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Ted Kaczynski

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1972

Sept. 20

(Actually written on Sept. 18, only recopied here on the 20th): I have been pretty busy during the day here in Great Falls, running around trying to get various things that I need — felt liners for my boots, materials for repairing my snowshoes, etc. But in the evenings there hasn't been much to do, so I took to reading Joseph Conrad's "The Arrow of Gold," a copy of which has been lying around here. This is supposed to have been his last complete book, and one of his inferior works. But for some reason I felt very refreshed after reading the story — invigorated, and my spirits buoyed up. I still feel that way. This is a little peculiar, since I don't actually consider the story to have been a good one. In fact I found much of it irritating. I rather disliked the hero and heroine, and the actions of some of the characters seemed highly improbable. While I have no particular objection to romanticism in literature, some of this stuff was really just too lush ...

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

Dec. 17

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

Dec. 25

... About a year and half ago, I planned to murder a scientist — as a means of revenge against organized society in general and the technological establishment in particular...Unfortunately, I chickened out. I couldn't work up the nerve to do it.

The experience showed me propaganda and cterination have a much stronger hold on me than I realized. My plan was such that there was very little chance of my getting

caught. I had no qualms before I tried to do it, and I thought I would have no difficulty. I had everything well prepared. But when I tried to take the final, irrevocable step, I found myself over — whelmed by an irrational, superstitious fear — not a fear of anything specific, merely a vague but powerful fear of committing the act. I cannot attribute this to a rational fear of being caught. I made my preparations with extreme care, and I figured my chances of being caught were less than, say, my chances of being killed in utomobile accident in the next I am not in the least nervous *when* I get into my car. I can only attribute my fear to the constant flood of anticrime propa — ganda to which one is subjected. For example, murderers in TV dramas are always caught, there is always the stern, moralizing sermon on their “twisted minds”, they are small and helpless before the judge, surrounded by police, etc., etc., etc. If I ever do work up the nerve to commit such a murder, I will probably have to do it in a kind of suicidal act my vague, of rage — that is, without making any attempt to avoid being caught. It omvafy.r;boemethat I can irrational fear of ble consequences only by-saying to myself, — Damn the consequences — *this is the end.*”

1973

Jan. 17

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

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

1974

Oct. 1

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

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

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

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

Of the four with whom I have been infatuated, she is the only one who could not be considered beautiful. Her face was presentable, but I would say it fell a little short of being even just pretty. Her figure was imperfect, but it was her principal physical attraction. Her body was so lithe, fresh, firm, and vigorous. I learned later that she was something of an athlete. Blond (letter scratched out), blue-eyed, rather on the small

side. She was the daughter of a rancher near Raynesford, and she was, I believe, about to commence her second year at the University of Montana. I found her attractive from the start, and after a couple of days I just couldn't get her out of my thoughts ...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

... For some romantic literature dealing with the conflict between power and love — or, if you will, between manhood and pleasure — see Joseph Conrad's Arrow of

Gold (the guy who loves, but tries to kill, Dona Rita) and Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame (La Esmeralda and Claude Frollo).

Oct. 7

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

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

... So, after a struggle between many misgivings on the one hand, and a kind of contemptuous disregard for all the rest of the human race and its opinions on the other (this latter attitude has considerably increased with me since I came to Montana), I sent her the letter quoted below...

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

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

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

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

Oct. 15

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

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

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

Oct. 16

All this has stirred up old memories. Last night I dreamed about Carol Wolman...

... I woke up, or half awoke, after the dream with a very strong, bittersweet sense of melancholy, of regret for lost youth and missed opportunities, centering on Carol Wolman, but with other things dragged in, including something vague and indefinable ...

... Alas, that sense of lost youth and missed opportunity is something I fear I am likely to be feeling 10 or 15 years from now with regard to something that is much more important to me than any erotic involvement. I mean the kind of life that I have tasted in these mountains, but which I have never yet been able to live in close to pure form, without interference from civilization — the kind of thing that to me is somehow best symbolized by new — fallen snow and the hunting of snowshoe hares by tracking ...

Oct. 23

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

Dear Miss Boughton:

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

... My only excuse is that I am extremely ignorant and inexperienced in dealing with women. I simply don't know the proper way to go about these things. So let me start all over again and give it another try.

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

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

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

Nov. 1

I have dreamed about that Sandi girl a couple of times before, and I dreamed about her again last night...

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

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

I suppose my personality is pleasant gotten set up for the night.

Then I sat down, put my head on my hands, and cried; from a combination of frustration and a bitter regret for what I am missing through my inability to even *try* to get that girl. I would point out to the reader that since my latter teens I have never shed one tear over physical pain — not even when I scalded all the skin off the top of my foot 3 years ago — A few years ago when I was having a deep cavity drilled without anesthetic, the dentist remarked 2 or 3 times, “Gee, you’re a hard guy to hurt!” It hurt, alright, but I wasn’t about to let him know it. Yet on account of that girl I just sat and sobbed.. _

Nov. 11

I don’t feel very badly about that girl this morning; because I guess I have lost all hope of getting her, so that the pressure is off and I just feel wistful about it. Besides, this is a fine morning, with the fresh snow and animal tracks. Still there is an ache...

Nov. 12

Ever since the latter part of yesterday I think I am entirely cured of that infatuation — though it would likely come back again if I were to meet her again in the relatively

near future. It is as I said some time ago in these notes — I don't feel I *need* her. I was in a sweat over her only so long as I felt there was some chance of getting her. All the same, this morning I sent her the letter copied below ...

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

Dear Miss Boughton:

I promised not to bother you again, but I am going to break that promise, just once. It is pretty clear that you are not interested in having anything to do with me, so I have given up hope of that. But I want very badly to know *why* you won't have anything to do with me. I have had no answer of any kind from you and it bothers me seriously. *Please* Sandi. An explanation of your attitude toward me would relieve my mind...

You may not have seen it under those shapeless work clothes, but I have a very well-proportioned physique and I am in excellent condition. I have plenty of brains — I am a Harvard graduate and spent 2 years as assistant professor of mathematics at Berkeley. (If you feel inclined to doubt that statement, look for my name in the author indices of various issues of Mathematical Reviews available in the U. of M. Library — between the years 1966 and 1971). I have a variety of talents, and virtues ...

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

Nov. 19

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

The Ted K Archive

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