Ted Kaczynski

5/15/07

 (Γ)

NOTE

When I wrote my first version of Truth versus Lies I had not had access to the written reports (Qb and Qc) of Scharlette Holdman and her investigators. Later, when I received copies of those reports, I had doubts as to whether Scharlette and her investigators had accurately recounted what their interviewees had said, and I also wondered whether they had manipulated the interviewees in order to elicit the kinds of statements that the investigators wanted. But I felt I needed to deal with the investigators' reports in the book in order to make sure that no one would think I was suppressing important information. I therefore rewrote Truth versus Lies, inserting a good deal of discussion of material from the investigators' reports.

I now wish I had left most of that material out of the book altogether, because its reliability is open to so much doubt that I consider it worthless.

In Appendix 10, written in 1998, I outlined some reasons for being skeptical about the reports of Scharlette Holdman and her investigators. A few years later, Scharlette and my friend, the late Joy Richards, were both involved in the

5/15/07

(2

disposition of my cabin, which had been moved from Montana to Sacramento and was then in the custody of the Federal Defenders Office. At that time Scharlette told Joy that the State of California had claimed the right to take possession of the cabin. Actually it was not the State of California but the Federal Government that had claimed the cabin, as Scharlette should have known. Scharlette never explained this error on her part; in fact, she never afterward answered any communication from Joy or from me. Needless to say, this incident intensified my doubts about Scharlette's ability to collect and report accurate information.

But there is something else that is much more important. At several points in <u>Truth</u> <u>versus</u> <u>the</u> <u>Lies</u> I cited a declaration (Da) that my father's old friend, the late Ralph Meister, had signed at the urging of Scharlette and her collaborators. Much of the declaration was true, but some parts were false, and it was not clear how Ralph could have known even the true information contained in the declaration. So in July 2005 I sent Ralph a copy of his declaration and invited him to comment on it. In response he sent me a signed statement (reproduced below) in which he repudiated the entire declaration. Ted Kaczynski

5/15/07

Clearly Scharlette and her collaborators manipulated Ralph Meister into signing a declaration that he would never have signed if he had been free of improper influence. It therefore seems very probable that Scharlette and her people similarly manipulated some of the other individuals whom they interviewed. Consequently, the reader should disregard all information in this book that is attributed to Investigator #2 (Scharlette Holdman), Investigator #3 (Gary Sowards), Investigator #5 (Charlie Pizarro), or Investigator #6 (Susan Garvey). The information to be disregarded includes, among other things, all information cited from Qb and QC, since QC consists entirely of information provided by Investigator #2, and most of the information in Qb was provided by Investigator # 2, Investigator #5, Investigator #6, or other investigators working for Scharlette Holdman.

On the other hand, I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the information provided by Investigator #1 (Betsy Anderson), Investigator #4 (Sackie Tully), or Investigator #7 (Nancy Pemberton), none of whom worked closely with Scharlette. I ought to rewrite <u>Truth versus Lies</u> to eliminate all dependence on information reported by Scharlette Holdman and her collaborators, but for the foreseeable future I won't have time to

Ted Kaczynski

5/15/07

do that. So for the time being the book must remain in its present form, though with the foregoing warning to the reader.

Ted Kaczynski May 15, 2007

March 5, 2006 Sunday

Refutation of Declaration

To Whom it may concern:

On July 18, 2005, Theodore John Kaczynski asked me in a personal correspondence to reconsider a declaration I made on February 2, 1997. This document is written in response to that request. The information and opinions herein represent the truth to the best of my knowledge and correct the declaration that while in fact has been signed by me, upon reveading, I now feel strongly misrepresents my statements and the true meaning of those statements.

So much of the declaration is false that it is difficult to separate what is true. Paragraphs 1 thru 4 are true.

I strongly object to the indiscriminate and inflammatory use of the word intellectual which appears 12 times in this short statement: true intellectual, intellectual subjects, to be an intellectual, intellectual world, intellectual image, intellectual thought, intellectual giant, this "almost from the day he was born" rubbish, intellectual development, intellectual ideals, again intellectual development, successful intellectual, intellectual investment,

intellectual acheivement, I propose to strike every use of the word, intellectual. In the declaration, it is obviously misused and meant to mislead.

Theodore Kaczynski's mother Wanda wanted her sons to be smart just like every mother wants their children to be smart and successful in life, to have the things she never had, just like every mother who has had an especially difficult life and wants to improve herself and provide an example for her sons and steer them in the right direction. After her sons were older, Wanda went to college and became a school teacher." Her sons both pursued a college education. Wanda followed a generally accepted method of raising intellegent children. In my experience with testing children, many many parents wanted to get their child into kindergarten or first grade early, as soon as the child passed intellect barriers. My wife, Stella had a Friendly competitiveness with Wanda since their oldest children were born months apart and they compared progress. My objection is that the declaration portrays Wanda as an extremist, a neurotic who "seemed to have only an intellectual (dirty word) investement" in her son, once again, rubbish. She was a loving and devoted mother and I never meant otherwise.

In paragraph 7. the first sentence is obviously impossible and once again, inflamatory. Also, she was not "obsessed with his intellectual development." In the third sentence, all mothers record milestones,

| 2

what is religious about baby books?

Paragraph 8. is another complete fabrication, total out of control fabrication. I repeat, the last sentence, "She seemed to have only an intellectual investement in Teddy John." is pure mean spirited nonsense.

I totally reject paragraphs 9 and 10. These are not my words, they sound like a script from a soap opera on television. In fact, considering the knowledge I did have of the Kaczynski's home life during these years, I could never have reasonably made the statements in paragraphs 9 and 10, and if I did state anything simmilar to what was signed, I now realize I was being completely bais and unjustly judgemental. The words "badly injured", "feared social contact", "social deficiencies", "lost control and verbally abused", "lied to protect", "intense pressure", are not what I remember at all. No one but Teddy John could have known exactly how he was feeling, and the last two sentences are pure conjecture, more soap opera script. Finally, and most importantly, I never once felt that the Kaczynski family needed any sort of counseling and I never recommended they seek proffessional help. That fact in itself says more about their homelife than all the hypothesizing and colored statements in this faulty declaration.

Paragraph 11 is close to accurate. My wife, Stella Meister greatly admired Theodore for the

manner in which he lived alone in the mountains. She corresponded with him for many years and looked up to him as a true aesthete. She more than I understood what joy and solace Theodore found living in the mountains. "Protection from social deficiencies", Stella certainly never ever would have thought that. "Autonomy in the absence of other social skills represents salvation". What great philosopher thought of that one, it does not apply here. Unfortunately, the last sentence of the declaration is just too profound.

In short, I believe that it would be best" to refute the declaration I signed in its entirety, and in the future think twice before I sign a declaration written by someone else who may have questionable motives rather than seeking the truth. I hereby do exactly that. I, Ralph K. Meister refute the entire attached declaration that I signed on February 2, 1997.

> Sincerely, Ralph K. Meister [signature: Ralph K. Meister]

Wittness: [signature: Janice Powell(?)] Wittness: [signature: Amy Incendela] Date: 3/19/06

16 1		ERRATA		
"line Xb" means "line X counting up from the bottom of the page."				
Bi the page				
page	line	typescript does read	typescript should read	
13	2	-	(;)	
15	10	house, (which	house (which	
23	56	(I)	(
25	96	woman	women	
4-3	3	age, I was	age 1 was	
109	36	Let's	Let me	
140	86	Equotation mark is	backwards]	
153	76	9 (outstanding)	9 (outstanding)"	
163	9	Iquotation mark is	backwards]	
169	146	[colon should be	period]	
185	8	ìf	it.	
186	2	Equitation mark is	backwards]	
192	26	correctly.	correctly.)	
248	3	a lot	alot	
253	10	E	E	
255	86	back me	back to me	
276	96	pp. 211, 212	pp. 210,211	
310	2	pp= 71	p. 71	
318	36	know is that's	know is that that's	
320	4	a lot	alot	
323	9	somewhat	somehow	
327	6	a lot	alot	
332	2	126-128	125-127	
332	2	131	130	
335	45	pp. 219, 220	pp. 218, 219	
343	17	131	130	
357	7	a lot	alot	
363	15	p.121	p. 120	
366	4	pp. 252-255	pp. 251-254	
366	66	0.252	0.251	

ERRATA

page	line	typescript does read	typesoript should read
393	8b	accept then	accept than
397	4 b	a lot	alot
400	16	a lot	alot
4-01	4-	a lot	alot
401	5	a lot	alot
403	8	p. 386	p. 385
404	2	pp. 233,234	pp. 232, 233
407	12	pp. 255-257	pp. 254-256
411	(1	pp. 291, 292	pp. 290, 291
440	126	pp. 212, 213	pp. 211, 212
440	5 b	pp. 261-263	pp. 260-262
451	2	text have been	text has been
460	86	Motion of Suppress	Motton to Suppress
461	106	introduction	Introduction
484	45	(1)	(1)
485	96	pp. 176, 178	pp. 175, 177
486	36	(1)	(i)
529	4	repeated	at least two
Page	441,1	Vote 14 should read:	
	14 . N	Times Nat., May 26, 1996,	p. 24, column 1.
The		Note 14 should be dele	
Page	412, sea	ond paragraph (beginning with th	reword "Third"). Change this
para	igraph t	a read as follows:	
	Third	Since agreeing to a pleat	pargain in January, 1998, I
have	e been ou	it of danger of the death per	nalty. On February 22, 1998,
my	brother	gave an interview to the Sche	enectady Sunday Gazette
acco-	ding to c	hich, "David Kaczynski said	his convictions about his brother!
ment	al illnes:	inhave alienated him from a	brother whom he still loves
deepl	Y. 'Its	eems like every word I spen	ak is a dagger to my brother's
heart	, he sai	d." Yet Dave has continued to	give interviews in which he lies
about	me ano	l talks about my alleged mer	stal illness (e.g., People magazini
August	r 10, 1998), even though he no longer 1	has the excuse that he is trying
to sa	ve me f	rom the Jorth nonalty.	Ĩ

10 MAY 99

Original manuscript as written by Ted Kaczynski. Not edited.

Markings of the Markings of the copy were manuscript Beau manuscript Beau manuscript Beau manuscript Beau Ted Kaczynski` *

TRUTH versus LIES

Friedlander An odd principle of human psychology, well known and exploited . . . holds that even the silliest of lies can win credibility by constant repetition.

----- Stephen Jay Gould **

This manuscript is given to the Labadie Collection on the Following terms: Terms are identical with those of the Deed of Gift agreement signed by Theodore John Kaczynski on July 10, 1999, and by William A. Gosling on July 27, 1999, except that the Labodie Collection does not have the right to publish, or to give or sell to anyone else the right to publish, all or any part of this manuscript.

- Theodore John Kaezymski July 9, 2002
- * Copyright 1998 by Theodore John Kaczynski

is and a person

** "The Paradox of the Visibly Irrelevant," Natural History, Volume 106, Number 11, December 1997/January 1998, p. 12.

Foreword

Though it's the first part of the book, this foreword is the last part to be written. Its purpose is only to tie up some loose ends.

To begin with, the this book contains a great deal of autobiographical material, it is not an autobiography. At some later time I hope to tell the real story of my life, especially of my inner development and the changes in my outlook that took place over the decades.

Before my arrest I never thought there was anything unusual about my longterm memory. I knew that I remembered things more accurately than my parents or my brother did, but that wasn't saying much. Since my arrest, however, several members of my defense team have told me that my long-term memory is unusually good. (See Appendix 11.) This is their opinion; I am not in a position to prove to the reader that it is correct. There are a few items in this book for which I have relied entirely on memory and which someone who is not locked up would be able to check against documentary evidence. If anyone should take the trouble to dig up the relevant documents, I hope I will prove to have been right with regard to most if not all of these items; but, whether that turns out to be the case or not, the number of such items is too small to provide a secure evaluation of my long-term memory.

However, the point I want to make here is that even if the reader doubts the accuracy of my memories or my honesty in reporting them, enough of the material in this book is supported by documentary evidence and/or corroborating testimony to establish that media reports about me have been wildly unreliable, and that in its most important aspects my account of myself and my family relationships is substantially correct.

As for my use of names, I almost always use the full names of persons who have spoken about me to the media. When referring to persons who have not spoken

i

to the media I usually give names only in abbreviated form.

Some of the facts and incidents that I recount in this book will be embarrassing twewer, to the persons concerned. If assure the reader that my motive has not been to embarrass anyone, but to bring out the truth and correct false impressions, for which purpose it has sometimes been necessary to demonstrate the unreliability of an informant or show the factors that may have distorted his reports. If I had wanted to embarrass people there are other facts I could have related that would have caused a good deal of additional embarrassment.



PIS. Change

Table of Contents

	Introduction		page 1-41	
	Chapter I.	"That hospital experience"	page 42-59	
	Chapter II.	My early years	page 60-77	
	Chapter III.	My adolescence; family dysfunction; verbal abuse	page 78-103	
	Chapter IV.	My parents' treatment of me during my adolescence, as discussed in the Family Letters	page 104-137	
	Chapter V.	Pressure to achieve; Harvard; how people saw me prior to my arrest	page 138-172	
	Chapter VI.	How people saw me after my arrest; false reports about me	page 173-195	
	Chapter VII.	My relations with my parents in adulthood	page 196-217	
	Chapter VIII.	My brother's character	page 218-242	
	Chapter IX.	My brother's ambivalent feelings toward me	page 243-273	
	Chapter X.	The Ellen Tarmichael affair	page 274-296	
	Chapter XI.	I hurt my brother's feelings cruelly	page 297-317	
	Chapter XII.	My brother's inconsistent attitudes toward mental illness	page 318-344	
	Chapter XIII.	My brother's writing	page 345-365	
ł	Chapter XIV.	My brother's relations with Linda Patrik; I break off with him	page 366-394	
(Chapter XV.	How my brother's attitudes changed under Linda Patrik's influence; why he denounced me to the FBI	page 395-425	
(Chapter XVI.	The media	page 426-442	

. . .

Table of Contents (continued)

Notes on Documents	page 443-464	
Appendix 1. Further examples of my mother's unreliability	page 465-470	
Appendix 2. Francis E. X. Murphy, Ph.D., and his recent statements about me	page 471-483	
Appendix 3. The N-43 clique	page 484-495	
Appendix 4. "The Wild Colt"		
Appendix 5. FL #264, letter from my brother to me, Summer, 1982	,ye 004-509	1
Appendix 6. Interviews with Joel Schwartz	page 510-524	\checkmark
Appendix 7. Books about the Unabom case	page 525-528	
Appendix 8. My high-school teachers' reports on my personality	page 529-534	
Appendix 9. The Tarmichael letters	page 535-543	
Appendix 10. Reliability of investigators' reports	page 544-547	·
Appendix 11. A note on my memory	page 548	

INTRODUCTION

A FRIEND says there are a lot of people who mistake their imagination for their memory. $\frac{1}{2}$

Daily Oklahoman

I am very different from the kind of person that the media have portrayed with the help of my brother and my mother. The purpose of this book is to show that I am not as I have been described in the media, to exhibit the truth about my relationship with my family, and to explain why my brother and my mother have lied about me.

In fairness I should acknowledge that my brother and mother probably are not fully conscious of many of their own lies, since they both are adept at talking themselves into believing what they want to believe. Yet at least some of their lies must be conscious, as we shall see later.

I consider it demeaning to expose one's private life to public view. But the media have already taken away my privacy, and there is no way I can refute the falsehoods that have been propagated about me except by discussing publicly some of the most intimate aspects of my own life and that of my family.

Ever since my early teens, my immediate family has been a millstone around my neck. I've often wondered how I had the bad luck to be born into such a nest of fools. My relations with them have been to me a constant source of irritation and disgust – and sometimes of very serious pain. For some forty years my brother and mother leaned heavily on me for the satisfaction of certain needs of theirs; they were psychological leeches. They loved me because they needed me, but at the same time

they hated me because I didn't give them the psychological sustenance they were looking for; and they must have sensed my contempt for them. Thus their feelings toward me were, and remain, strongly conflicting. In my brother's case the conflict is extreme.

I certainly can't claim that my own role in the life of my family has been a noble one. I had good justification for resenting my parents, but instead of making a clean break with them in early adulthood, as I should have done, I maintained relations with them: sometimes was kind to them, sometimes used them, sometimes squabbled with them over relatively minor matters, sometimes hurt their feelings intentionally, occasionally wrote them emotional letters expressing my bitterness over the way they had treated me and the way they had exploited my talents to satisfy their own needs. With my brother too I should have broken off early in life. The relationship wasn't good for either of us, but it was much worse for my brother than it was for me. This is a complicated matter that I will deal with at length further on.

This book is carefully documented. It has to be because otherwise the reader would not know whether to believe my account or that of my brother and mother. Due to the continual need to quote documents and argue facts, the writing is dry and perhaps pedantic. All the same, I think the book will attract many readers because of the intrinsic human interest of its content.

The amount of material about me that has appeared in the media is enormous, and I have not read or seen more than a small fraction of it. Apart from some straightforward reports of legal maneuvers or courtroom proceedings, most of what I have seen

is loaded with errors and distortions, some of them trivial, some of them very serious indeed. Due to limitations on my own time, energy , and resources, the documents I've studied in preparing this book include from the media only a few items; principally the articles on my case that appeared in *Newsweek, Time, U.S. News and World Report,* and *People* on April 15th and 22, 1996; the "quickie" books that appeared within a few weeks after my arrest, *Mad Genius* and *Unabomber*, the articles based on interviews with my brother and mother that appeared in the *New York Times,* May 26, 1996, in the *Washington Post,* June 16, 1996, in the *Sacramento Bee,* January 19, 1997; and my mother's and brother's appearance on *60 Minutes,* September 15, 1996. The latter cover all of the public statements about me made by my brother and my mother that I have seen up to the present date, March 5, 1998. (Added April 1, 1998; I've recently_______) been reminded of some other remarks by my brother, brief ones that have appeared in various newspapers, but I don't think they contained anything that I need to address in this book.)

Apart from the published sources, I cite a large number of unpublished documents. It will of course be necessary at some point to make these documents accessible for examination so that it can be verified that I have cited them accurately. But I don't expect to do this immediately on publication of this book. For one thing, some of the documents are still legally sensitive, and for another, I don't want journalists rummaging through my papers to get material for sensational articles. The I hope to get the documents housed in a university library v

Michigan Library; and arrangements will be made so that some responsible and

unbiased party can examine them and verify that I have cited them correctly and have not unfairly taken any passage out of context. Eventually some of the be published. In any case, I will make every effort to see that the acc citations can be independently verified at the earliest possible time.

I also make use in this book of a few reports received orally from investigators who worked for my defense team. The investigators do not want their names revealed $\frac{45}{5.11}$ where $\frac{45}{5.11}$ because the resulting publicity about them might interfere with their work as investigators. But at some point I expect to make arrangements so that the investigators can be consulted discreetly and confirm the oral information that they gave me. (But see below for my remarks on the reliability of this information.) In this book I refer to the investigators as Investigator #1, Investigator #2, etc.

Similar remarks apply to the psychologist whom I call Dr. K.

Needless to say, I am not able to provide documentary evidence to refute all of the false statements that have been made about me, or even all of those that have been made by my brother and my mother. But I am able to demonstrate that informants have been lying or mistaken in enough cases to show that statements made about me are so unreliable that they should not be given any credence unless they are corroborated by documents written at or near the time to which they refer.

In many cases I cite documents written by myself – principally my journals, some autobiographical notes, and letters sent to my family. All of these were written at a time (prior to my arrest) when I had no motive to lie about the points that are now at issue. They were either seized by the FBI when they searched my cabin, or were in the

custody of other persons at the time of my arrest. Since my arrest I have not had physical possession of any of these documents; I have worked from Xerox copies. Thus there can be no question of my having fabricated any of this material for the purposes of this book. (Exception: Notes that I took on information given to me orally by the investigators and by Dr. K. were of course written after my arrest and while I was preparing this book.) Moreover, some of these documents, especially my 1979 autobiography, contain highly embarrassing admissions that show that I was striving to be as honest as possible. Some of the documents were written almost immediately after the events that they record; others, while not contemporary with the events, were written many years ago when my memory of the events was fresher, and hence they presumably provide more reliable evidence than someone else's recollections taken down within the last year or two.

In many cases I make use of sources of information that I know to be unreliable, such as media reports. The rationale for doing this is that if the reader has conceived a certain impression of me from unreliable sources, and if I can show by quoting those same sources that the impression is not to be trusted, then I will at any rate have demonstrated that the sources are unreliable and hence that the reader has no reason to believe them. As for statements of my brother and my mother that were quoted in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Sacramento Bee*, my mother and brother presumably saw the articles based on their interviews, and, as far as I know, they never wrote letters to the newspapers in question correcting any errors, so they have to be considered responsible for their statements as quoted in the articles.

In all cases when I have felt that a source was more or less unreliable, I have warned the reader of that fact in the Notes on Documents.

Quite apart from the unreliability of the media, I was appalled to learn how few people provided trustworthy information. A psychologist (Dr. K.) repeatedly interviewe my brother, my mother, and me. She gave me orally some items of information obtained from my brother, mother, and aunt, and I wrote these down at the time. But when I asked her to confirm some items of this information several months later, in three cases out of a total of nine she either said she couldn't remember any such information and couldn't find it in her notes, or she reworded the information in such a way as to change its meaning significantly. 2^{2} Other shrinks misquoted me or gave seriously incorrect information in their reports. The investigators who worked for my defense team were much more reliable than the shrinks, but they too gave me orally a few items of information that they later had to correct, not because they had learned something new from further investigation but because they had reported to me carelessly in the first place. For this reason I have tried to rely as little as possible on information received orally. Wherever I have used such information the reader is made aware of it either in the text or in a footnote; and he or she is advised to receive suc no ack. of doubt when repeating into I have cited oral information from Dr. K. or the investigators in information with caution only a few cases. It is possible that Dr. K. or the investigators may decline to confirm some of this information if they are asked. Yet I was careful in recording the information and I am certain that I have accurately reported what I was told.

What really horrified me, though, was the nonsense reported to the media or to



the investigators by people who knew me years or decades ago. The investigators have given me written reports of interviews conducted with approximately 150 people 3/ Some of the information obtained in these interviews dealt with matters of which I have no knowledge, hence I am unable to give an opinion of its accuracy. Taking into consideration only matters of which I have knowledge and speaking in rough terms. I can say that something like 14% of the informants gave reports the accuracy of which was unable to judge; 6% gave reports about whose accuracy I was doubtful; 6% gave reports that were inaccurate in detail but provided an overall picture of me that was n far from the truth; 36% gave reports that were fairly accurate; 38% gave reports that were seriously inaccurate; and, of these last, eleven persons gave reports that were s far off that they were mere flights of fancy. More than that: of the reports that were fairly accurate, 72% were brief (one and a half pages or less); while fewer than one in four of the seriously inaccurate reports were brief. So it seems that people who spoke carefully and responsibly usually didn't have much information to give, while most of those who had (or thought they had) a good deal of information didn't know what they were talking about. Lwas told that under normal circumstances the investigators would [C×C-3] have interviewed the subjects over and over in order to separate the wheat from the means you doubt info (actionable) chaff, but for some reason this was not done in my case.)

To judge from what I have seen of them, statements about me made to journalists by people who knew me, as quoted in the media, were even more inaccurate than what was reported to my investigators.

In some cases I have documentary evidence that shows that reports about me



are false, but in the great majority of cases I am relying on memory for the information that disproves the reports. Why do I assume, when my recollections disagree with someone else's, that mine are usually right?

First: In many cases I can be confident that I am right simply because I am in a better position to know about the matter in question than are the persons whose memories disagree with mine. For instance, if someone says that I used to wear a plaid sport-jacket four decades ago, I can safely assume that he has me mixed up with someone else, because I have owned very few sport-jackets in my life and I know that I have never had a plaid one.

Second: I have good evidence of the accuracy of my long-term memory.^{4/}

(A) Investigators working for my defense team who researched my past told me repeatedly that my long-term memory was remarkably sharp and accurate. ^{5/} This does not mean that I *never* made mistakes of memory, but that I did so seldom. See Appendix 11.

(B) In preparing this book I've studied hundreds of old family letters $\frac{64}{2}$ that my mother had saved, going all the way back to 1957, and I've found hardly anything to surprise me: to the extent that the matters covered in the letters overlapped with areas of which I have memories, my memories were confirmed with only minor discrepancies.

(C) During the 1990's, for reasons that I need not take the trouble to explain here, I obtained from Harvard a transcript of my record. Before looking at it, as a check on my memory, I wrote down on a sheet of paper the number-designations of the courses I took (e.g., "Math 1a") and the grades I got in them. The FBI found this sheet

of paper in my cabin and I have a copy of it. $\frac{I}{I}$ Here is how it compares with the official transcripts $\frac{B}{I}$ of my record:

General Education AHF (which everyone referred to as "Gen Ed A"), Humanities 5, and Social Sciences 7 were courses lasting two semesters; all other courses were of one semester.

Official Transcript

My Memory

General Education AHF (mid-year grade)	В-	Gen Ed A mid-year grad not remembered	le
German R	A	German R	А
Mathematics 1a	A	Math 1a	A
Humanities 5 (mid-year)	Ĉ	Hum 5	Ĉ
Social Sciences 7 (mid-year)	C	Soc Sci 7	C
	0		0
General Education AHF	С	Gen Ed A	C+
Physics 12a	Α	Physics 12a	— A
Mathematics 1b	А	Math 1b	А
Humanities 5	C+	Hum 5	C+
Social sciences 7	B-	Soc Sci 7	В-
Anthropology 1a	B+	Anthro 1a	B+
German Da	В	Germ Da	В
Mathematics 20a	A	Math 20a	A
Physics 12c	С	Phys. 12c	C-
Anthropology 10	B+	Anthro 10	B+
Astronomy 2	B+	Astron 2	В
Mathematics 20b	В	Math 20b	В
Mathematics 101	С	Math 101	C+
	_		
History 109a	B-	History	B-
Mathematics 105a	A-	Math 105a	A-
Mathematics 106a	A	Math 106a	A
Philosophy 140	A	Phil 140	A
	0		0
History 109b	C-	History	C-
Mathematics 105b	C+	Math 105b	C+
Mathematics 106b	A-	Math 106b	A-

Philosophy 141	В	Phil 141	B+
History of Science 101	B+	Hist Sci 101	B+
Humanities 115	B-	Hum (Ren) ^{≌/}	C+
Mathematics 212a	B	Math 212a	B+
Mathematics 250a	B	Math 250a	B
Anthropology 122	A-	Anthro (hum gen) ^{10/}	A-
History 143	C+	Eng intel hist ^{11/}	C+
Mathematics 212b	A	Math 212b	A
Scandinavian 50	A-	Scand 50	A-

As far as I can recall, I never saw a transcript of my Harvard grades from the time I left Harvard in 1962 until I wrote them down from memory in the early 1990's.

(D) In the other surviving documents I have found reasonably good agreement with my memories. When I have encountered a discrepancy between my memories and someone else's memories as reported in the media or to my investigators, and when some document was available that resolved the discrepancy, the discrepancy has always been resolved in my favor, with very few exceptions. ^{12/} (However, I can think of two cases -- one trivial, one significant -- in which my memory has disagreed with someone else's and I am sure that the other person is right because the matter is one about which she could hardly be mistaken. ^{13/} Also, when I recall things that I have read years previously in books and magazines, it is not uncommon for my memory of what I have read to be distorted; occasionally it is seriously wrong. ^{14/} On the other hand, my memory of things I have written or read in personal letters or heard in conversation seems to be pretty reliable, so far as surviving documents have made it possible to judge.)

Third: There is abundant evidence of the gross unreliability of the memories of

me that have been reported to my investigators or have appeared in the media. In reference to the information given to the investigators, Investigator #2, who is very experienced, writes:

"Lay witness reports of Ted's behavior and functioning are extremely suspect given the high profile nature of his case. Many of their anecdotes and conclusions are most likely the result of planted memories and suggestions they've read, seen, or heard from others." ^{15/}

There are three ways by which I have been able to establish th are wrong. They may contradict information about which I am in a pos well that there is hardly any chance that my own memory could be mistaken; they may contradict convincing documentary evidence; or the accounts of two different people may contradict one another, so that at least one of them must be wrong.

Throughout this book the reader will find examples of reports that are proved wrong. But it will be useful to give some examples here in the Introduction also, because, among other things, they will illustrate some of the ways in which false memories or false reports arise.

Some of the sources of falsehood or distortion can be identified with reasonable confidence: (a) Media planting. The informant "remembers" something because it has been suggested to him by the media. (b) Mistaken identity. The informant has me mixed up with someone else. (c) Remembering later years. The informant remembers the later years of his association with me, largely forgets the earlier ones, and attributes to the earlier years the same traits, relationships, or circumstances that existed in the

later years. (d) Stereotyping. The informant sees that I have some of the traits of a given group, so he identifies me with that group and assumes that I have all of the ti that are characteristic of it. (e) Lying. It is difficult to say how many of the falsehood told about me are conscious lies. At least some of the things that my brother and m mother have said are conscious lies and not honest errors, and I can identify one ot individual who definitely has been lying about me. But otherwise my guess is that conscious lying *by informants* has not played an important role; it is a matter, instead, of human fallibility and irrationality. On the other hand, some conscious lies by journalists can be clearly identified, and there is enough evidence of unscrupulousness and irresponsibility in the media to make it plausible that journalists may be the when they.

Apart from the factors we've just listed there are four others that may have helped to produce false reports in my case, but their existence is more-or-less speculative and cannot be definitely proved. These are: (f) Projection. People who themselves have mental or psychological problems are prone to see others as having such problems. (g) Personal resentment or jealousy. This factor is clearly present in the case of my brother and mother. In some other individuals its presence may be suspected, but this is speculative. (h) Mass hysteria, herd instinct. Under certain conditions, when an individual or a class of individuals within a society is pointed out as evil or worthy of being cast out, an atmosphere develops in which other members of the society draw together defensively, gang up on the rejected person(s), and take satisfaction in reviling him or them. It becomes something like a fad. Possibly sadistic



impulses are involved. Some such factor seems to be operating in my case, but it is difficult to prove this objectively Greed. Several people who once knew me have know of at least me person also was appeared on television in connection with my case, and I assume that they have been paid for it. Obviously, those who told the most bizarre or exaggerated stories about me might ICXC-4-5 would be most in demand by talk shows and therefore would make the most money. TTK Suggests When interviewed later by my investigators, they would give them the same story that feelacued they gave on television so as not to have to admit to themselves or others that they had allowed their memories to be warped by greed.

Now some examples:

(a) *Media planting*. There are very many instances in which I am reasonably sure that this has occurred, ^{15/} but often I can't prove it definitely. For example, Lero Weinberg, a neighbor of ours when I was a teenager, told investigators that when he said "hello" to me I always failed to respond. ^{17/} I know that this is false, because my mother had me well trained to be polite to adults, and that included answering all greetings from them. ^{18/} It seems fairly obvious that Weinberg attributes this and other strange behavior to me because his memory of me has been warped by exposure to the media; but how can I be certain? Conceivably he might remember some instance in which I failed to respond to a greeting of his because I simply didn't hear it.

However, there are some cases in which it does seem virtually certain that media planting has been at work.

Dr. L.Hz., a dentist who practices part of the time in Lincoln, Montana, told my investigators: "Ted must not have had much money because his mother usually paid



his dental bills." ^{19/} My mother had provided me with a large sum of money from which I paid my dental bills among other things, but she never paid any of my dental bills directly. I deposited her money in a bank and paid Dr. L.Hz. either in cash or with checks on my own account. There is no way that Dr. L.Hz. could have known that the money came ultimately from my mother, because I was embarrassed about the fact I received money from her, and I was careful to conceal it from everyone. Certainly I would never have told Dr. L.Hz. about it. It is clear, therefore, that Dr. L.Hz. must have learned from the media after my arrest that I had been receiving money from my mother, and this information altered his memory of his own dealings with me.

Dr. L.Hz. also told my investigators: "Ted was an extremely quiet person, so quiet that Ted appeared odd. Ted was a kooky man. Ted did not talk much."^{19/} Media planting was probably involved here, too, as Dr. L.Hz.'s account is contradicted by that of his own dental assistant, R.Cb. According to my investigators, R.Cb. "described Ted as, 'a sweet, nice, pleasant guy.' ... She said that Ted was 'friendly' and she would chat with him when he came into the office. She does not remember what they talked about." ^{20/} Dr. L.Hz. was present at most of my conversations with R.Cb. and he participated in them.

Another clear example of media planting is provided by Dale Eickelman, whom I knew in junior high and high school. Eickelman, now a professor at Dartmouth College, told my investigators that "Teddie did not have other friends [than Dale Eickelman] during the time that Dale knew Teddie from 5th grade until Teddie's sophomore year [of college]." ^{21/} In Chapter III of this book (pp. 79, 87, 88) I mention eight people (other

than Dale Eickelman), of approximately my own age or up to two years older, with whom I was friends during some part (or in one case almost all) of the period between fifth grade and the time I left high school. ^{22/} These were good friends whom I genuinely liked, not just casual acquaintances or people (like Russell Mosny) with whom I spent time only because we were thrown together as outcasts.

Professor Eickelman is a highly intelligent man. He must realize that his house was a least a mile and a half from mine, and that after fifth grade we were never in any of the same classes at school. So how can he imagine that he knows whether I had any friends other than himself? The only evidence he cited was that when he visited my house \mathcal{J} (which was not very often) no other friends were present. ^{23/} But it was equally true that when I visited Eickelman's house he never had any other friends there. Would this justify me in concluding that his only friend was myself?

2

Professor Eickelman's belief that he was my only friend clearly has no rational basis. Only one plausible explanation for this belief presents itself. It was suggested to him by the media portrayal of me as abnormally asocial. It is true that I was unsuccessful socially in junior high and high school. Thus the media did not create Professor Eickelman's belief from nothing, but caused him to exaggerate grossly the accurate perception that I was less social than the average kid.

(b) *Mistaken identity*. In Chapter VI the reader will find several examples of mistaken identity: cases in which it can be clearly shown that an informant has made a false statement about me because he has confused me with someone else. We give another example here.

 $\sqrt{G.W.}$ owns a cabin not far from mine, though I haven't seen him for several years. According to investigators who interviewed him, "[G.W.] thinks that Ted was always looking over his shoulder. Sometime during the 1970's, Ted talked to [G.W.] about the KGB. Ted told [G.W.] he had a place he could hide in up [sic] Old Baldy where no one would ever find him." ^{24/}

 $\int \frac{\partial^2 i}{\partial x} dx$ has me mixed up with Al Pinkston, a gentleman whom he and I met up in the Dalton Mountain or Sauerkraut Creek area about late December of 1974. Pinkston (now deceased) was an obvious paranoiac who believed that the Lincoln area was infested with KGB agents. He told me he was hiding out up on the mountain because "they're gunnin' for *my* ass." I related the story of this encounter three months later in dead or my journal ^{25/} and in a letter to my parents. ^{26/}

I never told G.Wi. or anyone else that I had a hiding place.

In this and in some other cases of mistaken identity, it is likely that media OMISinfluence was at work. G.Wi. probably confused me with Al Pinkston because the maximized me as crazy, like Pinkston.

(c) Remembering later years. In greater or lesser degree this phenomenon $+ \circ \circ$ hard seems to affect a number of the reports made to my investigators by people who have known me. In some cases it is clear-cut. For example, Russell Mosny reported that he and I met through our membership in the high school band, ^{27/} but actually I knew him from the time I entered seventh grade. ^{28/}

In some cases it is difficult to disentangle the effect of "remembering later years" $\mathfrak{P}_{\mathfrak{l}}$ from that of "media planting." Thus \underline{L} , the daughter of one of my father's best

friends, told investigators: "Ted Jr. was a very shy and quiet boy. He was introverted and only involved himself in things he could do alone." ^{29/} Here and throughout her \mathfrak{P}_1 interview, \bot . \mathfrak{D}_r exaggerates my shyness and introversion to the point of caricature. Most likely this is the result of media planting. Yet "remembering later years" would \mathfrak{P}_1 seem to be involved too, since \bot . \mathfrak{D}_r appears to have forgotten completely the earlier years when I was not particularly shy or introverted and we were lively playmates. I wrote the following in 1979:

c× V

CXI

cx V

"I might have been about 9 years old when the following incident occurred. My family was visiting the $\frac{1}{2}$ family. The $\frac{1}{2}$'s had a little girl named $\frac{4}{2}$, about my own age. At that time she was very pretty. I was horsing around with her, and by and by I got to tickling her. I put my arms around her from behind and tickled her under the ribs. I tickled and tickled, and she squirmed and laughed. I pressed my body up against hers, and experienced a very pleasant, warm, affectionate sensation, distinctly sexual. Unfortunately, my mother caught on to the fact that our play was beginning to take on a sexual character. She got embarrassed and told me to stop tickling $\frac{4}{2}$. $\frac{4}{2}$ said, 'No, don't make him stop! I *like* it!' but, alas, my mother insisted, and I had to quit." $\frac{39}{2}$

The most important case of "remembering later years" involves my father's close friend Ralph Meister. On February 2, 1997 Dr. Meister signed for my investigators a declaration in which he outlined what he knew about me and my family life. The declaration is mostly accurate except in one respect. Dr. Meister represents my mother and me as showing certain traits through the entire period of my childhood and

adolescence, whereas in reality those traits were not shown until I was approaching adolescence. Thus, he writes: "Wanda put pressure on Teddy John to be an intellectual giant almost from the day he was born." ^{31/} Actually I never felt I was under much pressure to achieve until at least the age of eleven. Dr. Meister also implies that I had difficulties with social adjustment from early childhood, ^{32/} whereas in reality those difficulties did not begin until much later. All this will be shown in Chapters I through V of this book.

(d) *Stereotyping*: The most clear-cut example of this is that some people remember me as having used a pocket protector in high school. ^{33/} I have never used a pocket protector in my life. But because I was identified with the "Briefcase Boys" (academically-oriented students) and because some of these did wear pocket ______ protectors, people remember me as having worn one too.

(e) Lying: Except for my brother and my mother, the one informant whom I definitely know to be consciously lying is Chris Waits of Lincoln, Montana. Waits has been pretending that he knew me well. ³⁴ He used to say hello to me when he passed me on the road in his truck, and I would return his greeting. I don't remember ever accepting a ride from him, but it's conceivable that I may have done so on one or two T once had a briaf conversation with him at a garage sale $\sqrt{2}$ occasions, not more. Apart from that I had no association or contact with him \odot whatsoever. $\sqrt{2}$

One wonders what Waits's motive might be. Perhaps he is one of those pathetic individuals who feel like failures in life and try to compensate by seeking notoriety through tall tales that they tell about some news event that has come close to them. I

recall that back in the 1950's there was a derelict in Chicago named Benny Bedwell who "confessed" to a highly publicized murder just in order to make himself famous.

Texe-67

(f) *Projection*. It does appear to be true that persons who themselves have mental or psychological problems are prone to see others as having such problems, but it is difficult to say definitely that this factor has operated in my case, since the people who portrayed me as strange, abnormal, or mentally ill may have done so under the influence of "media planting" or some other factor. But it is a fact that many of the people who portrayed me in this way had serious problems of their own. For the case of <u>Joel Schwartz</u> see Chapter XII and Appendix 6. Many other examples can be found in the investigators' reports of the interviews that they conducted. ^{35/} Here I will only discuss some of my suitemates from Eliot N-43 at Harvard who gave false information

about me. *J*² (*W.PP*, Pat McIntosh, John Masters, and *K.M*. formed a close-knit clique within the suite. To all outward appearances they were thoroughly well-adjusted. They wore neatly-kept suits and ties, their rooms were always tidy, they observed all of the expected social amenities, their attitudes, opinions, speech, and behavior were so conventional that I found them completely uninteresting. Yet three of the four gave my investigators a glimpse of their psychological problems.

Pat McIntosh, according to the investigators' report, did a great deal of whining throughout his interview about how hard it was to survive academically and psychologically at Harvard. For example: "[Pat] found life at Harvard to be extremely difficult . . . ^{36/} Patrick [had] his own adolescent insecurities . . . ^{37/} Patrick was too

insecure and wrapped up in his own problems ... ³⁸ The faculty or administration at Harvard was ... unconcerned with students' emotional and psychological problems. Patrick did not know any students who actually sought and received emotional help ... At times, Patrick wanted help surviving himself, but he had no idea where to go. John Finley, the house master ... didn't want to recognize the serious difficulties that many of the students were having."

McIntosh evidently assumes that I was having problems similar to his own: "One day during Patrick's second year at Harvard . . . he saw a student being taken out on a stretcher. The student had slit his wrists after receiving a C on an exam . . . Patrick . . . thought of Ted and worried that maybe Ted might end up like this kid." ^{38/}

John Masters told the investigators that he "was two years ok <u>Sen the United</u> States dropped the atomic bomb on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. After used to dream about the atomic bomb; these dreams sparked John's becoming a nuclear physicist but after he barely earned a C in his freshman physics class at Harvard, he decided that he was not cut out for a career in the hard sciences. ... ⁴⁰ During John's first semester of his sophomore year at Harvard, his family began to fall apart. He became very depressed for several months and started receiving therapy at the student health services". ⁴¹

When John Masters first moved into Eliot N-43 he mentioned having been in "the hospital." I asked him what he had been in the hospital for, and he answered, "just w_{ade} " nervousness." Like McIntosh, Masters makes false statements about me and $e^{\chi_{aggerates}}$ my solitariness. According to the investigators' report of his interview,

"House Master Finley . . . did not intervene on John's behalf when John needed

counseling. The same was probably true for Ted. Ted's solitary r

to draw Master Finley's attention because diversity or unusual behavior was accepted at Harvard. John believes that today Ted's solitary behavior would warrant some type of intervention; at the time, his behavior did not even raise an eyebrow. ^{42/} . . . John's solitary lifestyle meant that he did not make more than five friends while at Harvard." ^{43/}

W.PP: "was shy and socially backward when he went to Harvard and feared that he would never fully come out of his shell. . . . He had a strong desire to lead a normal d^2 life. [W.Pr.] was an astronomy major. He originally intended to pursue astronomy on the graduate level but his fears drove him away from that goal. He saw that many of the astronomy graduate students at Harvard were not well-adjusted and he felt he

would move further away from a normal life if he pursued astrophysics.

"At the end of [W.Pr.'s] junior year, he dropped out of Harvard. He was confused as a college student and this confusion led him to drop out of school. [W.Pr.] went to the Harvard health services for counseling before dropping out of Harvard. He thought 3^2 , did the counseling was helpful... he returned to Harvard a year or two later. [W.Pr.] did the counseling at Harvard and soon dropped out again." 44/

ČХ

C X

C/X

W.Pr. too made false statements about me and exaggerated my solitariness. J^2 "[W.Pr.] and the others at N-43 were too young to realize how serious Ted's isolation was for him " ^{45/}

 d'^2 . Thus McIntosh, Masters, and W.Pr. appear to have seen me as having problems or needs that were, in part, similar to their own. In reality I was psychologically selfreliant and felt neither insecure /nor depressed, nor did I feel in need of help, nor did I find it hard to face the academic challenges of Harvard. Nor did I feel troubled by loneliness. I did suffer from acute sexual starvation: I was in daily contact with smart, physically attractive Radcliffe women and I didn't know how to make advances to them. I did feel very frustrated at a few mathematics teachers whose lectures I considered to be ill-prepared. Apart from that there was just one other thing about which I felt seriously unhappy: It was a kind of nagging malaise the nature of which I never fully understood until I broke free of it once and for all in 1966. But that is a story that will be told elsewhere than in this book.

(g) Personal resentment or jealousy. Only in the case of my brother and mother can resentment or jealously be clearly identified as a factor influencing reports given to investigators. However, this factor may be suspected in some other cases. 22(see Chapter VI) once told me that "everyone" was jealous of me, presumably referring to the people whom we both knew, including 20 and Russell Mosny, both of whom seemed to become cool toward me at about the time I moved a year ahead of them in school. In 20 and 20 are also are also are also and 20 are also are also and 20 are also are also are also are also are also and 20 are also ar

the University of Illinois and flunked out. Roger Podewell went to Yale and got a C average his first year. (How he did after that I don't know.) I did not fail to josh Podew and Mosny about their academic performance, but they didn't seem to find it amusing

, verily

less than stall

G.Da., Podewell, and Mosny (especially the last) gave my investigators unflattering and inaccurate accounts of me that exaggerated my social isolation. Is thi due only to media planting or are dislike, resentment, or jealousy also involved? My guess is that no such factor is involved in Podewell's case but that it is involved in Mosny's. With G.Da. it could be either way.

"Patrick [McIntosh] was jealous of Ted's prowess in mathematics " ^{39/} Did this influence McIntosh's highly inaccurate and unflattering portrayal of me? There is no proof that it did. But it's a fact that a sense of inferiority can be one of the most powerful impulses to resentment. Especially when the person who appears to be more able is lacking in tact, as I'm afraid has sometimes been the case with me.

(h) *Mass hysteria, Herd instinct*. This is a very vaguely-defined factor that has probably been at work in my case, but it is impossible to separate from media planting or illustrate with specific examples.

CXC-6

Although / Kurn of at least one case of a person receiving payment (I) Greed. I have no way of proving that people who told stories about me on television allowed themselves to alter their recollections in such a way as to make them more profitable financially. But it is worth noting that two of the people who appeared most on talk shows – Russell Mosny and Pat McIntosh – gave my investigators accounts of me that were among the most exaggerated and inaccurate.

* * * * * *

23)

Let us conclude with a few more examples that show the reports made to investigators by people who have known me.

My brother used to hold literary "colloquia," as he called them. He and a few friends would all read some piece of literature that one of them had selected, then they would get together and discuss it. The participants varied, but the most usual ones were my brother, my parents, Dale E., and K.H. and Jeanne En. 49/ I attended one and only one of these colloquia. This was shortly after I arrived at my parents' home in Lombard, Illinois in 1978. To the investigators Dale Es. described my behavior at this colloquium as follows:

"On the first occasion Date met Ted, Wanda and Ted Sr. [my father], Dave and he were discussing Plato, in connection with something they had read in their book club. Ted came out of his room and said there was no reason to read any early Greek philosophers like Plato because they had all been proven wrong. That was all Ted said before returning to his room or leaving the house. . . . [Ted] never made eye contact, but just looked off blindly while he spoke." ^{49/}

Here is how Jeanne E described my behavior at the same colloquium: $\begin{array}{c} \checkmark \\ & & & \\ & & & \\ & & \\ & & & \\ & & \\ &$ then became nervous and fidgety and kept getting up, walking out and coming back to the conversation." $\frac{50\prime}{}$

The reader will observe that the two accounts are inconsistent with one another. At least one of them must be false.

As a matter of fact, both are false. I remember the colloquium quite clearly. The 35 35 36 33 participants were Dale Es., K.H. and Jeanne En., my parents, my brother, and myself. I can state exactly where each of us was sitting, I can describe in a general way the demeanor of each, and I can even recall some of the details of the conversation. The subject of the colloquium was a dialogue of Plato that discussed happiness and love; Plato's conclusion was that true happiness lay in the love of wisdom.

I was present in the living room when the others entered. I did not make a $23\sqrt{}$ disparaging comment about Jeanne personally. I did not make a disparaging comment about women in general when I was introduced to Jeanne, but it is conceivable that at some later point I may have made a comment about women that might have been felt as disparaging by a woman who was excessively sensitive about her gender. However, it's more likely that Jeanne is remembering a half-humorous comment about women that I made in a letter to her husband, K.H., during the early of mid-1980's, (Added July 20, 1998: Since writing the foregoing, I've obtained copies of some of my letters to K.H. En., including the letter mentioned here. This undated letter refers jokingly to "Woman, the vessel of evil.").

Xtx

e //

I did not say that the early Greek philosophers had "been proven wrong." I did say that their methods of reasoning were naive by modern standards, hence they were worth reading today only for esthetic reasons or because of their historical interest, not as a source of rational understanding.

I did not become "nervous" or "fidgety", and I did not leave the room at any time until all of the guests had left. I did repeatedly get up to take pieces of snack food from a bowl that was on a table five or six feet from where I was sitting. It is probably some garbled memory of this that leads Jeanne to say that I kept getting up and walking out. Date Es.'s statement that I "never made eye contact" with him is literally true, but it was he, not I, who avoided eye contact. I looked at Date Es.'s face a number of times during the evening, but he never looked back at me. I'm more than willing to put the matter to a test. I invite Mr. Es. to come and visit me in the presence of witnesses. Let the witnesses judge which of us has difficulty maintaining eye contact with the other.

Besides his evasion of eye contact, Dale Es. seemed unable to deal with any challenge to his opinions. Twice during the evening I made so bold as to disagree with him. In each case, instead of answering my argument, he just shut his mouth, elevated his nose, and looked away without saying anything.

K.H.En. didn't give the investigators any account of my behavior at the colloquium, or at least none is mentioned in the report that I have. He did have much else to say about me, however, and it is mostly fantasy. Unfortunately, no documents are available that confirm or refute his statements except in one case. According to the investigators' report of their interview with K.H. and Jeanne, "[K.H.J. and Jeanne compared Ted to Jeanne's brother Dan who was severely mentally ill and killed himself in 1984. In fact, Dave [Kaczynski] also knew Dan and saw

a clear parallel between $\stackrel{\bullet}{\text{Day}}$ and Ted. $\stackrel{\bullet}{\text{Dan}}$ had extremely rigid opinions and was often intolerant and impatient of divergent views. . . . Dave, in fact, found $\stackrel{\bullet}{\text{Day}}$ and Ted so similar that when $\stackrel{\bullet}{\text{Dan}}$ finally killed himself in 1984, he began to worry that Ted might do the same." $\stackrel{51}{}$

But here is what my brother wrote to me in 1984, shortly after Dan's suicide:

"I've been feeling kind of depressed the last couple of weeks since learning that 33Jeanne's brother Dan committed suicide. As he lived with [K.H.] and Jeanne, and didn't have a regular job, I spent quite a bit of time with him during my two visits in Rockport. We ... often talked about philosophy. ...

"[1]t was hard getting through to $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan}}$. On the other hand, he seemed to have a $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ message he was trying to get across, and which he didn't feel that I, [K-H-], or anyone $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ had yet appreciated adequately. So he must have felt a similar frustration with *us*, in answer to which, according to [K-H-], he seemed to be withdrawing from everyone more $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and more during the last couple of years. [K-H-] seemed to think that $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ suicide $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ was a 'rational act' – i.e. that it was a consequence of his ideas. The arresting thing for would-be intellectuals, such as [K-H-] and me, assuming this were true, is the facility and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ and resolution with which $\overrightarrow{\text{Dan's}}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ 'idea' translated itself into an act. [K-H-] ... is even $\overrightarrow{\text{A}}_{X}$ 'idea' 'id

"... When I spoke to [K.H.] on the phone, he still sounded unusually distraught. $\mathcal{J}_{\mathcal{F}}$ If Dan had intended at all to make a permanent, life-long impression on [K.H.] – to break through the barrier of mere philosophizing at last – then I think he might have succeeded. The rest of the family prefers – I suppose for obvious reasons – to interpret Dan's later years and his suicide as symptoms of a mental disease. . . $\mathbb{F}_{\mathcal{A}}^{\mathcal{A}}$ [Dan's death] reminded me of the sometimes dismal gulfs which isolate human beings from one another. It reminded me just a tad of myself, having ideas and affections, but often feeling at a loss for the proper means to share them. More acutely, I felt somewhat guilty, as if I were being called to account for my unresponsiveness to similar claims made on me by others." ^{52/}

In his interview \overrightarrow{K} . goes on and on about my supposed "intolerance" of other \cancel{k} people's ideas (making, at the same time, many false statements about my behavior).^{53/} As a matter of fact. I never had more than a very little philosophical or intellectual discussion with \overrightarrow{K} , but (though I was not knowingly tactless) that little apparently was $\overrightarrow{c} \times$ enough to show him that I did not respect him or his ideas, which presumably is why he thought I was "intolerant." If the reader were to make \overrightarrow{K} . 's acquaintance and $\overrightarrow{c} \times$ familiarize himself with his ideas, he would be able to make his own judgment as to whether my lack of respect for them was due to intolerance or to the quality of the ideas.

K.H. used to read children's comic books and claimed that he found philosophical messages in them. $\frac{54}{10}$ force asked him whether he believed the messages were put there intentionally or whether he created them himself out of the comic-book material. He answered that he preferred not to discuss the question at that time. Among many other inaccuracies that appear in Professor Peter Duren's interview with the investigators, there is the following:

"The last time that Professor Duren ever saw Ted was at the annual meeting of the American Math Society in San Francisco in 1968. Ted did not give a talk which was strange since professionally it was the right thing to do. Professor Duren saw Ted standing near the escalator. He went over to talk to Ted, and they had a very stiff, very brief conversation. The conversation consisted of Professor Duren asking questions that Ted did not feel like answering. Ted did not seem comfortable or happy." ^{55/}

This may be a case of mistaken identity or it may be just fantasy. I was not a member of the American Mathematical Society in 1968 and I have never in my life attended any kind of mathematical meeting outside of a university where I was a student or faculty member. I just wasn't that interested in mathematics. I suppose the names of participants in American Mathematical Society meetings are recorded, and if that is so, then it may be possible to get documentary proof that I was not at the 1968 meeting; but at present I am not able to provide such proof.

A few persons reported that in high school I was once stuffed in a locker by some "tough" kids and left there.⁵⁵⁷ If this had ever happened, it wouldn't be the kind of thing I would be likely to forget. Nor would I conceal it; I reported other humiliating incidents in my 1979 autobiography, so why conceal this one? I'd guess that a combination of media planting and mistaken identity are involved here. Ray Janz, who told the story in the media,⁵⁶⁷ probably had me mixed up with someone else. Others,

29

who knew that *some* student had been stuffed in a locker, heard Janz's story through the media and subsequently "remembered" that I was the victim.

In reference to my brother's years at Evergreen Park High School, Dale Es. (who was one of Dave's teachers there) told the investigators:

"Physically, . . . Dave was much smaller than his classmates. He was also socially awkward. Dave was shy and quiet and tended to keep to himself. Date never saw Dave hanging out with friends. . . . [S]ocially and physically, he was behind [his classmates]. . . . Dave seemed socially and physically awkward." $\frac{57}{5}$ Referring to the early 1970's, Date Es. said:

"Dave was still socially awkward and inept. . . [W]hen $\overrightarrow{\text{Dale}}$ and Dave went for walks in the Morton Arboretum, Dave made $\overrightarrow{\text{Dale}}$ walk ahead of him so that Dave did not have to speak to any people they passed. He told $\overrightarrow{\text{Dale}}$ he did not want to have to say hello to people." ^{58/}

Lois Skillen, guidance counselor at the school, described my brother during his high school years as follows:

"David was outgoing, friendly and sociable. . . . David had friends and played sports. . . . David was outgoing and happy. . . . David . . . sat down in the living room with all the women and immediately started to chat with them. David was laughing and having a good time. He was sweet, friendly and social." ^{59/}

The admirable consistency between Dale Es.'s description of my brother and Miss Skillen's should help the reader to estimate the value of these reports.

Much of the information that Skillen gave my investigators is inaccurate, but on this particular point she is right and Dale Es. is wrong. My brother is occasionally a little shy, and he wasn't socially polished, but he never had any trouble making friends. In high school, if anything, he was more outgoing than he was later. I don't have Dave's medical records, but they would probably show that he was at least average height for his age. Anyone who thinks Dave is physically awkward will soon change his mind if he plays tennis or ping-pong with him. The Morton Arboretum incident may well have occurred, since my brother occasionally behaves a little oddly. But it does not fairly represent his usual social behavior.

* * * * * *

It is interesting that there seems to be little relation between the intelligence of a informant and the accuracy of the reports that he gives about decades-old events. We've seen that an adequate university professor like Dr. Duren and an outstanding one like Dr. Eickelman ⁶⁰ were among those who gave grossly inaccurate accounts of my early years. Yet some people of modest intellectual attainments have given accounts that are fairly accurate. I suppose it's a matter of character. Some people As refrain from speaking when they aren't sure, whereas others find it difficult to control whereas others find it difficult to control

I've shown that several factors have operated in producing false reports about me, but I have little doubt that media planting is the most important one. The fact that so many people's memories of me have been warped as badly as they have been shows the awesome power of propaganda.

313

Scientific American recently published an interesting article on memoryplanting.^{61/} The phenomenon is not hypothetical; its existence has been proved.

* * * * * *

This book deals only with the way I have been misrepresented by my family and by the media. But the FBI, the prosecutors, and the shrinks have misrepresented me just as badly, and I expect to take them on in some later writing.

NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

/‹

- 1. (Hp) Daily Oklahoman, June 12, 1995.
- 2. Envelope X; see the three sheets marked with a green letter A at the top.

3. I am considering here only (Qb) Written Investigator Reports. I am leaving out of consideration (Kb) Lincoln Interviews, of which I have made very little use in this book, and which I have not taken the trouble to tabulate; except to the extent that some of the Lincoln interviews also occur among the Written Investigator Reports.

I am considering here only the Written Investigator Reports that I have received as of March 6, 1998. If I receive more such reports later, I will not bother to change the tabulation.

4. To experimental psychologists, "long-term" memory means any memory spanning more than thirty seconds. But here I use the expression "long-term" to indicate memories of events that have occurred years or decades in the past.

I have often been surprised to find that other people have failed to remember things that I remember quite clearly. Here is an example.

When I took German R at Harvard I sat next to a student name Kostinski. We had similar last names and we were the two best students in the class; he was best and I was second-best. Nine or ten years later when I was at Berkeley, in a building that contained the offices of some of the math department's junior faculty and graduate students, I encountered Kostinski, who was pacing back and forth absorbed in thought. I accosted him, saying, "Weren't you in German R at Harvard?" He looked at me blankly. "German R . . .?" To prod his memory I mentioned the instructor's name. "Miss Dreimanis." Kostinski broke into a broad smile and exclaimed, "Oh! Were you in that class?" I chatted with him for a few minutes, and he told me that he was a graduate student in the math department and was working on his doctoral dissertation. "I thought you were pre-med," I said. He answered, "I was, but I switched to math." Thus I correctly recalled Kostinski's name, his face, and the career he'd planned at the time I knew him, while he did not remember me at all, nor did he remember the designation of Miss Dreimanis's course (German R).

I am relying on memory for this thirty-year-old anecdote, but any reader who is sufficiently interested can check it out. It shouldn't be very difficult to determine whether the Berkeley math department in 1967, 1968, or 1969 had a graduate student named Kostinski who had taken German R at Harvard in the fall of 1958 and got an A in it. 5. Investigators #2 and #6 told me this at least three times during 1996 and S.H. early 1997. In the fall of 1997 I asked for confirmation and received it (03) C. Report From Investigator #2, November 10, 1997 reads: "My long-ter unusually accurate – confirmed by [Investigator #2] and [his/her] inve asked Investigator #2 for written confirmation and he/she gave me th

"Ted appears to have a good long term memory. Many people who have been interviewed have concurred with Ted's recollection of certain events. For example, Ted recalled that in college he had a classmate X____Y___, who rocked back and forth and Prof. Y____ confirmed this account. [Actually I remembered only the first name of this classmate; I'm not sure I ever knew his last name.] Ted has been able to recall names of teachers and people he knew from over thirty years ago as well as addresses, dates of birth and literature from childhood. [I don't know what dates of birth or literature Investigator #2 is referring to.] He has also recalled floor plans of residences and accurate maps of campuses that he hasn't been at in over thirty years ['accurate maps of campuses' should be deleted]." (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator #2, p.2.

I pointed out to Investigator #2 that "Ted appears to have a good long term memory" was a considerably weaker statement than the ones he/she had earlier given me orally. Investigator #2 agreed, said that the earlier, stronger statements were correct, and changed his/her written report to read: "Ted has a remarkably good long term memory." (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator #2, p.2.

6. (Ca) FL#423, letter from me to my mother, January 15, 1991, pp. 6,7: "What I especially hope you haven't thrown out is some old letters of mine. . . . I'm interested in the accuracy of long-term memory. . . . So I'd appreciate it if you could send me either the letters, or photocopies of them. . . . If it is not convenient for you to crawl up in the attic to rummage around for the letters, then of course you need not do so." (Ca) FL#424, letter from my mother to me, late January, 1991: "I'm too short and stiff to be able to climb safely into the attic *However*, I did find a box full of letters from you in your foot locker. . . . I'll send you the box full"

My mother did send me these letters, which comprised almost all of the letters from me that she'd saved from about 1968 through the 1980's, but I never even got around to glancing at them before my arrest. Later, when I was in jail, I was given copies of these letters as well as the older letters (1957-1968) that had been stored in the attic, and other letters written by or to members of my family.

It is because the past is important to me that I have been interested in the accuracy of long-term memory.

7. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard , p.81.

8. Same, pp. 37, 38.

9. "Ren" is meant as an abbreviation for "Renaissance thought and literature."

10. "hum gen" is an abbreviation for "human genetics."

11. "Eng intel hist" is an abbreviation for "English intellectual history."

12. I can think of two exceptions. For one thing, I remembered incorrectly where my mother got her bachelor's degree. For another thing, my investigators mentioned to me that someone had talked about my carrying a briefcase in high school. I answered that I had carried a briefcase in eighth grade, but not in high school. The investigators then pointed out that in 1979 I still remembered carrying a briefcast high school, since I recorded in my autobiography an incident involving a Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 28. Since I clearly remembered the briefcase in agreed that they were right. Thinking the matter over later, I thought I remain as a result of having been needled for carrying a briefcase in eighth grade I decided not to use one in high school, and did not use one in my freshman and sophomore years, but went back to carrying a briefcase in my third and last year of high school. Since I recalled that the briefcase incident had happened in American History class, I-concluded that I-must have had that class in my-last-year of high-school. I-thenchecked my high school record and found that this was correct. (Fb) School Records of TJK, E.P. High School.

13. I remembered the name of J.F.Se.'s sister as Gloria, but J.F.Sc. told my investigators that her sister's name was Diane. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #124, J.F.Sc., p.2.

Joel Solucail

24

More significantly, when I wrote my autobiographical notes in 1979, I remembered that my mother had given my address to the daughter of a couple who were friends of my parents because she thought that the young lady and I had common interests and she hoped we would get together. This would have made no sense unless the young lady was living in or near Ann Arbor, where I was at the time; but she told my investigators that she had never lived in Ann Arbor. So it seems that my memory of what my mother wrote me was wrong. (Unless it was my mother who got the facts garbled, which is possible.) See (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 150.

14. For an example see (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988 (corrected version), pp. 13, 14.

15. (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator #2, p. 5.

16. For example, in (Qb) Written Investigator Reports #34, 47, 59, 60, 82, 85, 124, 146, 154, 161, among others.

17. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #154, Leroy Weinberg, p.2.

18. When I was a teenager, my mother told me that old Mrs. Butcher, who lived next door to the V.'s, had said to her that I was *such* a nice boy, because I always returned her greeting when I passed her, whereas Norma Jean V. often failed to return her greeting and walked on by without looking at her.

19. (Qb) Written Investigator Report, #47, Dr. L.Hz.

20 (Kb) Lincoln Interviews, p. 18. I remember a good deal of what I talked about with R.Cb. and Dr. L.Hz. On one occasion the patient who preceded me left in a bad mood, and, because R.Cb. had a suspicion that this man might be a wife-beater, she phoned his wife and warned her that her husband was coming home upset. That got us onto the subject of domestic abuse. I mentioned that some studies had found that there was about as much physical abuse of husbands by wives as vice versa. Dr. L.Hz. answered that the wives probably didn't do much damage because they weren't strong enough. "I've had women pound on me," he said, "and it didn't bother me." | replied, "Some women are strong enough to hit hard." R.Cb. agreed, and mentioned a local woman who had knocked some man down. I said that some time earlier I had read an article in a news magazine (probably Time) about domestic abuse. I mentioned that the article had taken the same position as Dr. L.Hz.: Because women were smaller they probably didn't do much damage. But, I continued, in the next issue of the same magazine there was a letter from an emergency-room doctor who said that in his experience women often did plenty of damage, because they were more likely than men to use weapons; he mentioned husbands who had been slashed with an axe or scalded with boiling water. As the conversation continued I asked R.Cb. and Dr. L.Hz., "Why do they [the abused women] marry jerks like that?" R.Cb. and Dr. L.Hz. answered. "Low self-esteem; maybe their fathers abused them and they think that's a normal relationship . . . [etc.]." Either R.Cb. or Dr. L.Hz. mentioned something about a television program on the subject.

On other occasions Dr. L.Hz. and I talked about the soluble compounds of gold, about gypsum, plaster of Paris, and Portland cement, and other subjects, and I could go on and on recounting the details of these conversations, but I think I've said enough to show that Dr. L.Hz's claim that I was so quiet as to seem odd is ludicrous.

21. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #34, Dale Eickelman, pp. 4,5. It is my sophomore year in college, not high school, that is referred to, since Professor Eickelman correctly states that I visited his home during the summer following my freshman year at Harvard.

stet all names exc. Duba

22. The eight are Larry S., Bob C., Barbara B., Jerry U., Bob Pe., Tom Kn., G. O'H Da., Teny L. Six of these eight friendships are documented, but four are documented only by my own autobiographies. Two have been confirmed independently (Bob Pe. by Bob Pe. himself, Tom Kn. by Tom Kn.'s mother). For references see Chapter III, pp. 79, 87, 88, and associated footnotes. Of the other friends, my investigators spoke only to one: S. Da. who neither confirmed nor denied that I was good friends with him. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #28, S. Da. Actually I was close to G. Da. only during one school year. With Jerry U. I was friends from seventh or eighth grade through the summer following my first year at Harvard; with the others I was friends for shorter SH periods. Jerry U., Bob Pe., and Tom Kn. visited my home, and I visited their homes, on multiple occasions. I visited the homes of Bob C., G. Da., and Terry L. on various occasions, but I don't clearly remember that any of them visited my home. I took two extended excursions with Bob C. In a letter written in 1958, my mother confirmed that I shad several friends: (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 18.

23. One reason why Eickelman never encountered any friends at my house and why I never brought any friends to his house was that I never much liked the fact, I thought he was somewhat of a creep: (Ac) Autobiog of TJK f tended to spend time with him only when he thrust himself on me of nothing better to do. Thus, if I had had a friend with me, and if I phoned to suggest that we get together, I probably would have put the or with some excuse. (Since our homes were so far apart, Eickelman and I generally phoned before visiting one another.)

In his interview with my investigators, (Qb) Written Investigator Report #34, p.2, Professor Eickelman related a particularly grotesque anecdote about me. Since he may have related the same anecdote to the FBI, and since the Justice Department has a habit of leaking things about my case, I had better take this opportunity to state that the anecdote is false. Anyone who knows my mother at all well knows that I would never have dared to do such a thing in her presence. If I had done it she would have been horrified beyond all description; when we got home I would have received a vicious tongue-lashing and I wouldn't have heard the end of it for months afterward.

Professor Eickelman's memory is playing some trick on him here. He is perhaps recalling something that either he or I did not in my mother's presence but under very private circumstances. I could give a plausible explanation for this recollection of Professor Eickelman's, but I will refrain from doing so because I am not anxious to reveal information that would cause embarrassment both to me and to Professor Eickelman.

المنافعة المنافعة عند المنافعة (Qb) Written Investigator Report #157, G and D. كلا., p.4.

37

25. (Ba) Journals of TJK, Series III #5, March 26, 1975, pp. 32-36.

(Ca) FL #154, letter from me to my parents, late March, 1975, pp. 2.3. 26. Both in this letter and in the journal entry it is mentioned that Pinkston talked to me about the KGB in a low tone, so that G. Wi. couldn't hear. However, as we were driving back down off the mountain I told G. Wi. about what Pinkston had said to me. Moreover, the next spring (1975), G. Wi. met Pinkston up on the mountain again, and later told me that Pinkston was a nice, helpful fellow, "but he did talk a little bit about the KGB." It was on this second meeting that G. Wi. learned Pinkston's name. Some time later he told me that Pinkston had died. I understand that Larry Davis, the local game warden for the Lincoln area at the time, had been bringing groceries up to Pinkston. and it's possible he may be able to confirm some of this information.

27. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #87, Russell Mosny 1996, p.1.

> 28. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 25.

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #30. 4. D.2. 29.

30. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p.21.

31. (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 2, paragraph 7.

32. Same, pp. 2,3, paragraphs 8-10.

9 or of 33. For example, (Qb) Written Investigator Reports #6, K-BI, p.1: #134, Lois Skillen, p.8; #152, E. Wr., p.3. Also see Note 57.

34. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #151, Chris Waits. (Hi) Blackfoot Valley Dispatch, January 29, 1998, February 5(?), 1998, February 12, 1998.

35. (Qb) Written Investigator Reports.

36. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #79, Patrick McIntosh, p.1.

- 37. Same, p.5.
- 38. Same, p.6.

39. Same, p.8.

40. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #77, John Masters, p.1.

41. Same, p.3. 42. Same, pp. 3, 4.

43. Same, p.5.

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #98, W.P., pp. 4, 5, 44

45. Same, p.5.

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #28, G. Da., p.4. 46.

47. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #104, Roger Podewell, p.3. 23

48. Jeanne-En. lists these as the usual participants. See (Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, K.H. and Jeanne En., p.13. Dale Es. lists the usual participants as himself, my brother, my parents, and Bavid and Shirley Hbr. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #32, Dale Es., p.7. I had never heard of David and Shirley 3.4+96 Her. until I read this report. At the one colloquium I attended, the participants were those I've listed. 1

49.	خ ک (Qb) Written Investigator Report #32, D alg E s., pp. 7,8.	c۲
	56+73	
50.	(Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, K.H. and Jeanne En., pp. 14, 15.	сX

えっ

74

C×

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, K.H. and Jeanne En., pp. 14, 15. 50.

- 51. Same, p.10.
- (Ca) FL #293, letter from David Kaczynski to me, October 1 or 2, 1984. 52.

D2 In reference to the attitudes that my brother and the End's held toward me c× o 子 at the time of Dan's suicide, it may be worthwhile to quote also another letter of my < × brother's. At some point during 1984, knowing that my brother was going to visit K.H. and Jeanne, I sent him in care of them three cartoons that I had drawn, with some humorous commentary in Spanish. In reply Dave wrote me (Ca) FL #289, Summer, 1984, pp. 2-4;

lotter "I ended up having to translate your long letter [It was] well worth it in light of the jokes which dawned on us in the process. I gathered that in your historiography of boasts there was somewhat of a serious message as well. Your humor is so inventive and so highly original that I never cease to marvel at it, while at the same time finding it a pity that it's restricted to such a small audience. You asked 06+73 me once whether [K.H.] and Jeanne are in any way capable of being offended by coarse humor. Now I can tell you that [K.H.] enjoyed the two cartoons which might 3'6 have been considered coarse immensely, whereas Jeanne's reaction seemed rather \mathcal{P}_{3} complicated. ... [S]he pointed out some very artful touches in your cartoons. And I found myself very much in agreement with her. Have you ever thought of trying to sell

your cartoons to magazines? . . . I honestly and I believe withou cartoons on the average the most interesting I've ever seen."

This does not contradict in any specific way what K_{max} and $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{6}$ $\frac{1}{6}$ $\frac{2}{7}$ $\frac{2}{3}$ the investigators about me, but it doesn't comport very well with the image of me that they conveyed.

53. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, K.H. and Jeanne Eft., pp. 7-10.

54. (Ca) FL #304, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late spring or summer of 1985, p.1: "I was amused by the Mexican comic book. (But you should have included a critical analysis by [K.H. En.] explaining the hidden philosophical messages.)"

(Ca) FL #220, letter from me to David Kaczynski, August 28, 1979, p.2:

"[K:H.] sent me a copy of a 'Red Sonja*' comic book (footnote: *An absurd female hero.), asserting that 'to imaginative minds it drips of philosophical lessons.'

"In reply I sent him [mimicking Nietzsche's style]:

" ' I have no time** to listen to thy teaching, Zarathustra,' said the small man, 'For I must mow my lawn and tend my melons. I have no time to listen to prophesies. I have no time to be an arrow of longing for the farther shore.' (footnote: **[K.H.] wrote that he would read some Nietsche [sic], except that he had no time cause he was too busy mowing his lawn, tending [melons; the rest of this footnote is cut off on the Xerox copy that I have.].)

"'How then,' answered Zarathustra, 'hast thou time to read the book of a naked harlot pretending to be a hero? Knowest thou not that a dark cloud hangs over men and that even now are falling one by one the heavy drops that herald the lighting? What then signify thy lawnmower and thy melons? Verily, thou art become as the last man.' Thus spake Zarathustra. – Nietsche [sic], *Zarathustra*, part 5." (The footnotes were in the original letter. According to Nietzsche, the "last man" is a despicable and degenerate human type.)

This is a sample of the way I used to tease K.H. about his comic-book philosophy. I intended the teasing to be gentle and humorous, but it may be that I wounded K.H. without realizing it.

50

cx

55. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #29, Peter L. Duren, pp. 9,10.

56. (Qb) Written Investigator Reports #28, G. Da., p.2; #55, Jehn Je., pp. 1,2. Ray Janz's story was reported in (Hm) San Francisco Chronicle, April 29, 1996; (Hn) *Chicago Tribune*, April 16, 1996; (Ja) *Mad Genius*, p. 26. According to all three of these reports, Janz stated that I used a pocket protector.

~~ ~

57. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #32, Dale Es., pp. 1,2.

58. Same, p. 4.

59. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #134, Lois Skillen, pp. 3, 6-8.

60. Professor Eickelman reported to my investigators that Harvard was attempting to recruit him. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #34, Dale Eickelman, p.1.

61. (Hk) Scientific American, May, 1997, pp. 24, 28.

CHAPTER I

I will begin with one of the biggest lies of all, a kind of family myth manufactured by my mother.

I have only a vague recollection of the version of this story that I heard from my parents in childhood. In essence it was that as a baby I had been hospitalized with a severe case of hives (urticaria), and that I was so frightened by this separation from my ital. ? parents that I was forever after excessively nervous about being left alone by them.

It is not clear to me why my parents thought I was unduly afraid of being separated from them. It may have been because they became accustomed to being away from their own parents at an especially early age - - my mother's mother was a antuste drunken, irresponsible slut ¹ who probably left her children unattended on frequent occasions, and my father was an extravert who spent much of his childhood running with gangs of boys rather than in the nome (according to the stories he told me). In any a case, as I look back on it now, I don't think I was any more anxious about being left alone than the average kid of my age. When I was perhaps six or seven years old, my mother began leaving me home alone for an hour or two at a time, and I did not find it difficult to adjust to this. At about the same age I once attended a movie with my father in a strange neighborhood far from home, and after the movie, he left me standing alone outside the theater for ten or fifteen minutes while he went to get the car. I felt a good deal of anxiety while waiting for my father, but I think not more than is normal for a kid of that age under such circumstances. I certainly did not feel panicky nor did I doubt that my father would return. He told me afterward that he had left me alone in order to

42

help me get over what he called my fear of being away from my parents.

My parents retained their belief that I had an unusual fear of being separated from them until I was thirteen years old. At that age/I was sent away to summer camp for two weeks. Though I was somewhat homesick, I had no serious difficulty in adjusting to the experience, ^{2/} and after that, as far as I can remember, my parents never again mentioned my supposed fear of being "abandoned" by them -- until many years later, when my mother resuscitated the myth of "that hospital experience" in exaggerated and melodramatic form. Her motives for doing so will be explained in Chapter IV. For the moment, I am concerned only to describe the myth itself and to refute it.

Here is the myth in my mother's own words, from a letter that she wrote to me on December 24, 1984:

"[Your hatred of your parents] I think, I am convinced, has its source in your traumatic hospital experience in your first year of life. You had to be hospitalized with a sudden, very serious allergy that could have choked off your breath. In those days hospitals would not allow a parent to stay with a sick child, and visits were limited to one hour twice a week. I can still hear you screaming 'Mommy, Mommy!' in panic as the nurse forced me out of the room. My God! how I wept. My heart broke. I walked the floor all night weeping, knowing you were horribly frightened and lonely. Knowing you thought yourself abandoned and rejected when you needed your mother the most. How could you, at nine months, understand why – in your physical misery – you were turned over to strangers. When I finally brought [you ^{3/}] home you were a changed

personality. You were a dead lump emotionally. You didn't smile, didn't look at us, didn't respond to us in any way. I was terrified. What had they done to my baby? Obviously, the emotional pain and shock you suffered those four days became deeply embedded in your brain -- your sub-conscious. I think you rejected, you hated me from that time on. We rocked you, cuddled you, talked to you, read to you -- did everything we could think of to stimulate you. How we loved you, yearned over you. Some said we spoiled you, were too lenient, doted on you too much. But you were our beloved son -- our first born and we wanted so much to have you love us back. But I think that emotional pain and fear never completely left you. Every now and then throughout your life, I saw it crop up." #

I was surprised when I saw that in this letter my mother described my hospitalization as having lasted only four days. She had previously told me -- repeatedly -- that it had lasted a week, ^{5/} and that I had been "inert," "a dead lump," for a month after I came home.

Here is what my brother reportedly said about "that hospital experience" when he was interviewed by the FBI:

"TED had a severe allergic reaction and was hospitalized for several weeks. His parents were only allowed short daily visits and TED became unresponsive and withdrawn during his stay in the hospital." ⁶/

"When TED was a year or so old, he was hospitalized after suffering a 'severe allergic reaction.' His parents were restricted from visiting him for more than a few minutes a day, and when he recovered and was taken home two or three weeks later they noticed that he was markedly unresponsive and displayed a significantly 'flat effect' (emotionless appearance). It took weeks and even months for his parents to reestablish a satisfactory relationship with TED, and WANDA attributes much of TED's emotional disturbance as an adolescent to this early trauma." ^{7/}

"DAVE stated that on four distinct occasions, TED has displayed a type of 'almost catatonic' behavior which has long perplexed and mystified his family. The first was his withdrawal after a three-week hospital stay when he was an infant." ^{8/}

Here is what my brother told the New York Times:

"David, who had been told the story by his parents, said that the infant Teddy developed a severe allergy and was hospitalized for a week. 'There were rigid regulations about when parents could and couldn't visit,' David said. He recalled that on two occasions, his parents 'were allowed to visit him for one hour.'

"After Teddy came home, 'he became very unresponsive,' David said. 'He had been a smiling, happy, jovial kind of baby beforehand, and when he returned from the hospital he showed little emotions [sic] for months.' " ^{9/}

Newsweek cited information from federal investigators (who presumably were relaying information received from my mother or my brother) as follows:

"The first clue is something that happened when Kaczynski was only 6 months old. According to federal investigators, little 'Teddy John,' as his parents called him, was hospitalized for a severe allergic reaction to a medicine he was taking. He had to be isolated — his parents were unable to see him or hold him for several weeks. After this separation, family members have told the Feds, the baby's personality, once bubbly and vivacious, seemed to go 'flat.' " 10/

Time gave a similar report. 11/

The FBI's "302" reports often contain inaccuracies, and (as we will show later) journalists' reports are extremely prone to gross inaccuracies that result from carelessness, incompetence, or intentional lying. But the fact that several different sources gave roughly similar accounts is a good indication of the kind of information my brother and mother had been giving out.

Furthermore, on April 12, 1996, Investigator #1, an investigator for the Federal Defender's office at Helena, Montana, interviewed my mother in Washington, D.C. According to Investigator #1's notes, my mother gave her the story as follows:

"When Ted was nine or 10 months old, he developed a severe and sudden allergic reaction to something, his entire body swelled, and he had severe itching all over. Wanda walked with him the entire night, and took him to the University of Chicago-Children's Teaching Hospital first thing in the morning. She described the hospital visit as very traumatic for both Ted and his mother. When they arrived, Ted was taken from Wanda by a nurse and put in a separate room. Ted started screaming and crying, calling nonstop for his mother, who also started crying . . . That Friday the hospital called Wanda and said she could come and pick Ted up, as the swelling had subsided. When Wanda arrived at the hospital, she was handed her son, who she described as 'a dead lump.' She said Ted would not respond to her or her husband at all for weeks after the hospital stay. Wanda and Theodore spent hours trying to bring Ted out of his shell, coaxing a smile, or attempting to get him to play with a toy, mostly without success

"After the stay in the hospital, Wanda described Ted as much more clingy, and less trusting of strangers. He would scream whenever he was taken into a strange building, fearful his parents were going to leave him. About four or five months after Ted was released from the hospital, he fell while running in the house, and split his tongue. Wanda rushed him to the hospital, where he immediately began screaming and fighting. ...

5 See p. 50

babybK

Ruth data a d

"Ted's regular pediatric visits were always upsetting, as Ted acted terrified of doctors." ^{12/}

How accurate is this picture? Fortunately that question is easy to resolve, because my mother kept a "Baby Book," or diary of my development as an infant. The book contained printed instructions and questions with blank spaces left for the parent to fill in. (When quoting from the Baby Book, I will put the printed matter in italics and material written by my mother in ordinary type.) The following excerpt from the Baby Book includes every word of my mother's account of "that hospital experience," from the first appearance of the symptoms to my apparently complete recovery.

My age at the time was just over nine months.

"FORTY-FIRST WEEK. Dates, from Feb. 26 to Mar 5 [1943]

"Saturday, the 27th [of February] Mother noticed small red splotches on baby's stomach and neck, as the day progressed the splotches spread. In the evening we took him to the hospital. The doctor diagnosed them as hives. Sunday [February 28] the hives were worse but baby seemed not effected [sic] by them. We took him for a

47

long ride in his buggy. Shortly after we returned we noticed the baby had a fever. Cailed the hospital and was told to give him frequent baths & ½ aspirin every 3 hrs. Monday morning [March 1] the baby was examined at Bobs Roberts [Hospital] by $\sqrt{-2}$ several doctors. The concensus [sic] of opinion was that baby had a bad case of urticaria [hives, rash] & should be left at the hospital. Wednesday [March 3], mother went to visit baby. The doctors still think he has an extreme case of urticaria but are not sure. The [sic] ommitted [sic] eggs from his diet. Mother felt very sad about baby. She says he is quite subdued, has lost his abandoned virve [sic] & aggressiveness and has developed an institutionalized look.

"FORTY-SECOND WEEK. Dates, from Mar. 5 to Mar. 12 [1943]

"Baby's home from hospital. Perfectly healthy But quiet and unresponsive after his experience. Hope his sudden removal to hospital and consequent unhappiness will not harm him.

"Later in the week – Baby is quite himself again. Vivacious and demanding. Says 'bye-bye' by waving his hand. [Etc.]" ^{13/}

According to hospital records ¹⁴, I was admitted on March 1, 1943 and released on March 6, so I was hospitalized for five days. Since the statement that I was quite myself again could not have been written later than March 12, it took me *at most* six days (and possibly much less time) to make an apparently complete recovery. It should also be noted that a careful study of my medical records has turned up *no* mention of my supposed unresponsiveness. Furthermore, on September 6, 1996, my Aunt Freda (Freda Dombek Tuominen) was interviewed in Gainesville, Florida by two investigators working on my case. She told them that she was away on a two-week vacation when I was hospitalized from March 1 to 6, 1943. When she returned, someone mentioned to her that I had been in the hospital, but after that she heard nothing more about the episode until it was publicized in the media following my arrest. ^{15/} Since Freda was very close to my parents during the 1940's, this is a clear indication that *at that time*, my mother did not attach much importance to the hospitalization and that the effect on me was not obviously serious.

What about my mother's statement that "Ted's regular pediatric visits were always upsetting, as Ted acted terrified of doctors?" ^{12/} That is another lie. The Baby Book and my medical records show four, and only four, instances in which I appeared to be afraid of doctors or nurses, and two of these occurred *before* "that hospital experience." Here are the corresponding entries from the Baby Book and the medical records:

"FIFTH WEEK. Dates, from June 19 to June 26 [1942].

"... When the doctor was handling him today he cried a great deal. ... Perhaps he was frightened of the unfamiliar surroundings and handling."

"SEVENTEENTH WEEK. Dates, from Sept. 11 to Sept. 18 [1942].

"... Sept. 15. When taken for his periodic examination the child became very frightened of the doctor." ^{17/}

In the medical records the two foregoing examinations are recorded, but no mention is made of my reaction to the doctor, ¹⁸/₂ which probably indicates that the doctor did not consider my reaction unusual.

My hospitalization occurred during the latter part of my forty-first week. About a month later, the following reaction was reported in the Baby Book:

"FORTY-SIXTH WEEK. Dates, from 4/2 to 4/9 [1943].

"This week we visited the hospital with Teddy. When mother took him in to be undressed & weighed Teddy saw the nurses in their white uniforms & immediately HOWLED. It's evident he remembered his sojurn [sic] in the hospital. It took about 10 min. for mother to calm him. When the doctor entered the little room that he was taken to after being weighed there was no definite reaction other than interest in her, but as soon as she attempted to examine him he yowled." ^{19/}

The hospital record of this examination does not mention my fearful reaction. ^{20/} The last instance in which I showed fear of medical personnel is mentioned in my medical records, but not the Baby Book (which does not go beyond December 25, 1943):

"June 27, 1944 . . . Reluctant to carry examination. child is fearful of white coats since his visit for repair of his tongue." ^{21/}

The reference is to an injury to my tongue $\frac{227}{2}$ that had occurred about two months earlier, on April 29, 1944. Note that this extract from the medical records clearly implies that prior to the tongue injury, I was *not* fearful of medical personnel. That I was not afraid of doctors or nurses for at least nine or ten months preceding my tongue injury is confirmed by the absence of any mention in the Baby Book or the medical records of any such fear on my part between April 9, 1943 (about a month after my hospitalization) and April 29, 1944 (the date of my tongue injury), even though the medical records and

the Baby Book report that I was examined at the University of Chicago clinics ^{23/} on May 18, 1943, June 13, 1943, October 19, 1943, January 11, 1944, and January 18, 1944. Moreover, the Baby Book's one-year inventory of the child's development (late May, 1943, less than three months after "that hospital experience") includes the question, "*Does he* [the baby] *show persistent fear of anything?*" My mother left the question blank. ^{24/}

After my tongue injury (which, by the way, did not require hospitalization), my mother told a doctor that I was "quite fearful of hospitals" (see extract below, April 4, 1945). But that I had no *long-lasting* fear of doctors or hospitals is confirmed by the following extracts from the medical records ^{25/}:

"June 13, 1943. ... Healthy w-d [well-developed?] well nourished infant. No pathological findings."

(No mention of unresponsiveness or fear of doctors.)

"April 4, 1945 . . . appetite excellent. Plays well with other children. Quite fearful (?) of hospitals."

(Evidently the doctor is recording information furnished by my mother. The question mark after "fearful" is in the original and possibly indicates skepticism on the part of the doctor. Further along in the report of this same examination:)

"Sturdy, well nourished boy with good color who tries to manipulate his mother by temper [?] outbursts. Submits [illegible] but not quickly [or quietly?] to examination – after she is sent from the room. Quite agreeable at conclusion of examination."

(The foregoing entry contradicts my mother's claim that I was afraid of being left

by my parents, since the departure of my mother calmed me and caused me to submit to the examination.)

"January 4, 1946 . . . A well nourished [?] adequately muscled [?] very whiny little boy."

"April 10, 1946 . . . A whiny but fairly cooperative boy"

"October 16, 1947 . . . A pleasant, quiet, alert, slender boy"

"December 8, 1947 . . . A friendly, intelligent youngster who is not acutely ill. He is extremely inquisitive of all that is said and requests explanations."

The foregoing include all of the passages in my surviving medical records up to age 6 that have any bearing on my behavior in the presence of doctors or nurses. So much for my mother's claim that "Ted's regular pediatric visits were always upsetting, as Ted acted terrified of doctors."

According to the *Washington Post*, "Ted had an almost paralyzing uneasiness around strangers, a reaction, again, that Wanda traced back to Ted's childhood hospitalization." ^{25/}

Apart from the few cases in which I showed fear of doctors or nurses, the Baby Book reports two, and only two, cases in which I was frightened by strangers, and both of these cases occurred *before* my "hospital experience."

"ELEVENTH WEEK. Dates, from July 31 to Aug 7 [1942]

"Twice this week the baby was on the verge of crying when approached by unfamiliar persons. After a bit of handling and talking to by the strangers he became very friendly, cooing and smiling in response to their overtures." ^{27/} How did I react to strangers (apart from doctors and nurses) *after* the "hospital experience?" Only two pages in the Baby Book provide relevant information. The one-year inventory of the child's development instructs the parent:

"Underline each of the following terms which seems descriptive of the child's behavior. Doubly underline those which are shown very frequently or in a marked degree"

The Baby Book then lists thirteen terms. One of them is "shyness," and my mother underlined it once. (The other terms are "curiosity," which my mother underlined doubly; "excitability," "impulsiveness," "cautiousness," "jealousy," "stubbornness," "cheerfulness", "sensitiveness," "boisterousness," all of which my mother underlined once; and "irritability," "listlessness," "placidity," which my mother did not underline at all. ²⁹ The same terms were listed in the nine-month inventory, and there my mother underlined "curiosity" doubly, she underlined "excitability," "impulsiveness," "stubbornness," and "boisterousness" once, and she underlined none of the others. ²⁹)

Further along in the one-year inventory we find:

"Does child show greater interest in children or in adults? Describe. Either definitely likes or dislikes adults Loves to tussle with other children *Is he usually shy or friendly with strange women*? either *men*? either *children*? friendly *Does he show any special preferences for certain persons*? Yes *Describe* For unaccountable reasons will either be very friendly or unfriendly to strangers. But almost always friendly to people he knows." ^{28/} About seven weeks after the "hospital experience" and three weeks before the one-year inventory, we find in the Baby Book:

"FORTY-NINTH WEEK. Dates, from 4/23 to 4/30 [1943].

"When the door buzzer rings Teddy, when in his walker, immediately skoots [sic] to the door, no matter what he's occupied with at the time. When not in the walker he insists on being carried or assisted in going himself." ^{30/}

Since I was so anxious to meet visitors, it's clear that I had no particular fear of strangers and was not excessively shy. The statement that I had "an almost paralyzing fear of strangers" going back to my "childhood hospitalization" is another lie.

Did my hospitalization at the age of nine months have any lasting effect on my personality or behavior? I do not know the answer to that question. But it is obvious that if the experience tended to make me permanently fearful of doctors or of strangers, or if it made me less social, then the effect was so mild that it is not clear whether there was any effect at all.

Psychologists consulted by my defense team searched the literature for reports of empirical studies of children who had suffered separation from their parents at an early age. They found only one study ³¹/ that was closely relevant to my case. This study shows that my reaction to hospitalization and my recovery from it were quite normal for an infant hospitalized under those conditions. While the study found that all "overt" effects of hospitalization in such infants disappeared within 80 days, at most, and usually in a fraction of that time, the infants were not observed for a long enough period to determine whether there were any subtler, long-lasting effects.

54

Thus it remains an open question whether my hospitalization had any permanent effect on my personality. The aim of this chapter has not been to prove that there could not have been such an effect, but that whatever that effect may have been, it was not what my mother and brother have described.

My mother's and brother's motives for lying about me will be dealt with later. (See Appendix 1 for further evidence of my mother's untruthfulness.)

* * * * * *

- ころうちのないのであるとのであるとないできたのであるとないであるのであるとうないないであるとうないない

lang ^{`»}TTK

The passage from the Baby Book that describes my "hospital experience" provides an example of the way the media lie. In an article in the *Washington Post*, journalists Serge F. Kovaleski and Lorraine Adams quoted the Baby Book as follows:

"Feb. 27, 1943. Mother went to visit baby. . . . Mother felt very sad about bab She says he is quite subdued, has lost his verve and aggressiveness and has developed an institutionalized look.

"March 12, 1943. Baby home from hospital and is healthy but quite unresponsive after his experience. Hope his sudden removal to hospital and consequent unhappiness will not harm him." ^{32/}

Compare this with the accurate transcription of the passage given a few pages back. Kovaleski and Adams have made important changes. On February 27 I was still at home. I was not hospitalized until March 1, and the entry that Kovaleski and Adams dated "Feb. 27" actually refers to March 3. Kovaleski and Adams assign the date March 12 to an entry that was obviously written earlier, and they completely omit the entry that shows that on or before March 12 I had already recovered completely from "that hospital experience."

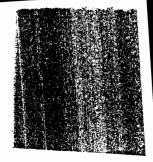
Kovaleski and Adams altered not only the dates but also the wording of the passage. The most important change was that, where the Baby Book states that I was "quiet and unresponsive," Kovaleski and Adams wrote that I was "quite unresponsive."^{33/}

The effect of these obviously intentional changes is to give the impression that the "hospital experience" and its consequences were much more long-lasting and severe than they really were.

CXC-6: As per TJK



NOTES TO CHAPTER I



1. (Ae) Autobiog of Wanda, entire document. (Cb) FL Supplementary Itern #4, letter from my Aunt Freda to my mother, October 1, 1986. Supported by oral communications to me from my mother and my uncle Benny Dombek up to 1979.

2. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 36: "I felt rather homesick at this place, but not excessively so. I got along alright." (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 5 has: "Up to quite recently . . . I was very dependent on [my parents] in that I became unhappy if far away from them for any length of time, say a couple of days or more. Before coming to Harvard [at the age of sixteen], I was greatly afraid that I would suffer much from home sickness, but after a couple of weeks of unhappiness, this no longer bothered me at all. The ties seem to have snapped completely, as it no longer bothers me at all to be away from home."

3. A small part of the original letter is missing here, but it is clear from the context that the word "you" should appear.

4. (Ca) FL #297, letter from my mother to me, December 24, 1984.

5. Both in (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 1 and (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 1, I gave the period of hospitalization as a week. I could only have gotten that information from my parents -- probably my mother, since my father rarely said anything about "that hospital experience."

- 6. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 3.
- 7. (Na) FBI 302 number 2, p. 6.
- 8. (Na) FBI 302 number 3, p. 3.
- 9. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 3.
- 10. (Hf) Newsweek, April 22, 1996, p. 29.
- 11. (Hg) *Time*, April 22, 1996, p. 46.
- 12. (Ka) Interview of Wanda by Investigator #1, pp. 1, 2.
- 13. (Bc) Baby Book, pp. 111, 112.
- 14. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., March 1-6, 1943, pp. 13, 14, 19.

15. (Qa) Oral report from Investigator #2, February 5, 1997. The fact that the duration of the vacation was two weeks is from (Qa) Oral report of Investigator #3, February 18, 1997. According to (Ra) Oral report from Dr. K., March 29, 1997, in a later interview Freda told Dr. K. that she was no longer sure that she was away on vacation at the time of my hospitalization. Instead, as a college student, she may have been absorbed in her studies and temporarily out of touch with my parents. But she still affirmed that she had been told nothing about "that hospital experience" beyond the bare mention of the fact that I had been in the hospital. (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., February 12, 1998, and (Rb) Written Information Confirmed by Dr. K., item #1, repeat this same information, but give May 8, 1997 as the date on which Dr. K. obtained the information from Freda. Note that I have a record of receiving this information from Dr. K. on March 29, 1997. So either Freda gave Dr. K. the same information twice in different interviews, or else I inadvertently wrote "March 29" for "May 29" when I dated the information, or else Dr. K. made an error about the date.

In any case, the most important parts of the foregoing information have been confirmed in writing by Investigator #2. (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator #2, p. 1: "Freda Tuominen was away on vacation when Ted was hospitalized as an infant. Upon her return she heard that Ted had been in the hospital but heard nothing about it [sic] the hospitalization until she read about it in the media."

16. (Bc) Baby Book, p. 74.

17. Same, p. 85.

18. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., June 23, 1942, p. 7; September 15, 1942, p. 8.

- 19. (Bc) Baby Book, p. 113.
- 20. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., April 6, 1943, p. 12.
- 21. Same, June 27, 1944, p. 26.
- 22. Same, April 29, 1944, p. 25.

23. The May 18, 1943 examination is reported in (Bc) Baby Book, p. 66, but not in the medical records, from which a page appears to be missing. The other four examinations are recorded in (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., June 13, 1943 and October 19, 1943, p. 23; January 11 and 18, 1944, p. 24. The "7/13/43" examination reported in (Bc) Baby Book, p. 66, is an error on the part of my mother. It should be 6/13/43, as is shown by the fact that next to 7/13/43, my mother has the notation "smallpox vaccination," and the medical records report the vaccination on June 13, 1943.

24. (Bc) Baby Book, p. 122.

25. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., June 13, 1943, p. 23; April 4, 1945, p. 26; January 4, 1946, p. 27; April 10, 1946, p. 29; October 16, 1947, p. 33; December 8, 1947, p. 34.

26. (Hb) Washington Post, June 16, 1996, p. A20.

27. (Bc) Baby Book, p. 76.

28. Same, p. 122.

29. Same, p. 107.

30. Same, p. 114.

31. (La) Schaffer and Callender, "Psychologic Effects of Hospitalization," *Pediatrics*, October, 1959. This study considered only babies who were not being breast-fed at the time they entered the hospital. I fitted into this group since, by the a of nine months, I was no longer being breast-fed. See (Bc) Baby Book, p. 104.

32. (Hb) *Washington Post*, June 16, 1996, p. A20. The three dots appear in the excerpt as printed in the *Post*.

My mother first wrote in the Baby Book that I was "Perfectly healthy but quite and unresponsive." She then crossed out the "e" at the end of "quite" and inserted an "e" between the "i" and the "t" to make the word "quiet." My attorneys Ju Clarke and Quin Denvir examined the original of the Baby Book (in the possession o the FBI) and confirmed that the correction appeared to have been made with the same ink and the same pen as the rest of the writing in the Baby Book, so that there was no reason to doubt its authenticity. Since "quite and unresponsive" would make no sense, and since the correction was clear and unmistakeable, the alteration of "quiet and unresponsive" to "quite unresponsive" was not an innocent error but intentional deception on the part of Kovaleski and Adams.



≈59Ω

CHAPTER II

My mother, my brother, and the media have portrayed me as socially isolated to an abnormal degree from earliest childhood. For example, shortly after my arrest, *Time* reported: "Investigators were told that in childhood Ted seemed to avoid human contact." ^{1/}

According to Investigator #1's interview with my mother,

"As he grew older (age 2-4) Wanda spent a great deal of time attempting to get Ted to play with other kids, mostly without success. Friends and relatives always told her Ted was too clingy, so she attempted to encourage his interaction with other children. She would invite children from the neighborhood over to play, only to have Ted leave the group and go to his room to play alone. She said he always managed to have one friend at a time, but would rebuff the attempts of friendship from all other children. Wanda also took Ted to a play school for children for an hour or so each week so that he could play with other kids. Ted didn't mind going, but would play alongside the other children instead of with them. Ted would get angry if another child tried to join or interfered with what he was doing. Ted went to preschool and kindergarten, and seemed to enjoy it. The teachers did not complain about his behavior, but did mention Ted always wanted to work on projects alone, and did not interact with other children." ²

The Washington Post told a similar tale on the basis of an interview with my mother. ³∕

Here again the documentary evidence shows that my mother is lying. I will not

try the reader's patience by addressing all of her false statements, but will stick to the essential point, that my interaction with other children was normal until, at about the age of 11. I began to have serious social problems for reasons that will be made clear later.

According to the pediatricians who examined me:

"April 4, 1945 . . . Plays well with other children. . . ."

"May 18, 1950 . . . Healthy boy. Well adjusted. . . . "

"May 8, 1951 . . . Plays well with children in school and neighborhood. Very happy." ^{4/}

The doctors could have obtained this information about my social adjustment only from my mother. It was always she, and not my father, who took me to my examinations at the University of Chicago clinics.

Thus, statements of my mother's that were recorded during my childhood clearly contradict her recent statements concerning my early social development. If she wasn't lying then, she is lying now. Either way, the record shows her to be a liar.

What then is the truth concerning my social adjustment in early childhood? My mother's reports to doctors carry little weight because, as we will show later, she often did lie in order to present a favorable picture of me to persons outside the immediate family. But since the Baby Book was private there is no particular reason to doubt the statements she made there that show that I was not socially withdrawn.

It's true that at one point in the Baby Book my mother indicated I was somewhat shy, ⁵/ as noted in Chapter I, and I myself have a vague memory of being a little shy up to the age of five or so. Furthermore, I wrote in my 1959 autobiography:

"As far as I can remember, I have always been socially reserved, and used to be rather unpleasantly conscious of the fact. For example, I remember that when I was very little, 3 or 4 years old, I was very concerned over the fact that when my mother bought me an icecream-cone, I was always afraid to take it directly from the lady's hand; my mother had to take it from her and give it to me. Eventually i more this . . .

比

"I learned to whistle and to swim later than most of my compani did learn to skate. And it often bothered me that I was less socially active and the rest of the boys, which I think was partly due to shyness and partly due to a certain lack of interest in some of their activities. I've always kept to myself a lot." ^{6/}

The second paragraph of this passage evidently applies not to my earliest years but to a much later period when I did indeed have social problems. As a result of these problems I began to take a perverse pride in being unsocial, and this is probably what led me to imply (as I did in the first paragraph above) that I was "socially reserved" even in my earliest years.

But even if that first paragraph is taken at face value, there is plenty of evidence to show that my social interaction with other children was easily within the normal range until my real problems began in early adolescence. As we saw in Chapter I, my mother indicated in the Baby Book that at the age of one year I was consistently friendly to other children:

"Is he usually shy or friendly with strange women? either men? either children? friendly " ^{5/}

From age one to three I developed a close friendship with Adam Ks., a boy s about eight months older than I was. The attachment left a long-lasting impression on both of us. Adam was the son of the couple who occupied the first floor of the house of which my parents and I had the second story; when we moved to another house I was separated from him. ^{7/}

In the new house we again occupied the second story, and with the little girl downstairs, Barbara P., I formed another strong attachment, ^a though it was not as strong as my attachment to Adam. During this same period (age 3 to 4) I had at least one other frequent playmate, whose name, if I remember correctly, was Jackie. ^a

Shortly before my fifth birthday we moved to a house on Carpenter Street (the first house that my parents owned), ¹⁹ and from that time until Lentered Harvard L always had several friends. My friends on Carpenter Street included Johnny Kr., Bobby Th., Freddie Do., Jimmy Bu., Larry La., and Mary Kay Fy. ¹¹ As long as we lived on Carpenter Street, I attended Sherman School, a unit of the Chicago public-school system. All of my friends on Carpenter Street either attended the Catholic school or were a year older than I was, so that they were in a different grade. Consequently my school friends were not the same as those with whom I played near home. My school friends included Frank Ho., Terry La C., Rosario (an Italian kid whose last name I do not remember) and Peter Ma. ¹²

I not only had friends but, on a few occasions, exercised leadership. For example, I once came up with the idea of putting on a "carnival," as we called it. I persuaded Johnny Kr. and Bobby Th. to help me arrange games and simple

entertainments, and after advertising the event by word of mouth for several days we made up tickets by hand, sold them to neighborhood kids, and made a modest profit. ^{13/}

Thus there is no truth in my mother's portrayal of me as abnormally solitary from early childhood. There was no need for her to "invite children from the neighborhood over to play," ¹⁴ nor did she ever do so during these years as far as I can remember.

The first indication of any significant social difficulties on my part came when I was perhaps eight or nine years old, ^{15/} and it very likely resulted from the fact that our family was different from its neighbors. My father worked with his hands all his life; my mother, apart from teaching high school English for two years during her fifties, never did anything more demanding than lower-level secretarial work; and our family always lived among working-class and lower-middle class people. Yet my parents always regarded themselves as a cut above their neighbors. They had intellectual pretensions, and though their own intellectual attainments were extremely modest, to say the least, they – especially my mother – looked down on their neighbors as "ignorant." (But they were usually careful not to reveal their snobbish attitudes outside the family.) ^{15/}

Our block of Carpenter Street was part of a working-class neighborhood that was /Since of them $[C \times (-+)]$ just one step above the slums. As my playmates grew older they began engaging in behavior that approached or crossed the line dividing acceptable childhood mischief from delinquency. ^{17/} For example, two of them got into trouble for trying to set fire to someone's garage.^{15/} I had been trained to a much more exacting standard of behavior and wouldn't participate in the other kids' mischief. ^{18/} Once, for instance, I was with a bunch of neighborhood kids who waited in ambush for an old rag-picker, pelted him

with garbage when he came past, and then ran away. I stood back in the rear and refused to participate, and immediately afterward I went home and told my mother what had happened, because I was shocked at such disrespect being shown to an adult --- even if he was only a rag-picker. ^{19/}

So it may be that the reason why I ceased to be fully accepted by my Carpenter-Street playmates at around the age of eight or nine was that they saw me as too much of a "good boy." In any case they did seem to lose interest in my companionship – I was no longer one of the bunch. ^{20/} I continued to get along well with the kids in school. ^{21/} Unlike the kids on my block they showed no tendency to serious mischief, either because they were better-behaved kids or because the supervised environment of school left few opportunities for misbehavior.

My parents noticed the fact that I was becoming isolated from my Carpenter-Street friends, and they repeatedly expressed to me their concern that there might be something wrong with me because I was not social enough. ^{15/} To me it was acutely humiliating to be pushed out to the fringe by these kids with whom I had formerly associated on an equal basis, and I was too ashamed to tell my parents what was really happening, or even to admit it to myself until many years later. My mother invented an explanation for my isolation that was consistent with her intellectual pretensions: I wasn't playing with the other kids because I was so much smarter than they were that they bored me. This was absurd. I was bored with the other kids when (as often happened) they moped around aimlessly rather than pursuing some activity, but there can be no doubt that I wanted to continue playing with them and was deeply hurt by the

fact that I was no longer fully accepted. Yet, because my mother's explanation soothed my vanity, I half-believed it myself. In a very brief (one and a quarter-page) autobiographical sketch that I wrote at the age of fifteen, I said:

"Beginning in the second or third grade I began to become somewhat unsocial, keeping to myself and seeking the companionship of my comrades less often. This was probably due, in part, to the level of education and culture in my old neighborhood, where no one was interested in science, art, or books." ^{22/}

Actually, I wasn't so terribly interested in science, art, or books myself. The autobiographical sketch was part of an application for admission to Harvard and therefore was written under the close supervision of my mother. Rereading it now I feel almost certain that the first paragraph of it was actually composed by her. That paragraph is written in a kind of language that I rarely use now and that I can hardly imagine myself having used at the age of fifteen; but it's just the sort of thing that my mother would write. ^{23/}

I'm quite sure that my partial isolation from the Carpenter-Street kids did not begin before I was eight, at the earliest, and that I had no serious problems with the kids in school at the time. Yet the sketch refers to "the second or third grade," which would make me seven or eight years old. Possibly my mother's hand is seen here too.

Notwithstanding all of the foregoing, I think my parents had an inkling of the fact that the bad behavior of the other kids had something to do with my isolation. Not long after my tenth birthday we moved to Evergreen Park, a suburb of Chicago, and my mother told me many years later that she and my father had decided to move mainly so that I "would have some decent kids to play with." Though my mother is hardly a reliable source of information, her statement is probably true in part; yet it's likely that there were also other reasons for the move. Not far from where we lived, a case of "block-busting" ^{24/} gave rise to some very serious race-riots that were essentially territorial conflicts between the black and the white working class. All white householders in the area were put under pressure to place in their windows a small sign saying, "This property is not for sale," which was intended as a show of white solidarity against black "intrusion." My parents had very liberal attitudes about race and felt that it was against their principles to put up such a sign. But they received a threat, and, fearing that I might be attacked on my way to school, they gave in and placed the sign. ^{25/} This was extremely upsetting to them and it must have contributed to their decision to move out to the suburbs.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, when I was a bit less than seven-and-a-half years old, I had acquired a baby brother. My brother David for many years has argued that I unconsciously hate him because the attention that my parents devoted to him on his arrival made me feel deprived of their affection. ^{26/}

The New York Times quoted my aunt Josephine Manney, née Kaczynski, as follows:

" 'Before David was born, Teddy was different,' the aunt said. 'When they'd visit he'd snuggle up to me. Then, when David was born, something must have happened. He changed immediately. Maybe we paid too much attention to the new baby. ' " ^{27/} Little did my aunt Josephine know the *real* reason why I stopped snuggling up to her! I'll explain in a moment. But first let me make it clear that I'd never heard anything of this sort from Josephine before I read the *New York Times* article, and it's evident that my brother never heard it either, since, in our discussions of his theory about my reaction to his birth, he never mentioned any such statement on the part of our aunt; nor did he ever cite any other rational evidence in support of his theory. The theory, apparently, grew entirely out of his own imagination.

As to the real reason why I stopped snuggling up to my aunt: Josephine was a good-looking woman; though she was over forty at the time of my brother's birth, she'd kept herself in shape and was still attractive. I don't know whether it was normal or precocious, but by the age of about seven I already had a fairly strong interest in the female body. 28/ Not long after my brother's birth, my family and I visited the apartment where Josephine lived with her mother (my paternal grandmother). My aunt and I were sitting on a couch, and, attracted by her breasts, I slid over against her, put my arm over her shoulder, and said, "Let's play girlfriend." Josephine laughed and put her arm around me, and I had the decided satisfaction of feeling her breast against my body. My aunt just thought it was cute, but my mother was sharp enough to see what was really going on. After a short interval she said, "I think I'll go to the store and get some ice cream" (or maybe it was candy or something else), and she invited me to come with her. I declined, but she insisted that I should come. As soon as she got me out of the house she gave me a tongue-lashing and a lecture on appropriate behavior with ladies. It will not surprise the reader that, from then on, I kept my distance from Josephine.

To return to my brother's theory that I resented his arrival in the family: He first indicated his suspicion that I unconsciously hated him in a letter to me written some time during the summer of 1982. That letter has not been preserved, but there is a reference to it in a letter that I sent to my brother in 1986. I wrote: "I recall that a few years ago you said you had feared that I had (as you put it) a hatred for you so great that even I was unable to acknowledge it." ^{29/}

In a letter that he wrote to me in 1986, my brother expounded his theory as follows:

latter

"You should have hated me, in that as a new baby in the family, the new locus of affection, I should have awakened your fears of abandonment. [My brother is referring here to the alleged "fear of abandonment" that I was supposed to have as a result of "that hospital experience."] The parents tell me that just the opposite was true, that you were extremely affectionate toward me and that you didn't show any jealousy whatsoever. I have thought of a way to fit this in, by recourse to the Freudian theory of 'Denial.' When you saw the murdered babies in the Nazi camp, it might have awakened your horror as a secret wish fulfillment in respect to me. [My brother is referring here to a dream that I once had about him, concerning which I will have more to say shortly.] When you vowed to protect me at the expense of your own life, perhaps the one you vowed to protect me from was *yourself.* Thave no idea how much or little truth there may be in this interpretation." ^{30/}

The disclaimer in the last sentence is perhaps disingenuous, as my brother has clung to the theory persistently over the years. According to the *New York Times*,

"David said his mother told him that she gradually encouraged Ted to hold him and that 'from that time forward, he showed a great deal of gentleness toward me.' " ³¹/ The implication, that I had resented him at first, is contradicted by my brother's own statement, quoted above, that "[t]he parents tell me that . . . you were extremely affectionate toward me and that you didn't show any jealousy whatsoever." It is also contradicted by a statement of my mother's: "Ted seemed to easily accept having a brother in the house, and liked to hold David when he was a baby." ²

As I remember it, prior to my brother's birth my parents told me repeatedly that the new baby, when it came, would require a great deal of care and attention, and that I must not feel that my parents loved me any less because they were devoting so much time to the baby. When David was born I wondered why my parents had put so much emphasis on this point, because I by no means felt left out or deprived of attention. As I wrote in my 1979 autobiography:

"My brother David was born when I was 7½. I considered this a pleasant event. I was interested in the baby and enjoyed being allowed to hold it. . . .

"One reads much about 'sibling rivalry' – the older child supposedly resents the new baby because he feels it has robbed him of his parents' affection. I do not recall ever having had any such feeling about my baby brother. . . . I think my parents were aware of the problem of 'sibling rivalry' and made a conscious effort to avoid this problem when the new baby came." ^{32/}

In those years my parents and I got all our medical care at the University of Chicago teaching hospitals, which were among the finest in America, and the doctors no doubt had talked to my parents about the way to handle my relationship with my new brother.

Why then does my brother think that I have an intense, unconscious hatred for him? People often attribute their own motives and impulses (including unconscious ones) to other people. Further on in this book we will show that my brother has a hatred for me that he has not acknowledged — probably not even to himself. At the same time he has a strong affection for me, and it appears that he has never faced up to the profound conflict between his love and his hatred. My brother habitually retreats from conflicts rather than struggling with them.

My feelings toward my brother in his infancy are well illustrated by a dream that I described to him in a letter that I sent him during the summer of 1982. After making some highly critical comments about his character, I wrote:

"I am going to open to you the window to my soul as I would not open it to anyone else, by telling you two dreams that I've had about you. The first dream is simple. It is one I had more than thirty years ago, when I was maybe 7 or 8 years old and you were still a baby in your crib. Some time before, I had seen pictures of starving children in Europe taken shortly after world war II – they were emaciated, with arms like sticks, ribs protruding, and guts hanging out. Well, I dreamed that there was a war in America and I saw you as one of these children, emaciated and starving. It affected me strongly and when I woke up I made up my mind that if there was ever a war in America I would do everything I possibly could to protect you. This illustrates the semi-maternal tenderness that I've often felt for you." ^{33/}

In reply to the foregoing letter my brother wrote to me expressing his gratitude for the affection I had expressed, and for the fact that I "cared for [him] more than anyone else ever had." He then added the remark mentioned earlier – that until then he had feared that I had a hatred for him so great that I could not acknowledge it. ^{34/}

I referred to this letter of my brother's in a note that I wrote him in September, 1982:

"I received your last letter and note that it shows your usual generosity of character. Instead of being sore over the negative parts of my attitude toward you, you were favorably impressed by the positive parts." ^{35/}

My brother does have a good deal of generosity in his character, but I now think that the nature of his reaction to my letter was less a result of generosity than of his tendency to retreat from conflict.

* * * * *

Not long after my brother's birth my mother's personality began to change. The cause may have been post-partum depression, a hormonal imbalance brought about by her pregnancy, or something else, but, whatever the reason, she began to grow increasingly irritable. ^{36/} The symptoms were relatively mild at first, but they worsened over the next several years so that, by the time I reached my teens, she was having frequent outbursts of rage that expressed themselves as unrestrained verbal aggression, sometimes accompanied by minor physical aggression ^{31/} (though never enough of the latter to do any physical harm).

The change in my mother's personality affected my father and brought about a

gradual deterioration of the family atmosphere. I described this in a 1986 letter to my brother:

"You don't realize that the atmosphere in our home was quite different during the first few years of my life than it was later. You know how it was during my teens – people always squabbling, mother crabby and irritable, Dad morosely passive. Too much ide-cream, candy, and treats, parents fat and self-indulgent. A generally *lowmorale* atmosphere. But it was very different up to the time when I was, say, 8 or 9 years old. Until then, the home atmosphere was cheerful, there was hardly any quarrelling, and there was a generally *high-morale* atmosphere. Ice-cream and candy were relatively infrequent treats and were consumed in moderation . . . Our parents were more alive and energetic. When punishment was necessary it was given with little or no anger and was used as a more-or-less rational means of training; whereas during my teens, when I was punished it was commonly an expression of anger or irritation on the part of our parents. Consequently this punishment was *humiliating*. The more-orless rational punishment of the early years was not humiliating." ^{32/}

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

1. (Hg) *Time*, April 22, 1996, p. 46.

2. (Ka) Interview of Wanda by Investigator #1, p. 2.

3. (Hb) Washington Post, June 16, 1996.

4. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi.; April 4, 1945, p. 26; May 18, 1950, p. 51; May 8, 1951, p. 51.

5. (Bc) Baby Book, p. 122.

6. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 2.

7. (Bc) Baby Book, pp. 113, 115; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 1, 2. In (Qb) Written Investigator Report #68, Adam Ks. himself confirms the strength of this friendship. However, much of the information he gives is incorrect.

8. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 3.

9. Jackie was the four-year-old boy referred to on p. 1 of (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979.

10. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 2; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 5; (Ga) Deed #1.

11. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 5, 6, 10, 11, mentions all these friends by name.

12. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 6-8 describes my relations with Frank Ho., Terry La C., and Rosario. My friendship with Peter Ma. is not documented.

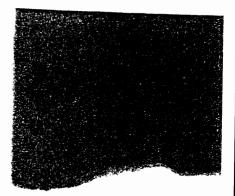
13. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 10, 11.

14. (Ka) Interview of Wanda by Investigator #1, p. 2.

15. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 12.

16. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 17, 24, 79; (Na) FBI 302 number 2, p. 6.

17. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 12, 194.



18. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 3; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 12-14, 16, 17, 194; (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 9, 10.

19. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 194; (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 9, 10. "Rag-pickers" were very poor people who made their living, such as it was, by picking through trash to find anything that could be sold as scrap.

20. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 12; (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 9.

21. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 12; (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 10.

22. (Aa) Autobiog of TJK 1958. When, in (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 2, I wrote, "I was less socially active than the rest of the boys, . . . partly due to shyness and partly due to a certain lack of interest in their activities," I probably was still under the influence of my mother's theory that I was bored with other kids because I was smarter.

23. The first paragraph of this document ((Aa) Autobiog of TJK 1958) reads:

"My first vague memories are of a golden age of blessed irresponsibility. But the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence, and I suppose at that time I looked forward to the unbounded joys of growing up."

24. "Block-busting" was a practice whereby unscrupulous realtors would contrive to sell to black people a house on a white-occupied block near black territory. White householders on the block, fearing that they would be left isolated in the midst of a black neighborhood, sold off their property as quickly as possible. Thus the realtors were able to buy houses from whites at reduced prices and sell them again to black families at inflated prices.

25. This account of the placement of the sign is based in part on what I myself observed at the time, but also in part on what my mother told me many years later. Given my mother's unreliability, it cannot be assumed that the account is strictly accurate.

26. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 3; (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, March or April, 1986, p. 14; (Ca) FL #331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986, pp. 3, 4.

27. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 3. The *Times* quoted only an "aunt" who preferred to remain anonymous, but the aunt in question is

obviously Josephine. I have just four living aunts: Sylvia, Madeline (aunts by marriage), Freda, and Josephine. Sylvia married my uncle Benny when I was in my teens, and I'd never met her before that time; I was never chummy enough with Madeline to "snuggle up" to her; and Freda informed me in (Cb) FL Supplementary item #6, letter from Freda Tuominen to me, July 20, 1996, that she was not the unnamed aunt quoted by the *Times* (which I already knew from the content of the quotations). So that leaves Josephine.

28. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 11, 20.

29. (Ca) FL #331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986, p. 4.

30. (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to the author, March or April, 1986, p. 14.

31. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 3. In this same column we find:

"David said his parents told him about how his father, grandmother and Teddy had gone to the hospital after his birth. ... 'So my father and grandmother left Ted in the lobby and went up to visit me,' he said, 'When they all went down to the lobby....he was sitting there alone in tears and very deeply-upset.'" I don't rememberany such incident, and I doubt that it happened. My brother is very prone to get his facts garbled.

32. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 17, 18.

33. (Ca) FL #266, letter from me to David Kaczynski, Summer, 1982, pp. 5, 6. I described the dream in nearly identical terms in (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 17, 18, and added that "I felt a sense of pity and love toward my brother"

Characteristically, my brother got the dream garbled in the 1986 letter of his that we quoted a few pages back: "When you saw the murdered babies in the Nazi camp . . . When you vowed to protect me at the expense of your own life" (See Note 30 above.) Compare this with the correct account of the dream. Later we will see other instances in which my brother has gotten his facts garbled.

letter

34. This letter has not been preserved, and I am relying here on memory and on the 1986 letter in which I mentioned the remark about "great hatred." See Note 29 above.

35. (Ca) FL #271, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September, 1982, p. 2.

36. (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 9. (Ca) FL #423, letter from me to my mother, January 15, 1991, pp. 4, 5: "I always felt you were a good mother to me during my early years. It was when I was around 8 years old that your behavior and the family atmosphere began to deteriorate, and it was during my teens that I was subjected to constant, cutting insults such as imputations of immaturity or mental illness." My Xerox copy of the copy of this letter that I mailed to my mother is illegible in places. Therefore, for one line of the foregoing quotation I had to refer to p. 2 of the copy of this letter that I kept in my cabin.

37. Example of minor physical aggression is given in (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 47 (throwing saucepan).

38. (Ca) FL #339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May, 1986, pp. 3, 4. A similar account is given in (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 38, 39. For confirmation see (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 9. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 5, has: "My relationship with my parents used to be generally affectionate, but the last few years it has deteriorated considerably"

CHAPTER III

About June, 1952, my family and I moved to the suburb of Evergreen Park.^{1/} If my parents made the move in order to provide me with "some decent kids to play with," they did not choose the location well. The only kid in my age group on our block was B.O., who was about a year younger than I was. He was a frequent playmate of mine for one or two years after we came to Evergreen Park, but he was a rather obnoxious character and we didn't get along well. We had several fights, all of which I won. A few years later, after the O.'s had moved away, my mother told me she'd heard that B.O. had gotten into trouble with the police, but, in view of my mother's unreliability, I don't know whether this is true.

Shortly after we arrived in Evergreen Park, my parents, in order to encourage me to be socially active, made me enroll in a summer program of organized recreation that was conducted at Evergreen Park Central School. I didn't like it, and soon stopped attending. At some later time my father forced me to enroll briefly in the Boy Scouts, and I didn't like that any better. I wrote in my 1979 autobiography, "As a kid I usually didn't like activities that were organized and supervised by adults, other than my parents." ^{2/} Apparently this is typical for mathematically gifted kids. According to a book on the psychology of adolescence, "An interesting characteristic of mathematically gifted adolescents was their independence with regard to how they spent their out-of-class time. 'Though they played some individual sports and some musical instruments, they completely resisted any regimented activity in the way of planned recreation.' "^{2/}

In September, 1952, I entered the fifth grade at Evergreen Park Central School.

At Sherman School we had spent the whole school day in one classroom and with one teacher, but at Evergreen Park Central, the students shifted from one classroom to another to be taught different subjects. Because of this new system and the unfamiliar people I felt very insecure at first, but after a few weeks I adjusted comfortably.^{2/}

I made some friends at school, including Dale J., Bob C., Barbara B., Dale Eickelman, and Larry S. Larry S. was the best of these. The friendships with Dale J. and Bob C. didn't last; the former turned out to be decidedly peculiar, and the latter was a boy with little self-control who once tried (unsuccessfully) to get me to participate in stealing. Dale Eickelman had a few peculiarities of his own, and I can't say that I ever really liked him, but I continued to associate with him throughout my grade-school and high-school years. My friendship with Barbara B. had nothing to do with sex. Her family moved away before we completed fifth grade, and thereafter I corresponded with her for a short time. ⁴

Also in fifth grade, I carried on an intense flirtation with a beautiful female classmate named Darlene Cy. Because she teased me and provoked me, I loved her and hated her at the same time. She gradually began to conquer me, however, and love undoubtedly would have won out in the end if circumstances hadn't separated us. What happened was that upon completing fifth grade I was placed directly in seventh, and after that I rarely saw Darlene. ^{5/}

Skipping a grade was a disaster for me. It came about as follows. While I was in fifth grade the school guidance counselor, Miss Vera Frye, gave some of us a battery of tests including a Stanford-Binet IQ test. On the latter, I scored very high, ^{6/} 167. The

Washington Post quoted my mother as follows:

"A school psychologist [Miss Frye] gave Ted a Stanford-Binet IQ test . . . But his mother took more comfort in the results of a personality test, which showed him to be well-adjusted.

"'For a while [Wanda said] all my uneasiness about these residual effects from his early childhood were laid to rest because this psychologist said, "Oh, he is fine," In fact, she said he had a strong sense of security, which surprised me. ... She said he could be whatever he wanted to be. ... He was the cat's whiskers.'...

"[The family] now believe that perhaps Ted was smart enough to figure out the most appropriate answers to the test and outwit it." $\frac{7}{2}$

Psychological tests include devices to detect cheating, and it is hardly likely that a ten-year-old (however bright) with no knowledge of psychological testing would be able to outwit such a test.

In any case, Miss Frye telephoned my parents, informed them of my high IQ score, and (according to my mother's account) went so far as to tell them that I had the potential to be "another Einstein." ^৶ This was foolish, because there is a lot more to being an Einstein than scoring high on an IQ test. It's possible that Miss Frye may have been laying it on thick because she had previously encountered parents who had shrugged their shoulders at information about their children's IQ scores and she was therefore trying to impress my parents with the importance of what she had to say. If she had known something about my mother, she would have been much more cautious.

My mother came from a very poor background -- poor not only financially but in every other respect. ⁹ Her position at the bottom of the social scale had been very painful to her, and she saw academic achievement, much more than financial success, as the avenue to the social status that she craved. She had neither the intelligence nor the self-discipline to achieve anything herself, however, so she sought to fulfill her ambitions through her children. ¹⁰ During my early years her expectations were reasonable and she put only very moderate pressure on me to perform well in school, but from the time of Miss Frye's phone call, she was filled with grandiose fantasies of what I was supposed to achieve.

Even at that time I felt that my mother's reaction to Miss Frye's call was childish. Her excessive exhibitions of pleasure seemed ridiculous, and she immediately telephoned some of our relatives in order to brag to them. She told me a great deal that Miss Frye had asked her to keep secret from me. She admonished me not to reveal these things to anyone, because "Miss Frye says we're not supposed to tell you; but we feel that we can treat you as an adult." It was from this time that I gradually began to lose respect for my parents. ^{11/}

It was essentially Miss Frye who decided that I should skip a grade. She had the consent of the school authorities and the enthusiastic support of my mother, but they relied on her judgement as the supposed expert. Why did she make that decision? My mother told me at the time that it was because the tests showed that my greatest ability lay in the area of mathematics and physics, and (supposedly) mathematicians and physicists burned out young. Hence they were to be educated rapidly so that maximum

use could be made of their ability while it lasted.

Many years afterward, in a discussion with my mother, I bitterly criticized the decision to put me in seventh grade. At that time she tried to justify the decision by claiming that Miss Frye had said I was drawing "violent" pictures during my free time in school, and that pushing me a year ahead was somehow supposed to cure me of this. ^{12/} The proposition that academic acceleration will cure anyone of violent fantasies seems dubious, to say the least. Anyway, I replied to my mother that drawing war pictures and the like was commonplace among boys of that age at that time and place. but she insisted that no, my drawings were different. ^{13/} I brought the subject up again in 1991 in a letter to my mother: "You claim that Miss Frye said I was drawing pictures of violence during my spare moments in school. ... I'm not aware that I drew violent pictures any more often than the other boys. Miss Frye may have thought I did, but I certainly wouldn't trust her judgement "^{14/} My mother now changed her story. She wrote: "[Y]our memory of Frye is faulty. She considered your drawings guite normal. Just drawings of battle scene strategy." ^{15/} This is a typical example of the way my mother plays fast and loose with the truth in order to suit her purposes of the moment.

Was I drawing abnormally violent pictures at the age of ten? All I can say is that I do not remember making any drawings that would be considered unusual for a tenyear-old boy. ^{16/} And my mother's statement quoted above, that Miss Frye considered me "well-adjusted," weighs against the abnormal-drawing story (assuming, of course, that my mother's statement is true, which may not be the case).

* * * * * *

It was from the time I skipped a grade that I began to have serious problems with social adjustment. I was not accepted by the seventh-graders with whom I was put. I quickly slid down to near the bottom of the pecking-order, and I stayed there until I graduated from high school. I was often subjected to insults or other indignities by the dominant boys.^{17/} My attempts to make advances to girls had such humiliating results that for many years afterward, even until after the age of thirty, I found it excruciatingly difficult -- almost impossible -- to make advances to women.^{18/}

Investigators working for my defense team obtained the following information from Michael Johnson, an administrator at Evergreen Park Community High School.

"Johnson ... flatly declared that the experiment of skipping kids ahead grades was a huge failure. The experiment was a notable failure during the era that Ted Kaczynski was promoted. Johnson added that the experiment was most especially a disaster with boys and indicated that he could document the fact that many of the boys who had been skipped ahead during Ted's era ended up as outcasts. ... Less-bright kids become resentful of those boys who are advanced ahead, causing the smart and accelerated kids to be even more acutely ostracized from their peer groups. More important, Johnson added, girls do not go out with boys who are younger. Thus, these boys have been set up for failure, and fail they do. The act of pushing youngsters ahead is almost never done anymore as a result of these past experiments. In fact, the state of Illinois now requires kids to be older before they can be promoted ahead a year." ¹⁹

I was not the only kid who was rejected for being smart. There were several other boys who had a reputation for being academically-oriented and as a result were harassed or treated with contempt by the "tough" kids. ^{20/} But in my case the problems were compounded by the fact that, during the same period, I was being subjected to psychological abuse by both my parents. ^{21/}

I've already described the change in my mother's personality that began not long after my brother's birth. By the time I was in my teens, she was having frequent outbursts of rage during which her face would become contorted and she would wave her clenched fists while unleashing a stream of unrestrained verbal abuse. ^{22/} Even when she wasn't having one of her outbursts, she was often very irritable and would scold or make vicious remarks at the slightest provocation.

The change in my mother affected my father. He became morose and pessimistic, and when family squabbles arose, he tended to sit in his easy chair and retreat behind a newspaper or book, ignoring the sordid turmoil around him.^{23/} Sometimes, however, his patience became exhausted and he would have angry arguments with my mother or with me.

But my father's moroseness was not exclusively an outcome of the family situation. I believe that he had deep-lying negative feelings about himself, about people, and about life in general. When he was in his mid-sixties and more ready to express his feelings than he'd been when he was younger, he took a car-camping trip by himself. On returning he said, "I can't be alone, because I don't like myself." He tended to see other people as dirty or sick. For example, when I visited my parents in

1978, my father described his employer, Win PI., to me as a pathologically compulsive talker. Later I got to know Win PI. myself, and I found that he was rather talkative, but by no means abnormally so. My father also used to speak of some of our relatives and other people in terms that exaggerated their failings and portrayed them as sick or repellent.

Throughout my teens I was the target of frequent verbal aggression (often unprovoked) from both my parents, especially my mother.^{21/} The insults that cut me deepest were the imputations of mental illness or gross immaturity. ^{24/} I think it was my father who started these when I was about twelve years old. The rejection I experienced from my peers at school, in combination with the deteriorating family atmosphere, made me often sullen and cranky, ^{25/} and my father, characteristically, interpreted this in terms of psychopathology. He began calling me "sick" whenever he was annoyed with me. My mother imitated him in this respect, and from then on until I was about 21 years old, both my parents would apply to me such epithets as "sick", "immature", "emotionally disturbed," "creep," "mind of a two-year-old," or "another Walter T." ^{21/} (Walter T. was a man we knew who ended up in a mental institution.) It was always in an outburst of anger that my mother called me these things, but my father sometimes did so in a tone of cold contempt that cut worse than my mother's angry shouting.^{26/} Neither of my parents ever suggested that I should be examined by a psychologist or psychiatrist. $\frac{27}{}$ My mother never actually thought that there was anything wrong with me mentally, and I doubt that my father saw me as any sicker than he saw many other people.^{28/} In saying cruel things to me my parents were only using

me as a butt on which to take out their own frustrations. 29/

Though the imputations of mental illness were what hurt me most, they comprised only a small part of the constant verbal bullying to which I was subjected day in and day out. My mother was continually shouting, scolding, insulting, and blaming me for everything that went wrong, regardless of whether I could have been responsible for it. During the summer before I entered Harvard, she made an appointment for me to see a professional photographer for a picture that the university wanted for its records. When the day of the appointment arrived, as it happened, I had a pimple on the end of my nose. My mother angrily scolded me for it. "Look at you! Now you've got a pimple on your nose! You're going to look terrible in your Harvard photo!..." And on and on, as if it were my fault that I had a pimple.

In another case my mother drove me and some other members of the highschool band to a music lesson. On the way back, the other boys, who were older than I was, talked a good deal about cars and driving. It made me feel small, since I was still too young to drive. After she dropped the other boys off, my mother began scolding me angrily: "Why don't you get a driver's license like the other kids so I won't have to be driving you all over the place all the time?" I quietly pointed out that I was only fifteen years old and couldn't get a license until I was sixteen. Instead of acknowledging that she was wrong and apologizing, my mother answered in an angry tone, "Well then, get a license as soon as you are sixteen! ... [etc.]"

Once when I made a negative remark about someone's competence, my father answered in a cold and sneering tone, "You'll never be half as competent as he is." My

father did not typically lose his temper openly. Yet he sometimes did so; in a few cases, he shouted at me, "I'll smash your face!" I didn't believe he would really smash my face, but still it was frightening to hear him say that.

These are only a few examples of the kinds of things that went on constantly.

Physical abuse was minimal, but there was a little of it. A couple of times my father threw me on the floor in the course of family squabbles. My mother occasionally would flail at me with her fists, but by that time I was old enough (and my mother was weak enough) so that she didn't hurt me.

Contrary to what my mother and brother have told the media, up to the age or seventeen or so I was not socially isolated. Throughout my grade-school and high-school years I had several friends at all times. ^{30/} Though I was not accepted by most of the seventh-graders with whom I was put when I skipped a grade, I continued to associate with some of the friends and acquaintances I'd made in fifth grade. For example, Larry S. was a patrol-boy, and I used to stand on his corner with him during the lunch hour; and I continued to associate with Dale Eickelman ^{31/} until I finished high school. Moreover, I soon began to make friends among the boys in my own grade; ^{32/} but most of these friends had low status among the other boys, ^{33/} and some of them, like me, had a reputation as "brains" and for that reason were subjected to insults and indignities. On the other hand, one of my best friends had below-average intelligence. ^{34/} Apart from those already mentioned, a list of my friends from seventh grade through high school would include Bob Pe., ^{35/} Tom Kn., ^{36/} Jerry U., ^{37/} and G. Da. ^{37/} I hung around with Russell Mosny ^{38/} quite a bit, but I never liked him much. We

tended to be thrown together because we were in many of the same classes and were both "brains" who were treated with contempt by the "tough" kids. Both Mosny and G. Da. seemed to become cool toward me during my last year or so of high school, ^{37/} but at the same time I became closer to Bob Pe. and Tom Kn., and I made a new friend, Terry L. ^{39/}

Having these friends, however, by no means compensated me for the pain of the humiliatingly low status I had in school. I skipped my junior year in high school, $\frac{40}{}$ and after that I was with kids who were two years older than I was. Most of these kids didn't insult me, but they treated me with condescension, $\frac{41}{}$ which was perhaps worse, and, with the exception of Terry L., none of them had any interest in making friends with me.

Even though I had friends, I spent a good deal of time alone. By the time I was in high school, B.O. had moved away and four other boys in my age-group had moved into our block. One of these was simply a jerk. The other three, the Tr. boys, were jocks and belonged to the "set" in school by which I was intimidated; and moreover I had little in common with them. With the exception of Bob Pe., all of my friends lived far enough away so that visiting was inconvenient, and consequently we went to each other's homes only occasionally. Our activities tended to consist of aimless time-killing. We rarely engaged in athletics apart from occasional games of catch, we never undertook any significant joint projects, we never attended any social functions together. As I've already noted, most of my friends had low status, and, while I was in school with them, none was very active socially and none had girlfriends. If they ever dated, they never mentioned it to me.

The only serious activity I had was trombone-playing; my music lessons brought me into contact with one of the very few adults I knew at the time whom I really respected, my teacher, Jaroslav Cimera. Two of my friends, Tom Kn. and Jerry U., also played the trombone, and I often played duets with one or the other of them.

Still, until I went to Harvard, my adolescence tended to be an alternation among different kinds of boredom: A boring day in school, a boring visit with a friend, a few boring hours piddling around in my attic room, another boring day in school. This doesn't mean that I never had fun with my friends or alone, but that boredom was a nagging problem for me. ^{42/}

* * * * * *

Now let's look at the way my brother and mother have portrayed me and our family life during this period. First, the entries in my medical records that are evidently based on my mother's statements to the doctors $\frac{43}{2}$:

"April 24, 1952 ... Appetite, activity and general adjustment are all quite good."

"April 17, 1953 . . . He eats well, plays actively, presents no behavior problems."

"April 27, 1954 . . . Now in 7th Grade and does well. Does well socially."

"April 14, 1955 . . . Eighth grade. Good grades. Active in some sports. No further [?] problem except for some adolescent [illegible]"

"April 20, 1956 . . . He does very well at school -- not too much of a socializer, but is known as a 'brain'. Gets along well with others when he tries -- seems popular but a little aloof."

"June [?], 1957 . . . Accelerated in high school and will finish next spring by

going to summer school. Has his eye on Harvard and [illegible] in physics and math.

"Health has been good but mother is concerned lest program be too strenuous for him. Appetite good. Not very much physical activity. No great interest in girls as yet."

"April 21, 1958 . . . Ted has been well during the past year. No problems. Is doing very well at school"

The reason why my mother gave the doctors a rosy picture of my adjustment (with barely a hint of social difficulties in the April 20, 1956 entry) is that she has always been extremely concerned with respectability ^{44/} and with presenting to the world an attractive picture of our family, and to this end she does not hesitate to lie.

In response to a request from Harvard, during the summer before I entered college she wrote a long (two single-spaced pages) letter in which she described my personality. In it she gives a fairy-tale portrait of me as a budding intellectual. For example, she speaks of my "serious goals" and "ivory-towerish intellectuality," when in reality I didn't have any clear goals at all and had little respect for intellectualism. In fairness to my mother, I should mention that in this letter she probably was not lying calculatedly. She talked herself into believing all that crap before she wrote it down and sent it to Harvard. Her capacity for self-deception is remarkable. What is significant for us here, though, is the way she described my psychological and social adjustment:

"Ted is strong, stable, and has an excellent capacity for self-discipline. However, I feel that he may be lonlier [sic] than most boys the first few months away from home.

".... Ted does not respond quickly to friendly overtures. He is pleasant and

polite, but reserved; and accepts only an occasional individual as a friend. Once he does, however, the relationship is permanent. All of his friends share at least one of his strong interests. One of these friendships is based on a mutual fondness for exploring the countryside and searching for fossils, arrowheads, and unusual rocks. ... He meets with another couple of friends because of a shared appreciation for listening to and making music. ... Ted is also very fond of another boy who shares with him a love for intellectual sparring, witty exchange and endless polemics. The written and verbal communication of satire and analysis on innumerable subjects by these two boys would fill a volume. [My mother has surpassed herself here. The two musical friends must have been Tom Kn. and Jerry U., but I have no idea who the other two friends could have been.]

"The fact that he takes so little initiative in finding friends, that he accepts the advances of so few people, $\frac{45}{2}$ and makes no attempt to join social groups makes us worry about the possibility of his being a pretty lonely boy (from our point of view -- he claims he never feels lonely because there is so much to do.) $\frac{46}{2}$...

"[Ted] has, as his counselor and teachers have said 'a delightful personality, very witty and very clever.' . . .

".... [Ted is] working successfully as a busboy this summer and being wellaccepted by the other people working there. $\frac{47}{2}$

"One of the things that Ted's counselor hoped he would learn to do was bring 'his light out from under the gushel [sic; "bushel" is meant]'. He has always functioned naturally and creatively . . . almost devoid of the desire to impress or communicate. ...

Perhaps the poor quality of the school and neighborhood enviornment [sic] of his first ten years had something to do with this. Looking back, we realize how little stimulation and understanding he found there. Our own confusion, uncertainty, and worry about his ever-increasing propensity for solitary play didn't help matters. The high-school counselor feels that Ted should become increasingly aware of the desireability [sic] of projecting his 'brilliance and wit.' More often now, he will be placed in situations in which a stranger may want to assess his talents in half an hour's time. His whole future may depend on his ability and awareness of the need to project himself at will at a particular time." ^{48/}

Contrast the foregoing with my mother's portrayal of me in her interviews with the *Washington Post* ^{49/} and on *60 Minutes*, ^{50/} in which she depicted me as severely disturbed and almost completely isolated socially. You can believe one version or the other, if you like, but you can't believe both, since they are clearly inconsistent. Thus my mother is again shown to be a liar. For present purposes it is beside the point whether she lies calculatedly or talks herself into believing her own crap before she tells it to others.

It is true, though, that my mother may not have realized the full extent of the social difficulties that I encountered from the time I skipped sixth grade. I said nothing to my parents about those difficulties because in our family talking about personal problems, particularly on the part of my brother and me, was almost taboo. ^{51/} This was especially true in my case, because, ever since Miss Frye had told her about my high IQ score, my mother expected me to be her perfect little genius. If ever I revealed to

her any failure, any weakness, it disappointed her and consequently her response was cold and critical. ^{52/}

* * * * * *

According to the *New York Times*, my brother described our father as "always generous." ^{53/} In his interview with the *Sacramento Bee*, my brother asserted that both our parents were "warm and nurturing." ^{54/} According to the transcript of the *60 Minutes* interview of my brother and my mother, Lesley Stahl stated:

"Ted's fantasies, his family says, included accusations that his parents had verbally abused and rejected him; accusations that became more and more bizarre."^{55/}

Later in the interview, my brother said:

"[Ted's] feelings about our family bear no relationship to the reality of the family life that we experienced. These were loving, supportive parents." ^{56/}

But here is what my brother told the FBI, according to the latter's "302" reports of interviews with him:

"The relationship between TED Sr. [Theodore R. Kaczynski, my father] and TED was mostly difficult and conflicted, ... DAVE remembers specifically that his father often told TED, 'You're just like WALTER,' identifying WALTER as a co-worker of his father's at the sausage factory who was diagnosed schizophrenic. His father would often tell TED 'you have the mind of a two year-old.' DAVE remembered a specific incident when TED ran to his father saying, 'Give me a kiss,' and was rebuffed; TED Sr. pushed him away and said, 'You're just like a little girl, always wanting to kiss.' TED eventually 'got his kiss,' DAVE said, but he never remembered that TED asked his

father ever again for affection. TED became increasingly reclusive, and quarrelled constantly with his mother. TED Sr.'s behavior toward his oldest son became increasingly cold and distant, and he 'mostly showed his disapproval' concerning TED." ^{57/}

"Family members often ridiculed TED when they compared TED with DAVE who was well liked because he had better social skills." ^{58/} [False; I was not "ridiculed" for this.]

"DAVE noted that despite WANDA's concerns that certain actions she and her husband took during TEDs childhood must have been at least partly responsible for TED's lifelong problems and isolation, WANDA is defensive of her own actions in general, and sees herself as having unfairly carried the main burdens of both her family of origin and her own family. DAVE characterized his mother as 'often difficult herself,'

Thus, my brother is clearly shown to be a liar. It's true that the FBI's "302" reports often have inaccuracies, and that the foregoing passages contain significant errors. (Whether the errors originated with the FBI or with my brother is an open question.) But it is hardly likely that the FBI would just make all this up out of nothing; and, as a matter of fact, much of it is corroborated by my autobiographies and by family correspondence.

In my 1979 autobiography, I wrote:

"One day, when I might have been about 6 years old, my mother, father, and I were all set to go out somewhere. I was in a joyful mood. I ran up to my father and

announced that I wanted to kiss him. He said, 'You're like a little girl, always wanting to kiss.' I immediately turned cold and drew back resentfully. My father immediately regretted what he had done and said, 'Oh, that's alright. You can kiss if you want to.' But there was no warmth in his voice. Of course, I didn't kiss him then." ^{61/}

This agrees fairly well with the account in the FBI report; but notice that the incident occurred when I was about six years old -- before my brother's birth. Thus the FBI report's implication that my brother personally witnessed this incident is false. My 1979 autobiography continues:

"But the reader should be careful not to get an exaggerated idea of the coldness that my father occasionally exhibited -- generally speaking I felt I had a good relationship with my parents that didn't show any serious deterioration until I was about 11 years old." ^{62/}

My father did become rather cold toward me during my teens, though my brother's account, as reported by the FBI, somewhat overstates the case. I wrote in my 1979 autobiography, referring to my teen years:

"[M]y father tended to be cold. During my middle teens I felt there was an undercurrent of scorn in his attitude toward me." ^{63/}

My brother and my mother state (more-or-less correctly) that, during my adolescence, when visitors arrived at our house, I would often retreat to my room. ^{64/} Thus they unwittingly revealed information that helps to confirm the abuse: According to investigators who have experience with cases that involve child abuse, withdrawing from visitors is a common reaction of abused children. ^{65/}

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

1. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 3; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 23; (Ga) Deeds #2, #3.

2. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 23.

3. Karl C. Garrison, *Psychology of Adolescence*, 6th Edition, Prentice-Hall, pp. 199, 200.

4. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 23 states: "I had a few friends in school, especially Larry S_____...." Dale Eickelman is discussed on pp. 50-52 of (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979. In (Qb) Written Investigator Report #34, Eickelman confirmed his friendship with me. None of the other friendships is documented; for them I rely on memory.

5. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 47-50; (Ba) Journals of TJK, Series VI #1, pp. 25-30 (October 1, 1974).

6. (Fa) School Records of TJK, E. P. Elementary; (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 3; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 24.

7. (Hb) *Washington Post*, June 16, 1996, p. A20. Unfortunately, the results of the personality test are not found in my surviving school records. That I did take such a test is confirmed by (Aa) Autobiog of TJK 1958: "[In fifth grade] I came to the attention of the curriculum and guidance counselor . . . I was taken out of class several times that year to take a battery of tests, including I.Q., achievement, personality and aptitude tests."

8. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 24.

9. (Ae) Autobiog of Wanda (the entire document).

10. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 78, 79; (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 1, paragraph 5; p. 2, paragraphs 7, 8.

11. Regarding the last sentence of this paragraph, see (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 39; for all the rest of the paragraph, see same document, p. 24.

12. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 24, 25; (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 10; (Cc) Notes on Family Letters, Number 3 (written in 1991), p. 5.

13. (Cc) Notes on Family Letters, Number 3 (written in 1991), p. 5.

14. (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 10.

15. (Ca) FL #459, letter from my mother to me, July 12, 1991, pp. 1, 2.

16. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 25: "[M]any of the other boys drew warlike or gruesome pictures. Whether I drew such pictures more frequently than the other boys is a point on which my memory does not enlighten me."

17. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, pp. 3, 4; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 25-29; (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, pp. 2, 3; (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 10-12. In (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959 I greatly understated the humiliations to which I had been subjected in school because I was profoundly ashamed of them.

The abuse I suffered in school was mostly psychological, but there was a small amount of physical abuse. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 28:

"[A] certain fellow verbally abused me, kicked my leg, and kicked my briefcase -- all for no apparent reason."

(Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 26:

"[In gym class] a large, heavy boy intentionally ran into me during a game, knocked me down, and fell on me, bruising my arm very painfully."

The injury was severe enough so that my parents took me to the hospital and had my arm examined to make sure that it wasn't broken. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., September 21, 1956, pp. 69-71. The "large, heavy boy" referred to was Jack Mcl_____. When investigators working on my case tried to track him down, they found that his last known address was a transient hotel.

18. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, pp. 4, 14; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 25, 52-55, 131; (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, pp. 2-4, 9, 11, 12; (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 14, 15. Again, shame led me to understate the case in (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959.

19. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #57, Michael Johnson.

20. Several former students at Evergreen Park Community High School who were interviewed by investigators confirmed that academically-oriented kids were harassed and insulted. These included G. Da. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #28, pp. 1-3; Roger Podewell (Qb) Written Investigator Report #104, pp. 1, 2; Wayne Tr. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #142, p. 3. As I've indicated in the Introduction, information reported to investigators about decades-old events has often proved wildly

inaccurate, especially when (as in this case) there have been media reports that may have influenced it. However, G. Da.'s reports of bitter personal experiences should probably be given weight as showing the existence of harassment, even though there is no way of knowing whether the reports are accurate in detail.

21. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 40-42, 47; (Ca) FL #329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986, p. 2; (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, p. 3; (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 5-8, 12; (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 3, paragraph 9. Further documentation will be given in Chapter IV.

22. During October or November of 1996, Investigator #3 told me that Dr. K. had told him that my brother had told her that my mother would have outbursts of rage during which her face would become red and contorted and she would make angry gestures that frightened my brother. It is true that my mother did have such outbursts, but I am relying on memory for the fact that Investigator #3 made this statement to me, since I did not write it down at the time.

On August 14, 1997, I asked Dr. K. to confirm this, and what she gave me then was a weaker version: "K asked, what did you see when [your mother] was angry? [Dave] said: Change of color in her face, her speech became quicker, she might make sudden movements. K asked what he meant. He said she would shake her hands and stomp her foot. As a child he felt that it felt close to feeling what violence would feel like -- it was threatening." (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., August 14, 1997.

I had the distinct impression from Dr. K. that "it felt close to feeling what violence would feel like" was a verbatim quote of my brother's words, and I clearly remember that I asked her to repeat the sentence so that I could be sure that I had it written down correctly. Nevertheless, when I asked her for confirmation of this report on February 12, 1998, she gave me the following version, which seems somewhat weaker: "Dr. K asked how did he know my mother was angry. When she was very angry you could tell because her color would change, speech would get quicker, would make sudden movements, that one could imagine would be closer to violence. Dr. K asked him what he meant. He said like shake her hands and stomp her foot." (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., February 12, 1998.

I asked Dr. K. about the words, "it felt close to feeling what violence would feel like," and she said she couldn't find them in her notes. If Dr. K. is asked about this matter again, I have no idea what she will say.

In any case, I know from my own memories that my mother did have outbursts of rage as I've described.

23. (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., July 24, 1997: "Wanda . . . Spoke of Ted R. withdrawing behind the newspaper. He didn't like conflict, would withdraw from it and pick up the paper." This is what Dr. K. told me, but, as I've noted elsewhere, she sometimes changes her story or claims she can't remember something she told me, so I do not know whether she will confirm this information if she is asked.

24. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 40, 41.

25. Same, p. 42.

26. Same, p. 41.

27. This is confirmed in the interview with my mother in (Hb) *Washington Post*, June 16, 1996, p. A20.

28. From (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 22:

"I never, ever recall the parents berating you to me. In fact, they always encouraged me to look up to you."

My parents would hardly have encouraged my brother to look up to me if they had thought I was the kind of sicko that the media have portrayed with my mother's and brother's encouragement.

29. (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 3, 6.

30. (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, p. 12. In (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 11, I wrote: "My friendships are usually of long duration. Fairly close, but never really intimate." I was not aware of *any* really intimate friendships among the boys in high school. The reader who thinks that there should have been such friendships should bear in mind that the teenage culture of Evergreen Park in 1955-58 may have been quite different from what he is familiar with. Boys simply did not bare their souls to one another.

I went to Harvard at the age of sixteen and made no close or lasting friendships there. However, during the summer following my freshman year at Harvard I continued to associate with some of my high-school friends ((Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 94; (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, pp. 10, 11; here, the "rather dull fellow" is Jerry U., the "large fat fellow" is Russell Mosny, and the "very tall lank fellow" is Bob Pe.). Consequently I date my social isolation from age seventeen rather than sixteen.

By the way, there is an error on p. 94 of (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979. I wrote: "I think I became pretty well separated from all my Evergreen Park friends within

about a year after leaving college." Instead of "college", I should have written "high school". I meant that I became separated from these friends after the summer following my first year at college. Actually, my memory of the chronology is rather fuzzy here. It's possible that I may have continued to associate with some of my high-school friends even during the summer following my *second* year at college. In (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 94, 95, I may have inadvertently telescoped the events of two summers into one.

31. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 50-54; (Qb) Written Investigator Report #34, Dale Eickelman.

32. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 3, referring to seventh grade: "I did make a couple of good friends among the better students"

33. (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, p. 12.

34. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 10: "One of my oldest friends is a rather dull fellow, average intelligence" This was Jerry U. I was probably giving him a little too much credit in describing his intelligence as average.

35. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 30, 94-95. Bob Pe. is the "very tall lank fellow" described as one of my best friends in (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 11. Bob Pe. confirmed his friendship with me in (Qb) Written Investigator Report #100.

36. Ruth Kn., Tom's mother, has confirmed that he and I were friends. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #64, p. 1. I mention this report for whatever it may be worth, but some of the other information given by Mrs. Kn. is incorrect.

37. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 94.

38. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 25, 94, 119-121. Mosny is the "large, fat fellow" referred to in (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, pp. 10, 11.

39. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 29, 94.

40. (Fb) School Records of TJK, E.P. High School; (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 12, 14; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 28; (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 4; (Aa) Autobiog of TJK 1958, p. 2.

41. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 28.

42. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 46, 47 has: "Throughout my earlier teens I suffered increasingly from chronic boredom. . . . Often I would visit a friend's home, or a friend would visit my home. But if these visits lasted any length of time, I would usually get bored Best, I liked physical games such as playing catch; but . . .

outside of gym classes, I never had a chance to participate in complicated games like softball and football, which I suppose would have held my interest better. Because there were never enough guys available for a regular game, we had to play very simple games like catch."

43. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., April 24, 1952, p. 53; April 17, 1953, p. 57; April 27, 1954, p. 58; April 14, 1955, p. 59; April 20, 1956, p. 67; June, 1957, p. 73; April 21, 1958, p. 74.

44. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 79: "Respectability is important to her."

45. I can think of few instances (prior to the time when my mother wrote this letter) in which I intentionally rejected friendly advances. No doubt I often seemed cool toward people; this was because my experiences in school had conditioned me to be afraid of social situations and of the possibility of rejection. Moreover, one of the symptoms of abuse is social withdrawal.

From (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 28, 29:

"As a result of [the rejection I'd experienced] I think I developed a kind of stoical coldness. (Not daring to fight back, and not wishing to show weakness, my only choice in the face of hostility was to be cold and stoical.) The cold impression was often accentuated by shyness, and I suspect that my apparent cold aloofness may have alienated some kids who might otherwise have been friendly."

46. Actually I suffered from chronic boredom. See Note 42.

47. The truth: "[M]y parents put pressure on me to earn money to help pay for my education. . . . I was supposed to be not only brilliant, but industrious. . . .

"I felt very shy and uncomfortable among the people on these jobs. When asked about my personal background I should have lied. The first job I had the first summer was as a busboy in a restaurant. One waitress there gave me a hard time, being evidently jealous of my education; she would bitterly make remarks like: 'We don't need brains around here -- we need a strong back.' " -- (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 95.

48. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 18, 19; letter from Wanda Kaczynski to Skiddy Von Stade (Harvard Dean of Freshmen), July 16, 1958. I had already been admitted to Harvard, so there was no need for my mother to fib in order to secure my admission.

49. (Hb) Washington Post, June 16, 1996.

50. (He) 60 Minutes, September 15, 1996.

51. My brother told Dr. K. that there was no "permission" to talk with parents about internal struggles. (Ra) Oral Reports from Dr. K., July 24, 1997 and February 12, 1998. As noted elsewhere, oral reports I've received have not proved reliable; but see Note 52.

52. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 115; (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 6, 7. (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 3, paragraph 10 has: "Teddy John was . . . afraid to tell Wanda about emotional problems or difficulties he encountered with his peer group because that would have caused a rent in the picture she had of her son."

53. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 1.

- 54. (Hc) Sacramento Bee, January 19, 1997, p. A16, column 1.
- 55. (He) 60 Minutes, September 15, 1996, Part One, p. 8.
- 56. Same, Part Two, p. 3.
- 57. (Na) FBI 302 number 2, pp. 6, 7.
- 58. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 3.
- 59. (Na) FBI 302 number 3, p. 5.

60. See Note 21 above. But contrary to what the FBI says my brother told them, I was compared to Walter T. only twice, and in at least one of those cases it was my mother who made the comparison.

61. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 18. The story is also told in (Ca) FL #339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, Summer, 1986, p. 4. My brother probably got the story from this letter and at some subsequent time began to imagine that he had witnessed the incident himself.

62. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 18, 19.

63. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 41. (Ca) FL #407, letter from me to David Kaczynski, October 13, 1990, p. 1 has: "... during my teens, but, while Dad was always rather cold to me during that period" Also see (Ca) FL #408, letter from me to my mother, October 13, 1990 (copy kept in cabin).

64. (He) 60 Minutes, September 15, 1996, Part One, p. 3:

"WANDA KACZYNSKI: ... if [Ted] heard cars driving up, he'd say 'ooh, there's so-and-so.' He says, 'don't call me down. I -- I don't want to see them. I don't want to see them.' He'd go upstairs."

The foregoing is not strictly accurate, but it is true that I often avoided visitors by going to my attic room. See also (Hb) *Washington Post*, June 16, 1996, p. A20, middle of last column on the page. And see (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 3: "DAVE noted that TED would often retreat to the attic whenever anyone came to the house to visit."

65. (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator #2, p. 2: "Withdrawal is a common reaction for abused children and includes withdrawing from visitors."

CHAPTER IV

Ever afterward, I nursed a grudge against my parents for the insults I'd had to take from them as a teenager. But that wasn't the only source of my resentment against them. There were other ways in which they had thrown burdens on me; for example, they tried to exploit my talents to feed their vanity. And even after I'd reached adulthood my mother's behavior continued to be troublesome, especially her nagging and her insults. Only in the case of my brother did I enjoy a relationship that was, from my point of view, more positive than negative; and with that relationship too there were very deep-lying problems that did not become fully apparent until much later. The fact is that I simply didn't fit with the other members of my family, and while my memories of verbal abuse formed the focal point of my resentment, that resentment really had broader origins and was my response to the unworkable relationship that I had with my parents and my brother.

All this will be explained in due course. Our task in the present chapter will be to review all of the surviving family correspondence that has a bearing on my parents' treatment of me during my adolescence. Almost all of my discussion of this issue with them was carried on by letter from my cabin in Montana.

It wasn't until about the beginning of March, 1974 that I confronted my parents openly on this matter. The letter in which I did so has not been preserved, but it is referred to in a letter that I sent my brother several weeks later. I'd been enjoying a solitary winter in my Montana cabin. I described to my brother what happened, as follows:

"I suppose you know that I am not on speaking terms with our parents. In case they haven't given you the full story, here it is: I told them repeatedly, in letters and on the telephone, 'Don't worry about me over the winter -- you won't hear from me until I get out of here in the spring.' I made a *particular* point of emphasizing this, because know what mother is like. Some time in February I got a card from the old bag saying she was worried and wanted to hear from me. Then about the end of February I got a letter from them saying that if they didn't hear from me soon they would contact the authorities and have them check up on me. The text of the letter stated (in effect) that it was from Dad, but the style and the worries were so like the old bag that I assume she induced him to write the letter. [Actually, she probably wrote it herself and signed it "Dad." My mother's handwriting is not very easy to distinguish from my father's.] So I had to get a letter out to them so as not to have the cops come up here to check on me. This cost me considerable embarrassment and inconvenience [I had a roadside mailbox, but at that time I think I didn't know that I could use it to send mail as well as receive it, so I walked four miles to Lincoln to mail the letter], and worse still, it broke into that sense of isolation that I so value up here. You may be sure that I cussed them out pretty thoroughly. This cussing out was further aggravated by some festering past resentments against them -- some of recent origin and some going all the way back to my teens." 1/

The recent resentments mentioned here had to do with difficult behavior on my mother's part that we will speak of later.

My mother's first answer to my letter of March, 1974 was vituperative, but she

soon followed it with another letter in which she attempted to mend fences with me. (Neither of these letters has been preserved.) I ignored both letters and refused to communicate with my parents for more than a year, though they continued to write to me. Finally I softened and wrote to them in March, 1975, outlining my activities over the preceding year. My letter began:

"I happen to be in a comparatively mellow mood, and besides, you have lately given some faint signs of admitting your moral fallibility, though not nearly to the extent you should. So I decided to be nice and write you a letter." ^{2/}

I do not now remember what the "faint signs of admitting . . . moral fallibility" were. I imagine my mother conceded that she and my father were less than perfect parents, but I am certain that she did not apologize for the verbal abuse or anything else.

My resentment of my parents' treatment of me was next referred to in a letter I wrote in 1977. My mother had irritated me by sanctimoniously objecting to an obscene word that I'd used in an earlier letter. In reply I gave her a rich sample of insulting obscenity and explained:

"The reason [for my hostile attitude] is that whenever you rub me the wrong way, it reminds me of all the old, old reasons I have for hating you, which I explained quite clearly in a letter some time ago. . . . Go ahead and call me an 'ungrateful monster.' You've called me that name before, and enough other names so that it doesn't bother me in the least any more." ^{3/}

(The letter of "some time ago" referred to here was the 1974 letter that I

mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.) My mother replied:

"Naturally we have been pretty depressed since your last letter. No one ever gets a perfect set of parents, nor do parents, for that matter, ever get a perfect child." ^{4/}

This was an answer that I repeatedly got from my mother in response to my (usually hostile, I'll admit) attempts to discuss with my parents the psychological abuse to which they had subjected me. "No parents are perfect," she would say, conveniently ignoring the fact that some are much more imperfect than others. And generally she would add that no children are perfect either, implying that my parents had as much to blame me for as I had to blame them for. My mother never explained what imperfections of mine she was referring to, but I know her well enough to guess what she had in mind: I refused to follow the prestigious career that she had dreamed of for me, I didn't love my parents, and I insulted them. But what could they expect after the way they had treated me during my teens? Especially in view of the fact that they refused to apologize for the abuse or even acknowledge it explicitly.

Actually, my parents were not always mean to me during my teens. They never hesitated to heap insults on me when they were in a bad mood, but my mother was often warm and affectionate when she was in a good mood, and there were happy family times as well as bad ones to remember. Thus, if my parents had fully and frankly acknowledged and apologized for the way they had treated me, I probably would have forgiven them. ^{5/} But my (admittedly hostile) attempts to get an apology from them were answered at first only with recriminations, excuses, or evasions on the part of my mother. When I did eventually extract an apology from her, it was cold and grudging,

and obviously given in order to placate me and not in a genuine spirit of remorse. My father never gave any answer at all to the letters in which I raised these issues, except once, and then his answer was as self-righteous as it could possibly be. I will quote it later (p. 122).

Probably around 1977 or 1978 my mother wrote:

"Both dad and I are searching for answers trying very hard to understand ourselves and our children. Who or what are we? Who are our children? What motivates them and us? Are we culture-bound? Have we hurt our children? Has the culture hurt them." ^{6/}

This extract is from a very messy, scrawled-over, and much-corrected document that my mother saved. It appears to be the first draft of a letter that was intended for me. But I do not remember receiving such a letter, so it's not clear whether a final draft was ever prepared and sent.

I next raised the issue of my parents' treatment of me in a hostile letter that I sent them in the autumn of 1982. That letter apparently has not survived, and I do not now remember what set off my anger against my parents in that instance. Nor has their reply to that letter been preserved; but I do remember that the reply consisted of a very brief note from my mother in which she coldly and stiffly apologized (on behalf of my father as well as herself) for the fact that they'd been poor parents to me. In spite of the coldness and brevity of the apology I was somewhat mollified, and I answered as follows, some time around Christmas, 1982:

"As to your last letter, in which you said you were 'truly sorry to have been such

failures as parents': Its [sic] a satisfaction to me to have you admit your faults for once, instead of trying to make excuses for them. The resentment I have toward you will always remain, but your last letter does soften my attitude a little. Enough, anyway, so that I will take back what I said about hoping you drop dead on Christmas -- cause it's true that you were always good to me on Christmas, and on the whole I have pleasant memories of Christmases. I trust you got the christmas card I sent you." ^{2/}

My mother's note of apology was also mentioned in a letter that I sent my brother in March, 1986:

"[A]bout 3 years ago after I'd written them on the subject, mother did write back: 'We are truly sorry to have been such failures as parents.' (But isn't there a hint there of something like, 'we are truly sorry you turned out so rotten'?) But even then she tried to excuse it on the grounds of 'ignorance.' (They can hardly have been ignorant of the fact that it is extremely painful for a teenage kid to have his parents repeatedly tell him, in anger, that there is something wrong with him mentally.) Getting that much of an apology from her was something like squeezing a nickel out of a miser. It was cold and curt, and afterward she seemed to just shove it under the carpet and forget about it. Certainly it conveyed no sense of remorse; and very likely it was something she said merely to get me to soften towards them....," ^{8/}

* * * * * *

Let's digress for a moment to clear up yet another item of disinformation from my brother. According to his interview as reported by the *New York Times*:

"The parents had visited [Ted] several times at his cabin until the mid-1980's,

and each time they had come away pleased at his cordiality, only to find another angry letter in the mail soon after returning home." ^{9/}

According to an FBI "302" report, my brother told the interviewing agents:

In reality, the last time I ever saw my parents was in June of 1982. The "angry letter" was not sent until several months later, in the autumn of 1982, and I did not tell my parents until the spring of 1983 that I was breaking off relations with them.

On May 17, 1982, I wrote my parents, "see you June 11 or 12," ^{11/} and on May 25, 1982, "I trust that this is the last communication that will be necessary before you guys get here; so I will just assume that you will get here on June 11 or 12" ^{12/} This clearly dates their visit to June. That my angry letter was not sent until late autumn of 1982 is shown by the letter ^{1/} that I quoted above, from around Christmastime, 1982, in which I referred to my parents' last letter as an answer to my angry letter and quoted my angry letter as saying that I hoped they would drop dead on Christmas; a clear indication that the angry letter was written not too long before Christmas.

I was on reasonably amicable terms with my parents from around Christmas,

1982 until the spring of 1983, at which time I broke off relations with them completely, for reasons that I will describe in due course. My journal entries for May 25 and June 9, 1983 confirm the accuracy of my memory on this point. ^{13/} Moreover, the surviving family correspondence contains no indication of a visit by my parents to Montana after June, 1982.

My parents visited me a few times between 1971 and 1977, but my brother was wrong in telling the FBI that they had visited me "for several consecutive summers" up to their last visit. In reality they visited me only twice after 1977; once in 1980 or 1981 and once, as already noted, in 1982.

My brother was also mistaken when he told the *New York Times* (see passage quoted above) that after their several visits to my cabin our parents "had come away pleased at [Ted's] cordiality, only to find another angry letter in the mail soon after returning home." I sent my parents many letters in which I expressed more or less irritation at them (we will see later some of the reasons for this irritation), but, prior to my brief correspondence with my mother in 1990-91, there were only three *angry* letters -- ones in which I complained of my parents' mistreatment of me. These are the ones already described. As we've seen, they were sent in early March, 1974, early February, 1977, and about Christmastime, 1982. It's already been shown that this last letter was sent several months after my parents' visit. The March and February letters could only have been sent several months, at least, after any visit by my parents, since naturally they didn't come to see me during the months of cold and snow. My brother himself describes the visits as occurring during the summers; though actually some of them

were in late spring (June) or early fall (October).

* * * * * *

The next letter in the family correspondence that refers to the abuse issue is one that my mother wrote me on Christmas Eve, 1984. This is the letter quoted in Chapter I in which she gives an exaggerated and melodramatic account of my "hospital experience." Here are some further excerpts:

"No word, no small word of greeting from you. How that hurts! . . . Have you no memory of our love and care?

"All families have their fights. That is inevitable. We are imperfect humans in an imperfect world. But most of us are able to forgive, forget, apologize and go on loving and caring. Some are unable to control hatred, to overcome it. Why?

[At this point my mother recites her embellished version of the "hospital experience." After that:]

"Remember how you would react to anybody's correction or criticism of you? ... How [can we] convince you that we love you? How convince you that fighting and difference of opinion doesn't mean rejection. How can we be at last a normal family? ... Surely, we have not been so bad as parents that we should be denied the minimum respect of a word of greeting at Christmas time. What is this unnatural satisfaction you take in making us suffer so needlessly? ^{14/}

These excerpts illustrate both the self-pity that is characteristic of my mother and the evasive, euphemistic way of speaking that is even more characteristic of her. Insults are described as "correction or criticism," abuse is described as "fighting" or "difference of opinion." Of course, when a parent heaps vicious insults on the head of his or her fourteen-year-old kid, it's not a "fight," it's just abuse. It's worth noting that my mother never in any of her letters denied the *facts* that I alleged. She never denied that she frequently screamed at me, or that she and my father used to say that I had "the mind of a two-year old," that they called me "sick" and "a creep," or that when I talked back in response to their insults they often shouted at me, "Speak respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house." My mother merely evaded the issue by describing this treatment in euphemistic terms; or she would say that her and my father's behavior toward me was a "mistake," as if they didn't realize that it is extremely painful for a kid to have his parents shout such things at him.

Of course, I don't claim that I took it all like a lamb. I would shout insults at my parents, too. For instance, I used to call my mother a "fat pig." But in the end I always lost the verbal battles because my parents had all the power and I had none; and moreover a kid is far more vulnerable to insults from his parents than vice versa. It would have been easier if I'd had a strong peer-group to which to retreat, but, as we've already seen, I was an outcast among my schoolmates.

My mother's implication that I was unable to apologize (which by the way is not true) is ironic, to say the least. What I needed in order to forgive my parents was precisely an apology from *them* -- a good, clean, heartfelt apology reflecting genuine remorse, with acknowledgment that their treatment of me was not due to "mistakes" or "ignorance" but to the fact that they used me as a butt on which to take out their feelings of hostility or frustration. The longer they refused to give me such an apology,

the more they built up my frustration and anger toward them. I made this clear to them, but they were just too self-centered and too self-righteous to apologize fully and honestly.

What especially used to anger me were my mother's repeated attempts to portray my resentment of my parents as the result of "that hospital experience":

"... Some are unable to control hatred, to overcome it. Why?"

"Yours, I think, I am convinced, has its source in your traumatic hospital experience." 14/

This was one of the gimmicks that my mother used over and over again in an effort to evade responsibility for her treatment of me, and (along with her usual tendency to exaggerate) it was her motive for dramatizing and distorting the "hospital experience" out of all proportion.

* * * * * *

In December, 1985 or January, 1986 my brother wrote me, "I know you are estranged from our parents." ^{15/} Again in a letter of late January, 1986, he referred briefly to my estrangement from our parents. ^{16/} On March 15, 1986, I wrote to my brother as follows:

"I'd like to make some comments on my reasons for hating our parents. First, I'll quote some passages from a letter that mother sent me about Christmas time, 1984.

" 'All families have their fights. ... But most of us are able to forgive'

" ' [Your hatred] I think, I am convinced, has its source in your traumatic hospital experience in your first year of life.' . . .

" ' Somehow you were never able to overcome that embedded distrust of the people around you.'

" I could quote some other accusations from that letter, but the above I think is enough to make the point. Which is, that our parents will not accept any blame for the way they treated me during my teens. Any resentment I have toward them they attribute to there being something wrong with me. 'That hospital experience' that mother always likes to dredge up is very convenient for them because it's something that was beyond their control. Of course, if my resentment of them was caused by that experience, then it remains to be explained why I never resented them before my teens. (By the way, I don't know how severe 'that hospital experience' actually was, but it's a safe bet that mother's account of it is considerably exaggerated -- you know how she always does exaggerate whenever she is emotionally involved in something, and Dad will generally back her up against any third party.)

"When she mentions 'fights' in the first passage quoted above she is referring to my complaints about their having applied to me such epithets as 'another Walter T_____,' 'a creep,' 'sick,' 'mind of a two-year old,' etc. The term 'fight' here is hardly appropriate, since it implies some sort of rough equality of power between the 2 combatants. If a 200-lb. bully beats up a 120-pounder you don't call that a fight, it's just abuse. The same applies when parents shout the most cutting sort of insults at a 14 or 15-year old kid who is in their power. It is easy for *them* to talk about forgiveness -- they don't have much to forgive, since they always won what they choose to call the 'fights'; they finished them by sending me up to the attic or by shouting 'speak

respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house.' Mother's calling these things 'fights' is one of her typical evasions and an illustration of our parents' self-righteousness. They will admit to having 'made a mistake' and things of that sort, but they will never admit the real reasons for their behavior toward me: first, that they were too lazy to make the effort needed to exercise self-restraint; second, they evidently had certain frustrations or irritabilities, and I was a convenient target on which they could vent these. In later years, if they had felt and expressed a real sense of remorse and regret about these things I probably would have forgiven them. But as you can see from the passages I quoted above, their self-righteousness is incorrigible. Far from having any sense of having been in the wrong, they attribute all problems to there being something wrong with me." ¹²⁷

At this point in the letter there follows the passage that I quoted above on p. 110, beginning "[A]bout 3 years ago" The letter then continues:

"Certainly [mother's 1982 apology] conveyed no sense of remorse; and very likely it was something she said merely in order to get me to soften towards them, since her later letter, from which I quoted above, reveals the same old self-righteous attitude. As for Dad, from him I never had any shadow or hint of an apology." ^{18/}

In his answer to this letter, my brother wrote, in late March or early April, 1986:

"I am venturing to discuss our family and our childhood, focussing mainly on your relations with the parents $\frac{19}{20}$ [A]Ithough I acknowledge that Mom and Dad performed their role as parents in many respects very stupidly and poorly in relation to you, nevertheless they were quite good parents to me $\frac{20}{20}$ I don't believe at this

point that their motives for treating you badly were the motives of a bully I have also heard mother's interpretation of your childhood trauma, and . . . I couldn't help feeling struck by the number of correspondences between the theory and some of the familiar tendencies of your personality ^{21/} [It's not clear what "theory" my brother is referring to here. He is not learned in psychology.] Anyway -- regarding the theory of your supposed trauma as a whole -- I have felt for some years that it has, or might have *some* bearing on your feelings toward the parents. I have also cautioned them against using it as a moral escape hatch, since in some ways their treatment of you (for instance, threatening to throw you out of the house, i.e. to abandon you again) was the absolute worst they could have done. At this they say, 'if only we had known!' and their eyes become sorrowful and a little scared. If you have any doubts about their feelings of guilt, you should see them then. ^{22/}...

"This brings me to the point of acknowledging . . . that I believe Mom and Dad's sins as parents toward you were real and not merely the products of your imagination. I confess that at first I didn't think so, and I *do* still tend to think that some of your complaints are overstated, but I have also been searching my memory and I can recall some scenes that are painful to remember (how much more painful for you!) given my affection for them. ^{23/} . . . I don't think a reconciliation can begin without a full and plain acknowledgment of the parents' errors -- in other words, no more shoving things under the rug. ^{24/} . . . Their feelings of failure are mixed up with their feelings of resentment toward you (since you have refused to acknowledge their good qualities along with the bad) ^{25/} Dad told me that once he wrote an apologetic letter to you . . . and all he

got back was a short reply which he interpreted as spurning his overture and apology $^{26/}$ I suspect your intelligence and emotional complexity made you a very difficult child -- far moreso [sic] than me -- for a parent to deal with. ... You remember primarily the humiliations and the threats, but I remember times when mother ... tried to give you sympathy and find out what was making you unhappy. (Although, as must be admitted ... she would have refused to accept the truth had you been able to tell her.) $^{27/}$... One of the most common tendencies I have observed is for a parent to try to humiliate a child into behaving in what he considers to be the proper way. It's the last ugly resort of parental authority and I have seen it clutched at many times in families outside of our own. $^{28/}$... The job is the parents' to apologize. But I think you are a hard man if you close your heart to forgiveness against the day when they may someday do so. $^{29/}$

"... I hate to think that at times our family may have organized itself according to the pattern of 3 against 1. [That is, mother, father, and Dave against Ted.]" ^{30/}

My brother's letter was quite well-intentioned and conciliatory, but it nevertheless made me very angry. My anger arose partly from certain passages (not quoted above) of his letter and from certain aspects of his accustomed style of argument that will be dealt with later. But most of all my anger arose from his partial acceptance of my mother's theory of the "hospital experience," and especially from the fact that throughout his letter he followed my mother's procedure of portraying my parents' treatment of me as well-intentioned but mistaken; whereas it was obvious that their verbal cruelty arose not from good but misguided intentions, but from uncontrolled

anger or hostility. My own anger was of course intensified by frustration at the failure of my attempts to get other members of the family to acknowledge the truth about the abuse.

Yet there was no doubt that my brother's letter represented a kind-hearted effort to make peace between my parents and me, and consequently, while I expressed my anger to him, I kept it from getting out of hand. I wrote:

"You son of a bitch. Your letter made me so mad that I was on the point of cutting off all communication with you forever. . . . I got over being mad at you -- or partly got over it -- just in time.

"Clearly you don't realize that every time I bring up that issue and someone says 'Oh, it's only cause you were warped by "that hospital experience," ' all it does is make me more angry. ^{31/}

"OK, look, I'm still mad at you. I still haven't fully got over it. The only thing that prevented me from sending you that letter cutting off all communication for good was the fact that the night before I was going to send it I had a dream that brought to the surface my real feelings toward you -- which are soft and affectionate. Since I'm still mad, don't write to me for awhile. . . . Later, when I get over being mad -- say after a few months -- I'll write to you again and then you can resume corresponding with me if you like. But *don't* ever argue with me about my relations with our parents. . . . I flatly refuse to accept any contradiction on this point. No doubt this is unreasonable. But you're just going to have to humor me if you want to get along with me." ^{32/}

Five days later I wrote my brother again:

"I apologize for calling you a son of a bitch and other harsh language that I used in my last letter. But, you know, I was mad. I'm not mad any more. . . . But don't send me any letters for awhile yet, unless for some urgent reason cause if you start raking up all that old family stuff you may just get me upset again, and having just got over being upset I don't feel like getting upset again for awhile yet. Later on we can discuss some of these things further if you want to. ^{33/} . . .

"You say Dad claims he once sent me an apology. I don't remember it. . . . [T]hat's not the kind of thing I would be likely to forget. . . . [A]re you sure that *you* are remembering correctly what [Dad] told you? . . . I've noticed that from time to time you make errors of memory in your letters --unless it's my memory that's wrong. Example:

"In your last letter you wrote 'When you saw the murdered babies in the Nazi camp . . . you vowed to protect me at the expense of your own life . . . '

"As I remember it, I didn't refer to 'murdered' babies, but to kids who had been reduced to extreme emaciation through starvation. Also, I said that I decided to 'do anything I could to protect you' -- I don't think I said anything about 'at the expense of my own life.' If you still have that letter you might look up the relevant passage and see which of us is remembering more accurately." ^{34/}

The letter in question has been preserved, and it shows that my memory was exactly right. ^{35/} It is typical of my brother to get his information garbled. We will see other examples of this later.

That my father never gave me an apology is confirmed by a note that he sent me within a couple of weeks of the foregoing letter of mine to my brother. This note dealt with another matter that we will consider later. For the moment, let it suffice to say that he wrote:

"The last couple of years have been painful. Your rejection of us, we feel, is unfair, uncalled for and at the least shows lack of understanding, tolerance or a sense of family." ^{36/}

The self-righteous attitude shown here by my father is hardly consistent with my brother's claim that he once apologized to me. My brother never repeated that claim. He had probably made it on the basis of a misunderstanding or misremembering of something my father had said.

After receiving my father's note I quoted it in a letter to my brother (April 30, 1986) and commented as follows:

"Their self-righteousness is actually funny! ... Note where the old son of a bitch accuses me of a lack of understanding and tolerance! When I was a kid, if I annoyed him he would insult me in the most cutting way ... and now *he* accuses *me* of a 'lack of understanding and tolerance'!! ... Not that I claim to be understanding and tolerant. But it's like a thief who steals something from somebody and then accuses his victim of dishonesty. ...

"Can you wonder at the fact that I won't forgive them? If they had ever shown any remorse, any sense of having mistreated me and wanting to make up for it, I might have forgiven them. But . . . it is quite clear that they will never change. So you might [as] well give up the idea that there will ever be reconciliation between me and them.

"You claim to have seen 'guilt' expressed in their faces during discussions of this

subject. I don't believe it! How can you square it with the tone of that letter [my father's note] . . .?" ^{37/}

In yet another letter I commented again on my brother's letter of late March or early April, 1986:

"[Y]ou give a list of traits of mine that you imagine are caused by my supposed 'trauma' in the hospital. The trouble with your theory is that you didn't know me till I was older and already affected by our parents' mistreatment and by the bad situation in school after I skipped a grade. Most of those traits I did not have as a very young child. Of course, you can always speculate about delayed-action trauma -- this psychoanalytic crap is flexible enough so that you can justify anything you want to believe. But since there are clear reasons in my later childhood for my developing such traits, these are the more likely cause. You don't realize that the atmosphere in our home was quite different during the first few years of my life than it was later. ... Also, after I skipped a grade, I was subjected to certain humiliations in school.^{38/}..."

There was no further discussion in the family correspondence of my parents' treatment of me until shortly after my father's death on October 2, 1990. On October 13 of that year I wrote to my brother:

"I haven't shed any tears over our father's death -- you know how I felt about him. I must say, though, that I feel very sorry for our mother. All this must be a severe blow to her. I never resented her quite as much as I resented Dad. I had to take a lot of verbal abuse from both of them during my teens, but, while Dad was always rather cold to me during that period, Mother often made up for the abuse with warmth and affection at other times." 39/

On the same date I wrote my mother a letter in which I said practically the same thing and added, "If you'd like to be reconciled and resume correspondence with me, I am willing." ^{40/} My mother and I did resume correspondence, but the abuse issue was not discussed until January, 1991. About December, 1990, my mother had sent me an autobiography ^{41/} that covered her life up to age ten, together with a letter from my aunt Freda (my mother's sister) ^{42/} that substantiated her account of the gross physical abuse she had suffered. In a letter of January 15 I commented as follows:

"I read your family history with great interest. . . . [O]n a number of occasions in the past when I've heard you recount incidents that I myself had witnessed, your stories were very inaccurate through being overdramatized. Consequently I have no rational choice but to be skeptical about the accuracy of your history. I hasten to add that I don't doubt for a moment that your mother abused you very badly, and I'm even prepared to assume that the abuse was, in a general way, as bad as you depicted it, since that seems to be confirmed by Freda's letter. But for me it necessarily remains an open question to what extent your account is accurate in detail. Of course, quite apart from your penchant for dramatization, *anyone's* long-term memories may contain inaccuracies.

"One might possibly see a connection between the physical abuse you suffered as a kid and the psychological abuse you inflicted on me during my teens. The psychologists claim that people who abuse their kids are usually people who were abused themselves as kids. I don't know to what extent this is actually true -- there is a

lot of B.S. that gets peddled in the name of psychology. And Dad didn't fit that pattern -- he inflicted as much verbal abuse on me as you did, ^{43/} yet I never heard anything that would indicate he ever suffered any abuse himself. In fairness to you I should add that I always felt you were a good mother to me during my early years. It was when I was around 8 years old that your behavior and the family atmosphere began to deteriorate

"Actually, though, you judge your mother too harshly. Bear in mind that *there are no perfect parents* . . . ^{44/} or *perfect children*, either. As you have reminded me several times." ^{45/}

In reply to this letter my mother wrote:

"I'm very sorry you have such bad memories of me during your teen years. I guess I just wasn't the good parent I thought I could be. It's amazing that you turned out so well in spite of those traumatic scars." ^{46/}

Obviously, my mother's description of me as "having turned out so well" is inconsistent with the crap that she and my brother have recently fed the media to the effect that the family always saw me as a disturbed sicko.

On January 22 I wrote to my mother:

"I should acknowledge that your mother apparently treated you a lot worse than you treated me. (But that still doesn't excuse the way you treated me during my teens \dots .)" $\frac{47}{7}$

On January 30 my mother replied:

"I flinch every time you remind me of your unhappy teen years. Was I that

horrible? I'm sorry. Can't you believe that we loved you very much even when we showed very angry anxious disapproval? I never realized how our insensitivity hurt you." 48/

Observe that my mother persisted in describing their treatment of me in euphemistic terms ("disapproval"), and still refused to face up to the fact that the abuse consisted of verbal aggression that was *intended* to hurt. On June 5, 1991 she wrote me:

"Several times in your letters during the winter you mentioned that you would later expand on the hurts I inflicted on you during your teen-age years. I mentioned to you that I winced every time you made this comment in your letters. After that you no longer referred to your adolescent pain.

"... If you feel the need to unburden yourself please do so. ... Whatever stupid mistakes we made, Dad and I loved you very much." 49/

She still referred to the abuse as "mistakes." Maintaining her pretense that her mistreatment of me consisted in well-intentioned errors rather than in outbursts of anger and aggression, she wrote me on June 21:

"I don't like to make anybody feel bad: (Except, of course, my kids . . . in the interest [mistakenly so] of correction and discipline.)" ^{50/}

The bracketed "[mistakenly so]" is in the original as written by my mother. On July 5 I wrote her a long letter about my grievance against the family:

"Not long ago you invited me to write to you about my 'adolescent pain,' as you called it. I'm going to do so now $\frac{51}{2}$...

"In your note of June 21 you wrote, 'I don't like to make anybody feel bad. (Except, of course, my kids when they were young in the interest [mistakenly so] of correction and discipline.)'

"The more you resort to rationalizations and evasions to excuse your treatment of me, the more I hate you. The insults you heaped on me were not honest but mistaken attempts at discipline, they were just uncontrolled outbursts of anger. Often the anger was not even a response to my behavior, since in many cases you would scream at me on the most trivial provocations. You once wrote me that your treatment of me was 'not malicious.' It wasn't *calculatedly* malicious. But the things you said to me were certainly full of malice. You can't possibly claim that you didn't know that the things you said to me would be painful. You said them *because* you knew they would be painful -- your angry outbursts against me were *acts of aggression* and were *intended* to cause pain. By no stretch of the imagination can it be supposed that you actually believed this sort of thing to constitute a rational system of discipline.

"There is no evidence whatever that you attempted to restrain your temper toward me. I can remember *no* instance in which you ever apologized for your behavior to me and only *one* instance in which Dad ever did so.

"So quit trying to evade responsibility for your behavior by claiming that what you did was the result of 'mistakes' or 'misunderstanding.' You were simply using me as a defenseless butt on which to take out your frustrations $\frac{52}{2}$..."

After extensive expressions of grief over my problems with social adjustment, and especially over my difficulty in making advances to women, I concluded: "In one of your letters you gave me a little lecture about how I should 'learn to forgive.' $\frac{53}{10}$ It's easy for you to preach, especially when you expect to be the beneficiary of the forgiveness. But I don't notice that you are particularly anxious to forgive your own parents. $\frac{54}{10}$ I hate you, and I will never forgive you, because the harm you did me can never be undone." $\frac{55}{10}$

I was worked up emotionally when I wrote the foregoing. It would have been more accurate to say that the reason I wouldn't forgive her was that she had always refused to accept, fully and honestly, responsibility for the way she had treated me.

At any rate, my mother answered me on July 12 in a letter full of self-justification and attempts to throw on me the blame for my problems with social adjustment. As usual, she tried to explain everything as a consequence of "that hospital experience."

"How can parents convince a child that they have always loved him -- never, never rejected him? ... Could your terrible feelings of insecurity stem from those traumatic fears of abandonment when you had to be left at the hospital at an emotionally critical stage in your infancy? I remember yelling in anger at Dave because he had the bad habit of teasing you. I remember a couple of bad quarrels with Dave, but he seems to love us and not blame us for 'shouting' at him.

"... [Y]ou don't seem to remember how eagerly I welcomed any one that came over to visit you. But you rejected everyone who tried to be your friend. Remember ... Loren [De] Young ...? ... I could never convince you to be kinder and more tolerant of the many people who made overtures to you. You always arrogantly pushed people away ...

"I went back to school and embarked on a new career in my fifties. Why can't you? I am deeply sorry for whatever way I have hurt you, but I have always loved you . . .

"... [Y]ou would have to ... be a kinder, gentler person, less vengeful whenever people don't measure up to your expectations." ^{56/}

The foregoing letter was quickly followed by another in which my mother continued in the same vein:

"[S]et aside your tendency to arrogance and bossiness, which probably is a cover up for shyness and awkwardness. And don't push people away when they make overtures. Be patient! You get angry too easily at slights. Be gentle and kind. . . . *Be kind, be kind, and you'll have plenty of friends.*

"I love you, dear son . . . Are you going to let memories of adolescent difficulties immobilize you?" ^{57/}

Certain *pro-forma* expressions of love and sympathy notwithstanding, the tone of my mother's letters was essentially cold and critical. This was the way she answered my cry from the heart, and it was typical of the way in which, ever since my earliest adolescence, she had responded to every attempt I made to discuss any problems I might have. Instead of sympathy I got cold and often unjust criticism.

Shortly after receiving these letters, I wrote a note ^{58/} which I kept with the letters and in which I rebutted some of the irrationalities they contain, including the portrait that my mother painted of my personality. I will not bore the reader by reproducing this rebuttal here, but will merely mention a few points as examples. "She claims they always loved me. Yes, they did love me -- in the same way that a small child loves his teddy bear. When he's in a good mood he cuddles his teddy bear, but when he's in a bad mood he doesn't hesitate to kick his teddy bear around. $\frac{59}{\ldots}$

"[S]he argues that Dave does not resent our parents for shouting at him. But while they *occasionally* vented their ill-temper at Dave, they vented it on me *frequently*. Moreover, I never heard them inflict on Dave the kind of cutting, vicious insults that they inflicted on me $\frac{60'}{2}$"

My mother asserts that I "rejected" or "pushed away" various people. For the most part her assertions make no sense. For example, Loren DeYoung (mentioned in my mother's letter) was one of the high-status boys among my high-school classmates; he was a decent fellow who tolerated me with little or no condescension, but he certainly never made any overtures of friendship to me, nor did I ever in any sense reject him. ^{61/}

My mother says she "went back to school and embarked on a new career" in her fifties. Indeed she did. But, characteristically, she didn't stay with it very long. She became a high-school English teacher but quit after two years because, she said, the job was too stressful. A media report describes her teaching as inadequate, ^{62/} but I don't know whether it was or not, given the unreliability of the media.

My mother wrote, "I am deeply sorry for whatever way I hurt you." She was still refusing to fact up to the fact of the abuse: The word "whatever" indicates that the way she hurt me is something indefinite and unknown, and even casts doubt on whether she hurt me at all.

After receiving the foregoing letters from my mother, I wrote my brother an emotional letter $\frac{63}{}$ in which I begged him to persuade my mother to stop writing to me because I could no longer endure the anger and frustration that she caused me. With the copy of this letter that I kept in the cabin I put a note in which I wrote:

"Concerning the foregoing letter . . . :

"Quite intentionally, I grossly exaggerated my real feelings. I did this because Dave is so inert and passive that I figured that in order to be sure of getting any action out of him I had best lay it on pretty thick.

"Actually I was very upset after reading those two letters from my mother . . .

"I don't know how I ever got born into such a family of incapable, silly fools. When I broke off correspondence with my brother a couple of years ago, I felt so good to be rid of them! I felt clean and free! When, last October, I resumed correspondence with my mother because I felt sorry for her after my father died, it gave me a kind of sick feeling to be coming back into contact with that family again. I would compare it to a scene in the movie *African Queen*. Humphrey Bogart gets out of the water and is horrified and disgusted to find himself covered with leeches. He sprinkles himself with salt and the leeches drop off, to his great relief. But after awhile he realizes that he is going to have to get back down in the water again, among the leeches. Well, that's the kind of feeling I had about getting back into contact with my rotten family again. So I'm glad now to be breaking off with that family once and for all." ^{64/}

Having learned through long experience that my brother was inaccessible to

reason, I had reluctantly decided to play on his emotions, and it worked. Dave did intervene with my mother. At first, however, he did not do so forcefully enough to stop her from writing to me. Within about three weeks she sent me a letter and three postcards, one of which said, "I am deeply, deeply sorry for having hurt you," ^{65/} and nothing more. For once, no evasions, excuses, or accusations. It was beginning to sound like a real and honest apology, but by that time it was too late. I wanted no more contact with my stinking family. I sent my brother a second emotional letter ^{66/} in response to which he must have intervened more forcefully with my mother, because she did stop writing to me, apart from one or two minor relapses over the next couple of years.

* * * * * *

The reader no doubt has found this long and sordid chapter very tedious. It does, however, establish clearly that my brother and mother understood the significance of the way my parents had treated me, and that they knew it was highly important to me to have that treatment acknowledged. ^{67/}

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

- 1. (Ca) FL #149, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 4, 1974, pp. 1, 2.
- 2. (Ca) FL #154, letter from me to my parents, late March, 1975, p. 1.
- 3. (Ca) FL #198, letter from me to my parents, February 7, 1977.
- 4. (Ca) FL #199, fragment of a letter from my mother to me, Spring, 1977.

5. Even if my parents had apologized satisfactorily and I had forgiven them, it's not clear whether I would have been able to get along with them. There were other serious problems in the relationship, among them my parents' self-righteous attitude, which underlay their refusal to give me a frank and open-hearted apology.

My conflicting feelings toward my parents are illustrated by the family correspondence. In addition to my bitter letters to them there are some affectionate ones. For example, (Ca) FL #115, letter from me to my mother, May 9, 1970:

"You [illegible] to have been concerned about whether you have been too crabby ["being crabby" was my mother's euphemism for constant, vituperative nagging], whether you have been a good mother to me, etc. So I want to say that I think you are the best mother that anybody could ask for. In fact, both my parents have been the best that anybody could ask for. I hope you will forgive me for disappointing you in certain ways. *Please* try not to worry about me so much."

Of course, I hadn't forgotten the way I'd been treated during my teens, but I was feeling sorry for my parents, especially my mother, because she seemed so grieved and upset over our difficult relations.

6. (Ca) FL #208, possible letter from my mother to me, probably late 1977 or early 1978.

7. (Ca) FL #273, letter from me to my parents, around Christmastime, 1982, p. 1. The content of this letter shows it was written around Christmastime. Since the fact that this undated letter was written in 1982 is significant, I will explain how the year was confirmed. The letter continues:

"My root cellar is not actually *finished*, but it is finished enough so that I have my vegetables stored in it for the winter. . . Potatoes, parsnips, and sugar beets. I don't have enough potatoes and sugar beets to last the whole winter, but . . . I expect to be eating 4 parsnips a day almost until the wild greens become available in the spring."

(Ba) Journals of TJK, Series V #1, November 19, 1982, contains the following entry (translated from Spanish to English):

"Though I haven't finished my cellar, I have finished it enough to be able to put my vegetables in it. Altogether I grew approximately 80 sugar beets; the amount of potatoes needed to fill a five-gallon bucket 1³/₄ times (but I had already eaten almost half of said quantities of potatoes and beets before putting them in the cellar); and, *in addition to* certain parsnips that I had already eaten, I collected almost 600 parsnips to store in my cellar."

If we suppose there are about 145 days between November 19 and mid-April of the following year, and if I ate four parsnips a day throughout this period, then I would eat 580 parsnips. Thus my journal clearly supports my memory in assigning this letter (Ca) FL #273 to very late 1982 or very early 1983. Further confirmation is provided by the fact that I never grew sugar beets again after 1982. The only way I knew to get sugar beet seeds was either to order them from a certain company that required a ten-dollar minimum order (not worth it to me) or to grow them myself. I couldn't grow them myself because the roots didn't survive the winter, and at that time I didn't know that the roots could be saved in a cellar and re-planted in the spring. From (Ba) Journals of TJK, Series V #1, May 12, 1983 (translated from Spanish to English):

"A few days ago I discovered that the sugar beets, that I left in the ground last fall so that they would produce seeds this summer, are dead and rotten . . . I don't understand how the seeds of sugar beets are produced if they [the beets] don't survive the winters."

8. (Ca) FL #329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986, pp. 3, 4.

9. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 3.

10. (Na) FBI 302 number 2, p. 7. According to the FBI, my mother told them that her and my father's

"last trip to Montana in the mid 1980's was a most wonderful visit. TED took them to see the flowers in the meadow and they generally had a great time. Shortly after returning to Illinois [sic; dangling participle], TED sent an angry letter in which TED said he did not want to hear from the family anymore. That was the last visit that they made to Montana and she believed that it must have been about 1985." – (Na) FBI 302 number 10, p. 3.

Thus, my mother's account agrees with my brother's. Yet the family letters and my journals show that they are both wrong. Probably my brother got his

information from my mother and that's why their accounts agree.

11. (Ca) FL#258, letter from me to my parents, May 17, 1982, p. 3.

12. (Ca) FL#260, letter from me to my parents, May 25, 1982.

13. (Ba) Journals of TJK, Series V #1, May 25, 1983 and June 9, 1983. The journal does not state explicitly that I broke off with my parents, but it does say, "I can't endure my parents any more" (translated from Spanish), and it describes the issue over which I remember breaking off with my parents. For details, see Chapter VII.

14. (Ca) FL#297, letter from my mother to me, December 24, 1984.

15. (Ca) FL#320, letter from David Kaczynski to me, December 1985 or January, 1986, p. 1.

16. (Ca) FL#322, letter from David Kaczynski to me, latter half of January, 1986, p. 1.

17. (Ca) FL#329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986, pp. 1-3.

18. Same, p. 4.

19. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 8.

- 20. Same, p. 11.
- 21. Same, p. 13.
- 22. Same, p. 15.
- 23. Same, p. 16.
- 24. Same, p. 17.
- 25. Same, p. 18.
- 26. Same, pp. 18, 19.
- 27. Same, pp. 20, 21.
- 28. Same, p. 23.
- 29. Same, p. 25.

30. Same, p. 26.

31. (Ca) FL#331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986, p. 1.

32. Same, pp. 5, 6.

33. (Ca) FL#332, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 21, 1986, p. 1.

34. Same, pp. 3, 4.

35. See Chapter II, pp. II 19, II 20, and Note 33.

36. (Ca) FL#334, letter from my parents to me, April, 1986.

37. (Ca) FL#335, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 30, 1986, pp. 4, 5.

38. (Ca) FL#339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May, 1986, pp. 3, 4.

39. (Ca) FL#407, letter from me to David Kaczynski, October 13, 1990 (copy from cabin), p. 1.

40. (Ca) FL#408, letter from me to my mother, October 13, 1990 (copy from cabin).

41. This is (Ae) Autobiography of Wanda.

42. (Cb) FL Supplementary Item #4, letter from Freda Dombek Tuominen to Wanda Kaczynski, October 1, 1986.

43. In terms of sheer quantity my mother certainly inflicted more abuse than my father did, but, as I indicated earlier, my father's insults tended to be more cutting than my mother's. So if quantity can be balanced by severity, then my father might be said to have abused me verbally as much as my mother did.

44. The three dots are in the original.

45. (Ca) FL#423, letter from me to my mother, January 15, 1991, pp. 4-6. On the Xerox copy of the original that the FBI has provided, some parts are illegible or "cut off." These have been filled in from the copy of this letter that I kept in the cabin.

46. (Ca) FL#427, letter from my mother to me, January 19, 1991, p. 1.

47. (Ca) FL#428, letter from me to my mother, January 22, 1991, p. 1.

48. (Ca) FL#430, letter from my mother to me, January 30, 1991.

49. (Ca) FL#453, letter from my mother to me, June 5, 1991.

50. (Ca) FL#456, letter from my mother to me, June 21, 1991.

51. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 1.

52. Same, pp. 5, 6.

53. "[M]aybe you would feel less stressed if you could learn to forgive." (Ca) FL#429, letter from my mother to me, January 23, 1991, p. 4.

54. Here I was referring to the fact that my mother has often expressed bitterness against her own parents.

55. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 17.

56. (Ca) FL#459, letter from my mother to me, July 12, 1991.

57. (Ca) FL#460, letter from my mother to me, mid-July, 1991.

58. (Cc) Notes on Family Letters, Number 3 (written in 1991).

59. Same, p. 1.

60. Same, p. 2.

61. Same, p. 3. See Chapter III, Note 45.

62. (Hf) Newsweek, April 22, 1996, p. 32:

"Wanda Kaczynski had become a high-school teacher, but not a very effective one. The mother who had so determinedly pushed her own children could not connect with ninth graders. They mocked her, calling her 'Six Toes,' and meowing at the back of the class, saying they could not hear their teacher over the sound of the cats. Frustrated by the task of managing children, Wanda gave up the job."

63. (Ca) FL#461, letter from me to David Kaczynski, July 20, 1991.

64. (Cc) Notes on Family Letters, Number 4 (written in 1991).

65. (Ca) FL#463, postcard from my mother to me, early August, 1991.

66. (Ca) FL#466, letter from me to David Kaczynski, August 13, 1991 (copy from cabin; copy mailed to Dave has not survived, as far as I know).

67. "DAVE noted that TED has long been furious with his parents over the implication that his anger stems from this early incident [the 'hospital experience'], since he insists that his anger issues from the emotional abuse he received from his parents during his adolescence, and the fact that they have refused to take responsibility for it." (Na) FBI 302 number 2, p. 6.

Chapter V

I have already described in Chapter III (pp. 80, 81) how news of my high IQ score filled my mother with grandiose fantasies of what I was going to accomplish to the glory of the family. From that time until I left for Harvard she put me under considerable pressure to achieve academically. In this she was abetted by Lois Skillen, the guidance counselor at Evergreen Park Community High School. As I wrote in my 1979 autobiography,

"[Skillen] was not very old, but too homely to hope for marriage. She developed a maternal crush on me. By that I mean that she became emotionally involved with me as a substitute for the son of her own that she would have liked to have. I hated her.

"I believe she was the one who put my parents onto the idea that I should go to Harvard, and I think she impressed them with the high standards I would have to live up to in order to go there. I would get all this crap from my parents, 'Miss Skillen says this and that and the other.' A couple of times it was, 'Miss Skillen says you're behaving too immaturely in the classroom. You won't get into Harvard if etc. etc. etc.' On a couple of other occasions, when I brought home a report card with all A's except for one B, ^{1/} my parents sat me down in the living room and gave me a solemn little lecture [in which my mother took the lead].

" 'We don't want you to think that we feel this is a bad report card. Actually, it's a very *good* report card. We don't want you to feel that we're putting any pressure on you. It's just that we feel you're not working up to the level of your ability. We feel that

you're capable of getting all A's. If you want to get into Harvard, etc., etc.'

"Actually, I didn't give a f...k about whether I got into Harvard. But I had to pretend to be interested in all that crap just so as not to shock my parents. Actually I did sometimes feel a half-hearted interest in it, but I never had any enthusiasm for it.

"During my last couple of years of high school, I became convinced [correctly] that my parents, Miss Skillen, and some of my teachers were pushing the idea of a scientific career for me not because they had rationally concluded that this was best for me, but because this satisfied their own emotional needs. Either it would vicariously gratify their own craving for scholarly glory, or it would gratify their egos to get their pupil or their son into a prestigious career. Of course, all these people had real affection for me, and they persuaded themselves that they were 'guiding' me for my own good. But their motives were essentially selfish. ...

"After I'd been in college for a year, I happened to visit the high school . . . Mr. H____d, the Assistant Superintendant [sic] . . . said to me, 'You should come and see Miss Skillen some time. It would mean a great deal to her.' He repeated this a couple of times. Therefore I took satisfaction in NOT coming to see Miss Skillen." $\frac{2}{}$

Not only was I expected to be an academic achiever. I was expected never to show any faults or weaknesses in other areas either, because that would have interfered with the pride that my parents -- especially my mother -- took in me. I've already mentioned this in Chapter III (p. 92). It was my mother's craving for status that was behind the big push to get me into Harvard. I would have preferred to go to

Oberlin.

Publicly my brother has denied this picture of my parents' exploitation of my talents. From the *60 Minutes* interview:

"MIKE WALLACE: Let me just read a little bit from one letter that [Ted] sent... 'SO, GENERALLY, IF I EXPERIENCED ANY FAILURE OR SHOWED ANY WEAKNESS, I FOUND THAT I COULDN'T COME TO YOU FOR SYMPATHY. YOU WERE SIMPLY USING ME AS A DEFENSELESS BUTT ON WHICH TO TAKE OUT YOUR FRUSTRATIONS. I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR PERFECT LITTLE GENIUS.'

"DAVID KACZYNSKI: Mike, this is not the fam -- same family that I grew up in, that he grew up in. This is not the same mother that he's describing here. This is -- this is a fiction or a fantasy." ^{3/}

According to the *New York Times*, my brother told interviewers that a certain letter from me was an "indictment of [our] parents, accusing them of being 'more interested in having a brilliant son than seeing that son happy and fulfilled.' " The article continues:

"Was it a valid accusation? 'No', David said, 'I believe he may very well believe that. When he decided to end his career after they invested so much of themselves.

The three dots at the end are in the original; if Dave ever finished his sentence, the *New York Times* did not report it.

Here my brother's own words hint at his untruthfulness. What does he mean in

saying that my parents "invested so much of themselves?" He can't be referring to financial investment; since I had a scholarship, putting me through Harvard placed no great strain on my parents' finances; and I earned my own way through graduate school. I certainly did all the academic work myself; my parents didn't know enough to have assisted me with that even if they had wanted to. Media reports that my mother helped me to understand articles from the *Scientific American* are ludicrous -- my mother doesn't know as much science as the average fifth-grader. So what did my parents "invest of themselves?" My brother can only be referring to their emotional investment in my achievements, and to the fact that they pushed me during my high-school years. Maybe the reason why he didn't finish his sentence was that he suddenly realized he was revealing what he didn't want to reveal. Earlier he had told the FBI:

"TED was interested in attending Oberlin College in Ohio. TED's parents insisted that TED enroll in Harvard because of the prestige. . . . As far as DAVE could recall, his parents insisted that TED attend Harvard, but did not pressure TED into majoring in math." ^{5/}

In a 1986 letter to me my brother wrote:

"The fact of your unhappiness was consistently shoved under the rug, consistently eclipsed (in [our parents'] own eyes and other's [sic]) by the glory of your intellectual achievements. In effect, they made their child carry the burden, or a good part of the burden, of their self-deceptions." ^{6/}

Further along in the same letter my brother wrote, somewhat inconsistently: "Once you said that many of the nice things the parents did for us were

attributable to the desire to fulfill their ambitions vicariously, but I doubt if this is true when you consider how little shit they gave us over dropping out of the mainstream \dots "¹/

Actually, my mother gave me a great deal of "shit" over dropping out of the mainstream, but my brother wasn't around to see it. I'll have more to say about that later.

One of my father's closest friends was Dr. Ralph K. Meister. They knew each other for more than fifty years. Investigators working on my case interviewed Dr. Meister concerning my family background, and I have before me a copy of a declaration that he signed for them on February 2, 1997. It strongly supports my account of our family life as opposed to my brother's, but it is heavily affected by the phenomenon of 'remembering later years" (see the Introduction, pp. 11, 12, 17, 18) and only with that reservation can I quote from it.

Dr. Meister states:

"Wanda put pressure on Teddy John to be an intellectual giant almost from the day he was born. She was obsessed with his intellectual development." ⁸/

My mother did take an interest in my intellectual development from my birth, but in reality she was not obsessed with it, nor did she put any unusual pressure on me to achieve, until after Miss Frye foolishly told her that I had the potential to be "another Einstein."

"Wanda longed for the status and the respect associated with the intellectual world. Maintaining an intellectual image for herself and for her family was paramount for Wanda." 9/

"It was as if being a successful intellectual and a good student was all that Wanda wanted him to do. She seemed to have only an intellectual investment in Teddy John." ¹⁰/ [True *after* contact with Miss Frye.]

"He was under intense pressure to meet Wanda's expectations of intellectual achievement and was able to offer resistance to this pressure only to a very limited extent. Teddy John was also afraid to tell Wanda about emotional problems or difficulties he encountered with his peer group because that would have caused a rent in the picture she had of her son." ^{11/} [Again, this was true only after Miss Frye encouraged my mother to have a grandiose conception of my abilities.]

"At . . . times, Wanda lost control and verbally abused him." 12/

The fact that my mother had intellectual ambitions may lead the reader to assume that she was the studious, thoughtful, self-disciplined type of person that we associate with intellectualism. In reality, while she was always very careful to maintain a facade of respectability toward the outside world, within the family her behavior during this period was coarse, unrestrained, and slatternly. She disgusted me. As I wrote in my 1979 autobiography:

"[M]y parents allowed themselves to get considerably overweight. My mother's behind became really enormous.

"My mother let herself go, not only physically, but psychologically. She lost her dignity." ^{13/}

* * * * * *

"At age 16, in Fall of 1958, I went to Harvard. I had had no particular enthusiasm for going there, but once I got there it was a tremendous thing for me. I got something that I had been needing all along without knowing it, namely, hard work requiring selfdiscipline and strenuous exercise of my abilities. I threw myself into this with great enthusiasm. ... I thrived on it. ...

"Feeling the strength of my own will, I became enthusiastic a

The foregoing is from my 1979 autobiography. Actually, I think my favorable reaction to Harvard was due at least as much to the fact that it represented a liberation from the sordid environment of my home as to the intellectual challenge that it provided. As long as I was living with my family I found it extremely difficult to exercise any willpower, but when I escaped from that stultifying atmosphere I suddenly discovered, to my delight, that I had plenty of willpower. It is a remarkable fact that over the years – even twenty years later – whenever I returned to live for a time with my family, I felt that my willpower and self-discipline quickly drained away, and I did not recover them until I again removed myself from that environment.

世?

In view of my parents' theory that I had an abnormal fear of being separated from them, it is worth noting that I adjusted to being away from home more easily than many college freshmen do: I suffered from homesickness for about the first two weeks, and then I recovered from it completely and permanently. ^{15/}

Thus Harvard was very good for me in certain ways; but in relation to my poor social adjustment it was one of the worst schools that could have been chosen for me.

In a letter of May 16, 1991 to my mother I wrote:

"There was a good deal of snobbery at Harvard. Of course there were people there from all walks of life, but apparently the system there was run by people who came from the 'right' cultural background. This certainly seemed to be the case at Eliot House, anyway. The house master, John Finley, apparently was surrounded by an ingroup or clique, and the people who got to participate in the Christmas play, for example, always seemed to be of the type who would fit in with the clique. The house master often treated me with insulting condescension. He seemed to have a particular dislike for me. I used to think that this was merely because I made no attempt to wear the 'right' clothes or to ape Harvard manners, but now I wonder whether plain oldfashioned class snobbery, in the strict sense of the word, might not have had something to do with it. Not long ago I read 'FDR: a remembrance' by Joseph Alsop. Alsop had connections with the Harvard set, and he stated in that book that in 1955 John F. Kennedy was not permitted to become a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers because he was an Irish Catholic. Since I entered Harvard 3 years seems probable that a good deal of class snobbery must still have existed at na. that time." 16/

(For whatever it may be worth, several classmates of mine who have been interviewed by my investigators have confirmed the prevalence of snobbery at Harvard! ^{17/}) My mother answered me as follows:

"I was angry, so angry, when I read your account of how those ignorant bastards at Harvard snubbed you. ... You must have been a very strong character indeed to

btte

put up with those characters, to be angry at your bungling parents, and still be able to do so well academically." ^{18/}

In a later letter (July 5, 1991) I wrote my mother:

"Harvard of course was very good academically, very stimulating intellectually, and it would have been alright for a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills and social self-confidence to start out with. The actual snobs were only a minority. The majority of students were upper-middle-class types and they formed a social environment that was not congenial to a kid of working-class origin, but they were not necessarily snobs, and a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills could have found friends both among the upper-middle-class types and among the minority who were not upper-middle-class. But I had experienced so much rejection both at home and in school that I had very little social self-confidence. As a result, when my first attempts to make friends met with a cool reception, I just gave up and became solitary." ^{19/}

My social difficulties were compounded by the fact that my parents had repeatedly told me that I was "sick". Of course, I rejected this assessment, but at some level I at least partly believed it, the more so since I was frustrated and often unhappy. In our society unhappiness tends to be equated with sickness, and this was even more true in the 1950's than it is today. During my later teens and for several years afterward I used to worry that people would think I was abnormal; ^{20/} in fact, I often tended to assume that they did see me that way. ^{21/} It is therefore interesting that, in reviewing the records of my teens and twenties, I find very few indications that anyone saw me as

having psychological problems; though such indications are not entirely absent.

Let's review all of the records I've found that indicate how people outside the family saw my personality.

First, the medical records. We've already seen (in Chapter III) the comments in my University of Chicago medical records that were based on information provided by my mother. Here are the doctors' impressions of me based on their personal observation, beginning in February, 1949 (all relevant earlier ones were quoted in Chapter I) ^{22/}:

"February 18, 1949 . . . Average size and weight for his age"

"May 18, 1950 . . . Average measurements for his age. Well built, lithe, [illegible] muscle."

"May 8, 1951 . . . Husky, alert, young boy -- friendly and cooperative."

"April 24, 1952 . . . Slightly gangly, wiry boy whose height and weight are close to average for his age. He is quiet, intelligent, controlled and very cooperative. . . . Hearing, acute. . . . Eyes normal or better."

"April 17, 1953 . . . Average size, slender, cooperative boy who seems quite well."

"April 27, 1954 . . . Average size [illegible] boy. . . . Good general health."

"April 14, 1955 . . . slender, intelligent boy, quite cooperative . . . Good health generally."

"April 20, 1956 . . . Pleasant, rather serious, intelligent boy well into puberty. . . . Vision 20/20-2 in each eye. . . . Good health."

"June [?] 1957 ... Average measurements, slender, muscular, [illegible] boy.

"April 21, 1958 . . . Average size, muscular [?] [illegible] boy. . . . Vision 20/20 "

"September 10, 1959 [when I was hospitalized with mononucleosis] . . . alert but somewhat slow to respond, oriented, cooperative.

"September 15, 1959 ... patient is a well-developed, young male"

I've made a point of noting my 20/20 vision because it was reported by the *New York Times* that one of my high-school classmates, Jerry Peligrano, described me as "bespectacled." ^{23/} Kids with 20/20 vision don't wear spectacles. It's clear that Peligrano has me mixed up with someone else. We shall see later that many of the other stories told about me have similarly been based on mistaken identity.

On entering college I had a physical examination at the Harvard University Health Services. The doctor reported that I had good posture, "strong masculine component" (whatever that means), 20/20 vision in the right eye, and 20/15-2 in the left. ²⁴ He also filled out a multiple-choice form indicating his assessment of my personality. His opinion must have been based on an interview with me, though I do not remember this. The form consisted of a list of nine different areas in which the doctor was to rate the student from A to E, A being best and E worst. Here are the ratings he gave me:

1. Appearance and Manner

. . .

B. Good impression created. Attractive, mature for age, relaxed.

2. Speech

. . .

B. Talks easily, fluently and pleasantly.

. . .

. . .

. . .

. . .

. . .

. . .

3. Social Relations

C. Likes people and gets on well with them. May have many acquaintances but makes his friends carefully. Prefers to be by himself part of the time at least. May be slightly shy.

4. Athletic Interests and Participation

D. Little ability in organized athletics. May prefer individual or non-contact sports or have inferior physical coordination. At best, he is a spectator.

5. Practical Motivations and Life Attitudes

B. Essentially a practical and realistic planner and an efficient worker. Affairs usually run smoothly.

• • •

6. Aesthetic and Cultural Motivations and Life Attitudes

. . .

C. Cultural or aesthetic activity present, but definitely of a hobby nature rather than a primary urge in life.

• • •

7. Basic Personality Integration

A. Exceedingly stable, well integrated and feels secure within himself. Usually very adaptable. May have many achievements and satisfactions.

• • •

8. War Service Adjustment

(Left Blank)

9. College Adjustment

B. Good prospects for doing successfully in college but may have some minor difficulty either in studies or otherwise.

•••

On the opposite side of the sheet, in a space provided for "Impression of the student as a person," the doctor wrote:

"Pleasant young man who is below usual college entrance age. Apparently a good mathematician but seems to be gifted in this direction only. Plans not crystalized yet but this is to be expected at his age. Is slightly shy and retiring but not to any abnormal extent. Should be steady worker." ^{25/}

Now let's turn to my academic records. Report cards for the three years I spent at Evergreen Park Central School have been preserved. The cards list several behavioral traits, to wit: "Maintains a friendly, courteous, cooperative attitude," "Accepts praise and criticism to improve," "Is neat and orderly," "Treats others and their ideas with respect and courtesy," "Respects law and order," "Recognizes and carries out his share of responsibility," "Works without annoying others," "Respects property," "Shows growth in self-discipline," "Arrives at class promptly with necessary materials," "Begins work promptly," "Plans and complete work to best of his ability," "Concentrates on the job at hand," "Expects only a fair amount of attention," "Is attentive to directions," "Uses time to good advantage." A checkmark in a box next to any one of these items denoted a deficiency in the trait indicated. I got one and only one checkmark in my three years at Evergreen Park Central. It was in the third grading period of fifth grade, and it appeared next to "Concentrates on the job at hand." This probably referred to a tendency on my part to daydream in class.^{26/}

If my high-school report cards have survived, I don't have them. I do have a transcript of my high-school record, and it includes a list of behavioral traits, with boxes marked "high", "medium," and "low" next to each item. The boxes have been left blank except for my senior year. For my senior year the evaluations are: $\frac{27}{}$

Scholarship	High 4,	Medium 1,	Low 0
Leadership	High 0,	Medium 2,	Low 3
Cooperation	High 1,	Medium 4,	Low 0
Dependability	High 2,	Medium 3,	Low 0
Effort	High 1,	Medium 4,	Low 0
Initiative	High 2,	Medium 3,	Low 0

Punctuality	High 3,	Medium 2,	Low 0
Loyalty	High 2,	Medium 3,	Low 0
Courtesy	High 2,	Medium 3,	Low 0
Honesty	High 4,	Medium 1,	Low 0
Health	High 2,	Medium 3,	Low 0
Personal Appearance	High 1,	Medium 1,	Low 3
Emotional Adjustment	High 0,	Medium 3,	Low 2

I take it that the numerals refer to the number of teachers, out of five, who gave me each rating. For example, three teachers out of five rated me as medium on emotional adjustment and two rated me as low. It's surprising that the ratings for emotional adjustment weren't worse, considering how unhappy and frustrated I was at^{*} the time.

In support of my application for admission to Harvard, my high-school counselor, Miss Skillen, filled out a form ²⁸/ in which, among other things, she was asked to rate me with respect to seven traits on a scale of 1 to 9, best being 9 and worst 1. Here is how she rated me:

"In terms of his ability to do satisfactory academic work at Harvard, how would you rate the candidate?

8 (exceptionally able)

Considering only the student's interests, work habits and life goals, what are the chances that he will be motivated to take full advantage of the educational opportunities available to him at Harvard?

9 (practically certain)

In comparison with his classmates, how would you rate the candidate in terms of energy, vigor, enthusiasm or drive?

9 (outstanding)

What are the chances that this student will have personal or social problems which will hinder him from doing college work in line with his capabilities?

8 (very unlikely)

In comparison with his classmates, how would you rate the candidate in terms of

warmth and attractiveness of personality?

8 (outstanding)

In comparison with his classmates, how would you rate the candidate in terms of his

sense of responsibility and concern for others?

8 (outstanding)

In comparison with his classmates, what is the quality of the candidate's work in English composition?

9 (outstanding)

The form also included the question, "Is there any evidence that the applicant is emotionally unstable? Yes ____ No ___." Miss Skillen checked "No."

The form listed a number of "special circumstances" to be considered in evaluating a candidate, with a box to be checked next to each item. One of the items was, "He has experienced more than normal emotional difficulty in growing up." Miss Skillen did not check the box next to this item. Thus she indicated her opinion that I did not have such difficulties.

The form provided a space for comments, and here is what Miss Skillen wrote:

"Ted Kaczynski is beginning his third year of high school. We plan to graduate him in the spring of 1958 even though he has only been enrolled here for a period of three years. We have accelerated his schedule, and have encouraged enrollment in summer school so that he would be able to enter college earlier than he had planned. Since elementary school, Ted has been marked by superior ability, extreme versatility, and an intellectual vigor and soundness. His teachers have found him keenly curious. deeply devoted to one vocational goal, but still able to excel in all subjects. We have found him to be first and foremost a scientist in his thinking and in his goals. However, we have also found him to be an accomplished musician, interested in composition and theory of music. He comes from a very modest home, where he is allowed to buy books before anything else, and these factors have been tremendously encouraging to his intellectual development. Of all the youngsters I have worked with at the college level, I believe Ted has one of the greatest contributions to make to society. He is reflective, sensitive, and deeply conscious of his responsibilities to society. He is willing to think originally, and is willing to express his convictions. His only drawback is a tendency to be rather quiet in his original meetings with people, but most adults on our staff, and many people in the community who are mature find him easy to talk to, and very challenging intellectually. He has a number of friends among high school students, and seems to influence them to think more seriously. He has long been interested in Astronomy and is accomplished in this particular phase of science. 29/ One

of his problems in college will be the large one of channeling his energies and his versatile interests into one major field of interest. He is supported completely by his family as he enters college, and I believe is a person we can recommend most highly and with great enthusiasm for any school which he might wish to enter. He should profit most from the school which can provide him with many subject areas so that he may explore and enjoy the intellectual challenge evident in such a curriculum.

"October 16-1957 Lois Skillen, Director of Counseling." 28/

I wouldn't dream of suggesting that anyone should take the foregoing seriously as a truthful representation of my personality. I think Miss Skillen was rather unscrupulous about the methods that she used to get me into Harvard. But her comments do demonstrate that she didn't see me as the kind of disturbed sicko that my brother and mother have recently portrayed in the media. If she had seen me that way she wouldn't have been so enthusiastically bent on sending me to Harvard. (See Appendix 8 for further evaluations by my high school teachers.)

In connection with my application for admission to Harvard, I was interviewed by a certain Rudy Ruggles on May 1, 1958. His report included only one sentence that said anything about my personality:

"This boy is obviously young, but he is very well poised, expressed himself well and gave the impression of being a fine boy." ^{30/}

The interview form also included a rating on "personal qualities." On a scale of 1 to 6 (1 best, 6 worst), Ruggles rated me 3, "Good above-average boy." $\frac{30}{2}$

When I first got to Harvard I felt myself under an obligation to try to make friends,

because my parents had often criticized me for not being more social. But I soon found that I didn't fit in with the prep-school types by whom I was surrounded, so I gave it up as a bad job and went my own way, a way that was fairly eccentric by Harvard standards. During my freshman year I used to come to my room after supper and while taking off the coat and tie that were required in the dining hall, I would mutter a string of curses about the mountain of work I had to do. Then I would force myself to stay up studying until at least 2:00 AM. Fresh linen was delivered to my door each week, but often I neglected to put the sheets on the bed and slept on the bare mattre My mother had provided me with a suit, tie, sport coat, dress pants, and the like, but she'd given me only two pairs of washable pants, one of which was baggy and the other close-fitting. I didn't like the fancy stuff and (except in the dining hall) wore only casual clothes. I wore the close-fitting pants six days a week and the baggy pants on the other day, when I washed the close-fitting pants. ^{31/} I didn't buy another pair of pants because I was sixteen years old, had never bought clothes for myself (my mother took care of that), and didn't quite know how to go about it. Eventually, toward the end of my freshman year, the close-fitting pants wore out and I was forced to embark on the adventure of buying my own pants for the first time in my life.

During that first year I was in a small dormitory (8 Prescott Street) that was reserved for brighter students, and I was not the only eccentric there. One kid, \bigcirc on iniseemingly never washed his hands, since they were always visibly filthy, yet he invariably wore a suit and tie. Another kid, \bigcirc , habitually told lies, and yet another kid, R:W, had various problems that we needn't describe here.

×156

At any rate, my parents wrote me that someone had sent them a brochure from the Harvard mental-health services describing counseling available to students. ³²⁷ They took this as a hint that I needed counseling and they seemed a little concerned. I wrote them back telling them that I was doing fine, and they did not refer to the matter again. I used to think that the dorm proctor, Francis E.X. Murphy, had sent them the brochure, ³²⁷ but this seems doubtful in view of the relatively favorable evaluation of me that he wrote, to which I have recently gained access. Possibly the brochure was sent to all parents of Harvard freshmen as a matter of routine. However that may be, Murphy wrote the following "Resident Freshman Advisor Report" on March 17, 1959:

"A very quiet and retiring young man, Ted works almost constantly on his science courses. He seems to have no interests other than his work and although not unsocial, or unpleasant, isolates himself completely from all his classmates. He is an excellent trombonist, but is reluctant to join any Harvard musical groups. He is very immature and perhaps because of his age (he is only sixteen) he may feel himself apart. He does not seem to mind being alone, and is very independent and well organized. I do not imagine that the prospect of room-mates is pleasing to him, but people who are friendly and reasonably quiet should be good for him. His lack of interest in anything other than science is reflected in the relatively poor grades he received in Humanities and Social Sciences." ^{33/}

That's the entire report. 34/

The statement that I isolated myself from my classmates is not quite correct. It would be more accurate to say that my classmates isolated me. They never invited me

to go anywhere with them or do anything with them, they never invited me to their rooms, they showed little or no interest in having conversations with me. As already noted, I did at first try to make friends with them, but they appeared unresponsive; which was not surprising, since their cultural world seemed very different from the one I had come from. This was true even of those who have recently told investigators that they came from a "working-class" or "middle-class" background. At the time, I assumed most of them were "preppies", because their speech, manners, and dress were so much more "cultured" than mine. There are, of course, people of working-class origin who ape the manners of the upper classes as soon as they get the chance.

As for my being "reluctant to join any Harvard musical groups," on arriving at Harvard I did try out for the band, and was accepted. But before playing even a single note with them I was required to attend a drill session in which we practiced marching in formation for football games (something I had never had to do in the high-school band). I hated it. Since I was also concerned about whether the band would demand too much of the time I needed for studying, I resigned from it. The only other musical group I knew of that I could have joined was the orchestra, and orchestral trombone parts generally are very uninteresting. My teacher, Cimera, had always said that playing in a symphony orchestra would ruin a good trombonist.

So much for my freshman year. During my three subsequent years at Harvard I lived at Eliot House. In connection with my applications for renewal of my scholarship, John Finley, Master of the house, wrote two brief evaluations, one at the end of my sophomore year and the other at the end of my junior year:

"Beyond achieving his fairly good record of an A, two B's and a C at midyears (the first and last respectively in Math. 20 and Physics 12c), Kaczynski's chief activity is to have grown a wispish beard and to practice the trumpet. [Sic; it was a trombone, not a trumpet.] He is fairly good at it, and the mournful strains float down from the rooms above our house where he lives. He is pretty lonely, I fear, despite efforts of roommates, to whom I have spoken of him. [I was not aware of any "efforts" on the part of my roommates.] One may see him occasionally in the corner of the Dining Hall sitting with his back to the room. He is a year younger than many of his classmates [sic; actually two years] and may yet show the talent that might justify such isolation. Meanwhile, he remains pretty sad. Perhaps his life is brighter to him than it seems to others — I devoutly hope so.

"June 7, 1960

J. H. Finley." 35/

"His midyear performance of three A's and a B (the A's in Mathematics and Quine's Logic) begin to justify the curious act of imagination that got him here. For some reason one no longer hears this year the strains of his trumphet [sic] from our top floor, and the wispish beard has vanished. He is still pretty lonely but less friendless than he was a year ago. He turned nineteen only at the end of May and has had to overcome both youth and simple upbringing. His excellent and mounting marks argue high inner strength; he should begin to find himself fully in Graduate School. All very gallant, touching, and memorable.

"June 6, 1961 J. H. Finley." ^{35/}

During my junior year at Harvard my faculty advisor was Professor Andrew

Gleason of the mathematics department. Unlike many other faculty advisors he did not merely rubber-stamp my course selections, and I had two or three extended conversations with him about my program. When I applied for admission to graduate school during my senior year I asked him for a recommendation, and he wrote:

"My acquaintance with Kaczynski has been rather slight: I have been his advisor but have never had him in class. . . . He has always struck me favorably at the personal level." ^{36/}

The rest of Gleason's note discussed only my mathematical abilities and made no further mention of my personal qualities, so there is no need to reproduce it here. I had recommendations also from two other professors, ^{37/} but they dealt exclusively with my mathematical abilities.

During my sophomore year I was talked into becoming a participant (against my better judgment) in a psychological study directed by the late Professor Henry A. Murray. Along with a couple of dozen other Harvard students, over a period of almost three years I went through a series of interviews and filled out many questionnaires. ^{38/} My brief 1959 autobiography was written for Murray's group. The assessment arrived at by the psychologists would be very useful in determining how people saw my personality, but up to the present (March 14, 1998) the Murray Center at Radcliffe College has refused to release any of the psychologists' conclusions to my attorneys; and most of the individual psychologists involved have declined to cooperate with the investigators, who to my knowledge have obtained no information concerning any conclusions that were drawn about me. One wonders whether the Murray Center has

something to hide. Anyway, all I know at the moment about the psychologists' conclusions is that I was included in an "ideologically alienated" group that was discussed by Kenneth Keniston in his book *The Uncommitted*.

A note of caution to people who might think they can get information about me by reading Keniston's book: Statements made by Keniston about his alienated group were evidently intended to describe the tendencies of the group as a whole, and were not meant to apply to each individual member of the group. Many of his statements are not true when applied to me personally. I am speaking of factual statements, not of interpretations or of theories about unconscious motivations. For example, according to Keniston, members of his alienated group reported a "strong sense of cosmic outcastness . . . [and] self-estrangement." ^{39/} I have never had or reported any such feelings.

I wrote my mother in 1991:

"One of the psychologists who participated in [the Murray] study, and who interviewed me a few times, was a youngish instructor who lived at Eliot House. He was a member of the house master's inner clique. Two or three times when I met him at Eliot House I said 'hello'. In each case this psychologist answered my greeting in a low tone, looking off in another direction and hurrying away as if he didn't want to stop and talk to me. I've thought this over, and the only half-way plausible [explanation I can think of for this behavior] is that this man didn't want to be seen socializing with someone who wasn't dressed properly and wasn't acceptable to the clique of which he was a member."

The psychologist referred to in this passage was Keniston. I told the same story in my 1979 autobiography, ^{41/} but there my speculative explanation for Keniston's behavior was that he disliked me.

The remaining concrete evidence that I have of the way my personality was viewed in those days comes from my University of Michigan records. I will quote those of my professors' comments that refer to my personality and omit those that describe only my mathematical ability. However, I will include those comments about my mathematical ability that have also a bearing on my personality; for example, the term "original" was applied to my mathematical work, but originality is in addition a personality trait.

1962-63, report on my performance in Math 602, by Professor Duren: "Showed interest, independence, and originality. He is very much an abstract pruist [sic; "purist" is meant] -- I think it is a form of mathematical immaturity. He also seems a little too sure of himself." ^{42/}

1962-63, report on my performance as a paper-grader for Math 336, by Professor Halpern: "Very cooperative and efficient." ^{43/}

1963-64, report on my performance in Math 603, by Professor Piranian: "Has imagination." ^{42/}

1963-64, report on my performance in Math 604, by Professor Piranian:

"... lacks fire." 42/

December 23, 1963, recommendation in support of application for renewal of teaching fellowship, by Professor Piranian: "He can work intensively, and he has a

fertile imagination. ... Personally, he is modest and pleasant." 44/

January 13, 1964, recommendation in support of application for renewal of teaching fellowship, by Professor Duren: "… he … seemed to think about things in a mature way and to try to understand broad relationships. … He seems to have some originality, too. … My main criticism is that Mr. Kaczynski seems to have too high an opinion of himself, too much confidence in his own abilities. For a student at his level, it is unnatural. Otherwise he is a pleasant fellow, easy to get along with." ^{45/}

1964-65, report on my performance in Math 701, by Professor Shields: "... original work ...

1964-65, report on my performance in Math 702, by Professor Shields: "Meticulous work, often quite original." ^{42/}

1965-66, report on my performance in Math 635, by Professor Titus: "... thorough, confident, talented." ^{42/}

1965-66, report on my performance in Math 999 (research for doctoral thesis), by Professor Shields: "... very original man." ^{42/}

February 3, 1966, recommendation in support of application for financial support, by Professor Shields: "Very independent in research -- can find his own problems. Mr. Kaczynski is a very pleasant person" ^{46/}

Concerning Professor Duren's characterization of me as overconfident: The year before I took Math 601 and 602 from him, I'd taken Math 212a and b from Professor L.H. Loomis at Harvard, the best mathematics course I ever took. I got only a B in 212a because at the time I was struggling to keep my head above water in Math

250, but the next semester I took no other mathematics course than 212b. I caught up on what I'd missed in 212a, and learned the subject-matter of 212b so thoroughly that. apart from the reading-period assignment, I was able to develop all of the material of the course on my own, without reference to any books or notes and without hesitation. 47/ When I got to the University of Michigan, I received a document that told me I was to take Math 601 and 602. Since most of the material of these two courses had been covered in 212a and b at Harvard, I asked some professor whether I could omit them. He referred me to Professor Halmos. Halmos was a very distinguished mathematician, author of the definitive text on measure theory, a subject which constituted a large part of the material of Math 601 and 602. When I told him I'd taken Math 212 at Harvard he asked me, "Who taught it?" I said, "Professor Loomis," "What grade did you get?" "I got an A." Then he asked, "Are you an expert?" What beginning graduate student, in the presence of the great P.R. Halmos, would have had the temerity to describe himself as an expert on measure theory? So of course I said "No." "Then, " answered Halmos, "You'd better take 601 and 602." 48/

Duren had gotten his PhD only two years earlier and was just starting at the University of Michigan, and he was teaching 601 and 602 for the first time. Since I very likely knew the material better than he did, it's not to be wondered at that he thought me overconfident. In general, I probably tended to *under*estimate my own mathematical abilities, if anything. When I recently gained access to the confidential parts of my University of Michigan records, I was distinctly surprised at how laudatory some of the comments were. I hadn't thought I was that good.

On leaving the University of Michigan, I took a position as Assistant Professor at the University of California at Berkeley. After teaching there for two years, I resigned in order to go live in the woods.

A personal letter from John W. Addison (chairman of the mathematics department at Berkeley) to my former dissertation advisor, Allen Shields, has somehow found its way into my University of Michigan records, though it was written two and a half years after I left Michigan.

"Kaczynski did indeed resign effective June 30, 1969. . . . He said he was going to give up mathematics He was very calm and relaxed about it on the outside.

•••

"Kaczynski seemed almost pathologically shy and as far as I know he made no close friends in the Department. Efforts to bring him more into the swing of things had failed." ^{49/}

It's not clear why Addison described me as "almost pathologically shy." I was shy, but not that shy. Perhaps he overestimated my shyness because of my failure to mix with other members of the department. However, I failed to mix not only due to poor social adjustment, but also because by that time I had decided that I didn't want to be a mathematician. I was teaching at Berkeley only to get money to finance my project of going to live in the woods. ^{50/} I considered mathematicians to be very uninteresting people, and I felt I had nothing in common with them. To them, mathematics was Important, with a capital I, whereas to me it was only a game -- a game with which I had become bored.

It is worth noting that none of the comments on my personality in my University of Michigan records describe me as shy. Yet one professor at Michigan apparently did notice that I was socially withdrawn. Piranian once told me that I ought to attend mathematical conferences because it would be "good for [me] psychologically and socially." To Piranian the remark may have been merely a casual one, but, though I said nothing, I was mortally offended by it. Ever since my teens I'd been acutely sensitive to any comment that seemed to reflect negatively on my personality, my psychology, or my social adjustment. It was many years before I forgave Piranian for that remark. ^{51/}

* * * * * *

One last comment concerning my academic career. *Newsweek* wrote: "At the University of Michigan, [Kaczynski] won a prize for his doctoral thesis. But flouting the customs of academic collegiality, he made no acknowledgments -- not to teachers or fellow students." ^{52/}

I did not flout any customs of academic collegiality. Piranian had called my attention to the problem that got me started on my thesis topic and had encouraged me to work on it. I acknowledged this in a footnote to the paper in which I published my solution to the problem: "I would like to thank Professor G. Piranian for his encouragement." ⁵³ Piranian gave me no help beyond encouragement; he did advise me to take a certain approach in attacking the problem, but I did not follow his advice; if I had followed it I would never have solved the problem. ⁵⁴

I did not make any acknowledgments in my doctoral thesis. There was no need

for me to do so, since no one had helped me with the work. In his evaluation of the thesis, my thesis director, A.L. Shields, wrote: "Kaczynski has worked entirely on his own, with only a minimum of guidance from me." ^{55/} Actually, I don't recall getting any guidance at all from him.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V



1. That is, in academic subjects (not gym, etc.) (Fb) School.

2. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 33-35.

3. (He) *60 Minutes*, September 15, 1996, Part One, p. 7. The letter quoted by Mike Wallace is (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991. The quotation is actually a composite made by intermixing material from two different passages on p. 6 of the letter.

4. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 5. The letter referred to was probably FL #458, cited in the preceding note.

5. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 4.

6. (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, pp. 16, 17.

7. Same, p. 18.

8. (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 2, paragraph 7.

9. Same, p. 2, paragraph 5.

10. Same, p. 3, paragraph 8.

11. Same, p. 3, paragraph 10.

12. Same, p. 3, paragraph 9.

13. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 38.

14. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 60.

15. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 5; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 60.

16. (Ca) FL #448, letter from me to my mother, May 16, 1991, pp. 3, 4. But in fairness to Finley, note this from (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 67: "I never became closely acquainted with Finley, and it is possible that my antipathy toward him may have distorted my view. Therefore I cannot be certain that my description of his personality and motives has been accurate."

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

1. That is, in academic subjects (not gym, etc.) (Fb) School Records of TJK, E.P. High School.

2. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 33-35.

3. (He) *60 Minutes*, September 15, 1996, Part One, p. 7. The letter quoted by Mike Wallace is (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991. The quotation is actually a composite made by intermixing material from two different passages on p. 6 of the letter.

4. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 5. The letter referred to was probably FL #458, cited in the preceding note.

5. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 4.

6. (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, pp. 16, 17.

7. Same, p. 18.

8. (Da) Ralph Meister's Declaration, p. 2, paragraph 7.

9. Same, p. 2, paragraph 5.

10. Same, p. 3, paragraph 8.

11. Same, p. 3, paragraph 10.

12. Same, p. 3, paragraph 9.

13. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 38.

14. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 60.

15. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 5; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 60.

16. (Ca) FL #448, letter from me to my mother, May 16, 1991, pp. 3, 4. But in fairness to Finley, note this from (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 67: "I never became closely acquainted with Finley, and it is possible that my antipathy toward him may have distorted my view. Therefore I cannot be certain that my description of his personality and motives has been accurate."

17. For example, (Qb) Written Investigator Reports #14 (Gerald Burns, p. 1), #46 (Larry He., pp. 2-4), #79 (Patrick McIntosh, pp. 2, 3). But these reports (Qb) are so wildly unreliable that the reader need not give them much weight. The statements of Burns and McIntosh are particularly irresponsible.

18. (Ca) FL #450, letter from my mother to me, May 20, 1991.

19. (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 13.

20. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 64: "When I first got to Harvard I felt obliged to make friends. . . . If I was too solitary I feared people would conclude that there was something wrong with me."

21. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 64: "[A]t least some of [the fellows in my freshman dormitory] regarded me as some kind of a wierdo [sic]." Today I'm not sure that this was actually the case, in view of the relatively favorable impressions of my personality that I find recorded. It may be that I imagined people saw me this way only because my parents had brainwashed me into thinking that there was something wrong with me. But see Note 31 below.

22. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., February 18, 1949, p. 42; May 18, 1950, p. 51; May 8, 1951, pp. 51-52; April 24, 1952, pp. 53-54; April 17, 1953, p. 57; April 27, 1954, p. 58; April 14, 1955, p. 59; April 20, 1956, p. 67; June 1957, p. 73; April 21, 1958, p. 74; September 10, 1959, p. 78; September 15, 1959, p. 88.

23. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 5. I kept my 20/20 vision at least until the age of 41, when my eyes were tested at 20/20 by Dr. Bruce Coen of Helena, Montana. See (Eb) Med Records of TJK, Dr. Coen. I got my first pair of glasses at the age of 49, and even today, at 55, I have good distance vision and can read ordinary-size print without glasses.

24. (Fc) School records of TJK, Harvard, p. 45.

25. Same, pp. 46, 46A.

26. (Fa) School Records of TJK, E. P. Elementary.

27. (Fb) School Records of TJK, E. P. High School.

28. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 10-12.

29. Actually my interest in and knowledge of astronomy were minimal, as Miss Skillen ought to have known, and probably did know.

30. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 16.

31. The pants, and the curses about the amount of work I had to o, are spoken of on pp. 64, 65 of (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, which continues: "A couple of times I overheard the guys in the next room making fun of these peculiarities."

32. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 65.

33. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 39.

34. My object at this point in the book is to review all of the documentary evidence about my personality that dates from *before my arrest and the ensuing publicity*. But so that no one can accuse me of trying to cover anything up, I inform the reader that the tone of this Resident Freshman Advisor Report does not well concord with Murphy's recent remarks to the media and to investigators. These last strike me as almost bizarre, and they must be heavily influenced by the phenomenon of media planting; I discuss them at length in Appendix 2.

35. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 40, 41.

36. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., p. 9.

37. Same, pp. 8, 10.

38. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 70-72.

39. Kenneth Keniston, *The Uncommitted*, Harcourt, Brace, and World, 1965, p. 475. For other examples see (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 75-77.

40. (Ca) FL #448, letter from me to my mother, May 16, 1991, pp. 4, 5. Words in brackets were "cut off" on my copy of p. 4 of this letter, and I have filled them in from memory.

41. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 74.

42. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., p. 104.

43. Same, p. 59.

44. Same, p. 14.

45. Same, p. 13.

46. Same, p. 17.

47. Part of the information in this paragraph is confirmed by (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 62, 63, and (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 37. Most of the rest of the information is confirmed by two other documents. (Ca) FL #31, letter from me to my parents, early June, 1962: "Comment on my Math 212b postcard: (nice exam: third highest in class) L.H.L. [= L.H. Loomis] So, without having that stupid math 250 on my back this term, I was able to do a decent job on Math 212b." Confidential Report on Applicant for Financial Support of Graduate Study, written by L.H. Loomis on February 9, 1962, (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., p. 8: "I have just given Kaczynski a B in the first half of our real variables course (Math 212a) He did reasonably well for an undergraduate in a course which is dominated by a strong group of graduate students."

48. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 133: "I took . . . real analysis [Math 601 and 602] under Duren the first semester. . . . I didn't want to take the real analysis, since I'd learned most of that stuff at Harvard, but they told me I'd better take it anyway"

By the way, when I quote conversations that took place decades ago but were not recorded in writing at the time, I of course do not claim to be reproducing them with word-for-word accuracy. But I do not invent dialogue unless I am confident that it accurately reflects the substance of what was said.

- 49. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., p. 112.
- 50. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 173.
- 51. Same, p. 147.
- 52. (Hf) Newsweek, April 22, 1996, p. 30.

53. T.J. Kaczynski, "Boundary Functions for Functions Defined in a Disk," *Journal of Mathematics and Mechanics*, Vol. 14, No. 4 (1965), p. 589.

54. (Ca) FL #80, letter from me to my parents, Spring, 1964, p. 1: "It's a good thing I didn't follow Piranian's suggestions about how to attack the problem, or I never would have solved it!"

Piranian urged me to prove (a) that every continuous function in the disk admits a family of disjoint arcs, and to deduce from this (b) that every boundary function for a continuous function can be made into a function of the first Baire class by changing its values on at most a countable set. (The terminology is explained in F. Bagemihl and G. Piranian, "Boundary Functions for Functions Defined in a Disk," *Michigan Mathematical Journal*, 8 (1961), pp. 201-207.)

I maintained that it would be much easier to prove (b) by examining inverseimage sets, and I even suggested that (b) might then be used to prove (a). And that's how it turned out. I did prove (b) within three months or so by using inverse-image sets. The proof of (a) was vastly more difficult. I didn't succeed in proving (a) until two decades later, and I had to use (b) in order to do it. The proof of (a) has not been published.

55. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., p. 84.

CHAPTER VI

We saw in the last chapter that, while some people recognized that I was socially withdrawn, the evidence shows that *prior to my arrest* people did not see me as the strange sicko that the media have portrayed. As for what has been reported *since my arrest*, people's memories and perceptions often are heavily influenced by what they see and hear in the media, and there are many persons who will tell the media what they think is expected of them. The media report inaccurately much of the material they receive, and they probably select stories that support the image that they want the project.

During June, 1996, investigators working on my case conducted a door-to-door survey of public opinion about me in Lincoln, Montana. One of their interviewees reported that "a lot of Lincoln people and maybe even some of the FBI were pulling the media leg [sic] by making up information and telling them lies to see if they would be printed (which they were). According to another interviewee, "a lot of . . . people in Lincoln, pretend that they knew Ted when really they did not. 'You can no longer pick out the truths from the untruths.' " ² Needless to say, these fabrications were not confined to the Lincoln area.

When people who have been nothings all their lives, who may have started out with high ambitions but ended up essentially as failures in that they achieved little of what they had expected, suddenly find that they are a focus of attention through the accident of their association with someone who is in the news, they may let their imaginations run wild in order to stay in the spotlight and feel important for a change. Often, no doubt, they believe sincerely in the truth of their own fantasies.

I once read a story titled "Pie in the Sky" -- I think it may have been by William Styron, but I'm not sure. Anyway, the story was about a bored employee of a major news service who sent out a photograph of a pie with a bite taken out of it, accompanied by a report that a gap had suddenly appeared in the moon and then disappeared a few moments later. As soon as the report hit the news, thousands of people all over America began calling newspapers and radio stations to say they, too, had seen the gap in the moon.

The story was fiction, but it was intended to illustrate a truth: When the media report anything that is highly unusual, there are many weak-minded people who will insist, "I saw it too!" Thus, after the first reports of "flying saucers" appeared back in t 1950's, all sorts of incompetents came crawling out of the woodwork with tales of flying saucers that they had seen themselves, complete with interesting details such as rows of lighted windows or weird-looking aliens. So it is not surprising that after my arrest there were many people who swore they'd seen me in places where I'd never been.

It would be impractical for me to try to refute, or even mention, all of the innumerable false reports that have been published about me, so I will have to confine myself to a few examples.

Some egregious ones have been provided by Pat McIntosh, a former suitemate of mine in Eliot N-43, where I lived during my sophomore, junior, and senior years at Harvard. The *New York Times* quoted McIntosh as saying that " in three years, ' I don't recall more than 10 words being spoken by [Kaczynski]' . . . ' I never met anybody like him who was as extreme in avoiding socialization.' " ^{5/} *Time* wrote: " ' Ted had a special talent for avoiding relationships by moving quickly past groups of people and slamming the door behind him,' says Patrick McIntosh." ^{§/}

As a matter of fact, I had a fair number of conversations with McIntosh and the clique within the suite to which he belonged. I even played basketball with them, and I still have a bump on the side of my tongue to prove it. As I wrote to my parents at the time :

"I have decided to quit playing basketball because I keep hurting myself. First I bruised my hand very badly, next I got bad blisters on my feet. Now just the other day I collided with somebody just as he was bringing his arm up to shoot and I got knocked pretty hard under the chin — and the edge of my tongue got caught between my teeth so that I practically bit a piece off the side of it (a small piece) so eating is pretty uncomfortable." ¹

The "somebody" with whom I collided was none other than Patrick McIntosh. I not only recall having a number of conversations with McIntosh, I remember the content of some those conversations. On one occasion the subject of flying saucers came up. I expressed disbelief in these alien space-ships, but McIntosh was able to state definitely that they existed, because he had seen one. He and some friend or relative of his had once been out at night and had seen a row of lights some distance away. Since McIntosh could think of no other explanation, he concluded that the lights were the windows of a flying saucer. He was dead certain sure of it. On another occasion psychic phenomena were discussed, and I again expressed disbelief. McIntosh countered by asserting that his mother had telepathic powers – she always knew, without having been notified, when relatives were coming to visit. When he took Anthropology 10, Human Evolution, he developed the ingenious theory that "the Nigra" (he was from Southern Illinois, and that was how he pronounced the word "Negro") was "an intermediate stage in evolution between the ape and man."

Some allowance has to be made for the limitations of McIntosh's intelligence. He is a rather dim bulb. He bills himself as an astronomer, but he does not have a faxcfaPh.D., though he did formerly work in an observatory. He once complained to me that varifrantian farmer for the second sec

"He doesn't understand," added McIntosh, "that not everyone is as smart as he is."

Actually, I think the professor understood very well that not everyone was as smart as he was, and for that reason was hinting to McIntosh that he ought to consider

176,

some other line of work. But Pat apparently was not quite bright enough to catch the professor's meaning. According to my investigators, "Patrick has been somewhat disappointed with his professional career." ⁸/

By this time, perhaps, the reader will have concluded that the fact that I didn't care to socialize with Pat McIntosh was not necessarily a symptom of abnormality. McIntosh's buddies in N-43 were brighter than he was, but, like him, they were unimaginative, conventional, suit-and-tie-wearing types, ^{9/} and I found them uninteresting, not to say dull. There *were* a couple of other fellows in the suite, Fred Ha. and B.Cr., whom I found more congenial and with whom I spent more time. ^{10/} But it is still true that I was generally pretty solitary at Harvard and made no close friends there. *Newsweek* wrote:

" [Kaczynski's] bedroom, a single, 'was the messiest room I'd ever seen,' McIntosh says. 'It was a foot or two deep in trash. And it smelled, because there was spoiled milk and sandwiches underneath all that stuff.' " ^{11/}

Time quoted McIntosh to this effect:

"Kaczynski's room was a swamp; the others finally called in the housemaster, the legendary Master of Eliot House John Finley, who was aghast. 'I swear it was one or two feet deep in trash,' McIntosh says. 'It had an odor to it. Underneath it all were what smelled like unused cartons of milk.' " ^g

In Chapter V, I quoted in full the evaluations of me that John Finley wrote at the end of my sophomore and my junior year, respectively. It is interesting that he made no reference to the alleged condition of my room, despite the fact that, according to McIntosh, he was "aghast" at it. Of course, one can hypothesize that my suitemates did not call Finley in until my senior year (no evaluation of me was written at the end of that year), but then one has to ask why they waited for more than two years to take action.

As a matter of fact, my room was fairly messy, but not beyond what is commonplace for bachelor housekeeping. My bed was often unmade, clothes were thrown over furniture rather than hung up, the desk was covered with disordered books and papers. As a mathematician I consumed a great deal of scratch paper. I discarded it by crumpling it into a ball and tossing it into the waste-basket. When the wastebasket overflowed I kept tossing the paper until one corner of the room was full of it. At maximum size the pile of paper might have covered ten percent of the floor space of the small room. The rest of the floor was clear of trash and other obstructions, except furniture and my foot-locker. There were no milk cartons, sandwiches, or other food remains under the paper. All my life I have been careful to dispose of food garbage properly, and have been careless only about the kind of rubbish that does not breed bacteria or attract vermin. There were rooms at Harvard that were as filthy as McIntosh describes -- I saw some -- but mine was not one of them. If Master Finley was ever called to look at my room, he didn't do so when I was present and I never heard anything about it. (See Appendix 3.)

McIntosh's memory has shown itself wrong in a number of other cases. For instance, he told my investigators that "Harvard students were required to wear a coat and tie to class. If you wore a sweater rather than a coat, or forget to wear a tie, you were sent back to your room. False. Students were required to wear a coat and tie

in the dining halls, but there was no dress code of any kind for classes. I ought to know, because I almost never wore a coat or tie anywhere except at meals. I do not at the moment have documentary proof that coats and ties were not required in Harvard classes during 1958-62, but anyone who doubts my statement should be able to check it out.

The *New York Times* refers to my "annoying trombone blasts in the dead of night" ^{13/} without citing any source. On the next page it cites Pat McIntosh's reference to my "trombone blasts." ^{14/} The book *Unabomber* states, apparently on McIntosh's authority, that I was "known to play [my] trombone late into the night." ^{15/} In reality I was always careful to avoid playing my trombone at hours when it would be likely to annoy others. Once and only once I was asked to quiet down while playing the trombone. It was in the afternoon; one of my suitemates, a German named Rudi something-or-other, explained that he was studying for a final exam; I apologized and stopped playing immediately. The reader will please refer to the evaluations by Master Finley that I quoted in Chapter V and note that while he writes of my trombone-playing, he makes no mention of any "blasts" or of playing at inappropriate hours.

In Appendix 3, I show that McIntosh erroneously portrayed me as playing the trombone during my senior year.

According to Newsweek:

"McIntosh remembers an incident when Kaczynski, angry about something, used soap to scrawl a pig and a rude remark on the bathroom mirror.... 'He was one of the strangest people I met at Harvard,' McIntosh says. 'He was so intent on not being in contact with people even then.' " 11/

Pat McIntosh has me mixed up with someone else, and I can prove it by means of an old letter that has survived. On March 12, 1962, I wrote my parents:

"[R]emember that loony fascist character I told you about in the Suite? Looks like he's really cracking up -- this morning he left a picture of a pig's head drawn in Soap on the bathroom mirror -- and by it he left a note saying: 'The warlike little pig is watching the fierce ones' -- the 'warlike little pig' obviously referring to himself. He *looks* like a little pig." ^{16/}

I now apologize to this gentleman for describing him as a "loony fascist". His political views were pretty far to the right, but it would not be accurate to describe them as fascistic; and I of all people should have avoided careless imputations of mental illness. My investigators have tracked this man down. He's had a successful career as a university professor and he apparently is highly proficient in his specialty. Very bright people often are oddballs.

Pat McIntosh took a photograph of the pig's-head and later stuck it on the oddball's door in order to taunt him. I spotted the photo before the oddball did, so I removed it and left it on a shelf in the cloakroom. I was surprised at what seemed to me to be McIntosh's childishness; but the point here is that McIntosh knew at that time that it was the oddball who had drawn the pig on the mirror.

While I was cool toward McIntosh and his clique and held conversations with them only occasionally, the oddball *did* go to an extreme in avoiding social contact with the others in the suite. ^{17/} So it's clear that McIntosh's fuddled memory has got me

mixed up with the oddball (and maybe one or two others) until he doesn't know where one begins and the other ends.

It's evident that many other stories that have been told about me also are based on mistaken identity. To give just three examples:

The New York Times quotes Richard Adams, who was in Eliot House when I lived there, as follows:

"He was sallow, humorless, introverted, a guy who couldn't make conversation. Kaczynski wore non-modish clothes: a kind of unpleasant plaid sports jacket and a tie that didn't go with it. He didn't look happy." ¹⁴

No one has ever described my complexion as "sallow". Moreover, I have never owned a plaid sports jacket. I wouldn't be likely to forget it if I had, since I've never owned but four sports jackets and three suits in my life. It's apparent that Mr. Adams has me confused with someone else.

Newsweek wrote:

"Gerald Burns . . . remembers Kaczynski from bull sessions at an all-night cafeteria with a group of math and philosophy majors. He had ' . . . cockatoo hair,' Burns says. . . . The late-night sessions, Burns says, often involved Immanuel Kant

"Burns says he got a call last year . . . from a mutual friend who remembered Kaczynski's fondness for Kant." ^{11/}

I've never participated in bull sessions at a cafeteria. I've never had "cockatoo hair." I've never had the slightest interest in Immanuel Kant, and this can be documented. ^{18/} I've read nothing of Kant's work beyond what I was required to read for the Humanities 5 course at Harvard, and I regarded everything I read in that course as just a lot of crap. It's obvious that Gerald Burns, too, has confused me with someone else.

The New York Times refers to my "odd metronomic habit of rocking back and forth on a chair" ^{13/} as I studied. This apparently is another case of mistaken identity. When studying in my room (not in the library) I had a habit of tilting my chair back and balancing in that position, controlling the angle of tilt with light pressure of my feet on the legs of my desk. In a few cases I pushed my luck too far and fell over backwards. Because I was balancing, I swayed back and forth. My former suitemates have described this as "rocking," but the term is not apt, because "rocking" implies a rhythmic movement and my swaying was an irregular, non-rhythmic, balancing motion that was anything but metronomic. (See Appendix 3)

The reference to my alleged "odd metronomic habit" is almost certainly based on confusion between me and another student of mathematics who did not tilt his chair but rocked his body back and forth rhythmically as he studied. The motion was so rigidly-timed, mechanical, and persistent that it could indeed have been described as "metronomic," and it made this student conspicuous in the library.

Though I remembered only the first name of this man, we succeeded in identifying him. He is now a professor at one of the four or five most distinguished universities in the United States, and he has confirmed to my investigators that he did have the habit I've described. ^{19/}

* * * * * *

Another source of tall tales about me has been Pat Morris, a high-school classmate of mine with whom I was never more than slightly acquainted. I won't waste much time on Mr. Morris; it would be pointless to argue about charges that are either trivial (for example, that I tried to smear cake frosting on another kid's nose ^{13/}), or hopelessly vague (such as that I was "emotionally deficient," ^{13/} whatever that means). But it will be worthwhile to discuss my alleged adolescent exploits with explosives.

According to the New York Times:

"Mr. Morris recalled that Teddy once showed a school wrestler how to make a more powerful mini-bomb. It went off one day in a chemistry class, blowing out two windows and inflicting temporary hearing damage on a girl. ... Teddy... later set off blasts that echoed across the neighborhood and sent garbage cans flying." ^{13/}

Newsweek reported:

"[A]II the brains fooled around with homemade explosives. ... Morris recalls an incident with a schoolboy bomb that broke a window in chemistry class and left a girl with damaged hearing. 'Somebody asked [Ted] ^{20/} how to put the chemicals together and he told him,' Morris says. 'The dumb kid, he went ahead and did it. Ted did not do this. He wasn't smart enough to say, "This is not good to do." His personality was not robust. He often got left holding the bag.' " ^{11/}

This passage is so garbled that it isn't clear who is being referred to in the last three sentences. Anyhow, to set the record straight, I'll summarize what really happened, as narrated in my 1979 autobiography and in an earlier account $\frac{21}{2}$ that I

wrote in the mid-1970's.

Having some time to kill in the chemistry lab one day, I mixed a minute quantity of two chemicals, put half of the mixture on the tip of a spatula, and applied it to a bunsen-burner flame. It made a tiny pop. My lab partner, Rich Wi., having witnessed this operation, took the rest of the mixture, wrapped it in a scrap of paper, and dropped it into an empty crucible that was sitting over a bunsen-burner flame on the lab table behind us, which was occupied by L.N. and Kh.H. There was another small pop.

Kh.H. became quite excited and asked me what the ingredients of the mixture were. Without stopping to think, I told him. He immediately dumped out his entire supply of the two chemicals onto a piece of paper and began mixing them. The whole quantity might have amounted to a couple of tablespoonfuls. A few of us who were a ______ bit wiser than $\frac{1}{2}$ stood around urging him not to do anything like this in school and not to use such a large quantity of the chemicals. He simply ignored our warnings. I was quite worried by what he was doing, but it would have been a violation of the students' unwritten code to be a "snitch" and tell the teacher, so I said, "I wash my hands of it," and turned my back. A moment later, the stuff went off.

Kh.H. received no significant injury, no windows were broken, ^{22/} and I never $C \times$ heard that anyone's hearing was damaged -- and if anyone's hearing had been damaged I undoubtedly would have heard plenty about it. The upshot was that Kh.H: C> was kicked out of the chemistry course altogether, while my lab-partner and I were suspended from laboratory work (but not from classroom work) in Chemistry for two weeks. Any information that Pat Morris has about this incident is hearsay, because he was not in that class. It should be possible to confirm this by referring to his high-school records, if he allows access to them.

As for the statement that I "set off blasts that . . . sent garbage cans flying," it is hyperbole. Once and only once I helped set off an explosive charge in a garbage can. I one day suggested to Dale Eickelman that we should experiment with black powder. He became quite excited. We made up a small charge of the stuff – about equivalent to a large firecracker – and, at Dale's insistence, we set \mathcal{A} off in his parents' garbage can. The lid was thrown a few feet into the air, but the can itself didn't budge an inch.

* * * * * *

2/1+

Lsit here contemplating the sorry catalog of nonsense that the media have printed about me and I am overcome with discouragement. I itch to refute all of it point by point, but there is just too much of it, and in most cases no documentation is available. So I will conclude this chapter by discussing a couple of episodes that my mother and brother have described with gross inaccuracy.

According to the Washington Post, my mother reported:

"Ted was so anxious about medical treatment that once, when he and his father found an injured rabbit, he begged that they not take it to a nearby animal hospital. After freshman year at Harvard, while he was home for the summer, he contracted mononucleosis and developed a high fever. A pediatrician urged Wanda to take Ted to the hospital.

"Ted was furious at his mother. 'He was just so argumentative . . ., ' Wanda said.

'And I told him, "Look, We have to find out what's wrong. You have to go to the doctor."

"Ted did not speak to his parents again until the doctor said his health had improved and he could return to Harvard." ^{23/}

On April 12, 1996, my mother told Investigator # 1:

"[Ted] spent that summer [after his first year at Harvard] at home, and contracted a severe case of mono. It took him a long time to get over it, and the family doctor was reluctant to allow Ted to return to school the first semester of his sophomore year. Ted begged and pleaded to be allowed to return, and their doctor finally relented." ^{24/}

I don't remember the rabbit incident, and I doubt that it ever happened. I did have mononucleosis during the summer following my freshman year at Harvard, but I'm not aware of any reason to describe the case as "severe." The medical records say that I did "not appear to be in any acute distress," ^{25/} and that I appeared "mildly ill." ^{26/} The case was not treated by the "family doctor" but by a Dr. Tanzi ^{27/} who, as far as I know, had never treated any member of our family previously. Dr. Tanzi never expressed any reluctance to let me go back to college. There was no need for me to "beg and plead" – without any prompting from me he told me that I could return to school in time for the beginning of the semester. I was in the hospital for five days, ^{28/} from September 10 to September 15, 1959. On the 15th I was sent home with instructions to see Dr. Tanzi again in a week. ^{29/} I returned on September 21, but apparently was examined not by Tanzi but by a Dr. Greenberg, who sent me back to Harvard with instructions to take it easy for a while. ^{39/} But the important points here are that I was not "furious" about going to the hospital, and I was not "anxious about medical treatment." I don't remember having raised any objections about going to the hospital, but if I did so it would have been not because I was anxious about medical treatment but because I was afraid of starting my next semester at Harvard late. I am quite certain that I did not get "furious" over going to the hospital, and that I went at least semi-willingly, since I knew I was sick. Note that the hospital records describe me as "cooperative." ^{25/}

I certainly did not refuse to speak to my parents while I was in the hospital. In fact, they visited me, we had amicable conversation, and I even remember two books that they brought me -- Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, and another titled *The Last Hurrah* (I don't recall the author's name).

My medical records from this period show clearly that I had no unusual anxiety about medical treatment. Prior to going to the University of Chicago's Billings Hospital, I had already consulted a neighborhood doctor named Brant or Brandt ^{31/} about the indisposition that later turned out to be mononucleosis. My Harvard records show that I consulted the doctors at the Health Services several times (obviously not under pressure from my parents, since they weren't around) about relatively minor complaints such as athlete's foot, a wart, and a sprained ankle. ^{32/} Moreover, I was hospitalized (voluntarily, of course) from May 24 to May 26, 1961 in Harvard's Stillman Infirmary with some type of respiratory infection that was not very serious. ^{33/} Clearly, therefore, I had no abnormal fear of doctors and hospitals, and my mother's grossly distorted account of the mononucleosis episode is just part of her effort to portray me as having been

warped by "that hospital experience."

At the age of 19 to 20 I had a girlfriend; the only one I ever had, I regret to say. Her name was Ellen A. She was an Evergreen Park resident, not someone I met in college. I went out with her a number of times during the summer following my junior year at Harvard. I saw her once the following summer; that meeting went badly and she broke off the relationship. The breakup had very little to do with the fact that she was a Catholic. The story is told in my 1979 autobiography. ^{34/}

My brother, as usual, has got the facts garbled. "Just after [high-school] graduation, David recalled, Teddy dated a girl once or twice, but ended the relationship by expressing exasperation with her Catholic beliefs." (*New York Times*) ^{35/} There's no chance that my brother is referring to another girl here, since Ellen A. was the only girl J ever dated before my mid-thirties.

My aunt Josephine also has it wrong, since she refers to my "high school airlfriend." which Ellen A. was not. ^{23/}

My mother was even further off when she told Investigator #1 that I "did see one girl named Eileen several times in junior high school." ^{36/}

There is a streak of stubborn stupidity in my mother. Sometimes she gets an error or a misconception stuck in her head, and no matter how many times she is corrected, she keeps repeating the error. For some reason she took a notion that Ellen A.'s name was "Eileen." I corrected her over and over again, but every time she mentioned Ellen A. she would still call her "Eileen." As we've just seen, she repeated the error to Investigator #1. She used to do the same thing with the word "cholesterol."

Somehow she got the idea that it was "cholosteril", and she kept pronouncing it that way for years, though I corrected her innumerable times. Eventually I think she did get her pronunciation straightened out, probably because the word was used so much in the media.

This perverse streak in my mother has expressed itself in another way that is potentially more serious. This is a point that I want to get cleared up now.

When we were in high school, Dale Eickelman once sent me a joke letter, purportedly from Russia. I found his idea highly amusing, and I subsequently sent "letters from Russia" to him and a few other friends of mine. The letters were intended to ridicule the Communist system. Dale also sent me some other joke letters. In one of them he enclosed some Christmas Seals or Easter Seals or the like; there was some joke connected with them, I don't remember now what it was. In response I sent him a letter in which I enclosed some home-made "seals" of my own that I produced by carving a crude representation of a skull on a bit of linoleum, which I used together with an ink pad to print skulls in a rectangular pattern on a piece of paper. I made perforations between the rows and columns of skulls by pressing the cutting edge of a saw against the paper; thus the "stamps" could be readily torn from the sheet. I even coated the back of the sheet with a water-based glue, so that the "stamps" could be licked and stuck on things.

These stamps made a big hit with Dale Eickelman and one or two of my other friends, so I made up some sickle-and-hammer stamps, which I used in conjunction with my "letters from Russia." Still later I made some swastika stamps, and others that

bore the words "Down with [Gd.]." Miss Gd. was a geometry teacher who was hated by many students, including me. Needless to say, neither the sickle-and-hammer stamps nor the swastika ones were expressions of political opinion or of sympathy with Communism or Nazism. They were simply adolescent mischief.

One day in geometry class I stuck a sickle-and-hammer stamp on the back of the kid sitting in front of me. A few minutes later Miss Gd., walking down the aisle, noticed the stamp, peeled it off, and gave me a sour look.

I was never reprimanded for this incident, nor did I ever hear anything about it from my parents or teachers until a few years later my mother, in the course of some conversation, accused me of having "stuck a swastika on a Jewish boy's back" in high <u>school. I corrected her, telling her it was a sickle-and-hammer, not a swastika.</u> (I might add that at the time of the incident I didn't know the kid was Jewish. His mother was Jewish, his father was not, and his name was Chalmers, which is not exactly a Jewishsounding name.) My mother replied, "Miss [Gd.] said it was a swastika." I told her that whatever Miss Gd. had said, it wasn't a swastika, it was a sickle-and-hammer. But my mother, with the stubborn stupidity that I've described, kept insisting it was a swastika. Over the years, for some unfathomable reason of her own, she brought up the incident several more times, always insisting that the stamp was a swastika no matter how many times I corrected her. She never gave any reason for adhering to this belief.

My brother must have picked this story up from my mother, because he told the FBI:

"[In high school on one] occasion, TED drew a swastika on a piece of paper and

stuck it on the back of a Jewish student. Much later on in life TED told DAVE that he resented the fact that everyone overreacted to the swastika incident." $\frac{37}{2}$

This is absurd. Not only did no one overreact to the incident, they didn't react at all. What irritated me was my mother's irrational insistence that the stamp was a swastika when in fact it was a sickle-and-hammer.

I want to nip in the bud any notion that I am, or ever have been, anti-semitic. My opinions are not necessarily politically correct. It seems obvious to me that there are statistical differences between the behavior of the members of different ethnic groups. Whether these differences are purely cultural or have also a genetic component is very much an open question, and I don't pretend to know the answer to it. But every rational person knows that any type of personality or behavior and any level of ability can occur in any ethnic group or race, and therefore I judge people as individuals and not according to the ethnic group or race to which they belong. It's true that for many years in my youth I resented women. Today I no longer do so -- quite the contrary. I consider homosexuality to be a defect. I don't consider it to be morally wrong, I don't resent homosexuals, and I have no interest in persuading them to change their sexual habits. I could easily be friends with a homosexual as long as he didn't make sexual advances to me. But I would still consider his homosexuality to be a defect. This is simply my own private opinion, I have no desire to impose it on anyone else, and I don't care whether anyone agrees with me or not.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI

1. (Kb) Lincoln Interviews, p. 75.

2. Same, p. 23.

(Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 2. $C \times C -7$

4. (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator # 2, p. 1: "Joel Schapiro [sic; correct spelling is Shapiro] thought that Prof. Saari's colleagues at Northwestern University were embarrassed about the story he gave to the media."

5. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 23, column 1.

6. (Hg) *Time*, April 15,1996, p. 45.

7. (Ca) FL # 8, letter from me to my parents, January, 1961, p. 1. The incident is also described in (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 101; but McIntosh is not named.

(Qb) Written Investigator Report # 79, Patrick McIntosh, p. 12. This page also is the source of the information that McIntosh had only one year of graduate school and that he formerly worked in an observatory. On p. 9 of this same report we find: "One time, Patrick went to his Harvard advisor for help. The advisor's response was, "Of course you are having trouble. The only reason you got into Harvard was because Harvard needed more students from your region of the country.' "This was certainly a heartless thing to say, however true it may have been.

9. When I was teaching at Michigan and later at Berkeley, I always wore a suit and tie myself on days when I had to teach, but never at other times. I was being paid to teach, and I felt it was part of what I was being paid for to wear clothes that would encourage an appropriate atmosphere in the classroom. Besides, I was so young-looking that I was afraid the students might not take me seriously as a teacher if I didn't dress the part.

10. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p.69: "During my junior year I made a couple of other . . . I won't say friends, but close aquaintances. But they both left Harvard before the next academic year." (The three dots are in the original.) The "close acquaintances" were Fred Ha. and B.Cr. I often ate with them in the dining hall, and I regularly went to conditioning class with B.Cr. (I'm not sure I remember B. Cr.'s last name correctly. \rightarrow

(Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 104: "In my junior year, one Fred Ha_, a

roommate of mine, made a disparaging comment about my size -- which was inappropriate coming from him, since I had earlier proved myself to be quite his equal both in wrestling and arm-wrestling, even though he weighed 165 while I was 140. (Of course, 10 pounds or so of his weight was probably just excess fat.)"

11. (Hf) *Newsweek*, April 15, 1996, p. 34.

12. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #79, Patrick McIntosh. p. 4.

13. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 5.

14. Same, p. 23, column 1.

15. (Jb) Unabomber, p. 86.

16. (Ca) FL#28, letter from me to my parents, March 12, 1962.

17. (Qa) Oral Report from Investigator #6, October 6,1997: "[The oddball]: Said he didn't know anyone in N-43 and didn't recognize anyone's name. Uncooperative, seemed odd."

18. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 60: "I had no respect for courses in the Bullshit subjects (Humanities and Social Sciences)...." Recall from Chapter V that F.E.X. Murphy wrote in his evaluation of me: "His lack of interest in anything other than science is reflected in the relatively poor grades he received in Humanities and Social Sciences." (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 39.

In a letter that I wrote my parents while I was at Harvard, I taped to the page a clipping from the *Harvard Crimson* (the school newspaper) which read, in part:

"... 'I have been painfully forced to the belief,' [Bertand Russell] once remarked, 'that nine tenths of what is commonly regarded as philosophy is humbug. The only part that is at all definite is logic, and since it is logic, it is not philosophy.' "

Below the clipping I wrote:

"I noted with triumph the above quotation of Bertand Russell in the Crimson. I have long maintained that philosophy is humbug and now I find that even a philosopher admits it." (Ca) FL #5, letter from me to my parents, between 1958 and 1962.

This should suffice to convince anyone that I was not interested in Immanuel Kant.

19. (Qc) Written Reports by Investigator # 2, pp. 2, 4.

20. The brackets and the word "Ted" are in the original as printed in *Newsweek.*

21. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 30-32; (Mb) "Harold Sn

22. Reports of decades-old events given to my investigators are so unreliable that they have little value, but for whatever it may be worth, at least three students who were present in the chemistry lab at the time of the incident have confirmed that no windows were broken. (Qb) Written Investigator Reports #50, Kh.H.; #52, Mike I., p. 1; #87, Russell Mosny, September 13, 1996, p. 3.

8.2

23. (Hb) *Washington Post*, June 16, 1996, p. A20.

24. (Ka) Interview of Wanda by Investigator #1, p. 6.

25. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., p. 78.

26. Same, p. 82. Legibility is not good, but "mildly ill" does appear to be the correct reading.

27. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., pp. 81, 83, 84, 86, 87, 89, 90. I was also examined by a few other doctors, but none of them was in any sense our "family doctor."

28. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., p. 83.

29. Same, p. 89.

30. Same, p. 83. Also see (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 50-54.

31. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., p. 75.

32. (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, pp. 56, 57.

33. Same, pp. 59-63.

34. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 119-127; (Ad) Autobiog of TJK 1988, pp. 8-10.

35. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.,* May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 5. Also see p. 22, column 1.

36. (Ka) Interview of Wanda by Investigator #1, p. 4. In (Ca) FL #458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 8, I mentioned Ellen A.'s name, and in an

answering letter written a few days later, (Ca) FL #460, letter from my mother to me, mid-July, 1991, my mother mentioned Ellen A.'s name correctly. But, as we've seen, by 1996 she'd gone back to calling her "Eileen."

37. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 2.

Chapter VII

By the time I was about 22 years old, verbal abuse from my father had ceased, though now and then he made a remark that was, at the least, tactless. My mother no longer was insulting me with imputations of mental illness or gross immaturity, and of course my parents could no longer intimidate me by threatening to "throw me out of the house," because I was earning enough as a teaching fellow at the University of Michigan so that I didn't need any help from them. ^{1/} In any case I spent only the summers, and sometimes Christmas vacations, at my parents' home.

But my mother was still abnormally irritable toward me; much less so toward my father and brother. When I came home to spend a summer with the family my mother would at first be all sweetness toward me, but as the summer wore on she would have increasingly frequent and severe outbursts of irritation against me, until by the end of the summer her behavior was simply intolerable and I was glad to get away from her. As far as I can remember, the main reason why I spent the summers with my parents was so that I could use their car to visit nature areas. ²⁷ Of course, staying with them also enabled me to save money.

By the time I got my PhD from the University of Michigan in 1967, I had definitely decided that I did not want to spend my life as a mathematician and that I was going to go live in the woods. I accepted a position at the University of California at Berkeley only in order to earn some money for this purpose. ^{3/} I didn't tell my parents what I intended to do until two or three months before I left Berkeley. When I did tell them, my

mother didn't raise a stink about it (for a while, anyway) because by that time she knew that she couldn't bully me any more. Besides, as I discovered later, she imagined or had convinced herself that I would only live in the woods for a couple of years and then return to my mathematical career.

I left Berkeley in June, 1969 and spent the summer travelling by car with my brother in Canada, looking for a place to settle. ⁴ Finally I applied for permission to lease a small plot of government land about a mile from the nearest road in northern British Columbia. ⁵ Then my brother and I drove to Lombard, Illinois, where our parents now lived. The summer was pretty well exhausted, I didn't expect to do anything on the land I hoped to lease until the next summer, and, at my parents' invitation, ⁶ I planned to spend the winter living with them. I wasn't particularly anxious to stay with them, but I needed to conserve my supply of money. My brother soon went back to Columbia University, ⁷ where he was a student, to begin his senior year.

The British Columbia government took more than a year to act on my application to lease land, and then they denied it. ⁸ Meanwhile, I spent the summer of 1970 again looking for a suitable piece of land in Canada, though I must admit that by this time I was getting discouraged and wasn't trying very hard.

My brother graduated from Columbia ^I in June, 1970 and spent the summer touring the West in a car with some of his college friends. Then he returned to Lombard, and after staying a short time at our parents' house, he drove out to Montana in the white 1965 Chevelle that they either gave him or sold him at a low price. He set himself up in a cheap apartment in Great Falls, and, following a period of

unemployment, got a job at the Anaconda Company smelter in Black Eagle, across the river from Great Falls.

I spent another winter, that of 1970-71, at the house in Lombard. The next spring, at my brother's invitation, I drove to Montana, and together we bought our little patch of land $\frac{9}{2}$ a few miles from Lincoln.

During the two winters I spent in Lombard my mother made herself insufferable. She was finally beginning to grasp the fact that my project of going to live in the woods wasn't to be just a two-or three-year vacation from my mathematical career -- I was giving up all that high-status crap for good. She nagged me incessantly, and often in insulting terms. She kept telling me that she was worried, worried, worried about me, but when I asked her why she was worrying she usually would give me no comprehensible answer. Occasionally, though, she would let out the real reason why she was worrying: she was afraid I wasn't going to have the high-prestige career on which she had set her heart. She began to resort again to the device that she and my father had used so often during my teens -- she would threaten to "throw me out of the house." ^{19/}

At this point the threat was not entirely without weight. I had to conserve my money. It was very difficult for me to find a job. If I were honest about my intentions, no one would hire me as a mathematician, because for that kind of position any company or university wants someone who will keep the job for years, not someone who is just looking for something to tide him over for a few months. I didn't mind doing unskilled work, but nobody will hire someone with a PhD for that kind of job; they think

you're "overqualified." I did apply for one or two unskilled jobs, but I soon gave that up because the employers' reaction when they found out I had a PhD was just too humiliating. Of course, I could have lied on the application forms, but I was unable to bring myself to do this because, for better or for worse, I had been too well trained in early childhood in the principles of honesty. It wasn't until three or four years later that, from sheer necessity, I was able to overcome my inhibitions about lying to potential employers.

The New York Times wrote:

"Living again at home, Mr. Kaczynski kept mostly to his bedroom. Awaiting word on his land application, he did nothing for more than a year. His parents urged him to get a job, not to make money but to give him something to do, to ease his mind. But the effort failed. ... His arguments with his parents over his unwillingness to work intensified." ^{11/}

In the first place, I did not "keep mostly to" my bedroom. In the second place, there was only one thing I needed to ease my mind, and that would have been for my mother to stop her unending, insulting nagging. In the third place, it was only my mother, not my father, who kept pestering me about a job, and she was concerned not so much that I should have *some* job as that I should have a *high-status* job. This is confirmed by a letter that I wrote my mother on October 5, 1970, under circumstances that would take too long to explain here:

"Dear Ma:

"I had the impression your feelings were hurt when I didn't want to talk further in

that phone call yesterday. I do feel sorry for my poor old ma, so I want to say that all is forgiven. However, in order to clear the air and reduce the likelyhood [sic] of further disagreements, I would like to state some of my grievances and tell you some of the things that irritate me.

"The reason I didn't talk to you yesterday was this: I knew you would ask questions like 'have you got a job,' 'what kind of job are you looking for,' 'what do you plan to do next,' etc. . . . I would have to listen to your 'suggestions' to the effect that I should get some kind of a high-prestige job. I don't like to be told I am wasting my mind. You have a way of asking, 'what *kind* of a job are you going to look for, dear?' that makes me squirm, because I know perfectly well what is going on in your mind, even if you don't mean to express it. It was legitimate for you to suggest once or twice that I should get a high-class job, but over the past year you have raised the subject repeatedly, even though I made it plain that I found it irritating. . . .

"If you follow the following suggestions it will help improve our relations:

"Don't make suggestions as to how I should run my life. If you *must* make such a suggestion, make it *once* and then *drop the subject* -- and I mean drop it *permanently*.

Needless to say, this letter led to no abatement of my mother's nagging. Eventually I did get a job with a temporary agency called "Abbott Temps." ^{13/} It wasn't very remunerative, but at least it brought in some money. Yet my mother's nagging continued without let-up. I quote from a letter that I wrote to my brother in 1986:

"In your letter 14/ you mentioned in [our parents'] favor that they took very quietly

our respective decisions not to follow respectable careers as they wanted. Ha! You weren't there most of the time during the first couple of years after I quit my assistant professorship. You wouldn't believe how much shit I had to take from the old bitch. To take just one example: One evening I had to sit there and listen to a long and extremely insulting tirade from her in which she accused me of causing her high blood pressure and ended by calling me 'a monster! A monster! An ungrateful monster!' I took all that quietly and when she was done I went to Dad who was in the bathroom shaving or something and I asked him 'What do you think of that?' All he said was, 'Well, I think maybe you *are* contributing to her high blood pressure.' " ^{15/}

After I set myself up in my cabin in Montana my relations with my mother improved somewhat, probably because they were carried on mostly by letter. Yet there was continuing friction between us. One reason was that my mother, who is anxietyprone, kept pestering me to write her frequently, because she said she got worried if a few weeks passed without a letter from me. This problem came to a head in the winter of 1973-74 when, as was explained in Chapter IV (pp. 105, 106), my mother threatened to contact the authorities and have them check up on me if I didn't write her promptly. That led to a break in our relations that lasted for about a year, during which I didn't write my parents at all. Afterward she was less persistent in nagging me to write home.

Another reason for the friction between us was my mother's habit of sending me unwanted packages. Trouble on this score started between us during my time at Berkeley. My mother began sending me frequent packages filled with candy and sweets. I didn't like to receive that stuff because it exposed me to a temptation that was injurious to the health, so I asked her politely to stop sending me such packages. She promised to do so, but she continued sending the packages anyway. A second time I asked her politely to stop sending me such stuff and again she promised, but the packages kept coming. The third time I asked her to stop sending the packages, I used harsh language. She wrote back that she would stop sending packages, but she added, "Why don't you just ask me nicely instead of being mean about it?" I had asked her nicely, twice, but it hadn't done any good. After I spoke to her harshly, though, she did stop sending me packages – for a while.

letter

The problem arose again when I began living in Montana, and it was compounded by the fact that the packages often were too big to fit in my roadside mailbox, so that either I had to walk four miles to Lincoln to pick them up, or else the mailman hung them on the outside of box, with risk that they would be stolen or damaged by rain, since it was inconvenient for me to visit the box more often than once a week or so. Of course, I could simply have ignored the packages and let them be lost, but the waste of perfectly good food or other items made me uncomfortable.

My conflicts with my parents, especially my mother, over the packages are recorded in many of my letters that have survived from this period.

October 17, 1972:

"DON'T SEND ME ANY MORE MAGAZINES. I mean it." 15/

Spring, 1973:

"Ma: Do not send me anything addressed to 'Dr.' T.J. Kaczynski. [I wanted to avoid advertising my level of education.] If you do, I will be very angry and I will call you

very insulting names. I hate to have to threaten, but you know that in the past I have asked you time and again not to do certain things, and you still persist, so I have no choice but to be mean about it. For example, I have several times asked you *not to send me those throw-aways from Harvard*, but you still do it. So that's another thing; don't send me any more Harvard throw-aways – if you do I will insult you. I mean it. ... Also, don't send me any magazines. And don't send me any packages larger than 6" x 6" x 12", because they won't fit in the box. Your permanent attention to these remarks will be appreciated. Thank you." $\frac{17}{7}$

March, 1975:

"You sent me a Reader's Digest. Look, stupid, how many times must I tell you not to send me magazines? I have told you over and over not to send them, and you_____ promise not to send them, and then you go and send them anyway! Many times in the past you have made promises about things like that. You keep those promises for maybe 3 weeks and then forget them. Obviously you are incapable of the slightest selfcontrol, even to the extent of simply refraining from sending me magazines. One is compelled to think seriously of pathology. The magazines are a minor point in themselves, but your insane, mindless persistence in sending them is extremely irritating." ^{18/}

My mother used to tell me that if I didn't want the magazines I could just burn them in my stove, but it wasn't so simple. In the first place, magazines burned very poorly in my stove; they tended to clog it with half-burned paper. In the second place, burning that kind of paper produces toxic fumes.

April 9, 1975:

"I *told* you not to send me any packages, but you sent me at X-mas. Look, I only go down to my mailbox maybe once a wet for a much longer time. If a package like that is sent, it sits out on the road by the mailbox in the rain and/or snow for god knows how long, assuming nobody steals it in the mean time. As it happened, my neighbor $[\underline{G}, \underline{Wi}]$ found that package and brought it $\underline{f} \times$ up to me. But I don't care to encourage unnecessary visits from him anyway. Apparently, however, you have an irresistable [sic] compulsion to send me things. So --You can send me packages *infrequently*, if you make them strictly within the dimensions $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x 12". They will then fit in my mailbox. . . . If you want to know what to put in the packages that (unlike magazines) will be appreciated, you can send dried fruit . . . or *UNSALTED* nuts , " ^{19/}

The mailbox was six inches wide, but I reduced the permissible width of packages to four and a half inches for a margin of safety, because I knew that my parents would not adhere strictly to the stated dimensions.

November 29, 1975:

"[P]lease don't send me so many packages, and please *don't* send smoked oysters." ^{20/}

December 8, 1975:

"Look, stupid -- what in the name of god is wrong with you? I told you I didn't want you sending me packages -- I only made an exception for dried fruit and unsalted nuts in a package not larger than $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ " x 12". And I said such a package would be

alright *occasionally*. Now you are deluging me with this garbage. You sent me oysters and cheese. I don't like smoked oysters — I threw them out. The sunflower seeds you sent me were salted. . . . Now you send me shoes and socks in a package that certainly exceeded $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 12$. That package could barely fit in the mailbox. . . . And it left no room for anything else in the box. Furthermore, in this tiny cabin I have no place to *put* all this crap. . . . You stupid bitch, I've *told* you and *told* you I don't want you sending me crap like this. And as for publisher's catalogs, all I asked was — where can I write to get a publisher's catalog of paperbacks? I didn't ask you to *send* me anything. Now you are sending me package after package of catalogues that I only throw in the stove." ^{21/}

December 24, 1975:

"As for my 'hair-trigger temper' -- ... The reason I get mad at you so much, ma, is mainly because you keep doing over and over again things that I keep asking you not to do. You promise not to do them, then a few weeks later you go right back to your old habits. It gets exasperating." ^{22/}

November 26, 1976:

"Package for Thanksgiving is OK, so is Xmas package. But DO NOT send any further packages without consulting me first. (Except one package of books as listed below) . . . But do not send me a package of books more than 4½ inches thick (else it might not fit in the box). . . . Do not send a second package of books without consulting me first. Thanks." ^{23/}

December 18, 1976:

"Christmas package received. Thank you. But look, you are starting to slip back into the habit of doing certain things that I've told you over and over again are annoying to me. You put some cookies in that package. Remember I said any food packages are supposed to contain only dried fruit and unsalted nuts, unless you get my permission to send something else." ^{24/}

November 12, 1977:

"[I]f you want to send me a package you had better keep it down to the 4½" width. . . . Permissible items for package: Dried fruit, nuts, cheese. Anything else -- ask me first." ^{25/}

December 17, 1977:

"Thanks for telling me a package is on the way – I'll no doubt enjoy the goodies. However. No more packages without asking my permission first." ^{26/}

December 30, 1977:

"Remember, no more packages without asking permission" 27/

The reader who has had an adequate mother may think I was unduly intolerant of my mother's habit of sending me unwanted packages. Certainly, tolerance of an eccentricity that is irritating but does no serious harm is a return that one should make for the care of a good mother. But in my case, irritation over the packages was piled on top of an accumulation of resentments from the past: the constant psychological abuse throughout my adolescence, the nagging and insults during my adult life, my mother's essential selfishness that led her to try to use me as a tool for the satisfaction of her own needs. The package issue was the proximate cause of the break in relations between me and my parents that lasted from 1982 until my father's death in 1990. Though I'd told them at the end of 1977 that they should send me no more packages without asking me first, they slipped back into the habit of sending me dried fruit and nuts at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and I tolerated this as long as there were only those two packages a year. In the spring of 1982 I reminded them that they should send me no packages without asking first, yet later that year I accepted, by implication, their habit of sending me things at Thanksgiving and Christmas without specific permission:

"[Y]ou asked whether to send me Spanish booklet called 'Talacain [sic; should be Zalacain] el Aventurero EOFF and Ramirez-Araujo.' If you were planning to send me a Thanksgiving package as you usually do, you can include the booklet in that." ^{28/}

After Thanksgiving: "I enjoy the nuts, dried fruit, and cheese that you sent for Thanksgiving." ^{29/}

The reader will recall from Chapter IV (pp. 109-112) that in the autumn of 1982 I sent my parents an angry letter about the abuse they'd inflicted on me during my teens; my mother sent me an apology that, though cold and perfunctory, softened my feelings somewhat; and I was on reasonably good terms with my parents until the spring of 1983. Then on May 23 I received from them a package of nuts and dried fruit. I wrote them an irritated letter ³⁰ about it, and in return they sent me a letter ³⁰ in which they claimed that they didn't remember my ever telling them not to send packages without asking me first. Here is how I described the incident in my journal (translated from Spanish):

"May 25 [1983]. ... Day before yesterday ... I went to my mailbox and found a package of food that my stupid mother had sent me. Although the almonds and dried fruit she sent me would have been useful, the package got me very upset, because I've asked her repeatedly -- a thousand ^{31/} times! -- not to send me any packages without getting my permission beforehand. Of course she promises, and then after a little while she again starts sending me packages without asking if I want them. ... Yesterday I went to Lincoln to send her stupid package [back] to her." ^{32/}

"June 9 [1983]. I've received a letter from my parents that says they don't remember that I ever told them not to send me packages without asking me beforehand whether I want them. And how many times I've told them! ... A few years ago I told them this, and a few months later my father sent me a pair of shoes without asking me first whether I wanted them. I complained to him and insisted again that they should not send me packages without asking me first. ..." ^{33/}

Actually this was not quite accurate. As the letters quoted earlier show, at the time of the shoe incident my parents did have my permission to send me packages of nuts and fruit without asking beforehand. It was later (December, 1977) that I told them not to send *any* packages without asking; and again in 1982:

"In the spring of 1982 they sent me one or two packages without permission, and at that time I reminded them (in a courteous way) not to send packages without asking me first. ^{30/} Clearly it was a mistake to tell them courteously, because experience has shown me that they forget it or ignore it when I tell them courteously." ^{33/} (Translated from Spanish) Since my policy as to what I would let them send me without permission had varied to some extent over the years, it was not so very unreasonable for my parents to get confused and think that it was alright to send me dried fruit and nuts at any time without permission. But my resentment was founded not only on the unwanted $\sqrt{}$ package but on the whole history of my relations with my parents. In my journal I in Section A concluded the account of this package incident with:

"I can't stand my parents any more, not only because of these minor annoyances but also because I remember all too clearly their insults that I endured during my adolescence." ^{33/} (Translated from Spanish)

Ş

There was an additional factor that my journal doesn't mention. When my parents wrote me that they didn't remember my ever telling them not to send packages without permission, their letter ³⁰ was so self-righteous that it seemed inconsistent with any sense of remorse concerning the way they'd treated me during my teens; which tended to confirm what I had suspected anyway – that my mother's apology of the preceding autumn was given only in order to mollify me so that she could get from me the affection that she craved. By this time I was so sick and tired of my parents that I just told them to go to hell and broke off relations with them. My mother, obsessed as usual with respectability, was so anxious to conceal the truth about our family life that after I broke off with her and my father she lied to her sister, telling her that the reason why she and my father no longer went to visit me was that I found it too painful to part from them when the visit was over! ³⁴

Juli

Before we leave the subject of packages, I should note that the Washington

Post's report that I once "castigated [my] aunt for sending a package that would not fit in [my] mailbox" ^{35/} is false. Anyone who thinks it is true is invited to ask any of my aunts about it. Freda Tuominen is the only one of my aunts who ever sent me a package in Montana. She once sent me a pocket knife as a birthday present. I thanked her for it and expressed my appreciation of it; then I courteously requested that in the future she should ask me before sending any package, and I explained why.

* * * * * *

In reference to the year 1978-79, which I spent living with my parents, the *New York Times* wrote:

"[Ted] went back to Lombard, back to his parents' home. This time, he did not resist their blandishments about work." 36/

I suggest that Robert D. McFadden, who wrote this article, should check his dictionary for the correct meaning of the word "blandishment." But it's clear that what McFadden meant was that I took a job at this time only under pressure from my parents. Actually I took the job on my own initiative, and the letters prove it. I'd been playing with the idea of an exploring trip to northern Canada as preparation for a possible sojourn in the wilderness there. Prior to my return to Lombard I wrote my father on February 17, 1978:

"Do you think it likely I could get a job in the spring at that foam-cutting place [where you work]? Then maybe I could save up some money and be in better position for northern trip." ^{37/}

And on March 8:

"When I asked about getting a job, I had in mind something of a longer term, as an alternative to a trip [to Ontario] this summer, so I could get money for a better trip in a more promising region. However, if you can get me a job [at Foam Cutting Engineers] for 2 months, that is also something to consider." ^{38/}

I did take a job at Foam Cutting Engineers. ^{39/} I worked there for a couple of months and then left because of certain relations between me and the foreman (foreperson?), Ellen Tarmichael, of which I will speak later. Within a few days after leaving Foam Cutting Engineers I got a job with a firm that manufactured restaurant equipment, Prince Castle, Inc., ^{39/} and I worked there until the spring of 1979, after which I returned to Montana with, I think, something like three thousand dollars that I'd saved. The Canadian wilderness trip never came off.

At about this time my parents gave my brother and me each several gifts of money totalling (if I remember correctly) some three thousand dollars apiece. ^{40/} Thereafter they gave each of us a yearly stipend of a thousand dollars, which they gradually increased until by 1989 it was fifteen hundred dollars. ^{41/} My mother always took scrupulous care that every money gift to me should be precisely equalled by a similar gift to my brother, and vice versa. Her financial records should prove this, if she allows access to them.

It certainly was generous of my parents to give my brother and me these gifts, which saved me the annoyance of having to look for work at intervals, but, lest the reader conceive an exaggerated impression of my parents' generosity, I point out that they were not inconveniencing themselves. Every member of my immediate family is

instinctively parsimonious; we spend money cautiously; we don't *like* to spend it. Consequently my parents had accumulated considerable sums distributed among several accounts in savings and loan associations, from which they received a substantial income in interest. I don't know how much they had, but I'd guess that by the time of my father's death their assets would have amounted to at least three hundred thousand dollars. My brother, who was much more familiar with our parents' financial situation than I was, wrote me: "[T]he parents . . . have more than they can spend" ^{42/} (early 1986); and: "When our inheritance comes due we'll both be fairly rich anyway, so a few thousand dollars now wouldn't make much difference " ^{43/} (late 1985 or early 1986). So the fact that my parents were pretty free-handed with their money during the 1980's does not prevent me from feeling that they both were essentially selfish people.

After my father's death in 1990 there was a brief reconciliation between my mother and me, but it was not a very successful one. There was too much tension between us because of old resentments. How and why I broke off with her in 1991 has already been explained in Chapter IV. At that time I received from her about seven thousand dollars ⁴¹/₁ in a lump sum, and thereafter I refused to accept any money, ⁴⁴/₂ or even any communication, from her.

* * * * * *

My mother and brother have claimed that their motive for portraying me to the media as a sicko has been to save me from the death penalty, but at least as far as my mother is concerned it should be clear to the reader by now that this is a lie. Whether

or not their portrayal of me would make the death penalty less likely in the event of my conviction, it obviously makes my conviction more likely. In fact, my mother and brother have indicated that they *want* me to be convicted. ^{45/} Moreover, if I were convicted, the fact that I was abused would win sympathy for me that would make the death penalty less likely, yet my mother has made every possible effort to conceal the fact of the abuse. Clearly, then, my mother is not trying to save *me*; she is trying to save *herself* from the embarrassment of having the abuse revealed.

By representing me as a madman who was never really a part of the family (as in the *Washington Post* interview), she is trying to distance me from herself so as to preserve her image of respectability in the face of my arrest as the Unabomber. And by attributing my supposed abnormality to "that hospital experience," she is trying to escape responsibility for the harm she inflicted on me.

As the letters quoted in Chapter IV show, she is well aware of how important it is to me to have the abuse acknowledged, and how painful it is to me to be represented as mentally ill or as having been warped by "that hospital experience." One may ask what kind of mother it is who will abuse her son and then, in order to avoid the embarrassment of having the abuse revealed, tell lies that subject him to public humiliation and at the same time increase his risk of being convicted and of getting the death penalty.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

1. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., pp. 23-42; (Ac) Alter 1979, p. 141.

2. From (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979:

p. 150, "[A]round the time I left Harvard . . . I got hold of . . . a book of edible wild plants. . . . [T]hereafter, in the summers, I used to go very frequently to the Cook County Forest Preserves"

p. 162. "During the summer following my 4th year at Michigan, as usual, at the beginning of the summer I began going out to the forest preserves almost daily."

3. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 172.

4. Same, p. 191.

5. Same, pp. 191, 192.

6. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1970, pp. 3, 4.

7. (Fe) School Records of David Kaczynski, Columbia.

8. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 193.

9. (Ga) Deed #4.

10. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1970, p. 6; "All during my teens, and again when I stayed with you during the past year, you would often threaten to put me out of the house when we had a disagreement."

11. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 23, columns 4, 5.

12. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1990, pp. 1-3.

13. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 198; (Gb) Social Security Records of TJK; (Ca) FL #122, letter from me to my parents, March 21, 1972, p. 1.

14. The letter referred to is (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 18. I quoted from this letter in Chapter V, pp. 142, 143.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII

1. (Fd) School Records of TJK, U. Mich., pp. 23-42; (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 141.

2. From (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979:

p. 150, "[A]round the time I left Harvard . . . I got hold of . . . a book on edible wild plants. . . . [T]hereafter, in the summers, I used to go very frequently to the Cook County Forest Preserves"

p. 162. "During the summer following my 4th year at Michigan, as usual, at the beginning of the summer I began going out to the forest preserves almost daily."

- 3. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 172.
- 4. Same, p. 191.
- 5. Same, pp. 191, 192.
- 6. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1970, pp. 3, 4.
- 7. (Fe) School Records of David Kaczynski, Columbia.
- 8. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 193.
- 9. (Ga) Deed #4.

10. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1970, p. 6; "All during my teens, and again when I stayed with you during the past year, you would often threaten to put me out of the house when we had a disagreement."

11. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 23, columns 4, 5.

12. (Ca) FL #116, letter from me to my mother, October 5, 1990, pp. 1-3.

13. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 198; (Gb) Social Security Records of TJK; (Ca) FL #122, letter from me to my parents, March 21, 1972, p. 1.

14. The letter referred to is (Ca) FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 18. I quoted from this letter in Chapter V, pp. 142, 143.

15. (Ca) FL #331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986, p. 6. The fact that my mother had called me an "ungrateful monster" was also mentioned in (Ca) FL #198, letter from me to my parents, February 7, 1977, p. 2.

16. (Ca) FL #127, letter from me to my parents, October 17, 1972.

17. (Ca) FL #133, letter from me to my mother, Spring, 1973.

My mother did stop sending me the throwaways from Harvard, but unfortunately she sent Harvard my new address, so that they started sending me their junk mail directly. I put a stop to that by sending them an imaginary address: 788 Banchat Pesh, Khadar Khel, Afghanistan. (Hf) *Newsweek*, April 15, 1996, p. 35 described Khadar Khel as "a remote village near the Khyber Pass," but if such a place exists it is a surprise to me. I just invented the name. Anyway, I received no more mail from Harvard after that. See (Fc) School Records of TJK, Harvard, p. 72.

- 18. (Ca) FL #154, letter from me to my parents, late March, 1975, p. 1.
- 19. (Ca) FL #157, letter from me to my parents, April 9, 1975.
- 20. (Ca) FL #169, letter from me to my parents, November 29, 1975, p. 4.
- 21. (Ca) FL #170, letter from me to my parents, December 8, 1975.
- 22. (Ca) FL #171, letter from me to my parents, December 24, 1975, p. 2.
- 23. (Ca) FL #193, letter from me to my parents, November 26, 1976, pp. 4, 5.
- 24. (Ca) FL #195, letter from me to my parents, December 18, 1976.
- 25. (Ca) FL #205, letter from me to my parents, November 12, 1977.
- 26. (Ca) FL #206, letter from me to my parents, December 17, 1977.
- 27. (Ca) FL #207, letter from me to my parents, December 30, 1977.
- 28. (Ca) FL #270, letter from me to my parents, August 27, 1982.
- 29. (Ca) FL #273, letter from me to my parents, around Christmastime, 1982.
- 30. This letter has not been preserved.
- 31. A slight exaggeration.
- 32. (Ba) Journals of TJK, Series V # 1, May 25, 1983.

33. Same, June 9, 1983.

34. (Rb) Written Information Confirmed by Dr. K., item #2: "On 5/8/97, Freda [Dombek Tuominen] told Dr. K_____ that after I broke off relations with my mother and father in the early 1980's, my mother told Freda that the reason why my mother and father no longer went to visit me was that I found it too painful to part from them when the visit was over."

35. (Hb) Washington Post, June 16, 1996, p. A21.

36. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 2.

37. (Ca) FL #211, letter from me to my father, February 17, 15 n. 3.

38. (Ca) FL #212, letter from me to my father, March 8, 1978,

39. (Gb) Social Security Records of TJK. Also see Chapter X

40. (Na) FBI 302 number 1, p. 13: "In 1979, TED and DAVE's parents formalized an agreement with both TED and DAVE to provide monetary gifts in order to minimize inheritance taxes. [Actually there was no formal agreement.] TED was given a lump sum of #3,000 [actually it was not given all at once, but in parts over a relatively short period of time] and \$600 thereafter on his birthday and at Christmas. [Actually it was \$500 at first; see Note 41.]"

My brother received \$3,000 also, and the same birthday and Christmas gifts that I did: "The parents gave me another \$1000." (Ca) FL #221 letter from David Offer . Kaczynski to me, September 6 (?), 1979. "Beginning in 1979, [Wanda] and her husband sent money to both TED and DAVE on their birthdays and at Christmas time." (Na) FBI 302 number 10, p. 4.

(Ca) FL #242, letter from my parents to me, August, 1981, mentions several savings certificates that were in my parents' names jointly with my name, my brother's name, or both. The letter states that one certificate for \$24,000 is eventually to be divided between my brother and me, and seems to imply that another certificate for \$4,500 is considered my property. In reality I never received any of this money. My mother liked to put my name and my brother's on her and my father's savings certificates so that if they died suddenly my brother and I could get the money without going through probate court.

41. (Pd) Application and Affidavit for Search Warrant, p. 86, paragraph 175. This documents the gifts only from 1985 to 1990, and the increase only from \$1200 to \$1500.

42. (Ca) FL #325, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late January or early February, 1986, p. 3.

43. (Ca) FL #320, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late December, 1985, or early January, 1986, pp. 1, 2.

44. (Ca) FL #461, letter from me to David Kaczynski, July 20, 1991, pp. 8, 9: "Mother must not send me any checks, money, or communication of any kind, except that one registered letter containing either the check for \$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Other than that one registered letter, any communications that I receive from you, Ma, or anyone else connected with our family, will be thrown in the stove unopened, *regardless of whether they contain checks*, *money, or anything else important.* ... As for my share of the inheritance, *I don't want any of it.* Not because I can't use the money, but because in order to collect the money I would have to have contact with the family, and I can't endure that."

(Pd) Application and Affidavit for Search Warrant, p. 86, paragraph 175, shows no check from my mother to me after the one for \$7032.81 on July 26, 1991.

45. (He) 60 Minutes, September 15, 1996, Part Two, p. 13:

"MIKE WALLACE: The Kaczynski family is not arguing that Ted's mental condition -- whatever the psychiatrists call it -- means that he should be found 'not guilty by reason of insanity.' But if he is found guilty they want him locked away, and treated -- not executed."

My mother and brother were present and did not contradict, question, or qualify this statement of Mike Wallace.

Chapter VIII

「ないないないのかっちっていたいとうろう ないできたち

letter

When my brother David was a little baby, less than a year old, my mother commented on a difference between his personality and mine: Whereas I had been a relatively squally, cantankerous baby, David's behavior was marked by placidity. ^{1/} This is a difference that has set us apart all our lives. I have tended to show energy, initiative, and persistence, while my brother has been unusually passive. I have tended to confront conflicts, difficulties, or obstacles and struggle with them, while my brother has tended to retreat from them. I have always liked to assume responsibilities while my brother has preferred to avoid them.

In Chapter II (pp. 67-72) I've described the strong affection that I had for my brother during his infancy. But within a few years our relations began to grow moreambiguous and conflicted. In a letter that I sent my brother in 1982, I wrote:

"Throughout your childhood and even well up into your 20's you had a severe case of big-brother worship." ^{2/}

The truth of this is confirmed by various statements of my brc York Times, on the basis of an interview with him, described him as an admiring we brother" ³ who "idolized" ⁴ me, and quoted him as saying, "I was very strongly influenced by my brother." ⁴

In the summer of 1982 Dave wrote me

"I don't remember finding it difficult as a youngster to admire you, and I don't think my will was consciously frustrated by coming under the influence of your way of thinking, since I thought I came willingly, drawn by its intrinsic persuasion. I hope you

will appreciate, in light of this, what a significant being you must have represented to me . . . On a personal level, however, I felt a problem arose insofar as it appeared to me I could appear in your world . . . [only] by assuming a shape appropriate to this world, but not wholly expressive of my own experience and consciousness. In other words, what I thought of as the openness on my part which made your thought-process accessible to me, was so little reciprocated that I could abide there only by forsaking a certain freedom of spirit." ^{5/}

In brief, my brother was saying that he admired me but felt dominated by me. In 1986 he wrote:

"[Our parents] always encouraged me to look up to you, especially with regard to volue your intellect . . . One unhealthy side of this, as we've discussed before, is that I may have learned to look up to you too much, to take your criticisms too much to heart, and to feel a little over-shadowed intellectually. I think one reason I became ego-involved in our philosophical discussions a few years ago was because I was still trying to establish myself on a plane of intellectual equality with you." ^{g/}

Recently my brother told Dr. K. that as a child he looked up to me, strove to emulate me, and as it were defined himself through his relationship to me. I'

My brother's admiration for me was complicated by a marked strain of resentment, which seems to have had its origin in several factors, including his sense of inferiority to me, the fact that I often treated him badly when we were kids, and jealously over the fact that our parents valued me more highly than they did him. The conflict between his love and admiration, on the one hand, and his resentment, on the other,

was shown in the inconsistency of his behavior toward me.

Once my brother was past his infancy, conflicts developed in my own feelings toward him. Initially I think my resentment probably grew out of the way our parents handled our relationship. Whenever any squabble arose between my brother and me, whenever anything went wrong when we were together, I was automatically blamed for it. From my 1979 autobiography:

"When my brother was 4 years old and I was 12 (if I remember correctly ^a/), my father gave each of us a glass bottle with a squirting attachment so that we could 'fight' by squirting each other. This was fine until my brother climbed up on a chair and then fell with the bottle in his hand, cutting himself very badly [when the bottle broke]. (It is still painful to me to remember this incident.) Blood came gushing from my brother's hand at an amazing rate. I screamed and howled for my parents, who came running. They took my brother in the house, but quickly decided that he was bl that they would have to rush him to the hospital. . . .

"Because I had a strong affection for my brother, I was very upset about his injury. At one point, the doctors feared that two of his fingers might be permanently crippled.* (footnote: *But fortunately it turned out <u>alright</u>.), and at that time I offered to <u>all right</u> give my brother my coin collection, which was my most prized possession.

"... Since my brother climbed up on the chair on his own initiative, and since I was 10 feet away from him when he fell, there was no reason why I should be blamed for the incident. Nevertheless, the doctors told my parents that my brother kept mumbling, 'Don't blame Teddy! Don't blame Teddy!'

"The reason is that he knew that whenever anything bad happened when he and I were together, I always got blamed for it. The same thing was true all through my earlier teens: Whenever I got into a screaming match with my brother, or any other conflict, my parents immediately blamed me. If I tried to explain my side of the dispute, my parents would usually cut me short by saying, 'It doesn't make any difference. You're older. You should be more mature.*' (footnote: *Just as I often got into screaming matches with my brother, my parents often got into screaming matches with me. Apparently it never occurred to them that they should 'be more mature.') This was not the result of favoritism on their part -- actually, I was always the favorite son. It was the result of simple laziness. To listen to both sides of a dispute between me and my brother, and attempt to make a fair judgement, would have taken an effort. It was easier to automatically blame the older child and throw on him the burden of keeping the peace." ⁹ (The footnotes marked by an asterisk are in the original.)

My brother's effort to save me from blame shows the generous aspect of his feelings toward me. The resentful aspect is illustrated by the following incident. When I was thirteen years old and my brother was five, it was discovered that I had a cyst in my upper jaw that would have to be removed surgically, and in preparation for that operation an oral surgeon extracted one of my upper incisors. ^{10/} As I reminded my mother in 1991, "when I came home with my tooth pulled out, Dave jeered at me for it." ^{11/}

He also showed his resentment by teasing me frequently. For example, he would tell me some lie or tall tale, and then when he had me believing it he would laugh

at me for having been taken in. ¹²⁷ His teasing aroused my own resentment, which led me to harass him verbally, and that in turn increased his resentment, in a vicious circle. In addition, he had certain personality traits that irritated me. ¹³⁷ He was an otherdirected kid: He ran with a group of boys among whom he seemed to lose his own identity completely, imitating all their ways without holding back anything of himself. Again, he sucked his thumb until he was eight years old. I used to get disgusted watching him at it, and I would rag him about it unmercifully. My mother would occasionally reprimand me for my harassment of my brother or him for his teasing of me, but neither of my parents ever made any serious or consistent effort to bring our constant quarrelling under control.

The worst of it was that at this time I was suffering psychological abuse from my parents and from my schoolmates, and, being unable to retaliate against them, I probably took out much of my anger on my brother, who was a convenient object for that purpose. Of course, my brother was not so defenseless against me as I was against our parents, since he could turn to them for support and protection. ^{13/} In fact, my brother and my parents often tended to form a common front against me. ^{14/}

Considering our conflicts and the family situation in general, it's surprising that Dave and I retained as much affection for one another as we did. At the age of seventeen I wrote:

"My brother and I quarrel a lot, but when we're not quarrelling we're pretty friendly and considerate of each other." ^{15/}

And in 1986 I wrote my brother:

"[W]e had conflicts that resulted in resentment, but [on my side] that resentment was relatively superficial rather than deep and lasting." ^{16/}

These passages only hint at the strength and tenacity of my affection for Dave and the way it survived the sometimes bitter anger I felt toward him. But I truly believe that my resentment over our childhood conflicts had dissipated by the time I reached adulthood, and that it left little or no lasting residue in me. (With certain resentments that arose during our adult years it was a different matter.)

On my brother's side I think the resentment ran much deeper, but it did not interfere with the excessive adulation that led him to adopt me as a role-model and as a source of values and aspirations. A couple of times during my later teens my mother asked me in an awed voice, "What is this power you have over Dave?" I wasn't able to give her an answer, because it wasn't a power that I exercised consciously or intentionally. ^{17/} When my brother was maybe eleven or twelve years old, he used to show off by jumping up and touching the light on the kitchen ceiling. I used to kid him by saying, "No, you can't do it! You won't make it!" And whenever he jumped after I had said that, he would fail to touch the light. He used to attribute this to his own "suggestibility", and he seemed to take a masochistic satisfaction in it. Eventually, though, he did assert his will and show that he could touch the light even when I told him he couldn't.

This psychological subordination of my brother to me must have contributed in a very important way to his resentment, the more so since I was quite conscious of my own superiority in that respect, and, in those days, I probably did not do a very good job

of concealing it. As I wrote in 1959:

"I feel superior to my brother in intellectual capacity, and very much in strength of will, even considering the age difference." $\frac{15}{2}$

Another source of my brother's resentment against me was the fact that my parents valued me far more than they did him. In a psychological sense I was the most important member of the family, as is indicated, for example, by the fact that my parents saved more than two hundred of my letters but only two of my brother's; my brother saved a hundred or more of my letters to him, but no letters from our parents. (See Notes on Documents.) My brother and my mother both leaned on me heavily for the satisfaction of their psychological needs, and to some extent my father did so too: When I worked at Foam Cutting Engineers one of my co-workers, a woman named Dotty, said to me: "Your father talks about you all the time. I think you're the favorite son."

As I mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, my brother tends to retreat from conflicts and problems rather than confronting them. I don't think he ever faced up to the contradiction between his affection for me and his resentment of me. Instead of resolving this conflict to his own satisfaction, he pushed the two aspects of his relationship with me into two different and mutually inaccessible compartments of his mind, creating a division that deepened as the years went by.

At about the time I reached adulthood there was a great improvement in my relations with my brother. I wrote in my 1979 autobiography:

"I think it might have been when I was around 20 that we began to get along

better. Instead of competing, each of us would freely acknowledge the other's areas of superiority. Since then I have always gotten along very well with my brother." 18/

The "always" in the last sentence is not strictly accurate, since we still did have quarrels at times, but these were rather rare, and I felt from 1962 at least until 1979 that I had basically a very good relationship with my brother. I had learned to exercise selfrestraint toward him, and he toward me. I think it was from about 1962 to 1965 that I felt best about my relationship with Dave, but even at that time I think I remember feeling a little regretful that he didn't seem to reciprocate the warm good-fellowship that I sometimes tried to show him.

In the later sixties a new element of resentment began to creep into my feelings toward my brother: I was disappointed in the way he was turning out. He seemed to me to be weak – lacking in initiative, energy, and persistence. This was not a good justification for resenting him, but I felt a certain degree of low-keyed resentment all the same. This occasionally resulted in behavior on my part that must have been painful to my brother to a degree of which I had no conception at the time. Once in the late sixties we watched on television a movie titled "The Strange One." It was about a sadistic and Machiavellian student (called "Night Boy") in a military academy who caused serious harm to various people through his cunning intrigues. Another character in the film was a repellent individual nicknamed "Cockroach," an aspiring writer who chronicled Night Boy's exploits and gloated over them. When the movie was over, my brother began to speak gloatingly of Night Boy. I was somewhat repelled, so I teased him by calling him "Cockroach" and comparing him to that character. He got

very upset and stormed out of the room. I just laughed at him, pleased that I'd stung him, since I thought he deserved it. Only recently have I come to realize how deeply I must have cut him with that remark.

* * * * * *

The reader will recall from Chapter VII that during the fall of 1970 my brother set himself up in an apartment in Great Falls, Montana. He knew that I was still looking for land, and that winter he mentioned in a letter to our parents that he would be interested in going fifty-fifty with me on a piece of property if I cared to locate in his part of the country. My mother passed this information on to me, and, about June, 1971 I drove out to Great Falls and dropped in at my brother's apartment. He confirmed that he was interested in splitting with me the cost of a piece of land, and, with characteristic passivity, he left it up to me to find a suitable place. Within a few days a realtor named Ray Jensen showed me a very attractive bit of land a few miles from Lincoln. It was not nearly as isolated as I would have liked, but by this time I'd decided that I was going to have to settle for something that was less than ideal. I took my brother out to see the place, he liked it, and we each put in \$1050 to buy it. ^{19/} Dave expressed great satisfaction at having become a "landowner," as he put it.

I promptly began building a cabin on our land, but I made frequent trips back to Great Falls, during which I would spend one or more nights at my brother's apartment. On August 1, 1971, I was so clumsy as to scald my foot with a pot of boiling soup, badly enough so that I was forced to become inactive for five weeks or more, and I spent that period at my brother's apartment. $\frac{20}{}$ Thus I became familiar with his way of life. I must

add that my brother was very considerate of me and very generous with his hospitality.

The most striking thing about my brother's life in Great Falls was the condition of his apartment. It was almost (though not quite) as bad as what Pat McIntosh incorrectly described in reference to my room at Eliot House. The kitchen table and the greater part of the floor area were usually piled with trash, including food garbage. My brother would eat — for example — potato salad out of a can, and then, instead of getting up to throw the empty can into the trash receptacle, he would set it on the floor next to his chair. And there it would remain for weeks or months, along with other empty food containers that accumulated. From a March, 1972 letter to my parents:

"I came back to Great Falls David got my mail out of a drawer for me, and said he 'thought' that that was all there was for me, but later he found three other pieces of my mail in various places amongst the litter (or, to be more accurate, garbage) in his apartment. I have been cleaning out some of his trash for him, but so far no more of my mail has turned up. At any rate, two important pieces of mail seem to be missing. . . . One is my W-2 form from Abbot Temps." ^{21/}

A couple of days later:

"Dave and I have been cleaning out his apartment and he found, somewhere, my income-tax stuff" ^{22/}

In June, 1973 I wrote my parents:

"I solicited Dave's assistance and we shovelled about a ton of trash out of his dump -- but the sink and toilet still are cesspools, and he doesn't dare open the refrigerator because when it went on the blink he neglected to take the food out, so that the thing is now filled with an unspeakable stench. ...

"Suggestion -- tell Dave that unless he keeps his place clean, you will ask his landlord to make him clean the place up. I will give you a report, and if he is delinquent, [you] complain to his landlord.* (footnote: * If the landlord evicts him, it will be a lesson which will probably neaten him up for a long time.)

"It might help if *Dad* writes him a lecturing letter on this stuff" ^{23/}

July 9, 1973:

"Dave's apartment is still terrible. He doesn't seem to have done anymore cleaning up since I was here a couple of weeks ago. He must have been throwing out most of his fresh trash since then, but I notice that he has gotten careless and the trash is starting to accumulate again around his chair. The toilet and sink are still vile pits of corruption (and I'm not being facetious), and the refrigerator, as I told you, has been ruined by the stuff left to rot in it. The place is pervaded by an odor of garbage – worse than before, I think.

"In all seriousness, I think you should try that plan I mentioned to you about threatening to ask his landlord to make him clean it up. I know it is a harsh thing to do, but I really think he needs it. I am pretty certain that nothing less will get him to take any initiative at all in the matter." ^{24/}

My father did write Dave a lecturing letter, and I expostulated with him myself about the condition of his apartment. He answered, "Ted, I've tried and tried, but I just can't seem to help it." But apparently my father and I did have some effect on him, for, as I wrote to my parents on July 18:

Despite the condition of his apartment, Dave seemed to be doing well in some ways. By the time of my arrival in June, 1971 he'd made a least one good friend (Leon Ne.) And over the next couple of years he made several others. The rugged physical work he was doing at the smelter seemed to agree with him. I complimented him on the fact that he looked wiry and well-conditioned, and he said that he felt he was gaining something positive in a psychological sense from doing that kind of work. The smeltermen had a certain quota of work to do each day, and once they had finished it they could stop working but had to stay at the smelter for a full eight hours. They generally hurried and finished their quota within about four hours and spent the other four hours at various recreations, especially chess. My brother read some books on chess strategy, and through constant practice at the smelter he became a fairly good player, certainly much better than I was. Whereas formerly I'd usually been able to beat him at chess, now the tables were turned and he could usually beat me. This seemed to be important to him.

In some other ways my brother was not doing so well. For some reason he seemed rather morose during this period, and he had become addicted to cigarettes. Both the smoking habit and the filthy condition of his apartment were expressions of a lack of will-power and an incapacity for effort that have affected my brother all his life, but seemed to be particularly acute during this period. According to my letter of March 21, 1972 to my parents:

"Before I left for my cabin the last time, [Dave] very willingly promised to pay my [automobile insurance] bill and to get in touch with me if it didn't arrive, etc. But it seems that when it did arrive he 'didn't notice' that it was from the insurance company until a couple of weeks after it was due. Actually, I don't resent this on his part — he is very obliging, helpful, and well-intentioned; he just seems to be incapable of doing anything that requires any effort at all, especially anything that requires attentiveness. . . .

"P.S. Don't say anything to Dave about my having mentioned his inability to make any effort. He is aware of his failings, but it would hurt his feelings to know I had talked about them." ^{26/}

My brother had majored in English at Columbia and had ambitions to teach English at the high-school level, but he couldn't get a teaching job because, with his usual foresight, he had neglected to take the necessary education courses. So in the fall of 1971 he enrolled at the College of Great Falls. Because the zinc operation at the smelter closed down, he was laid off $\frac{2T}{}$ about June of 1972, but by the spring of 1973 he had completed the courses that he needed to get his certification as a teacher. $\frac{28}{}$

In July, 1973 I wrote my parents:

"[I]t isn't just the filthy apartment. It's a general incapacity for effort. For example, he hasn't done anything further about getting a teaching job. He invents rationalizations about not being sure he wants to make the commitment, etc. But on discussion he agrees that he ought to take the risk and make the effort. In principle, he says this, but in practice he does nothing about it. And that is the general pattern of his existence. He is a kind of vegetable. *Something* ought to be done to try to shake him out of it." ^{24/}

My mother generally defended my father and Dave whenever I criticized either of them, but in a 1976 letter she did make some acknowledgment of "Dave tends to be careless and forgetful" ^{29/}

An important caveat has to be attached to these statements about my brother's incapacity for effort and self-discipline. What he lacked was perhaps not so much a capacity for effort as *a will of his own*. For example, he was a good student, ^{30/} and I believe that (except as a teacher) he always did a good job for his employers, which of course implies effort. But in those situations he was exerting himself not on his own initiative but at the behest of someone (teacher or employer) whose authority he accepted and who – so to speak – supplied the will power that he lacked. ^{31/}

My brother has always needed to lean on someone stronger-willed than himself in order to find some direction in life. That is why he has been inclined to hero-worship and has tended to slip into dependence in his personal relationships. Dave's worship of big brother, and his psychological dependence on him, have already been discussed.

During his teens he fell for a time under the influence of Neil Du., ^{32/} a jazz musician from whom he took trumpet lessons. He fell much more deeply under the influence of 5^{5} Bale Es., ^{32/} a high-school English teacher of his, who was probably responsi Dave's interest in literature and his aspiration to become a writer.

My brother also was very prone to idolize one public figure or anot the was constantly identifying himself with various baseball stars. In 1971 when I joined him in Great Falls his hero was Joseph Conrad. He went so far as to assert that the only good stories ever written were those of Conrad. A little later he read the superb short story "Of This time, of That Place," by Lionel Trilling, and, forgetting Conrad for the moment, he maintained that that was the only good story ever written. He saw the protagonist, Ferdinand Tertan, as a hero. About that time also he idolized a country music singer name Johnny Bush. A few years later, in the late seventies, his hero was Willie Nelson, ^{32/} and after that the philosopher Martin Heidegger. ^{32/}

In light of the direction that his life has taken since 1990 under the influence of his wife, it is extremely interesting that Dave was unusually concerned with the concept of "selling out": If an artist, or a hero or potential hero came to terms with the system, Dave saw him as having betrayed his ideals. Thus he felt that Ferdinand Tertan was a hero because he hadn't sold out to the "banal." (At that time "banal" was the word with which my brother labelled practically everything that pertained to conventional middle-class culture.) He theorized that "Of This Time, of That Place" was an expression of guilt on Lionel Trilling's part for having sold out by following a comfortable career as a professor. In 1985 he expressed a similar hypothesis about Somerset Maugham.

Referring to a story by Horacio Quiroga, "El Potro Salvaje" ("The Will takes the position that financial success tends to spoil an artist, he w

"[T]he parable rings true to me, and I would be inclined to take Quiroga's side of the argument against Maugham. In fact, I have a sense about Maugham . . . that he secured the very polished expression of things he knew well by relinquishing the more genuine artistic aspiration to explore undiscovered territories. . . . I can't help feeling that he's given up something precious, and he may even be partly aware of having done so. I wonder if the young man in *The Razor's Edge* didn't exemplify to Maugham -- the observer, almost by now merely the reporter -- some possibility of a fuller and more serious participation in life that he himself had necessarily had to relinquish in order to enjoy for himself the emblems of success, in order to polish the half-truths of an art which had sealed itself off from transcendence. letter

"... [O]n a couple of occasions I have witnessed parables very similar to Quiroga's unfolding In my judgement, Willie Nelson, for instance, was once an artist of striking originality and subtlety, displaying an honesty and loneliness and aesthetic spareness that was almost skeletal, and blossoming like some unaccountable flower in a field of the crassest commerciality. Now he does duets with Perry Como. Almost everything he is now seems to have no other meaning than to deny what he was once ..." ^{35/}

***** * * * * * *****

My brother did eventually get moving and find a teaching job. After doing his student teaching in Montana he secured employment as a high-school English teacher

at Lisbon, Iowa where we had lived for a short time with our parents. Knowing my brother as well as I did, I was able to guess what kind of teacher he would make. Decades-old memories that have been reported to investigators working on my case have so often proved wildly inaccurate that for most purposes I give them little weight, but I'm going to give in to the temptation of quoting one of these reports at length because its description of Dave as a teacher agrees so closely with what I had imagined based on my knowledge of my brother's character.

Tim Be. was a student of Dave's at Lisbon High School in the mid-1970's, and according to what he told my investigators:

"Dave was a trusting and naive teacher who behaved erratically. On one hand, Dave was a lax teacher who gave his students freedom believing that they would not take advantage of his trust, which they did. He did not convey authority and therefore he was incapable of controlling his class. On the other hand, Dave occasionally disciplined students harshly for a minor infraction. For instance, Dave once sent Tim to the principal's office for putting his feet up on the chair in front of him. Being sent to the principal's office was a punishment reserved for serious offenses, such as beating up a fellow student. It was not the appropriate punishment for what Tim did. ...

"Tim saw how Dave struggled as a teacher. When the principal came into the class to evaluate Dave's teaching, Dave became nervous and his students did not cooperate. They talked over each other and over Dave. Dave seemed frustrated and overwhelmed. Dave also did not like the administrative bureaucracy He did not like having to modify his curriculum and his teaching style so that it complied with the

school's rigid guidelines. ...

"Dave tried to be an innovative teacher. He tried to motivate his students to read literature and talk about ideas, but very few kids responded." ^{36/}

After teaching for two years my brother left his position and went to stay with our parents again in Lombard, where, for a while, he devoted himself exclusively to creative of during this period. Then he got a job at writing. Needless to say nothing he wrote was ever published. Then he got a job at my father's place of employment, Foam Cutting Engineers, and was working there when I arrived in Lombard in 1978. A couple of months later, as a result of the trouble over Ellen Tarmichael (which will be discussed in Chapter X) he left Foam Cutting Engineers and took himself a long vacation trip (I think to the Big Bend area of Texas, though I'm not sure of it), after which he returned to Lombard and found a job driving a commuter bus. He kept this job full time ³¹⁷ until 1981 or 1982. About 1980 or 1981 he bought a piece of property in desert country in Texas. ³⁸⁷ From 1981 or 1982 he spent the winters on his Texas property and the summers at his bus-driving job, until in 1987 he quit the job in order to live full-time in the desert. ³¹⁹ Then in 1989 he abruptly left Texas to shack up with Linda Patrik in Schenectady, New York. ⁴¹⁹ He has been with Ms. Patrik ever since, working as a counselor of "troubled" youths.

It will be observed that my brother has had no stable direction in life, but has merely drifted. From now on, though, I expect that his life will be much more stable, since Ms. Patrik is clearly dominant over him and will provide the direction and consistency that he lacks.

Lest the reader form an exaggerated conception of my brother's weakness of

character, I must report that he did eventually improve his housekeeping habits, and he did permanently stop smoking. ^{41/}

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII



1. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 42: "When my brother was a baby, my mother remarked that he was a much more placid baby than I had been. She said I had been a comparatively squally, cantankerous infant. This difference between me and my brother has remained all our lives, and is quite marked."

2. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, p. 17.

3. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 25, column 3.

4. Same, p. 23, column 4.

5. (Ca) FL#264, letter from David Kaczynski to me, Summer, 1982, pp. 2,3.

6. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 22.

7. My note on (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., March 13, 1997 reads: "Dave told [Dr. K.] . . . that he looked up to me, strove to emulate me, and as it were defined himself through his relationship to me. His self-image was the image of himself that he saw 'mirrored back' from me. But, he said, the image of him that I 'mirrored back' was 'impoverished' (his word)." But (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., February 12, 1998, describes the same statement of my brother's a little differently: "Dave on 2/27/97 said he idealized me and looked up to me for many years. Said there was a lot of emulation for many years. He wanted to have a relationship in which I would be his mentor. . . . [T]he relationship was a way of coming to know oneself, and to have a reflection of oneself, and it was as if the only sense of self or of reflection was a sense of impoverishment, which was very painful." (Rb) Written Information Confirmed by Dr. K., item #3, gives the same information in almost identical language, and Dr. K. confirmed this item by initialing it.

8. The incident certainly took place in summer, since the water-squirting implies warm weather. In (Gb) Medical form filled out for the Anaconda Company by David Kaczynski, my brother states that the incident took place in 1953. It's uncertain whether this date is correct, but if it is correct, then the incident took place in the summer of 1953, when I was eleven years old and my brother was a little short of four. But I wouldn't be surprised if the incident actually took place in 1954.

9. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 39, 40. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 3, 4 tells the same story in briefer form but with the additional

information that "I was just about to tell [Dave] that he'd better get down [from the chair] because he might fall -- when he fell."

10. (Ea) Med Records of TJK, U. Chi., July 25, 1955, p. 61; October 1, 1955 and October 19, 1956, p. 63.

11. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 4.

12. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 99: "[Dave] was snotty and a chronic tease." (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, pp. 17-18: "[W]hen you were a kid you would tell me little lies and then after you took me in you would laugh about it. . . . You felt dominated by big brother, but by taking him in with a tall tale you could be 'one up' on him for a change." (A couple of words that are illegible on [the Xerox copy of] the mailed copy of this letter have been filled in with the help of [the Xerox copy of] the copy kept in the cabin.) (Ca) FL#459, letter from my mother to me, July 12, 1991, p. 1: "I remember yelling in anger at Dave because he had the bad habit of teasing you."

13. (Ca) FL#329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986, pp. 4-6:

"[I]n thinking about [my resentment of our parents] during the last few years, I've become more aware of the fact that the shit I had to take from our parents I tended to pass on to you, so that you have somewhat the same reason to resent me as I have to resent our parents. I have already apologized to you for this, and I now repeat the apology. I very much regret having bullied and insulted you the way I often did. I wouldn't blame you if you hated my guts for it. It's an indication of the generosity of your character that you've shown very little resentment toward me.

"I would note, though, that my position with respect to our parents was worse than your position with respect to me. Our parents were the last authority in the case, so that in conflicts with them I always lost. I generally ended by getting sent up to the attic where I could do nothing but sit and be gnawed by frustrated anger. You, on the other hand, in your conflicts with me could often turn to our parents for support and by that means were sometimes able to carry your point. I had nowhere near as much power over you as the parents had over me. I want to emphasize that I say this *not* to excuse or minimize the way I sometimes abused you, but to help make it clear to you why I have such a deep resentment against our parents."

(Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991 (copy kept in cabin), pp. 4, 5:

"It's certainly true that Dave had reason to resent me -- I sometimes dominated him physically and often harrassed [sic] him verbally. In part this was

because I was the defenseless victim of insults both from my parents and from the kids in school, so that I had a lot of frustrated anger that I tended to take out on Dave, especially since he had a type of personality that I probably would have found irritating in any case."

(Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, pp. 98, 99:

"[T]here was a period of several years during my teens when I had a great many squabbles with my brother. ... I used my superior size and strength to dominate him with very little regard for his feelings."

I don't think I ever did anything to inflict physical pain on Dave, as by hitting him or twisting a limb. I merely dominated him by holding him down or overpowering him in some other way.

14. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 26: "I hate to think that at times our family may have organized itself according to the pattern of 3 against 1."

15. (Ab) Autobiog of TJK 1959, p. 7.

16. (Ca) FL#331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986, p. 3.

17. I hesitate to make use of the decades-old memories that my investigators obtained from various people, since so many of them are wildly inaccurate. However, several persons mentioned my brother's adulation of me, and their agreement on this point perhaps is not due to media planting since, as far as I know, slight mention of Dave's big-brother worship. So I venture to quote passages, but advise the reader to bear in mind the unreliability of (Reports #32, 33, 122 are full of fantasy, so the quotations from them given nece may well exaggerate my brother's adulation.)

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #2, Tim Be., p. 4: "Dave was very proud of Ted and aspired to be like him. He wanted to purchase land in the wilderness, in part, because that was what Ted had done. Dave felt inferior to Ted. Dave recently told Tim's son, Jay, that he cried when he had to bring his parents his grades as a youngster because they compared him to Ted and routinely found him lacking."

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #32, Date Es., p. 2: "Almost immediately upon meeting Dale, Dave began talking about Ted and Ted's ideas. Dave was in awe of Ted. Dave thought Ted was brilliant . . . Dave has never stopped talking about Ted in the years Dale has known him. Dave put Ted on a pedestal and left him there."

CX

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, K.H. and Jeanne ER., p. 6: "Dave D 2. deeply admired Ted"

(Qb) Written Investigator report #122, Jeel Schwartz, June 10, 1997, pp. C× 6, 7: "David . . . idolized Ted. . . . David was very proud of Ted and often told Jeel that of . . Ted was a genius. Jeel found David's worship of Ted strange and inappropriate "

- 18. (Ac) Autobiog of TJK 1979, p. 99.
- 19. (Ga) Deed #4.
- 20. (Ca) FL#139, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September 1973:

"Dave: On the occasion of your leaving that apartment, I would like to express my gratitude for the fact that you let me stay there during the summer and fail of 1971 -- when I burned my foot and later when I was trying to get the cabin built before winter -- a very difficult period for me. One of the few things I remember with pleasure from that period was those evening drives we used to take. Also, I remember those meals we occasionally prepared at a later period."

- 21. (Ca) FL#122, letter from me to my parents, March 21, 1972, p. 1.
- 22. (Ca) FL#123, letter from me to my parents, March 23, 1972.
- 23. (Ca) FL#135, letter from me to my parents, June, 1973.
- 24. (Ca) FL#136, letter from me to my parents, July 9, 1973.
- 25. (Ca) FL#137, letter from me to my parents, July 18, 1973.

I've already mentioned that the "Written Investigator Reports" are hopelessly unreliable. But two or three informants agree about Dave's housekeeping habits, and "media planting" probably is not involved here, since, as far as I know, the media have said nothing about my brother's filthiness. So it may be worthwhile to quote the relevant passages, with a warning to the reader to receive them with caution.

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #2, Tim Be., p. 3: "Dave's apartment [about 1976] was a mess. Clothes and books were strewn all over. Old food containers and papers were all over the floor."

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #32, Dale Es., pp. 4, 5: "[Early or mid-1970's, Dave] lived on Dale's couch during the week and went home to [his parents'] house in Lombard on the weekends. Dave was a complete slob. The living room floor and all of the furniture were completely covvered [sic] with clothes, old food containers,



paper and garbage. It looked as if Dave came into the room and dropped whatever he was holding. It was a rat's nest. Dave did not care. He never cleaned up even though he knew that Dale occasionally entered the room to look for books. Dave did not care what Dale thought. Dave never did his own wash. Wanda did his wash for him when of the came home on weekends. Dave never showered either. Date told Dave that when of the came home to use the shower whenever he wished, but Dave declined. Instead, on the weekends he took a two-hour bath at [his parents'] house."

(Qb) Written Investigator Report #33, <u>K.H. and Jeanne ER</u>, pp. 5, 6: $\Box 2$ "[K.H.] recalls that Dave once had a rotting fish in his refrigerator for a period that lasted σ cover a month and possibly two months. Intending to cook and eat the fish, Dave kept it in the refrigerator, but he never got around to cooking it. At some point it became clear that the fish was rotting, so Dave completely stopped using the refrigerator. [K.H.] was σ cover a ware of this until one day when he was at Dave's apartment and he was about to open the refrigerator, and Dave, in a frightened voice, told him not to open the door because there was a rotting fish inside. . . . It was as if a monster lived in the refrigerator, and Dave was afraid to open it. This went on for a few weeks until [K.H.] σ cover finally announced that they would meet the next day and remove the fish together. When they finally did, the smell was horrible and the fish was being eaten by maggots. In a strange way, it was as if Dave liked having the fish there because there was something poetic about it. Living with a rotting fish seemed to take on a symbolic, literary significance to Dave."

Neither Dale Es.'s account nor K.H. En.'s should be taken literally. Other information that they gave the investigators was wildly inaccurate, and there's no reason to assume that the passages we've just quoted are any better. However, in a general way, my brother's housekeeping habits were as they are represented in these passages.

But: (Qb) Written Investigator Report #122, Joel Schwartz, May 11, 1997, p.6: "Dave is neater than Joel, but Joel is not a neat person at all."

26. (Ca) FL#122, letter from me to my parents, March 21, 1972, pp. 1, 2.

e

27. (Ca) FL#125, letter from me to my parents, May 15, 1972, p. 1.

28. (Fe) School Records of David Kaczynski, College of Great Falls.

29. (Ca) FL#187, letter from my parents to me, October 8, 1976, p. 2.

30. (Fe) School Records of David Kaczynski.

31. (Ca) FL#271, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September, 1982: "[I]n regard to the implication in my last letter that I see you as weak, I'd like to qualify

an un own experience and observersation, these accts by -+ut a subst. accurate process picture of my bros. house keeping

replace

that[Y]ou appear to be deficient in the ability to exercise energy or stand up to uncomfortable things *on your own initiative*. But ... I think you have an inner toughness that would enable you to perform well if *circumstances forced you* to exert yourself under difficult conditions."

32. (Ca) FL#266, letter from me to David Kaczynski, Summer, 1982, pp. 6, 7.

rights?

33. See Note 35.

34. This story is found in Horacio Quiroga, *Cuentos*, an anthology of Quiroga's writings published by Editores Mexicanos Unidos, Mexico City. English translation is in (Ma) Translations by TJK. See Appendix 4.

(Ca) FL#315, letter from David Kaczynski to me, October or November, 35. 1985, pp. 1, 2.

36. (Qb) Written Investigator Report #2, Tim Be., pp. 1, 2. On p. 6: "Tim...counts Dave as one of his very good friends."

37. (Ca) FL#228, letter from David Kaczynski to me, fall of 1980 or 1981, p. 4

38. Same, p. 1.

39. Same, p. 4; and (Ca) FL#358, letter from David Kaczynski to me, between March and May, 1987.

40. (Ca) FL#400, letter from David Kaczynski to me, September, 1989: "I'm returning to Schenectady on Oct. 8 to undertake the experiment of living with Linda."

41. During his college days my brother used to smoke an occasional cigarette. When I found out about it I told him, "You're going to get hooked!" "No," he confidently asserted, "I'm not going to get hooked." But of course he did. When he was living in Great Falls, he quit smoking, but then he went back to it again. ((Ca) FL#135, letter from me to my parents, June 1973: "[Dave] has gone back to smoking, by the way.") Later, however, he did stop smoking for good.

CHAPTER IX

My brother was gifted with excellent athletic coordination that enabled him to excel effortlessly at sports that depended primarily on skill rather than strength. $\frac{1}{2}$ For instance, he became ping-pong champion of the eighth grade at Evergreen Park Central School, even though he had never played ping-pong before he entered the tournament! $\frac{2}{2}$ So it is not surprising that he feels at home and confident of himself on the playing-field or the tennis court. But in other contexts my brother tends to be distinctly lacking in self-confidence.

This was shown, for example, by his diffidence about building a cabin on his property in Texas. He was not interested in a structure that would impress anyone by its fine workmanship; all he wanted was something that would protect him from the weather and provide a place to store his belongings. Anyone with normal physical and mental abilities can put together such a structure, yet my brother seemed to find it difficult to believe that he could carry out the project. In a letter to me in 1983, he referred to "the off chance I should be successful" in building a cabin. ^{3/}

In an answering letter I wrote:

"I don't have the slightest doubt you could build a good cabin --- if you once started the project. That's the only problem. You would be apt to be so pessimistic about the results beforehand, that you would never undertake the project." ^{4/}

My brother wrote in reply:

"I accept that your assessment of my defeatest [sic] attitude is correct to an extent, especially when it comes to projects involving some patient application of

craftsmanship. I explain this combination of laziness and self-mistrust (which qualities seem to feed upon one another) in two ways to myself: (1) A lack of natural aptitude for building and handwork . . . 5^{\prime} although I realize it doesn't take a whole lot of aptitude to throw up a roughly serviceable cabin; and (2) " 5^{\prime} (There follows)

rationalization of the type that is characteristic of my brother.)

When he finally did build a cabin three years later, he wrote:

But it wasn't only in building or handwork that my brother lacked energy and persistence. Referring to projects of any kind I wrote him 1985:

" I find it rather tiresome that you make promising noises [about projects] and then do nothing. I'm aware of your little problem about procrastination and so forth, but I must say I would find it more agreeable if you would refrain from speaking in promising terms unless, by some chance, you actually had a serious intention of carrying something through." ^g

I believe that my brother was quite right in saying that his "laziness" and his "self-mistrust" fed upon one another. To put it more clearly, I suspect that an inborn lack of energy tended to prevent my brother from achieving good results in things that he undertook, the poor results weakened his self-confidence, and the lack of selfconfidence further lowered his energy and persistence, in a vicious circle. In my 1985

letter I continued:

"Please forgive me for offering unasked-for advise [sic], but it does seem to me that your tendency to drop projects . . . may be simply the result of a negative attitude about the possibility of success. Carrying one or two things through successfully might result in a more encouraged attitude on your part thereafter. But I apologize for putting my nose into what is none of my business." ^{9/}

Also contributing to my brother's difficulties with his self-esteem was the fact that, as I wrote to him in 1982, "You have very high aspirations. For you it is not enough to just be as good as others. You have to be someone special." ^{10/}

I myself had always tended to have similarly high aspirations, and this might plausibly be attributed to the fact that our mother, with her excessive craving for status, had inculcated us with a feeling that we had to be outstanding; to be average represented failure. To one who has the necessary energy and persistence, such aspirations lead to achievement; but to one who lacks those qualities they lead to a sense of defeat.

Dave's self-esteem must have been damaged further by the inevitable comparison with his older brother: I had the energy and persistence that he lacked. Moreover, when we were kids, the mere fact that I was older enabled me to do many things that he could not do; our parents, especially our mother, made matters worse by exaggerating my abilities and holding me up as an example to my brother; and I made matters worse still through my verbal harassment of him, which generally took the form of denigration. $\frac{11}{7}$

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that Dave had an ego problem with respect to big brother. ^{12/} This was shown, for example, by the fact that in discussions with me he would never admit he was wrong, or concede a single point, even when in order to avoid making a concession he had to adopt a position that was clearly ridiculous. ^{13/} It wasn't that he didn't find my arguments persuasive. On the contrary, he found them all too persuasive. As he wrote in 1982,

"You have, I think you must know, an interpretation of the world which persuades by its very power and conviction. . . . I don't think my will was consciously frustrated by coming under the influence of your way of thinking, since I thought I came willingly, drawn by its intrinsic persuasion." ^{14/}

And according to the FBI's reports:

" DAVE . . . noted that a particular characteristic of TED's debating style was that he placed special emphasis on making his arguments compelling." ^{15/}

Which means, in effect, that my brother found them compelling. This is not an indication of the rational force of my arguments; my brother has little appreciation of rationality. He found my arguments compelling simply because he was overawed by big brother.

His sense of inferiority and helplessness vis-a-vis big brother led him to consistently place himself in a position of subordination to me, even though he resented that position. Thus, when we were both learning Spanish during the 1980's, he repeatedly applied to me for help and – on the surface – was grateful for it. He wrote me:

"Thanks for correcting my errors [in Spanish]. ... Spanish has more cases of the subjunctive that English does, isn't that so? Generally, I don't understand thern. ... Please write to me again in Spanish, so that I will learn the language better." ^{15/} (Translated from bad Spanish)

lette

"[W]ould you like to spend part of our time speaking Spanish during your visit? I think it would be a help to me." $\frac{17}{2}$

"[T]hanks for correcting my Spanish " 18/

"Some questions about the Spanish language: Isn't *lo* used sometimes as a complement meaning *him* or even *you*? . . . [etc.]" ^{19/} (Translated from Spanish)

Yet, under the surface, my brother apparently resented my help, even though he asked for it. One evening during his visit to my cabin in 1986 at his request he spent some time reading to me out of a Spanish-language book while I corrected his pronunciation. But according to the *New York Times*,

"Ted 'spent some time tutoring me in Spanish,' David said. 'He would have me read from some of the Spanish books. I had a sense that he really enjoyed doing that.' David said he did not relish the role, but went along with it because it seemed to please his brother." ^{20/}

Actually, it did not please me. I found it tiresome, because Dave was an inept pupil who kept repeating the same mistakes over and over. But the important point here is that Dave never expressed to me his negative feelings about the help I gave

In other situations also my brother concealed his resentment over his ego conflict

with me. In 1988 I sent him an affectionate letter in which I reminisced about his childhood and told him what an attractive little kid he'd been. ^{21/} My brother answered:

"Thank you for your affectionate letter. It meant a lot [sic] to me and I'll keep it always, as I have a few of your others." 22/

But in his interview with the *New York Times*, Dave described the letter and then said, "I had the sense that he wanted me to be the little brother." ²³/ Of course, he was only projecting his own feeling of inferiority. According to the FBI,

"He noted that TED seemed to think of him (DAVE) as an 'acolyte', and TED took for granted that DAVE would agree with and look up to him in all things." ^{24/}

Again my brother was projecting his own sense of inferiority. It was he who placed himself in a position of psychological subordination to me. I by no means wanted him to occupy such a position. In fact, his excessive adulation of me was one of the things that disgusted me about him. But what matters here is the fact that my brother never expressed these complaints to me or in my presence. After I'd apologized for the way I'd harassed him when we were kids, ^{25/} he wrote in a 1986 letter:

"As far as your treatment of me as a child went, Ted, I don't think it was as bad as you seem to remember. You tended to downgrade me in some respects, but I imagine that's par for the course among siblings [Note in margin of letter:] [S]ince attaining adulthood, you seemed to have reversed this tendency, and have often been generous with your praise." ^{26/}

letter

Yet I now suspect that even as an adult my brother felt bullied by me. 21/

Physically he was bigger than I was, I do not remember ever having raised my voice to him after I was past my teens, certainly I never tried to give him an order, I was not conscious of any other behavior that could have been seen as bullying, and I had no overt power over him. If he felt bullied, it can only be explained by his sense of psychological subordination to me – a subordination that I neither desired nor knowingly encouraged.

Except that in very rare cases he had outbursts of anger toward me (for which he later expressed shame), my brother in adulthood seems to have found it very difficult to assert himself against me. A mere suggestion from me felt to him like an order; a mere expression of disagreement felt like a cutting criticism. He was so sensitive in this respect that it would have been virtually impossible for me to avoid wounding him: If I proposed a course of action I was being bossy; if I disagreed with him I was being over-critical. I had realized for a long time that my brother had some such feelings, but owing to his reticence in expressing them I had no idea of their intensity until after my arrest. To illustrate, the *New York Times* wrote, on the basis of its interview with my brother:

" In adulthood, David remembered an overbearing brother . . . who could turn a conversation about David's term paper into a humiliating demolition of his ideas on Freudian analysis " ^{28/}

I remember this conversation. To me it was simply a discussion carried out on an equal basis, in which we agreed on some points and disagreed on others. It did not occur to me at the time that my brother experienced it as a "humiliating demolition of his

ideas."

Other indications of my brother's suppressed anger toward me: According to the FBI, he stated that he felt angry when he read things written by me $\frac{29}{30}$; and he wrote in 1982, "No one makes me as angry as you do sometimes . . . I don't know why." $\frac{30}{30}$ (The three dots are in the original.) Yet, as already noted, he rarely expressed this anger. $\frac{31}{30}$ make pt

However, my brother often was excessively sensitive to criticism by me of any of his friends, ^{32/} and it is worth mentioning that he was more ready to express resentment of such criticism than he was to express resentment of criticism of himself. For instance, when I stayed with him at his apartment in Great Falls in 1971, we spent an evening with his new friend Leon Ne., and afterward I commented to Dave, " He seems like a nice fellow, but maybe a little bit of a blow-hard." My brother flared up, obviously stung, but he cooled down very quickly – on the surface, at least. Later in 1971 a college friend of his, Denis Db., stopped at the apartment for an overnight visit. I had no extense on this visit he made a series of nasty remarks. For instance, referring to my desire to live in the woods, he said, " Since you want to live like an animal" Each time he made one of these remarks my brother and I glanced at one another wonderingly. From consideration for my brother I refrained from saying anything unpleasant in reply to Denis.

My brother never apologized to me for his friend's behavior, though he was certainly aware of it. In fact, he must have mentioned it to our parents, since they mentioned it to me without my having told them about it. In about 1979, when I was in

Lombard, in conversation with Dave I casually referred to Denis's offensive behavior toward me, and Dave snapped back in a challenging tone, "I don't remember it!" But clearly he *did* remember it, because if he hadn't remembered the incident he would have answered me in a wondering or questioning tone rather than a challenging one. ³³⁷ Of course, I dropped the subject.

When Dave began attending the College of Great Falls, he quickly made three new friends: KH. En., Jay Ce., and Linda E. Linda E. had never been married, nor was she in a monogamous relationship, but she had a five year old boy and, by a different $C \times C$ father, a pair of three-year-old twins. She lived on welfare. A few months or a year or two after my brother made her acquaintance, she got pregnant again. At that time she told Dave that she wasn't sure whether the father was KH. En. or Jay Ce., but later it was apparently decided that K.H. En. was the probable father. My brother had been hanging around with her quite a bit, but had no sexual relationship with her. Women liked my brother because of the easy-going softness of his character, but they did not see him as a potential lover: He was homely, he was not muscular, and his personality was decidedly lacking in virility and energy.

Before Linda E.'s baby was born, my brother had returned to Lombard

> 92

temporarily. When the baby died at or shortly after birth, my parents wrote me $\frac{34'}{4}$ that 4 &4

-251

respectable, or because he provided a good shoulder to cry on, and that she would subsequently make him a cuckold many times over. So I wrote my parents a letter in \Im which I pointed out that Dave seemed to be getting dangerously close to Linda E. and suggested that they should discourage the relationship. ^{35/} I have to admit that my motive for writing the letter was less concern for my brother's welfare than disgust at his weakness of character; thus the motive was in considerable part selfish. ^{35/} Anyway, Dave accidentally found out about my letter and wrote me an extremely angry, insulting, and vituperative reply ^{34/} full of wild accusations. This was quickly followed by a second letter ^{34/} in which he apologized and expressed a hope that our relationship would not be permanently spoiled by the things he'd said. ^{31/} Since I was somewhat ashamed of \Im the selfish aspect of my motive for writing to our parents about him and Linda E., I gave him a very mild answer:

< X >

" I apologize for meddling and I promise to keep my nose out of your business in the future. On my side, at least, there are no hard feelings." ^{38/}

In his first, angry letter, my brother denied that he had any sexual interest in \Im s Linda E: and insisted that his motives with respect to her were purely altruistic. He also said that what angered him most about what I wrote to our parents was the implication that he was weak and needed to be guided for his own good. In his second, apologetic letter, he said that what mainly angered him was the implication of dishonesty on his part in my suggestion that he was "lying" (as he put it) about the nature of his feelings toward Linda E.

My brother and I discussed this episode nine years later, in an exchange of

letters in 1982. Dave wrote:

"The angry letter I wrote you. Yes, I'm ashamed of it. But . . . you didn't *only* suggest that I be discouraged from seeing the woman. You also said you thought I was lying when I said my relations with her were strictly non-sexual." ^{39/}

I wrote:

"[Even if I had accused you of lying], you probably would have sent me a rebuke in an irritated tone, or perhaps even a moderately angry tone, but you would not have sent me the highly emotional, vituperative, and enraged letter that you did send.

"Obviously then, my supposed questioning of your honesty was not what got you so terribly upset. The real reason is the one you permitted to slip out in your first letter. My letter *did* convey an implication of weakness on your part. Somewhere 'deep down inside' you *feel* weak; consequently that implication touched a raw nerve and you became enraged." ^{40/}

Dave referred to this episode again four years later, in 1986, and then he $\frac{\sqrt{2}}{28}$ practically admitted that I'd been right in thinking that he was attracted sexually to Linda

l'ans

"When your interference vis-a-vis Linda E_____ touched off an explosion, I believe this is how I experienced everything . . . I saw you acting as a sort of a surrogate super-ego in the matter of our parents' highly (though subtly) repressive attitudes toward sex. I suppose I felt that siblings ought to confederate in the struggle with their parents to assert sexual independence [Note in margin of letter:] I acknowledge that this resembles your original account of the episode more closely that mine." $\frac{41}{2}$

₩:

Incidentally, the reason I was so contemptuous of Linda-E. was not just the fact that she got pregnant without being married. If a woman chooses to have babies out c wedlock, then as far as I'm concerned that's her business and I have no desire to censure her. What disgusted me about Linda E. was that she was such a damned animal; she kept getting pregnant without desiring to do so, simply because she was too improvident to take precautions. I don't think she had any religious convictions that would have prevented her from using contraceptives.

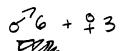
* * * * * *

My brother almost never took my part in any conflict that I had with anyone else. In such conflicts, regardless of the facts of the situation, he usually seemed to see me as a tyrannical aggressor. Here is an example.

When we first met him in Great Falls, Dave's friend K.H. En. was an admitted thief, though as far as I know his thefts were trivia 42 In the summer of 1978, I, my father, Dave, K.H. and K.H.'s wife were all working at Foam Cutting Engineers in

<u>254</u>

add fint using info in CXC-8



Lombard, Illinois; then K.H. and his wife decided to move to Texas. One day shortly before they left I cashed a paycheck. The next morning I had to go to work and didn't want to carry so much money with me, so I hastily hid about a hundred dollars somewhere in my room, then took off. A few days later I wanted the money, but couldn't remember exactly where I'd hidden it. I minutely examined every corner and cranny of my room and took everything apart, but could find no money.

My mother told me that a day or two earlier Dave had left K.H. and his wife alone in our house for a matter of hours. Under the circumstances one could only suspect that K.H. had taken the money, but Dave reacted quite emotionally to the suggestion that he had done so. He vehemently denied that such a thing was possible. Later, though, after he had cooled down, he admitted that K.H. might have taken the money, and he volunteered to replace my hundred dollars. I declined his offer, and instead I wrote a note to K.H. (who by this time had left for Texas) that said: "If I don't get my is hundred dollars back within a week, I'll get the cops on your tail." I reasoned that if K.H. **e** would take my note as a joke. (Added July 31, 1998: I have very recently received copies of my letters to K.H. En. The letter in question actually reads: "If I don't get my hundred dollars back pretty damn quick, I will get the police on your tail.")

As it turned out, he did take my note as a joke. He was quite amused by it and sent me a letter in which he enclosed a sand dollar, saying "Here is the (sand) dollar we owe you." When Dave learned of K.H.'s letter and deduced from it what I'd done, he was very angry, because he feared that K.H.'s feelings would be hurt if he guessed that

I suspected him of stealing. Dave was going to confront me about it, but my mother talked him out of doing so.

About a year later I tried to put on a pair gloves that I'd had with me in Lombard but had not worn since then. I found that my thumb wouldn't go into one of the gloves. Investigating, I discovered 102 dollars rolled up and thrust into the thumb of the glove. I had a good laugh at myself.

At some later time I told my brother about finding the hundred dollars, and he expressed great relief, saying, "I really believed [K.H.] had taken it." Thus, when Dave became angry over my letter to K.H., he evidently felt that if one his friends stole something from me it was an unjustifiable cruelty on my part to confront that friend about it. Yet it is certain that if Dave had ever suspected that I had stolen something from one of his friends, he would have been enraged at me.

Dave's tendency to see me as a tyrannical aggressor is illustrated also by the way he instinctively turned against me in the Ellen Tarmichael affair (to be discussed in Chapter X) without bothering to inquire first about the facts.

There was an occasion in 1979 on which my brother seemed at first to be taking my part in a conflict, then suddenly reversed himself and withdrew his support. What hurt me was not so much the fact that he withdrew his support as the smug satisfaction with which he did it. It was like kicking me in the face when I was down. I'm not going to recount the incident here because it's too painful. Of all the things my brother did prior to 1995 it's the only one for which I've never forgiven him. It rankles to this day.

My brother sometimes expressed his resentment of me in underhand ways. 43

256

underhau

When Dave and I both lived in Montana we jointly rented a safe-deposit box. By 1975 my brother had left Montana, leaving his papers in the box. In that year I wrote my parents:

"Last year I had to write Dave about 3 times to get him to pay his share of the rent on our safe deposit box. This year I wrote him twice and he never did pay the \$2.50 . . . " 44/

Was it just because of my brother's laziness that he failed to pay me? Probably not: In the last two letters I told him that I was desperately hard up for money, so that literally every penny was important. Yet he never answered.

"... so I got tired of it, took my stuff out of the box, arranged to have the box put in his name only, and sent him some papers from the bank that he has to sign and return. He doesn't answer my letters -- maybe he's mad at me, though I can't imagine for what. Anyway, in case he didn't get the papers from the bank, make sure he knows he has to contact the bank if he doesn't want to lose his stuff in the box." ^{44/}

Seven years later Dave wrote me:

"The safe-deposit box. I admit I was wrong. I have never complained to you about sticking me with it. But you should keep in mind that you were the one who persuaded me to take it out with you in the first place. And now I am paying for a box I never use, simply because it is inaccessible to me." ^{45/}

utter

Of course, if my brother had answered my letters and asked me to send him his papers from the box, I would have done so, and he wouldn't have been "stuck" with it. I had been the one who suggested that we should rent the box, but as far as I can

remember my brother accepted the suggestion readily. I didn't have to do any persuading.

One evening in 1978 when my brother and I were both staying at our parents' house, Dave spent some hours drinking beer in his room. By and by he got tipsy enough so that he came dancing out of his room and danced around the living room stark naked, in my mother's presence. She was embarrassed and said, " Dave! Go put some clothes on!" He danced back into his room, wrapped a blanket around himself, danced back out and pranced around the living room for half a minute or so, then danced back to his room and closed the door; and that was the end of the incident.

Some time later I recalled this episode in the presence of my brother and our parents, and mentioned the fact that Dave had been naked. Dave's memory of the event, not surprisingly, was a bit fuzzy, and he said, "Didn't I have a blanket around me or something?" I said, "No, the first time you came out naked; you had the blanket on the second time you came out." Dave seemed to begin to accept this, but then suddenly and for no apparent reason he hardened. It was as if a door had closed: He asserted positively and in an uncompromising tone that he had not come out naked. Since our parents, too, remembered the incident unclearly, they weren't sure whether to believe me or my brother. The incident was referred to several times over the next few weeks, and my brother continued to deny that he'd been naked. My parents found the situation amusing. I found it so too, but I was also irritated by the fact that my brother persisted in his denial when I knew that he believed I was right. Dave seemed neither amused, nor angry, nor embarrassed about the affair; his tone in stating his denials was

hard and smug.

Then our parents' friends the Meisters came to visit. During an evening of conversation with them I mentioned the naked-dancing incident. Dave got careless and responded to my remark in a way that practically amounted to an admission that he *had* been naked. I was delighted. I jumped out of my chair, slapped the floor, and gleefully exclaimed, "He admitted it! He admitted it!" Everyone was highly amused -- except Dave. He appeared neither amused nor embarrassed. Without cracking a smile, he said, "Damn! I admitted it." He seemed seriously vexed with himself.

I discussed my brother's motive in a letter I wrote him in 1982:

"[Y]ou refused to admit the truth of that anecdote I recounted about the time when you got drunk and came prancing out of your room stark naked. Have you thought about the motive for your denial? Was it embarrassment? That may have been a contributing factor, but I don't think it's the whole explanation. For one thing, the incident wasn't all that embarrassing. For another thing, when you finally admitted the incident accidentally in front of the Meisters, you didn't seem in the least embarrassed. You just seemed vexed with yourself for having inadvertently spoiled your own little game. For a third thing, you could have just asked me not to remind people of the incident and you know I would have complied with any earnest request of that sort. Was your motive humor? That doesn't stand up either. It may be humorous at first to pretend that such an incident never occurred, but there is no further humor in persisting in the denial for weeks. Moreover, when you finally admitted the incident by accident. *that* was an occasion for humor, but instead of laughing about it you were just vexed

with yourself.

" I suggest that what was happening here was the same thing that was happening when you used to tell me tall tales as a kid. You played that trick simply because it felt good to be 'one up' on big brother for a change and in this way also you were taking out your resentment over feeling second-best. . . . Of course, I could be wrong in this analysis of your motive." ^{46/}

I was being over-cautious. I don't think there need be much doubt that my description of his motive was about right.

My brother never mentioned the naked-dancing incident in any subsequent letter of his.

* * * * * *

The contrast between my brother's deep-lying resentment of me and the marked generosity and affection that he showed me at other times is puzzling. Whereas his expressions of resentment were covert, ^{47/} his expressions of affection and generosity were overt, so that no one is likely to dispute them. Hence I need not exert myself to prove the reality of his affection. I will only give one particularly marked example of it.

In a 1985 letter that has not been preserved, I told my brother that I was worried about my health. In his answering letter he wrote:

letter

" I'm sorry . . . to hear that you're having problems with your health. I hope it's nothing serious. If you need money for medical expenses, I have a number of thousands of dollars saved up which I would be willing to give you if you had no other recourse for obtaining proper treatment. I know you are estranged from our parents.

But I also know they wouldn't hesitate a second to send you money in case of any genuine necessity. But if you have reasons for preferring not to ask them -- and I can certainly understand that, given the state of your relations -- please tell me what you need and I'll try to come up with it." 49/

In a following letter:

"[I]t bothered me to think that you might be foregoing medical care because you were too proud to request or accept help. . . . our family . . . is fairly prosperous . . . I hope you realize that help is available for the asking." $\frac{49}{}$

I answered:

"I think my heart is going bad. Question of mental stress. Used to be that I suffered from hardly any tension at all around here. But the area is so f_ked up now______ that my old way of life is all shot to hell. ... [T]hose Gehring jerks ⁵⁰ are planning to log off the woods all around my cabin here.

"... [Y]ou'll understand that with the way things are around here now I often suffer from tension, anger, frustration, etc. " ^{51/}

I then explained that I was much troubled with irregular heartbeats. I continued: "I wouldn't be surprised if I just drop dead one of these days.

"Actually I'm not really all that concerned about it -- We all gotta go some time anyway, so what the hell. On the other hand, I'm not anxious to die any sooner than I have to. ...

"P.S. I forgot to mention – I was touched by your extremely generous offer of money. But even if it would have done any good, I wouldn't take it, not from you.

When I took to the woods I made a decision to forgo [sic] financial security, being fully aware of the consequences to be expected with the onset of old age and illness. It would obviously be unfair for me now to accept money from you, who *have* paid the price of earning financial security. ^{52/} It would be different if I leeched off the welfare dept., since the society that provides welfare is the same one that has f_ked up my way of life in the woods – so why not screw them? . . . Also it would be different if I took money from our parents. As you know, I hate them, so why not screw them? But from you I wouldn't take any money." ^{51/}

My brother replied:

"I appreciate your scruples vis-a-vis my savings. But to balance money against life seems to me absurd. Also, I remember that when I was out of a job you offered to sacrifice your privacy (which I know is very precious to you) in order to help me out. ⁵³ I would certainly grieve if you kicked-off prematurely but it would be far, far worse for me it I thought I could have done anything to help prevent it.

6 Her

"In my opinion, you ought to go to a heart specialist and have a thorough exam.

. . .

"Why don't you have me request enough money from the parents to pay for an exam? I assume you would hate to do it yourself. I don't think it would be 'screwing' them anyway, since they have more than they can spend " ^{54/}

I gave no answer to my brother's offer, except by remarking that I did not appreciate getting unasked-for advice concerning my health. ^{55/} This was February 18, 1986.

During March and April, 1986, Dave and I exchanged some letters concerning my resentment of our parents, passages from which have been quoted earlier in this book. ^{59/} This correspondence inflamed my resentment, and I was particularly galled by the fact that my brother seemed to think that our parents would willingly and graciously give me money if I needed it badly. I felt that they probably *would* give me money if I were in desperate straits, but I was sure that they would give it grudgingly and on terms that would be humiliating for me.

To prove my point, I sent them in April, 1986 a note that read (in its entirety): "I need about \$6,000 for medical reasons." ^{57/} My purpose was to cause my parents pain and reveal their ungenerous nature. I also had some thought of keeping the money to spend not especially for medical expenses but for whatever necessities might arise, but-I abandoned that idea because I feared it might constitute fraud and be a legally prosecutable offense.

My parents answered as follows.

My mother:

"Dear T.J.

"Please be more specific. Fill us in with details.

"Have you explored the possibilities of public assistance? Medicaid? Social Security disability payments? County Hospital?

"Have you any savings left, or health insurance?

"Can arrangements be made for monthly payments with doctor and/or

hospital?

"Let us know what your problem is all about."

My father:

"Can you understand our resentment that you totally disassociated yourself from us yet in time of need call for our assistance!!!

"That last couple of years have been painful. Your rejection, we feel, is unfair, uncalled for and at the least shows lack of understanding, tolerance or a sense of family.

"Right now we can give you an advance on what we have been sending you yearly. In the meantime, please respond to the above questions.

"Your father" 58/

Shortly after receiving this I wrote a letter to my brother in which I explained what I'd done. I included a complete copy of the letter from our parents that I've just quoted, and added:

"The difference between this letter and *your* very generous response when I merely mentioned that I had a health problem, is quite striking. All the more so considering that you have much less money than they do – as you said yourself, they have more money than they can spend anyway.

"Now, I want to make it clear that I do *not* consider that they owe it to me to send me money. What they owe me has nothing to do with money, and they couldn't pay it off with any amount of money, no matter how large." ^{59/}

In the same letter I told my brother:

"[Y]ou might object to [what I did] and with some justification. Not that I feel you

have the right to intervene in any disputes between me and the parents. But it's possible you might feel you were in some sense a party to this nasty trick I played on them: For one thing, I was of course relying on the assumption that you would tell them that my heart is prone to act funny; for another thing, you had suggested to me that I should ask them for money; and finally, it was your letter that got me stirred up against them." ^{60/}

I then told Dave that out of consideration for his feelings I was explaining the affair to him so that, if he liked, he could explain it our parents. I also told him that if they did send me money I would send it to him and he could do with it what he pleased, which I assumed would be to give it back to our parents. ^{61/}

My parents did send me a check for six thousand dollars (presumably before rny brother received my letter), and I did send it to him, as promised. ^{62/} Undoubtedly he then gave it back to our parents.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX



letter

1. Not, however, in sports that depend on strength. It is an irresponsibility of the media that the *New York Times* described my bro "powerfully built." (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p.25, column 3.

tendency to overweight, but, minus the surplus fat, his weight is about 150 pounds, his height six feet. In 1972 I arm-wrestled him and beat him, and no one would describe me as powerfully built. He told me in 1978 that he had once tried weight-lifting with some friends of his, and the amount he could bench-press was "a little over a hundred pounds."

2. I had this information from my father, not directly from my brother, and I am not absolutely certain that it is accurate.

(Ca) FL#278, letter from David Kaczynski to me, October, 1983, p.5.

4. (Ca) FL#279, letter from me to David Kaczynski, December 10, 1983, p.3.

5. These three dots are in the original.

6. (Ca) FL#280, letter from David Kaczynski to me, December, 1983, or January, 1984, p.1.

7. (Ca) FL#357, letter from David Kaczynski to me, between January and April, 1987, p.3.

8. (Ca) FL#299, letter from me to David Kaczynski, early 1985, p.11.

9. Same. For expression of a similar opinion, see (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981 (copy kept in the cabin), pp. 14, 15. The passage in question was not included in the copy of FL#248 that was mailed.

10. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, p.8.

11. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 9: "You tended to downgrade me in some respects" (Ca) FL#339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May, 1986, p.1: "Yes, I *did* tend to downgrade you when you were a kid. That's one of the main things I was apologizing for."

12. (Ca) FL#416, letter from me to my mother, November 22, 1990, p.5: " Dave ... has a little ego problem vis-a-vis big brother" For a similar remark see

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX

1. Not, however, in sports that depend on strength. It is an illustration of the irresponsibility of the media that the *New York Times* described my brother as "powerfully built." (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p.25, column 3. He has a tendency to overweight, but, minus the surplus fat, his weight is about 150 pounds, his height six feet. In 1972 I arm-wrestled him and beat him, and no one would describe me as powerfully built. He told me in 1978 that he had once tried weight-lifting with some friends of his, and the amount he could bench-press was "a little over a hundred pounds."

2. I had this information from my father, not directly from my brother, and I am not absolutely certain that it is accurate.

3. (Ca) FL#278, letter from David Kaczynski to me, October, 1983, p.5.

4. (Ca) FL#279, letter from me to David Kaczynski, December 10, 1983, p.3.

5. These three dots are in the original.

6. (Ca) FL#280, letter from David Kaczynski to me, December, 1983, or January, 1984, p.1.

7. (Ca) FL#357, letter from David Kaczynski to me, between January and April, 1987, p.3.

8. (Ca) FL#299, letter from me to David Kaczynski, early 1985, p.11.

9. Same. For expression of a similar opinion, see (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981 (copy kept in the cabin), pp. 14, 15. The passage in question was not included in the copy of FL#248 that was mailed.

10. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, p.8.

11. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 9: "You tended to downgrade me in some respects" (Ca) FL#339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May, 1986, p.1: "Yes, I *did* tend to downgrade you when you were a kid. That's one of the main things I was apologizing for."

12. (Ca) FL#416, letter from me to my mother, November 22, 1990, p.5: "Dave . . . has a little ego problem vis-a-vis big brother" For a similar remark see (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 15, 1991, pp. 2, 3.

13. (Ca) FL#401, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September or early October, 1989 (carbon copy kept in the cabin), p.6: "[W]herever your ego is involved, you are absolutely impervious to reason and will resort to the most far-fetched rationalization to avoid having to make any concession." (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p.22: "I think one reason I became ego-involved in our philosophical discussions a few years ago was because I was still trying to establish myself on a plain [sic] of intellectual equality with you." Also see (Ca) FL#416, letter from me to my mother, November 22, 1990, p. 2.

14. (Ca) FL#264, letter from David Kaczynski to me, Summer, 1982, pp. 2,3.

15. (Na) FBI 302 number 3, p. 6. Also, according to (Na) FBI 302 number 8, p.2, while commenting on some Unabom letters and expressing his suspicion that I might have written them, my brother told the FBI: "This picking apart of the contradictions in the FBI's investigation, this is how TED makes an argument. He argues point by point." "This whole letter reminds of TED's letter . . . it's beautifully, tightly argued."

16. (Ca) FL#232, letter from David Kaczynski to me, March, 1981. The Spanish original is: "Gracias para la corrección de mis errores. ... Tiene el español más subjuntivos casos que del inglés. ¿Verdad? No los comprendo, por lo común. ... Por Favor, me escribes otra vez, en el español, de modo que aprenderé mejor la lengua."

17. (Ca) FL#315, letter from David Kaczynski to me, October or November, 1985, p. 3.

18. (Ca) FL#367, letter from David Kaczynski to me, November, 1987, p 1.

19. (Ca) FL#378, letter from David Kaczynski to me, June or July, 1988, p.1. The Spanish original is: "Unas preguntas respecto a la idioma española. ¿ A veces, no se usa *lo* como un complemento significando *him* o aun *you*? . . ."

lotter

20. (Ha) NY Times Nat., May 26, 1996, p. 24, column 4.

21. Here is a large part of the text of (Ca) FL#382, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September 15, 1988:

" Dear Dave:

"Some three years ago, more or less, I had a dream about you that I'm about to report. We were at our old house in Evergreen Park, and I saw you as you were when you were about 4 years old. ...

"When you were little you often seemed so full of energy and joy. I have a vivid mental image of you at the age of about 4, running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm. ...

"After you came home from college you seemed to have become morose; you didn't seem to have any joy in life. Consequently my memories of you as a joyous and enthusiastic kid were poignant and nostalgic.

"Anyway, in the dream I called to you and suggested that we should play catch. You came running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm in the way I've described . . . [Later] we headed out across the prairie to enjoy the beauty of nature – except that 'beauty of nature' doesn't quite capture what I mean. Nature represents not only beauty, but peace and happiness and a lot of other stuff of that sort.

"... [A]t that point I woke up. I was filled with poignant, acute, nostalgic feelings, a kind of grief over the lost joy of your childhood. But then I thought of the fact that you were now enjoying the freedom and beauty of the desert, and this greatly comforted me. ...

"So you see what kind of feelings I have about you, and how much I value you"

22. (Ca) FL#385, letter from David Kaczynski to me, September, 1988, p. 1.

23. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p.22, column 2.

- 24. (Na) FBI 302 number 3, p. 2.
- 25. I apologized several times.

(Ca) FL#263, letter from me to David Kaczynski, July 30, 1982: "I remember that when we were kids I sometimes would take advantage of my greater size and strength to dominate you physically. Also I sometimes harassed you verbally I now regret that I behaved that way. So I now offer you an apology for it; though I suppose this apology very likely is a matter of indifference to you anyway."

In (Ca) FL#264, letter from David Kaczynski to me, Summer, 1982, p.1, my brother answered: "No, it's not a matter of indifference to me, and I thank you for your apology, or rather I should say for your sympathetic understanding of what may have surfaced at times as resentment on my part. But . . . I think you may tend to exaggerate your own failings"

lotte

Again, I wrote in (Ca) FL#329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986, pp. 4,5: "[I]n thinking about these things, during the last few years, I've become more aware of the fact that the shit that I had to take from our parents I tended to pass on to you, so that you have somewhat the same reason to resent me as I have to resent our parents. I have already apologized to you for this, and I now repeat the apology. I very much regret having bullied and insulted you the way I often did. I wouldn't blame you if you hated my guts for it. It's an indication of the generosity of your character that you've shown very little resentment toward me."

It has since become apparent that my brother had accumulated against me a great deal more resentment than he admitted, yet he answered as in the text to which this footnote refers.

I wrote in (Ca) FL#382, letter from me to David Kaczynski, September 15, 1988, pp.3,4: "I suppose it would be superfluous to again express my regret over the way I used to treat you when I was in my teens. But it's something I haven't forgotten. Nor am I likely to forget it."

I'm not aware that my brother ever said anything in answer to this last apology.

26. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 9.

27. On March 13, 1997, Dr. K. told me orally that Dave had said to her on February 27, 1997 that "he felt he was 'bullied' by me, even more in adulthood than when we were kids." (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., March 13, 1997. I expressed some surprise that Dave had felt bullied even in adulthood, but Dr. K. assured me that that was what he had said. I wrote the information down the same day I received it, and I'm sure that I recorded correctly what Dr. K. told me. Yet when I asked her on February 12, 1998 to confirm the statement, she said he couldn't find it in her notes. What she was able to tell me was that "Dave said there was a lot of bullying back and forth between us." (Ra) Oral Report from Dr. K., February 12, 1998. "Bullying back and forth between capable of doing so. In any case, there is other evidence that Dave felt bullied by me in adulthood, as this chapter shows.

28. (Ha) *NY Times Nat.*, May 26, 1996, p. 22, column 1.

29. (Na) FBI 302 number 8, p. 3.

30. (Ca) FL#245, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late summer or fall of 1981, p. 3.

31. The psychologists say that a tendency to grind one's teeth is an indication of suppressed anger. Both my brother and I have been told by dentists that we were wearing our teeth down too fast by grinding them in our sleep. For years my brother used to wear a mouthpiece when sleeping to protect his teeth from grinding. Perhaps he still does so.

32. In the letter reproduced in Note 35 below, I stated that Dave did not react with irritation to criticism of his male friends. I must have written that hastily and without thinking, because he was often excessively sensitive to criticism of his male friends. Examples are given in the text. But it is true that if my brother was in a good mood and I took care to express myself diplomatically he would often accept criticism of his male friends, whereas he was always excessively touchy about anything I said concerning Linda E.

33. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, p. 2: "I've already mentioned (in an earlier letter) how he refused to acknowledge Denis D_b_'s insulting behavior toward me." I do remember mentioning the incident to my mother in another letter, but that letter perhaps has not survived, since I have been unable to find the mention.

34. This letter has not been preserved.

35. Here is the complete text of (Ca) FL#147, letter from me to my parents, November 15, 1973:

"I would like to point out to you a certain serious and highly undesirable 27 possibility. David will no doubt assert that his relationship to kinds EVM is purely platonic, and perhaps it is. But when a young man goes running out to Montana to comfort a young woman because she is depressed, anyone would be a fool who was blind to the serious possibility that an erotic relationship is in the process of developing. I don't suppose you would like to see him marry a woman like that. For one thing, she would probably make him a cuckold a thousand times over. It is questionable whether 27 she would be capable of sexual continence even if she tried. Linda has a mother in Montana from whom I think she is *not* estranged. If she looks to Dave rather than to her mother for support, it suggests that their intimacy may be pretty for advanced. It is also noteworthy that Dave tends to react with irritation to any criticism of Linda. He does not react that way to criticism of his male friends. Dave is too soft-hearted and trusting to be a good judge of character. Moreover, since he has (so far as I know) no other girlfriends, he is presumably somewhat sex-starved, which would make him all the more susceptible. And I suspect that Linda would be all too anxious to make her position respectable by marriage to anyone.

"I am not saying that Dave is getting involved with her - I am only saying

that the possibility has to be taken seriously.

"I think you should *not* approach Dave directly about the possibility of his getting involved with Linda — if you did so it would only make him angry. But you might emphasize to him the negative aspects of the character of a profligate woman like that — without indicating that you are trying to discourage their relationship. — Ted."

27

Kono

۵.

36. Concerning this affair I wrote in (Ca) FL#339, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May, 1986, pp. 2, 3:

"I must admit though that my motive for interfering was partly selfish -- I would have felt [it]* as a kind of personal humiliation for my brother to be exploited in that way or to marry someone so contemptible."

*Parts of the text are "cut off" on the Xerox copy that I have. Material in brackets has been reconstructed from memory, context, and fragments of letters that remain at the edge of the page.

37. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, p. 4: "You recall that letter in which I suggested to our parents that they should discourage you from getting close to Linda E_____. I wrote to this effect: 'Dave may claim his interest in Linda E_____ is purely platonic but . . . [citing evidence to the \mathcal{G} apologetic." The three dots and the words in brackets are in the original as I wrote it to Dave in 1982.

38. (Ca) FL#149, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 4, 1974, p. 1.

39. (Ca) FL#245, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late summer or fall of 1981, p. 2.

40. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981, pp.4-7. This material is quoted from the copy of the letter that was mailed to my brother, except that, in a few places, illegibility of or FBI tampering with (the Xerox copy of) the mailed copy forced me to refer to the copy kept in the cabin in order to fill in gaps.

41. (Ca) FL#330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986, p. 10. $\int c \times c - 87$

42. K.H. En.'s stealing is mentioned in (Ca) FL#209, letter from me to my parents, February 4, 1978, p. 2.

43. (Ca) FL#458, letter from me to my mother, July 5, 1991, pp. 1, 2: "[Dave] certainly has had generous and loving feelings for me, but there has always been an important counter-strain of envy and resentment toward me on his part. He has often expressed this in underhanded ways."

44. (Ca) FL#162, letter from me to my parents, June 7, 1975, p. 4.

45. (Ca) FL#245, letter from David Kaczynski to me, later summer or fall of 1981, p. 2.

46. (Ca) FL#248, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late summer or fall of 1981; pp. 18, 19. (A few words were filled in with help of copy kept in cabin.)

47. Covert in the sense that even when the anger was expressed openly, the real motive for it remained hidden.

48. (Ca) FL #320, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late December, 1985 or early January, 1986, p. 1.

49. (Ca) FL #322, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late January, 1986, pp. 1, 2.

50. The reference is to my neighbor Clifford ("Butch") Gehring and his sisters Chris and Sue, all of whom have been involved in irresponsible logging practices, including the cutting of beautiful groves of old-growth trees.

51. (Ca) FL #324, letter from me to David Kaczynski, late January, 1986, pp. 1-3.

and the second second with the second second

52. My brother had held mostly low-level jobs, and during some periods had held no job at all, but through frugality had accumulated a considerable amount of money (\$40,000?).



53. In 1981 I had bought out my brother's share of our Montana property ((Ga) Deed #5) so that I was now the sole owner. On a couple of occasions I told my brother that if he were ever hard up and had nowhere else to go, he could come and stay with me, and somehow we would contrive to feed two. But I don't recall doing this in connection with my brother's being "out of a job."

54. (Ca) FL #325, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late January or early February, 1986, pp. 2, 3.

55. (Ca) FL #326, letter from me to my brother, February 18, 1986.

56. The letters in question are: (Ca) FL #329, letter from me to David Kaczynski, March 15, 1986; FL #330, letter from David Kaczynski to me, late March or early April, 1986; FL #331, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 16, 1986; FL #332, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 21, 1986.

57. (Ca) FL #333, letter from me to my parents, April, 1986.

58. (Ca) FL #334, letter from my parents to me, April, 1986. My father and mother both wrote on the same sheet, which was signed only by my father. But differences in handwriting and language make it easy to distinguish the part written by my mother.

59. (Ca) FL #335, letter from me to David Kaczynski, April 30, 1986, pp. 3, 4.

60. Same, pp. 1, 2.

61. Same, p. 2.

62. This is confirmed by (Ca) FL #336, letter from me to David Kaczynski, May 9, 1986.