, through a letter from Richards’ brother. In a letter thanking him for letting him know of his Lady Love’s fate, Kaczynski’s usually neat handwriting is barely legible. He wrote that he was glad Richards knew he was thinking of her until the end.

“I wouldn’t have wanted her to die thinking I had let her down,” he said.

The Letters

This is a selection included in: ‘Falling in love with the Unabomber. ‘ on Yahoo News. From his prison cell, Ted Kaczynski — the “Unabomber” who terrified the nation in the 1980s and early 1990s — has carried on a remarkable correspondence with thousands of people all over the world. As the 20th anniversary of his arrest approaches, Yahoo News is publishing a series of articles based on his letters and other writings, housed in an archive at the University of Michigan. They shed unprecedented light on the mind of Kaczynski — a genius, madman and murderer.

Letter #1

Dear Dr. Barriot:

Many thanks for your kind letter of June 15, which I received on June 26. I am especially grateful for your willingness to help my friend Joy Richards. I was able to speak with her by telephone on July 3. At that time she told me that she had made an unsuccessful attempt to call you. Probably she has not made a second attempt. But I think I had better tell you the whole story of her illness. She came to visit me at Christmas time, 2003. We had a very satisfying series of visits, but while she was here in Colorado she coughed up a tiny amount of blood, just a few specks. Of course she consulted her physician as soon as she arrived home in California, and it

turned out that she had a cancerous tumor in her right lung. I believe her oncologist called it 'adenocarcinoma'. On February 23, 2004, the upper lobe of her right lung was removed surgically. The tumor was small, the surgery seemed to be successful, and the oncologist told her that there was a sixty percent to eighty percent chance that cancer would not kill her within five years. Unfortunately, as a result of some disruption of the nerves during surgery, she was left with severe, chronic pain; so severe that she was not able to return to her employment as an elementary-school teacher. Fortunately she had disability insurance that paid her three fourths of her salary as a teacher, and since her first surgery she has been living on disability insurance. She also had participated in medical insurance plan offered by her employer, and that, for a certain period, covered her medical expenses. But at times she was depressed, largely I think as a result of the chronic pain, but probably also because of the uncertainty as to whether her cancer would return.

During this period the spiritual side of Joy's nature began to assume greater importance. As a small child she had had some sort of spiritual experience that had left a deep impression on her. Her mother raised her as a Christian Scientist, but in adulthood Joy was not an adherent of any particular religion. At times, apparently, she was not even certain of the existence of God, but throughout her life she remained intensely interested in the idea of God. In fact, at one time she taught a college course devoted to Somerset Maugham's novel *The Razor's Edge*, a book that fascinated her. I don't know whether you have ever read this book, but it is a very famous novel about a young man's search for God. After her first surgery Joy began attending Quaker meetings, but she found them unsatisfying and eventually dropped them.

For more than a year and a half Joy had no recurrence of cancer, and I began to be very hopeful that she was permanently cured. However, she was still oppressed by chronic pain, and she was worried about her financial future, because the insurance program that her employer had provided would eventually expire and alter that she would have to pay the insurance premiums herself, which she would not be able to do given that she had to live on her disability insurance alone. She hoped to be able to qualify for "Medicare", a program of the United States Government that would pay her medical expenses, but this was very uncertain at the time. Then in the autumn of 2005 a new tumor was discovered in Joy's right lung.

From approximately this point my knowledge of

[missing page]

... Joy might live for some years longer.

Meanwhile, Joy's involvement with spiritual matters was growing stronger, and she no longer had any doubt whatever of the existence of God. She began attending a Lutheran church, and she even had herself baptized, though she apparently does not believe all the doctrines of Lutheranism and probably does not regard herself as a Lutheran. Still, it is clear that her belief in God is more important to her than ever before.

But Joy's financial situation seemed desperate and she told me that she was depressed over it. The terms of her disability insurance were such that the payments she was receiving would soon drop to one half of what her teacher's salary had been; she did some calculations and concluded that there was no way she would be able to live on that amount of money. I was feeling rather desperate myself over Joy's situation, for I love this woman truly, even though I know that her love for me has cooled.

That was how matters stood when I wrote you my letter on June 4. But on July 3 I spoke with Joy on the telephone, and she gave me some news that – if I understand her situation correctly – may solve her financial problems in a tragic way. Cancer has been discovered simultaneously at several new sites in Joy's body, and her oncologist has told her that she has only from three to six months to live. This time I don't think there can be much doubt; almost certainly, Joy will be dead within six months. She doesn't seem worried about her financial situation any longer. She is four thousand dollars in debt, but I think that while she is alive she will be able to live on her credit cards, and she has insurance that will cover her debts after she dies.

I certainly shed many tears after learning on July 3 that Joy would be dead within six months, yet in a way I was relieved by that conversation, because, for the first time, Joy seemed resigned to death. Until now she has had an intense desire to live, but during our conversation of July 3 she seemed ready to accept the end of her life, and I can reasonably hope that she will die with peace of mind.

I'm sorry that she made only one attempt to return your phone calls, but I'm not surprised. She has very little energy nowadays, and she probably will not try to call you again. If you are still willing to help, I suggest that you call Joy once in order to establish contact and gain her trust. As I've already indicated, she is no longer concerned about her financial situation, given that she has at most six more months to live. But still I'm worried that she might be overconfident about her finances, and may reach the limit of what she can borrow through her credit cards before she dies. If that happens she probably will not call you to ask for help. But if you would call her perhaps once a month to ask her if she is in need, and if you could offer her some degree of financial help if that prove necessary, then I will be forever grateful to you. I do not want this woman to suffer any more than she has to during her last months.

The reason why you were unable to reach Joy by telephone on June 15 was that on June 14 she had left for the state of Montana. She had to spend several days there before she became too weak to travel, because she needed to take care of some property, including important papers that she had in a safe-deposit box at the town of Lincoln, Montana. She will probably be living at home from now on, unless she is taken to a hospital when she is near death. During the day she may be out to visit a doctor's office or a hospital, but if you will call her at about 7:00am Pacific Daylight Time, she will almost certainly be at home. That is 8:00 AM Mountain Daylight Time, 9:00 AM Central Daylight Time, and 10:00 AM Eastern Daylight Time. This last being the time for the East Coast of the United States. I do not know how that translates into French time.

Letter #2

Dear Dr. Barriot,
Thank you for your letters ...

Letter #3

Dear ____

Thanks for your letter of January 2. I very much appreciate the fact that you told Joy about my letter to you, so that she knew I was trying to get in touch with her. I had been afraid she would die thinking I had let her down, since I was unable to get a letter through to her. I don't think any of my letters ever did reach her. Through the prison chaplain I [REDACTED] I was supposed to write to her, [REDACTED] But my letters to that address have been coming back marked "NO SUCH NUMBER." Clearly, someone screwed up.

Our very good friend [REDACTED] good as gold – visited Joy about 12 hours before she died, and he told her that I loved her and was "with her". She was only very slightly responsive, but she was responsive enough so that it appeared she understood what [REDACTED] told her.

Knowing what you and [REDACTED] told Joy relives my mind, because I wouldn't have wanted her to die thinking I had let her down.

Again, thank you
Ted

Final Letter

... Joy was a graduate of Smith College, in Massachusetts, and before she died we made arrangements to give her correspondence with me, and a lot of her other personal papers, to the Sophia Smith Collection, a part of Smith College's library that collects materials recording the lives of women. Joy was a fairly remarkable person, so its possible that the Sophia Smith Collection might have her diaries...

ClimbMoreTree

Reddit

Source: reddit & web.archive snapshot

ClimbMoreTree

You guys think Ted Kaczynski touched himself?

Yes, very much so. Third year Harvard he was masturbating excessively by his own account.

(Autism is correlated with high IQ, weak social skills and dissociation from one's own body. That's why there's a connection between autism and transgender/non-binary, autogyne/androphilia.)

Furthermore, he loved his autogynephilic fantasies so much he wanted to have breasts on his own body to touch. This is horribly taboo even now, think of the weight of the act in the 1960's! He absolutely hated his psychiatrist for likely rejecting him as a person, if he had known the true Ted, and fantasised of killing him.

Also keep in mind the reason he accepted the guilty sentence is because his parents used to call him "sick", "crazy", "schizophrenic" etc. You can see how he would've hated any formal diagnostic from a professional madman-maker.

Ted was very sensitive and defensive about anything that was out of the ordinary about him, even something as simple as being called out for weak social skills: "True enough but still not nice to say (...) Half the time I wanted to cry and the other half I wanted to kill her."

In the woods, he said he'd "suffered little from his desire for women" because he was secluded and didn't see them. He does mention he was hornier when going back to the city. When he worked at Foamcutters' and received 2 kisses from his manager Helena he mentions the second time "she gave me this big kiss", inserting her tongue. He really enjoyed the wetness, plump lips, touching teeth etc. However, she was abusive to him verbally (as part of her flirting/kink) but it brought back bullying trauma for him. "If I hadn't been so sex-starved" he wouldn't have put up with her rudeness, but he was hungry and desperate.

He went back to the woods and started sending mail bombs shortly after. He had no hope for humanity, his sexual urges pestered him, but felt trampled on by all women.

18–30 he had a very simple desire to have sex. At 36 he starts yearning for family, pregnancy and starts putting a lot of importance on a woman's mental character. He starts fantasising of "the perfect woman": strong, extremely intelligent, frugal and doesn't care about shallow materialism, wants to live in the woods with him and have children.

This thought was so powerful he masturbated entire days and couldn't fall asleep at night, masturbating more. At 46 he put up an advert for matchmaking, he tried matchmaking services, contacted a therapist for dating advice, said he'll give up the woods to marry and have kids in Chicago.

All of these failed and he sent his final bomb 8(?) years later.

In prison he started communicating with a 4th grade teacher Joy, Lady Love as he called her, who brought him reading materials. All the books he's produced in prison are the result of her investment. When other women asked his hand in marriage or proposed sex, he stopped communicating with them. He was purely dedicated to his Lady Love, the perfect woman, "Too modest to wear a halo". He also mentions "Women have always been the bosses (...) and they always will." and that a woman who uses harsh words to get what she wants fails, compared to a woman using her charm (reference to tribeswomen cunning despite male dominance, but also possibly Ted's own sexual preference). He likes strong independent women.

Why do I know all this? Shameful to admit, I know, but I find Ted sexually attractive, very sexually attractive.

Props for such an honest and well researched comment.

Obvs don't feel any obligation to answer, but do you worry at all that the main underlying reason you're attracted to Ted is because he was dangerous (like how he wrote about how he brought a knife with him, with the plan to mutilate the face of the woman who broke off their romance)?

I think given that men disproportionately are the perpetrators of domestic violence and brutal rapes it's completely understandable that what makes dangerous people tick is going to be a serious subject of fascination for many women. So, it's not unexpected that a small minority of people with that fascination will feel romantic feelings also, like a kind of Stockholm syndrome.

I've actually written a draft about the subject. Here's an excerpt.

The hatred of men is largely a matter of principle. Testosterone, the true culprit. But it is also possible men's susceptibility to glorifying war/conquest, hunting and general enjoyment of violence and competition stands in women's way, who, as I've come to realise, is partly influenced by a lacking instinct or reflex regarding those

specific activities, as a matter of group and empathy. By contrast, women have a higher chance of hybristophilia, that is sexual attraction to violent criminals. This desire isn't contradictory with reason, but rather lives alongside it, and causes the feminist much guilt and self-hate. The woman does not condone violence. Although that may also be the case in resentful women, such as fans of school shooters, co-religionists or political activists, who have a common conscious target. Women with hybristophilia do not feel attracted to men because they hate women, but because they have displayed violence. Not unlike women enjoying rape, attraction to foreign invaders, enjoying being hit etc., which has nothing to do with women's inferior reason and everything to do with the women who have been chosen, survived and reproduced in pre-feminist times.

To answer your question, though, I think I do feel attracted to violence to some extent. Certainly not violence towards women but I'd have to lie that I don't excuse it when done to another man and particularly for a political or ideological goal, thereby resembling heroism. Some women are simply turned on by violent men. Partly because I am "oversocialised", I cannot excuse my own attraction and therefore it causes me great guilt, without a layer of justification for it — revolution, heroism etc. That is, I am both attracted to covert violence and consciously believe Ted's actions were pardonable — like co-religionists etc. Please also note half of women in Saudi Arabia believe they deserve their man's beating and have a much higher rate of depression compared to their male counterparts. That is, I don't condone violence or believe men should dominate women. I am instead suggesting there is biological reason for attraction to violence, IF you already are attracted to violence and not to feel too guilty about it.

I will also say I feel repulsed by Ted's thoughts of mutilating that woman or any other violent thoughts he's had. I consider Ted to be an incel before "incels" existed. He was severely bullied, abused by his parents, rejected by women and generally mistreated by any and all humans, which caused him to retreat into the woods. Serious abuse leads to sociopathy, not to mention Ted's weak social understanding and sense of morality even as a child (hated a neighbour girl for her face but couldn't find a justification; decided he had no reason to justify his own feelings — amorality).

If anything, I find it sexier to think about Ted enjoying sloppy kisses, thinking of the perfect woman, enjoying the high of terrorising techies, enjoying wild nature, composing music for Lady Love.

I don't find it hot that he was resentful and wanted to kill people without a higher reason — pathetic bitterness he was rejected, motorcycle noise around his cabin etc.

Discord

Source: A discord server called Primitive Progress. <discord.gg/QVNBM9bnqk>

27/02/2024

ClimbMoreTree

Jacob Graham and Kaczynski followers:

I think it is unfortunate that he's getting sentenced and filmed himself making death threats. I agree to some extent regarding meaning and religion, since society has tore those down and replaced them with the most vapid consumerism.

I believe young people, especially young men, are more likely to have a natural inclination to aggressive behaviour due to testosterone, which slowly decreases. In essence, a young man's fuel is necessary for sexual competition before reproducing, which then lowers testosterone. I believe to hijack this natural desire for military operations is taking the man for a fool.

However, at any point that the man's interests are threatened, and later on in life, say, around 50 or 60, I believe it is perfectly valid to harness that man's life to the fullest extent, if he believes a violent action he takes is fully rational.

Essentially a girlfriend or wife would have probably stifled both Ted and Jacob but not forever. Once one goal is achieved, he may move on to the next.

Slade specifically:

I believe a great deal that leads to difference regarding violence may have come from the environment in which a person grows up. Since you grew up in a Buddhist/New Age household, you are more likely to adhere to these beliefs (and it's also possible genetic difference plays into it as being particularly receptive to poetry , art, altruism etc.) Take Ted, raised in an aggressive household and exposed to aggressive behaviour from his peers. Even before his family situation got worse (apparently they had good years too), Ted remarks how there was a young girl whose face he deeply disliked and couldn't rationalise why — he then reasoned he doesn't need any justification and has no care for ethics. In his relationship with his brother, too, he displays very stunted empathy.

Now you may say "This is a tragedy he was forced to become corrupted by their circumstances", but I view it as utilitarian outside of law.

Evil genius? Absolutely not. Resentful bullying and parental abuse victim who never understood empathy from the get-go? Probably.

I believe it is a difference in human design, and neither approach, individualistic nor altruistic, is fully correct. Yet we have grown to abhor words like "competition", "individualism", "opportunistic" and "unfeeling". Yet these traits are very much positives. You'd want your surgeon or mortician to be unfeeling, otherwise they couldn't perform. In cases of famine, such as the Ukrainian holodomor, some mothers fed their own dead babies to their living children. Cold and opportunistic? Yes, but also good.

To wish people got along smoothly and were fully altruistic and nonviolent shouldn't be a dream or proposition, it is a promise. These things have been baked into us for good reason and removing them without certainty that never again will humanity experience suffering leaves humans vulnerable.

If there will never be any wars (debatable since people in power are competitive by nature), if there will be no more famine (I'm unsure about the statistics, but you'd still have to make plenty of space for farmable land, landfill space, not to mention as long people have more than 2 children, necessities will just grow), control for no future plague outbreaks (I find this very unlikely), allow people with violent tendencies to have a meaningful outlet for it, and probably a few more points, then I don't think the expansion of a peaceful mindset and lifestyle (or religion) can do much for humanity on a large scale.

[Deleted Comment]

...

ClimbMoreTree

Yes, it will help you on an individual level, just like living like a primitive would help me on an individual level.

But I agree with Slade that revolution (including eco-terrorism) would inflict further harm upon the environment, aside from being irrelevant and small, soon to be engulfed.

03/03/2024

ClimbMoreTree

To Slade: maybe you were correct, regarding Kaczynski fans and people with "other such mental issues", including myself. I am still exploring it, but recently experienced something related to another Kaczynski fan that was deeply uncomfortable.

Hamburglar

Personally I find the worship mentality most concerning

I'm not saying it's mental illness, necessarily but it isn't a positive way of engaging with ideas

mbe82are

I 100% agree, and sadly, it even goes outside of the extreme political spectrum. It's just more present in the extreme spectrum and more noticeable. For example, some people see Trump as a godly status figure while he's just an average man with average problems, much like how Kaczynski wasn't perfect either.

ClimbMoreTree

I was referring more so to the appeal of primitivism itself, in the case of people wishing to become martyrs or retreat from society.

The person I met seemed to exhibit shockingly low empathy to people of other races, much like how I made an edgy joke I deleted about how people from impoverished countries would be ignored and die in the case of global conflict. I thought it was horrible, but "that's the way things are", which allowed me to suppress empathy and find it funny.

Long story short, I met another fan in real life off Reddit, got a borderline marriage proposal and touched inappropriately after saying "no" hours after meeting.

My fault too, but it made me realise something bigger — regarding the types of people who dream about retreating from society, who feel society has become decrepit, or feel that “strong live, weak die”.

They’re very unsympathetic and uncharismatic.

Hamburglar

“Got a borderline marriage proposal”

ClimbMoreTree

Think of Jacob Graham, who made death threats. How many things do you think had to have gone wrong in his life to do so? I didn’t think about it this way till just now.

Hamburglar

Care to elaborate on that?

AlexanderWake

Care to elaborate on that further?

ClimbMoreTree

I won’t.

AlexanderWake

Thanks for the input

mbe82are

Primitivism romanticizes a past that never truly existed; primitive societies were often harsh, with shorter lifespans, higher infant mortality rates, and limited resources. While modern society has its flaws, it provides opportunities for progress, equality, and human flourishing unimaginable in the past. One could argue that withdrawing from society based on a belief in “strong live, weak die” oversimplifies the complex interplay of factors in modern life. In simple terms, I agree that people holding such views are unsympathetic and fail to acknowledge different perspectives and ideas.

ClimbMoreTree

This is doubtlessly projection, since it applies to me, but I would bet money there isn’t a single Kaczynski fan who is well adjusted and has a healthy social circle. My reason for being interested in primitivism, above all else, was past social rejection.

There is absolutely no way, in hell, you can be a Kaczynski fan and socially well adjusted. That clearly went for Kaczynski himself.

Very good criticism of the system. Admirable lifestyle (in the woods), emulating hunter-gatherers. But very bad motivation for doing so — unresolved social and emotional issues.

27/02/2024

ClimbMoreTree

The reason I dislike memes, quotes and music edits is because they offer short hits of dopamine and a false sense of community, meant to be consumed one after the

other, exiting your brain as quickly as they went in. Memes also draw out a simplistic reaction of “So true” and “What a hero”, “We’re doomed!” etc., the very opposite of any coherent discussion, especially politically.

On a personal level, I find them extremely insulting to Ted Kaczynski. Imagine killing for “the cause” and all you have to show for it are jokes and quotes from people who’ve never read your works in detail.

Primitivism itself is an unviable political approach, as is pro-tech, but Kaczynski himself is ideal.

To reduce him to a logo, a stamp or a movie character (evil mastermind or hero) is abhorrent, to me. His moments of malice, resentment, sexual depravity, peace, weakness, cosmic ecstasy, disappointment, hatred of women followed by fairytale love, his intelligence and weak social understanding, eating grasshoppers, his frustration, his whiny voice, his messy hair, dental dam and missing teeth, likely had cavities, prescription antidepressants, his beautiful eyes, mailing pornography to his aunt. All of these and more are lost when Uncle Ted is polished, packaged and sold as a “statement”. Everything that makes him irrational and everything that’s beyond plausible in his works is compacted into something inhuman and unrecognisable, just another “funny face” to use in conversation.

“I love you, Teddy”

Source: documentcloud.org

Note: One of Kaczynski’s biggest frustrations was his inability to find female companionship, but after he was arrested, letters began rolling in from the opposite sex.

Letter #1 — From Ted to Altetha

Theodore J. Kaczynski ...

Altetha Heller #15581

C Cottage, EMCF [Edna Mahan Correctional Facility]

P.O. Box 4004

Clinton NJ 08809

Dear Ms. Heller:

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to write to me. Unfortunately, in composing your letter, you seem to have forgotten that a person is innocent until proven guilty. That is all I can say to you about my case, since my lawyer forbids me to talk about it with anyone. But I’m glad you wrote to me anyway, because it is always a great pleasure to hear from a pretty lady.

I hope that you will soon be released from your present confinement, and I wish you the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,

Theodore J. Kaczynski

Letter #2

...

Letter #3

Dear Ted,

This recipe will perk you up.
There's lots of love in every cup!

Feel better soon!

Dear Ted,

My plane will leave Col. Dec 20th

My Boss O.K.'d me to visit a christmas friend. (That's you) I'll find a place in Sacramento to stay. I'll make you some some cookies. I hope I can see you. I'm very safe. I just want to make sure you're O.K.

Love,

[REDACTED]

Letter #4

...

Letter #5

...

Letter #6

Letter #7

Letter #8

...

Letter #9

Dear [REDACTED]

Please address all future mail to me in care of

Northwest Airline
Flight 395

PIZZY CUPCAKE CARAMEL CUPS

Pillsbury

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 tsp vanilla

1 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp baking powder

1/2 cup chocolate chips
1/2 cup chopped nuts

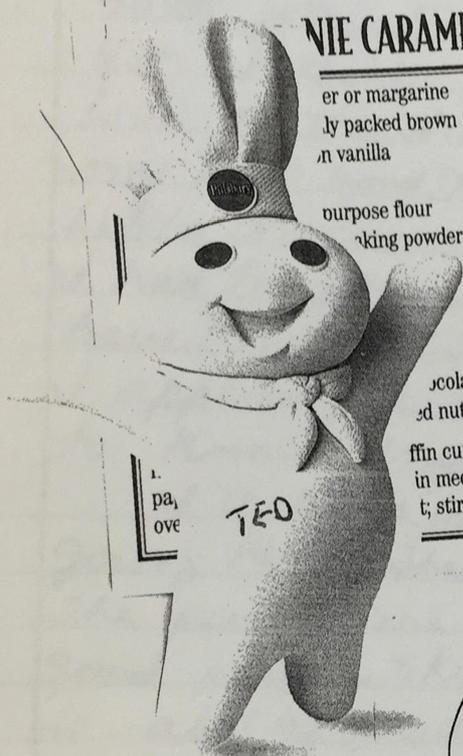
12 muffin cups with foil or
in medium saucepan
1/2 cup; stir in brown sugar.

Add vanilla and egg; mix well. Add flour, baking powder and salt; blend well. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped nuts. Divide batter evenly into lined muffin cups. Bake at 350°F for 16 to 20 minutes or until golden brown.

In small saucepan over low heat, melt caramels with water; stir constantly until smooth. Immediately after pans are removed from oven, place chocolate chips evenly into middle of each cupcake. Spoon scant 1/2 tablespoon caramel over chocolate chips in each cup. If necessary, stir additional water into melted caramels to maintain spoonable consistency. Sprinkle 1/4 cup nuts evenly over cupcakes. Cool completely. Store in tightly covered container. 16 cupcakes.

HIGH ALTITUDE - Above 3500 Feet: Increase flour to 1 1/4 cups. Bake as directed above.

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P.S. Its unlikely I'll loose weight. As you can see, I'm with pillsBury Now, I'm NOT perfect Either



Julie Herrada
711 Hatcher Library
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor MI 48109-1205

Thanks,
Ted

Note to Julie Herrada:

Above is a copy of a note that I'm sending [REDACTED]. I don't know whether it will work, but it's worth a try anyway.

If [REDACTED] does start sending the letters to you, needless to say I do *not* want them to be forwarded to me. You can keep them, or throw them out, or do whatever you like with them.

-Ted

Letter #10

Dear Ms. [REDACTED]

During the last few weeks I've received \$130⁰⁰ from you. I would like to express my thanks for your great generosity...

Letter #11

Dear Ted Kaczynski,

This is a letter of support — a little something to let you know that not all the young girls think you're a wacko! (I'm sure you get lots of fan mail, but none as charming as this, nor from someone so sincere.) I am just your average ding-a-ling, a 23- year-old secretary who likes to rock'n'roll and read romance novels when not working here at IBM in San Jose (where I am *right now*).

But I guess I'm not exactly your *average* ding-a-ling, because I'm a big fan of your manifesto. Some jerk over at Jolly Roger Press must be making a shitload off of it! Anyhow, I have been an admirer of yours for some time now, going so far as to wear your picture in my heart-shaped locket opposite of Elvis Presley (I also have your high school yearbook photo on my bulletin board at work; so far no one has recognized you) but until recently my appreciation had been fueled by misguided feelings of rebelliousness. Now that I'm actually reading your manifesto, though, I find myself a fan in many respects.

First, I am wowed (and cowed) by your brains. It has taken me a long time to work up the courage to write to you, because I know you'll think I'm a dumbass. I'm not very good, nor interested in, math or any of the sciences. I am, alack, an arty type, and I was always encouraged to exploit my artiness... resulting in me kow-towing to these IBM assholes even after having completed my stupid, useless degree in art. I know I should try harder to find a job I like — but I don't, or can't, like *anything*. I should have tried harder and gone to a better college, because I had really good scores on all the tests... but I have long been stricken with chronic apathy, and thus settled for the local peanut academy (San Jose State). Still, regardless of my exceedingly lackluster education, I've read a lot of books on my own and was able to really appreciate how neatly presented your thoughts and arguments are. I also appreciate your wit. It's great!

I'm also super impressed by the fact that you lived alone for however many years. It seems like most people can't stand to be alone. Not me, though Ever since my sister (who is 21) got a boyfriend, I've been a loner. But that's okay — I have my trampoline, my rollerskates, my guitar, my dog... who needs human companionship? Anyway, I think it's neat how you were so self-sufficient. Maybe I should try it. My mom owns some land up in Mendocino county, but it's not that isolated... so even if I did go up there it wouldn't be long before some retard hippie would come knocking to borrow a cup of sugar!!

I should add that I agree with your writing; life today is empty and absolutely meaningless. Still, I don't share your attitude toward this meaninglessness — I figure it is the way humanity was meant to go, the way it must go, and it could not go any other way. It is a very beautiful tragedy, and we are doomed, one and all. Meanwhile, I am here, so I try to enjoy it. I love every dumb jock and squealing cheerleader; every fat Oklahoma City woman and her faith in "angels;" every idiot bongo-banging beatnik; every perverted businessman who looks me up and down (believe it or not, I am really pretty and I know how to exploit it, sort of)... in my way, I love *everyone*. Life is a big fuckin' tapestry of assholes, and I am just a dingleberry on the one in the middle. As long as I remember that, I'll be okay... at least for another week.

That brings me to the only other thing I'll mention here that I like about you (the main thing): you seem to really *care* about what you write. Where I'm content to sit and watch the world glut itself you have actually sounded the call for a revolution to save humankind from its crapulence. Moreover, you seem to have a love for nature that I just haven't been able to muster up, and a determination that I fear I never will.

That's what I love about you, Ted Kaczynski. You care more than anyone else I know.

Very, very respectfully yours,
[REDACTED]

Letter #12

2-22-98

Dear Mr. Denvir,

Earlier this month I sent you a letter, in which I also enclosed a card for Mr. Theodore Kaczynski for Valentine's Day. In any event, I hope the card found Mr. Kaczynski and was received well.

My purpose for writing to you at this point is for reasons that I have considered delicately as well as at length. I have thought carefully in regards to Mr. Kaczynski's predicament as a convicted man who at present (at least to my current knowledge) is single, and has never been married. To consider this fact at least for myself, is not only disturbing, but lends me to believe that perhaps it stands to be a painful fact in Mr. Kaczynski's life as well.

In essence, I am proposing marriage, and that if it is at all legally feasible in terms of Mr. Kaczynski's particular case, I will consent to becoming his legal wife.

For your own information in regards to who *I* am, I am twenty-eight years old (female), and am currently enrolled as a student at the Wichita State University as a sociology major—which in and of itself could lend *some* reason at to why I am interested in Mr. Kaczynski's case. In addition, I have read as well as examined his published dissertation unfairly dubbed: The Unabomber's Manifesto. I found his thesis extremely insightful, relevant, and well argued in terms of it being applicable to society and various social facts found therein.

Aside from the above mentioned, I am merely an individual who takes note of the fact, and quite seriously, that Mr. Kaczynski may very well live the rest of his life without ever having come to know marriage, or love from someone of the opposite sex. Marriage in and of itself may be irrelevant, but it cannot be denied that marriage does comprise symbolism: love, respect, sincerity, and dedication—provided love is present. I feel that this inherent symbolism in respect to marriage might prove beneficial to Mr. Kaczynski.

If Mr. Kaczynski is willing to assent to my offer, my offer stands resolute: I will be his wife, on the grounds that it is legally permissible and he is accepting of my offer.

In any event, will you please acknowledge my proposal as a legitimate one as well as one desirous of a response.

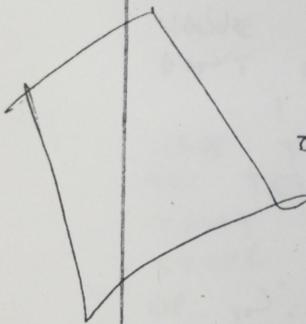
Sincerely yours,

Letter #13

Letter #14

January 31, 2001

LONGER TO KNOW YOUR ARMS,



← P.S. HERE'S A KISS; CAN'T SEE IT
CAN YOU? BUT IT'S THERE. 😊

Dear Ted,

My name is Lynn, and I have written to you before but you never wrote me back. I go to the mailbox daily holding my breath and waiting for your response and walk away sad. I chose yourself to write to because I don't believe all the negative lies the media and government has spread on you. I have read a lot about you and you have been on my mind for some time now. I live alone and have a small family, with very few friends. I needed someone in my life to talk to and hoped that special someone could be you. This letter comes to you from the heart and if I can help you in anyway, please feel free to let me know. Well I must go for now. Take care and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]

Letter #15

Letter #16

January 25, 2001

Theodore John Kaczynski

United States Penitentiary

Administrative Maximum

PO Box 8500

Florence, CO 81226

Dear John,

My name is [REDACTED], I'm 30 years old, have blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'4" tall, and weigh 132 lbs. I'm single and I have no children. I do have 2 German shepherds that are my best friends. I'm sure you receive a lot of letters and my will be just another one you read and throw away but I hope you will give me more of your time. You are a very interesting man and I want to learn more about you. I can't imagine how you must feel going from being free to now having someone watch your every move. Are you scared and lonely? I would be but I'm sure you are a much stronger person than me. My friends tell me I trust people way too much but I feel everyone should have the same opportunity and be treated equal. I do reach a point with some people that just don't do anything for me just want from me. I don't have a boyfriend but I live with a friend. We have been friends for along time and he is letting me stay at his house but I'm looking somewhere else to move.

Enough about that boring stuff- I want someone that doesn't know me and I don't know, who I can talk to and be honest with. Someone that want judge me and I want judge back. This is why I have written you. I hope we can help each other and be

friends. I would love to have you for my pen pal and for our friendship to grow. When you write me back, tell me about what it is like there. Yes, I'll be let down if you don't write me back because I have hope that you will and I'm looking forward to reading what you'll have to say back to me. I'll send you a picture of me in my next letter, that way you can put a face with my letters. Take care and I'll eagerly wait to hear from you!

Sincerely,
[REDACTED]

Letter #17

Letter #18

a flower

7-7-98

Dear Professor,

I am a Jewish divorced lady and a mother. My age is 59.

When my former husband married a witch and a communist, (it does not always go together.) and took from me my darling small children, I very much flet like mailing him a bomb!

I am also a lady who hates to be photographed particularly in my bathroom, and was fascinated by small houses with privacy where the big brother was not watching.

Would like to correspond —

The Ted K Archive

Ted Kaczynski & his few hybristophilic fans

www.thetedkarchive.com