



Sincerely,  
yours,  
Ted Kaczynski

# THE UNABOMBER LETTERS

A YAHOO NEWS SPECIAL REPORT

## "Good things to say about me"

Within days of his arrest in 1996, Kaczynski was writing letters, musing on everything from his public relations strategy to developing a secret code system to communicate with his legal team.

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The selection was curated by Yahoo News

**YAHOO!**  
NEWS

Formal  
Note to Albany FPD  
Michael Donahoe  
Date unknown

To Michael Donahoe:

You'll remember that a couple of days ago we discussed the problem of how (if at all) to answer the letters I've been receiving, and I suggested that a possible solution would be for me to prepare for release to the media a message that would explain my reasons for not answering the letters at the present time. When you last came to see me I forgot to tell you that I have such a message prepared. It is enclosed with this note.

If you can see no objection to releasing this message, I would like to have it given to the media as soon as possible. If you do have an objection to the message, please let me know what it is so that I can try to rewrite the message in acceptable form. I am anxious to make some kind of reply to the many sympathetic letters I've received because I am grateful for them, and also because I imagine it would be advantageous to retain the good will of these people and I may lose their good will if they feel their letters have been ignored.

Ted Kaczynski

01-0003

(Proposed press release) ①

Since my arrest I have received a number of letters, most of them sympathetic, from members of the public. I answered a few of these at first, but, on the advice of my attorney, I have decided to refrain for the time being from answering any further letters from persons unknown to me, because my answers might lead to legal complications or might be used to generate undesirable publicity.

But I want to thank the people who have written to me and assure them that I have read their letters with interest. I hope that at some time in the future I will be able to answer all of these letters.

Theodore J. Kaczynski

Dear Mr. Donahoe:

I've thought of a method by which I can write things down for you in my jail cell while maintaining good security. This will save us a great deal of time, because I won't have to tell you these things orally while Betsy writes them down.

We will use a random-number code. A random number code works this way. A sequence of random numbers is written down, and a copy of it is given both to the sender and to the receiver of the message. To encode the message, the letter A is replaced by 1, B by 2, C by 3, etc. The space between two words will be represented by the number 27. Thus the message is transformed into a sequence of numbers. To each number of this sequence add the corresponding number of the random sequence. If the sum is 27 or greater, then subtract 27 from it. The message is now completely encoded. To decode it, reverse the process.

Example, Supposing the random sequence to be 7, 5, 26, 4, 3, 8, 21, 15, 27, 19, 11, 1, 2, 17, 12, 14, 5, 26, 5, 2, 2, ..., encode the message, "My name is John Smith."

(over)

Random sequence																				A	1	
M	Y		N	A	M	E		I	S	J	J	O	H	N		S	M	I	T	M	B	2
13	25	27	14	1	13	5	27	9	19	27	10	15	8	14	27	19	13	9	20	8	C	3
→ 7	5	20	4	3	8	21	15	27	19	11	1	2	17	12	14	5	26	5	2	2	D	114
→ 20	30	53	18	4	21	26	42	36	38	38	11	17	25	26	41	24	39	14	22	10	E	5
	-27	-27						-27	-27	-27	-27				-27	-27					F	6
→ 20	3	26	18	4	21	26	15	9	11	11	11	17	25	26	14	24	12	14	22	10	G	7

Fully coded message.

Random-number codes are completely secure against anyone who does not possess the random sequence.

I can write things for you by the following method, which maintains security:

I write a sequence of random numbers and give you a copy. When I write something for you I write it line by line: each time I use up a line of random numbers, I completely black out the line with my pencil, pressing hard while I do so, thus: ████████ I also black out the original of the message and all calculations, retaining only the fully encoded message, which cannot be decoded except by you who possess the random sequence. Then I move on to the next line. (The next time you visit me, I give you all the coded material, which you can decode at your leisure.) If at any time the remaining unused part of the random sequence

- A 1
- B 2
- C 3
- D 114
- E 5
- F 6
- G 7
- H 8
- I 9
- J 10
- K 11
- L 12
- M 13
- N 14
- O 15
- P 16
- Q 17
- R 18
- S 19
- T 20
- U 21
- V 22
- W 23
- X 24
- Y 25
- Z 26

is out of my sight even for a moment, I will no longer consider it secure and will cease using it to encode material for you.

01-0007

01-0026

FEDERAL DEFENDERS  
OF MONTANA

APR 9 1996

HELENA BRANCH

For courtroom clothes I suggest not a suit and tie but a set of plain work clothes. In the first place, I prefer such clothes. In the second place, a suit and tie would be out of character for me. For more than twenty-five years I haven't done the kind of work that requires a coat and tie, and people know this. If I wore a coat and tie it would be too obviously an attempt to clean up my image, and so would give an impression of insincerity.

1. An idea regarding the evidentiary hearing:

The prosecution argued that the publicity problem could be remedied by instructing the jury to disregard everything they have heard through the media. But in practice this is impossible, because ideas get planted in people's heads without their knowing or remembering where those ideas come from. It should not be hard to find psychologists who will testify that when a person is exposed to a media blitz, ideas get implanted that influence him without his being conscious of it, so that there is no way he can disregard those ideas. I think the advertising industry consciously exploits this phenomenon, so it might be possible to get some people who are involved in advertising to testify on this subject.

2. I told you to skip getting involved in any Justice Department discussions about whether to demand the death penalty. But it has occurred to me that if the prosecution thinks we will fight the death penalty, then that will give us better bargaining power in any deals we may make with them. So, in order to make sure the prosecution doesn't catch on to the fact that I don't want to fight the death penalty, maybe you should get involved in



those death-penalty discussions with the Justice Department. What do you think?

3. I would like to get reliable psychological data about myself before the public in order to counteract all this silly stuff about me that the media have been pushing. I want to do this partly because I am angry about all the media nonsense, and partly because the better I look to the public, the more seriously the message will be taken.

For the same reasons, I like the idea of having Gary Sauer (is that spelled right?) conduct the investigations you described, so that the truth about my background can be made public.

I haven't changed my mind about not wanting to avoid the death penalty, but maybe a sentencing trial will be necessary to properly publicize the truth about the kind of person I am, so maybe I should contest the death penalty just for that reason. What do you think?

4. Another goal I have is to publicly discredit both the FBI and the media by publicizing their actions and their falsehoods. I would like to use my trial to convict the FBI and the media,

so to speak, partly because I am angry at them, partly because the public should know more about the seamy side of the system, and partly because it should make people more receptive to the message.

5. The relations between me and my brother are important, so if you have Raquel Gur interview me, maybe it would be a good idea to have her interview Dave, too. In that case Dave's letters to me, and copies of some of my letters to him (which were in the cabin at the time of my arrest) would be important for resolving contradictions between his statements and mine.

6. Would the FBI "lose" some of the documents taken from the cabin, if they found them inconvenient? Since they "lost" the antlers, why wouldn't they "lose" some documents? They could do this, because the inventory is not very specific. For example, one item is "letters", but it doesn't say what letters or how many there are. So would it be advisable to ask for copies of all documents (except printed matter) now? Or could you demand a more detailed itemization of the documents that they took from the cabin?

01-0032

FEDERAL DEFENDERS  
OF MONTANA

APR 10 1996

HELENA BRANCH

IMPORTANT. At our last meeting I suggested that my brother could most easily be influenced by an appeal to his soft-heartedness and his ready compassion. BUT, if you do use such an appeal with him, be very careful not to lay it on thick. The appeal should be made in the most restrained, dignified, and subdued manner possible. If you allow yourself to be the least bit dramatic, my brother will think you are trying to "bull-shit" him. You remember how I thought you were giving me a pep-talk when you tried to persuade me not to seek the death penalty? My brother would have reacted the same way, and would thereafter have been very resistant to anything you might say to him.

Good things that you can say about me

1. Some of the merchants around Lincoln probably will confirm my honesty. At D and D Foodtown I twice corrected pricing errors when, by simply keeping my mouth shut, I could have saved myself 10 or 20 dollars. In one case the checkout clerk charged me nine-something dollars for a box of powdered milk when the correct price was nineteen-something, and I pointed out her error. In the second case the wrong price was marked on two boxes of powdered milk. If I remember correctly, the marked price was ten dollars too low on each box. I pointed out the error and, as a reward for my honesty, they "split the difference" and gave me one box at the incorrectly marked price and the other box at the full price. Unfortunately I don't know the names of the checkout clerks involved, though I remember their faces.

At the True-Value Hardware Store in Lincoln I once was given too much change (I think it was a dollar too much, though I don't remember clearly) by a clerk named Anna. I pointed out the error and she thanked me for my honesty.

At the bank in Lincoln I once was undercharged for something — probably a money order — and I pointed out the error. I don't remember who the teller was.

Within the last few months I stayed overnight at the Riverside Motel in Missoula. The clerk gave me a

five-dollar bill in change when he should have given me a single. I made a slight gesture with the bill and started to say "Is this right?", but I had no more than begun to say the first word when the clerk realized his error and interrupted me, taking back the five-dollar bill and saying, "Thanks for being honest. Most people wouldn't have said nothing." I don't know the clerk's name, though I remember his face.

2. Several years ago Juan Sánchez Arreola was severely injured in an accident, and my brother wrote to me about it. I had read about a millionaire named Percy Ross who had helped many people with gifts of money. I sent Ross's address to Dave and I composed a letter in which I explained Juan's situation and asked Ross to help him. Dave typed the letter and mailed it, but unfortunately Ross did not do anything for Juan.

Some time (1 to 1½ years?) later, I wrote to Juan and offered to send him some books (in Spanish) for his kids. These were books that I'd already read, mostly books of anthropology or history related in one way or another to Mexico. I doubted that his kids would be interested enough to read them, but I wanted to make a friendly gesture to Juan and show him that I hadn't forgotten about him. Juan

01-0033

Note to Attorneys  
FEDERAL DEFENDERS  
OF MONTANA

APR 17 1996

HELENA BRANCH

Here is the unfortunately rather scanty  
catalog of (conventionally) good things that  
can be said about me. IF I think of  
anything else later, I will write it down for  
you.

... and plants. I had done some  
... years earlier at this time I  
... the country and started the business before  
... Juan. (I will say that I'd  
... the business important. I am pleased with the  
... but I think I did a poor job of the  
...)

... the last couple of years. Juan told me  
... Immigration Service had forced his wife  
... kids to go back to Mexico. I wrote to the  
... Service for information pertinent to his  
... my ...  
... calls and wrote two or three letters to  
... dedicated to helping immigrants. In  
... way I got the names and addresses of  
... located near Juan's home that could help  
... legal advice. Juan seemed very grateful  
... that I'd taken the trouble to  
... names and addresses for him, but  
... they don't seem to have done his case  
...  
... My ...

sent me a very gracious letter of thanks and invited me to keep writing to him. That is how I came to correspond with him.

A few years ago, I think 1992 or 1993, as a Christmas present for his kids, I sent Juan a sort of toy on which I had carved, in bas-relief, figures of animals and plants. I had done most of the carving many years earlier; at this time I just finished up the carving and painted the figures before sending the gift to Juan. (I wish now that I'd left the figures unpainted. I was pleased with the carving, but I think I did a poor job of the painting.)

Within the last couple of years Juan told me that the Immigration Service had forced his wife and kids to go back to Mexico. I wrote to the Immigration Service for information pertinent to his situation, and I made one or two long-distance phone calls and wrote two or three letters to organizations dedicated to helping immigrants. In this way I got the names and addresses of organizations located near Juan's home that could help him with legal advice. Juan seemed very grateful for the fact that I'd taken the trouble to get these names and addresses for him, but, unfortunately, they don't seem to have done him any good.

My relations with Juan are pretty well

documented by letters that were in my cabin at the time of my arrest, since I saved all the letters that I got from Juan and kept copies of almost all the letters that I sent to him.

3. My Aunt Freda will have good things to say about me. In particular, I sent her two letters of condolence, one when her elder daughter was crippled in an accident and the other when her husband died, and she said she was "deeply moved" by those letters.

4. You'll remember the Linda Erickson whom I mentioned in my sketch of my brother's life. On three or four occasions I spent some time with her three kids; I made crude toys for them and played with them, and they liked me very much indeed.

5. I've mentioned John Skeldon, who drives the mail route up Stemple Pass Road and with whom I sometimes ride to Helena. On two occasions his daughter (7 or 8 years old) was riding with him at the same time I did. I was attentive to her and played word games with her, and she seemed to like me very much.

6. Several years ago (middle or late eighties?), on a



trip that I made to Missoula, as I was settling myself in a seat after boarding the bus at Lincoln, a scruffy-looking man came up to me from the back of the bus and said he needed someone to talk to. I would rather have spent the trip absorbed in my own meditations, but he seemed so beseeching that I went to the back of the bus and sat with him. It turned out that he was a wino (that was the word he used himself) and had just learned that one of his two daughters had been killed in an automobile accident. Actually he didn't talk much about his daughter; he talked mostly about things related to his life as a tramp, and I think he needed someone to talk to simply in order to distract his thoughts so that he could forget his pain for awhile. He pointed out a couple of fellows who looked like respectable citizens and said he had asked them to talk with him and they had refused, presumably because he was a tramp. But he said that when he saw my tattered back-pack he could see that I "knew what it was like" (I suppose he meant that I knew what it was like to be at the lower end of the social scale) and that was why he asked me to talk with him.

At his request I gave him a dollar and helped him get his bundle off the bus in

Missoula — he needed help because he was half drunk. He seemed very grateful. He even said he would pay me back my dollar if I would come to a certain bar the next day. I didn't bother to go, and I don't know whether I would have gotten my dollar back if I had gone.

No doubt it would be impossible to locate this tramp now, so the foregoing story rests only on my word. But I think I told my brother about it a year or two later, when he visited me in the late 80's.

7. Once when I was riding my bicycle up Stemple Pass Road I came on a woman who had had a flat tire and didn't know what to do about it. I helped her to put on the spare, for which she was very grateful. She even offered me payment, which I declined. But this anecdote too rests only on my word, since I have no idea where the woman was from or what her name was.

8. My softer side is shown by some of my letters to my brother — those in which I expressed affection for him, those in which I offered to help him if he ever needed it, and those in which I recounted to him those dreams I told you about. Relevant in this connection are his letters to me (still in my cabin at the time of my arrest)

in which he expressed his gratitude for my affection. Particularly noteworthy was his response to the letter in which I told him about the "Lord Daddy Lombrosis" dream. If I remember correctly, he said that I "cared about [him] more than anyone else ever did," which is probably true.

9. Here are some people who I hope will say good things about me, though they may not want to be quoted publicly as saying good things about me:

Glen and Dolores Williams of Cascade or Ulm (I'm not sure which). They are the owners of the cabin next to mine.

Sherry Wood (librarian at Lincoln Library)

Napoleon Williams (a fellow student whom I knew when I was at Harvard)

Possibly some of my former students at Berkeley. I recall for example a certain Kamitses who I know liked very much my course in modern algebra, and another student named I think George Miller who liked my course in point-set topology. Possibly also some of the students in my Math 213 (calculus) courses at the University of Michigan; among these I would mention a graduate student named Theah (or Thea?) Zelman, who I believe had a crush on me, in spite of which I never worked up the nerve to ask her for a date.

10. There are some good things to be said in connection with my employment at the Prince Castle company in (I think) Addison, Illinois in 1978-79, but there is also something bad. I'll tell you both, and you can make of it what you will.

Prince Castle was a relatively small company that assembled restaurant equipment from parts manufactured elsewhere. They had several buildings, and I worked in a small building with perhaps 15 other people (the number varied). The majority of these were foreigners, mostly people from southern Asia — Pakistan, India, Vietnam, Laos. I was well liked by the foreman, Joe Cimmarusti\*, because I was a very good worker, and I was liked by the foreigners because (unlike some of the other Americans) I treated them with respect and consideration. Once, when Joe C. was out of the building and his second-in-command, Art, was temporarily in charge, a Pakistani who had finished his assigned task came to me for more work to do rather than going to Art, because, he said, "Art does not talk like gentleman;" the implication being that I did talk to the foreigners like a gentleman. In another case, when Joe C. (who was Catholic) was ridiculing the Moslems for the dietary restrictions they observed during Ramadan,

\* Spelling may be wrong.

I said, "How long has it been since the Catholics didn't eat meat on Friday?" "Oh, we changed that now," said Joe. But I think the Moslems appreciated the fact that I spoke up for them in that way.

Working at this plant were a Hindu named Ashok Patel and his sister, Shobna. One day Ashok cut his finger; the wound was not really serious, but it was deep enough so that he was taken to the doctor. There was a lunch-room in this building, but often there were few people in it during lunch hour, because many of the workers either went to a fast-food joint for lunch or ate their bag lunches in some other part of the building. Anyway, after Ashok had cut his finger, when lunch-time came I went to the lunch-room to get my bag lunch out of the refrigerator. Ashok's sister, Shobna, was sitting at the lunch table, holding a handkerchief over her face with both hands and sobbing. At that time I didn't know that she was Ashok's sister, and moreover I didn't think that Ashok had been seriously hurt, so it did not at first occur to me that Shobna was crying over his injury.

Since she obviously wanted privacy I got my lunch from the refrigerator and took it out of the room to eat elsewhere. There was one

other person in the room — an Ecuadorian named Manuel who was sitting there gawking at her. His callousness made me feel angry; he should have been decent enough to get out of the room and leave her alone.

By the time I finished eating my lunch it occurred to me that Ashok might have been hurt more seriously than I thought and that that was why Shobna was crying. I went to a woman employee, named Shirley, with whom I was on friendly terms, and asked her, "How badly was Ashok hurt, anyway?" She said that the cut was deep, but not serious. I said, "You know, that Indian woman is crying in there." With quick womanly sympathy, Shirley marched to the lunchroom to talk to Shobna. A little later she came out, thanked me, and said that Ashok's cut was indeed what Shobna had been crying about. I assume that Shirley explained to her that the cut wasn't serious.

I don't know whether Shirley told Shobna that I had said anything to her about the latter's crying, but if she did, it might have something to do with the fact that Shobna became infatuated with me. I wish I could say that I was cool to her advances for the highly moral reason that she had a husband and

two kids back in India, but the real reasons were (1) that I found her very unattractive physically, and (2) that I neither liked nor respected her personality. She soon perceived from my coolness that I wasn't interested, and not long after that she went back to India. Her brother told me that she was under pressure from her husband to go back, and I wonder whether some relative of theirs might have written home that the kind of clothes she was wearing were such as to suggest that her attachment to the traditional morality of India was not very firm. However that may be, just before she left I wished her a good trip home, and she gave me a big smile and "Thank you," evidently pleased at my expression of good will. (You will understand how important it is not to let Shobna's name come out in connection with this.)

On a few occasions I did minor kindnesses to Shobna's brother, Ashok. Once after Joe C., the foreman, lost his temper and called Ashok "stupid", I said a few comforting words to him. Another time, after he had complained of his difficulties with the English language, I gave him the address of an organization that gave free English lessons to foreigners.

One day Ashok said to me, "I not forget you. When I go back to India I not forget you." At first I didn't know what he was talking about, but it soon became clear that he was exaggeratedly grateful for the trivial kindnesses I had done him. In subsequent conversations I learned that he had been suffering from social rejection, both in India and in America. The truth is that, although Ashok was very good at manual work, he was in other respects rather stupid, and that was probably why he had no friends. Stupid people are boring, and moreover Ashok tended to turn people off because he was unaware of the most elementary rules of tact. Apparently it was because of his hunger for friendship that, after the slight kindnesses I had done him, he tried to latch onto me as a friend. Over the next several months he developed a strong attachment to me, though I did nothing to encourage this beyond treating him with ordinary courtesy.

Now here is the bad part. When I left Prince Castle I should have invited Ashok to correspond with me. I think it would have meant a great deal to him if I had exchanged only two or three letters a year with him. But at the time I was under a great deal of stress for reasons that I needn't explain here, and I



didn't want to be bothered with Ashok, so I just dropped him and took off. Of the very few things in my life about which I've ever had any serious sense of guilt, this is the one about which I feel most guilty. Ashok was a very unhappy man because of his loneliness, and I could have helped him by holding out to him the hand of friendship, but instead of doing so I inflicted on him another rejection. And I know from experience how that feels.

If this story becomes public, it may well reach India through relatives of Ashok or other Indians living in the U.S., so Ashok's name should be kept strictly confidential, and, since he would recognize the story even with his name omitted, the statement that he is stupid should be deleted.

Note to Attorney  
Received 5/17/96

01-0048

01-0049

## Goals



1. I want to get released.

If that is impossible, then

2. I would rather get the death penalty than spend the rest of my life in prison.

3. I want to spread a message.

4. I want to give the government a good fight—  
make them work as hard as possible to get a  
conviction.

May 17, 1996

Received 5/26/90  
Note to Attorney

01-0058

~~scribble~~

Judy Clarke asked me why I had autobiographical notes and other incriminating materials still in cabin. I ~~was~~ partly answered the question, but didn't get to the most important part of the answer: I had such a mass of stuff to get rid of — wires, pipe papers, etc., etc., etc., and I had no other means of transporting the stuff than on my back. So getting rid of it all was tremendously time-consuming.