

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 1307274-0

Total Deleted Page(s) = 3
Page 51 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 52 ~ b6; b7C;
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FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:

- Teletype
- Facsimile
- _____

PRECEDENCE:

- Immediate
- Priority
- Routine

CLASSIFICATION:

- TOP SECRET
- SECRET
- CONFIDENTIAL
- UNCLAS E F T O
- UNCLAS

Date 5/23/90

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FM FBI WMFO (9A-WF-168077) (P) (C-4)
 TO DIRECTOR FBI/ROUTINE/
 FBI MINNEAPOLIS/ROUTINE/
 BT
 UNCLAS
 CITE: //3920//
 PASS: ATTN: VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT.

Handwritten:
 May 16
 600 002
 [Signature]
 0008

SUBJECT: UNSUB; [Redacted] BENJAMIN BRADLEY -
 EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTON POST - VICTIM; EXTORTION (A);
 OO:WMFO.

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REFERENCE: TELEPHONE CALL BETWEEN SA [Redacted] AND SSA
 [Redacted] ON 5/23/90.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU, WMFO RECEIVED
 NOTIFICATION ON 5/23/90 FROM [Redacted]

2-WMFO
 MM:cab
 (2)

Handwritten: NOTE CORRECTIONS
 9-A-WF-168077

SEARCHED	INDEXED <i>ult</i>
SERIALIZED	FILED
907	
FBI - WASH. FIELD OFFICE	

Approved: *TEO/hj*

Transmitted *07A*
 (Number) (Time)

Handwritten:
 5/24/90
 26

WASHINGTON POST THAT BENJAMIN BRADLY, EXECUTIVE EDITOR,
WASHINGTON POST HAD HIS ^{LIFE} ~~LIFE~~ THREATENED BY THE ABOVE CAPTIONED
SUBJECT. [] STATED SHE CAN BE REACHED AT PHONE NUMBER []

[]

[] ADVISED THAT A REPORTER FOR THE WASHINGTON POST
RECEIVED THREE AUDIO CASSETTES IN THE MAIL, ONE OF WHICH
THREATENED THE LIFE OF MR. BRADLEY. IN THE THIRD TAPE, THE
UNIDENTIFIED MALE VOICE STATED " I AM OBSESSED WITH KILLING BEN
BRADLEY BUT THIS IS NOT A THREAT." THE TWO PRIOR TAPES HAD NO
THREATENING COMMENTS BUT INSTEAD RAMBLED ABOUT THE DISCRIMINATION
THAT "BLOND HAIR MEN ARE EXPERIENCING IN THE UNITED STATES." DUE
TO THE UNIQUE NATURE OF THIS COMMENT, A SEARCH OF PRIOR LETTERS
WAS MADE BY THE WASHINGTON POST. [] STATED THAT A FEW YEARS
AGO A SERIES OF LETTERS WERE RECEIVED DISCUSSING THE SAME TOPIC
BY AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS []

THE ENVELOPES WHICH THE TAPES WERE RECEIVED IN HAS A
MINNEAPOLIS POST MARK ON THEM AND ^{A WFO} ST. PAUL RADIO STATION COULD
BE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE SECOND TAPE. INQUIRY THROUGH
^{WFO} ~~DIRECTOR~~ ASSISTANCE IN MINNEAPOLIS ADVISED A LISTING FOR []
[] WITH A PHONE NUMBER OF [] BUT NO ADDRESS COULD

DIRECTORY

BE OBTAINED. PRE-TEXT PHONE CALLS TO THIS NUMBER BY [REDACTED] INDICATED THE VOICE WHO ANSWERED THE PHONE IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE ONE ON THE TAPE.

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NO FURTHER INFORMATION COULD BE OBTAINED AT THE PRESENT TIME.

LEAD

MINNEAPOLIS

AT MINNEAPOLIS

1) OBTAIN SUBSCRIBER INFORMATION FOR [REDACTED] TO GAIN THE ADDRESS OF [REDACTED]

2) INTERVIEW [REDACTED] REGARDING THE TAPES RECEIVED AT THE WASHINGTON POST.

3) DETERMINE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THE MENTAL CONDITION OF [REDACTED] OR ANY OBSESSION WITH DISCRIMINATION AGAINST "BLOND HAIR MEN".

BT

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R 240008Z MAY 90

FM FBI WMFO (9A-WF-168077) (P) (C-4)

TO DIRECTOR FBI/ROUTINE/

FBI MINNEAPOLIS/ROUTINE/

BT

UNCLAS

CITE: 77392077

PASS: ATTN: VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT.

SUBJECT: UNSUB; [REDACTED] BENJAMIN BRADLEY -
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[REDACTED] ON 5/23/90.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU, WMFO RECEIVED
NOTIFICATION ON 5/23/90 FROM [REDACTED]
WASHINGTON POST THAT BENJAMIN BRADLY, EXECUTIVE EDITOR,

9A-WF-168077-7

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
MAY	1990
FBI - WASH. FIELD OFFICE	

PAGE TWO DE FBIWMFO 0002 UNCLAS

WASHINGTON POST HAD HIS LIFE THREATENED BY THE ABOVE CAPTIONED SUBJECT. [REDACTED] STATED SHE CAN BE REACHED AT PHONE NUMBER [REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

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PAGE THREE DE FBIWMFO 0002 UNCLAS

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THE ADDRESS OF [REDACTED]

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WASHINGTON POST.

3) DETERMINE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THE MENTAL CONDITION
OF [REDACTED] OR ANY OBSESSION WITH DISCRIMINATION AGAINST "BLOND
HAIR MEN".

BT

#0002

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(Title)

Unsub;
[Redacted]

Benjamin Brant b6 b7C

(File No.)

9A-WF-168077

Item	Date Filed	To be returned		Disposition
		Yes	No	
<i>1</i>	<i>6/1/90</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		<i>Tape recording of threat to editor ml</i>
<i>2</i>	<i>"</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		<i>Envelopes which contained threat tapes "1</i>
<i>3</i>	<i>6/6</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		<i>Cassette tape of telephone threat "</i>

9A-WF-168077-1A

SEARCHED: *ml*
SERIALIZED: *ml*

JUN 01 1990



Field File No. 9A-WF-168077-1A2

Serial # of Originating Document _____

OO and File No. _____

Date Received 5/23/90

From _____
(Name of Contributor)

(Address of Contributor)

(City and State)

By _____
(Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes No Receipt Given Yes No

Grand Jury Material - Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rule 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure Yes No

Title:

Reference: _____
(Communication Enclosing Material)

Description: Original notes re interview of

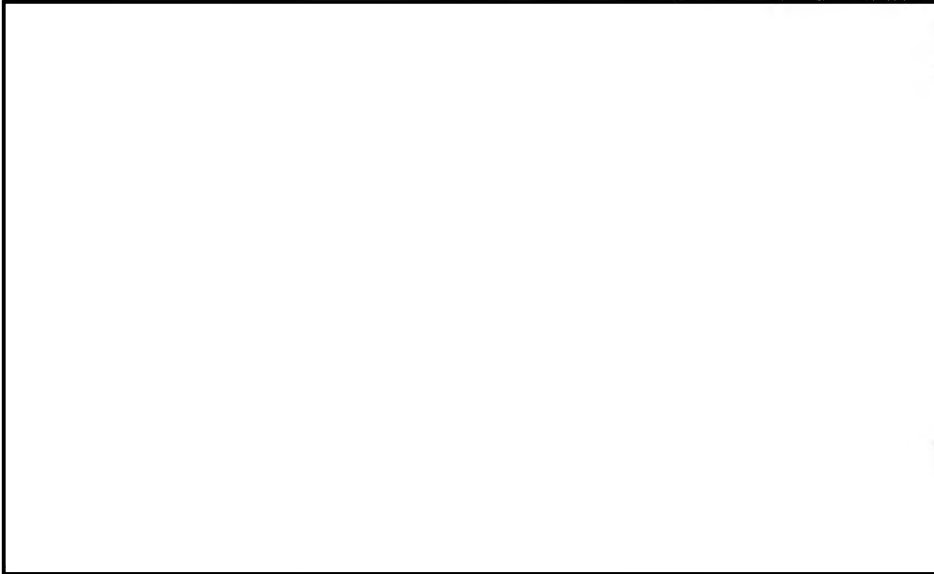
⊗ Envelopes which contained the front tapes. ⊗

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Reedman
5/24/90

Directory assistance
in Minneapolis gave
this number for [redacted]

[redacted]
The address they have is [redacted]

[redacted] the same
as the return address
on envelope containing
tape #2.

The person who answered
at that number sounds similar
to the voice on the tape.

^{letter}
This has been in
our files for
quite some time.

The content is very
similar to the tapes
especially tape
#3.

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TAPE #3

Says

^{He} "I'm obsessed with
Killing Ben Bradlee"

Side A contains the
(threat (tape needs to be
re-sound) - Side B is mostly
the radio playing - a St. Paul
radio station

[REDACTED]

I would like to know why the attached opinion piece "Broadcast News is a Lie" was not accepted for publication in the Washington Post, or why the subject matter of this piece, i.e., discrimination against blondes, has not been made in to a feature article when the Washington Post has been asked about it numerous times? Why is it the Post feels it has an obligation to print discrimination charges if they are from a minority perspective but has no circle of empathy from many other perspectives? Several writers at the Post spend their present careers covering only "minority issues" but my issue never gets addressed--why?

When I was in college I sometimes felt so sexually frustrated that when I saw a provocatively dressed coed I would wish I could cut my neck--it was a defense mechanism because I had already learned how frustrated and neurotic (because of the conflicting messages from women) one could become trying to satisfy one's desires. (**Notice**This Is Not Written With the Intention of Shock Effect of Breaking Norms for the Sake of Deviancy But To Tell the Truth However Sociopathic a Tellin of Truths May Seem--Liars Are Considered Normal in a World in Which Truth Seems Psychopathic or Terrifyingly Abnormal). Somewhere during my Junior year in college I decided that the ultimate act of defiance was to go hiking in a hot desert, stop and take off my clothes, masturbate into the wind, cut my neck, and bleed to death while I and my seed dried into nothingness, and stopping my personal phylogenetic evolution in it's tracks. I was not happy and I grew up in an emotionally volatile home. Plus you see when I was in high school I did not have a satisfying social and sexual life. I was nobody special. I had an inferiority complex. I wasn't smart and I didn't like to read. I wasn't particularly good in any sport so I wasn't a jock. I wasn't an achiever in any sense. My family was poor. I worked after school so I didn't join extra-curricular activies like clubs. I started smoking cigarettes in tenth grades. I smoked pot before and after classes during eleventh grade. I got drunk on weekends that I was allowed to party. I hung around with some juvenile delinquents friends who were from my neighborhood. I grew my hair as long as my father would allow after the battles. I went to Catholic Church on Sundays. I was generally afraid to get into fights cause I wasn't particularly a good fighter. I rebelled against my parents, over-protective restrictiveness. Never-the-less I was considered amiable, was accepted by most of my class mates, and got my degree.

[REDACTED] the only women who would talk to [REDACTED] were prostitutes in downtown San Diego, despite surrounding beaches, and they were out to exploit lonely and horny sailors for all they could get--and the illegality of a prophylactic blow job was all the more expensive. This of course took place within the context of first seeing several striptease acts, when you were really horny, id.est., vulnerable and desperate so that you were willing to pay for a massage, which you would later learn would stimulate your whole body except you hard penis--until you pleaded for mercy and found out that it was illegal but for twenty to fourty more dollars and your word you weren't a cop you could get a rubberized head job--which for me lasted about twenty seconds because I was so horny for so long the slighted stimulation would have set me off. Hollywood movies and the real Navy were not the same thing. I had my share of lonely nights. A normal person can handle lonely drunks for a couple of years and I was looking forward to college where collegian liberalness seemed so inviting and where women existed in equal numbers. I was desperate for some touch. But some how I didn't feel like I fit into the dorm with loud stereos, jockeying adolescents, and achieving suburbanites who never had to go through the military to earn the GI bill. And there was a certain cautiousness about me, like I was already alienated but I didn't know what the word meant; but I already knew what it meant to me socially and sexually deprived; and I couldn't quite shake knowing what the fear of authoritarianism could do in regards to lowering one's self respect (my main lesson from bootcamp). Then I ended up in a male dorm after living on all male ships. I couldn't afford a fraternity. I could never picked

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women up in bars--I didn't have the magic touch. It turned out living and going to school on a large midwestern campus sucked. What made it worst was these damn feminists going off all the time. Like witch hunters they were out to destroy every lecherous professor. Male lust was the ultimate evil. You didn't dare act or think out loud sexually--but how could a healthy male not? Black men you don't know what you missed. I was getting my first lessons in journalistic cowering to feminists. Constant letters to the editor about sexist this and how sexist that was, and they got the last word like they were always right, rape this and sexual harrassment of women (it was always harrassment of women), women's issues this and women's issues that, etc. And then there was the Take Back the Night Marches in which all pornography (anything than depicted women an a sexual way) was condemned. Christian sentiment and feminist dogma, however conflicting, were subjectively becoming intertwined so that male lust was clearly unethical--to put it mildly. But my sexuality didn't understand morals, appropriateness, dogma, right and wrong--and I didn't ask to be horny any more than I asked to be born. This was happening while I was getting A's in my sexuality classes and looking forward to some sexual enlightenment and some fun--but I wasn't getting any--in fact I was reading how all these blue collar dudes were getting it. Feminists demanded their sexual rights but condemned men if men's sexuality happened to be different from womens. Burn your bra and walk around like a cock tease because if a man's dick so much as gets hard she'll pull out here knife and cut if off. Many college women weren't into promiscuity the way college boys dreamed about it. So I sat in the library checking out sexually provocative women but it was the context of understanding male equals pig who lusts while women dressed as exhibitionistically as they wanted knowing the climate was lecher equals death (because who cares if men are sexually more sensitive to visual clues and more easily aroused--that's your problem buddy!). So here I was horny as hell, sexually tormented, and because I actively sought voyeuristic opportunities I didn't realize I was being sexually harrassed (it's the same way at the University of Maryland now but I don't study there--this spring women will be wearing hot pants with their legs splayed up on the table and every male will have a copy of the Sexual Harrassment program). These women were like frat sisters and stuff--women interested in jocks, and geeky brains, and men with cars and bikes and money. I must have had "LOOSER" spelled across my face because I don't think anybody had the hots for me save one social work type my last year of college (and everybody I had a crush on was not interested). There was something inexplicably wrong about me. I was stood up for lunch dates, etc. It was like these damn feminists and pop sociologists had instilled any attitude of no respect for the poor male whose motivation was shallow and who was the enemy--how could I compete against all this psychology. Needless to say I had sex with sex magazines, my right hand, and fantasies. Then I had to live off campus because the dorms were too expensive--so there went any semblance of social life--how I envied private school kids.

[redacted] I was hoping for less stridency and male hatred. A pyschiatrist told me why I hated feminists so much--because as a child I didn't get some of my needs met and the message I was getting from feminists was they weren't interested in meeting any of my needs. You know like maybe women understood men out here better. But I was not prepared for the social discrimination, alienation and loneliness that was to become my existence. Who cared if you were from Minnesota? [redacted]

[redacted] Whose fault was it you couldn't afford to join a health club? Whose fault was it you were interested in political activism? Whose fault was it you pickd your career path the way you did? Whose fault was it you didn't own a car to go out and to the beach in the summer, or live in a nice apartment building? Mine. It was my fault. Besides I was opinionated, iconoclastic and became to despise the "symbolism" of Washingtonians--no matter how philosophically I understood its reality. A city of yuppies from private schools. I was to start graduate school at

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[redacted] I wanted a medical library job and this all I could get. I won't bother elaborating the subsistence of a soup and Black Label beer salary because it's old hat. I could not afford to hang out. This is a hell of a town to move to with all these restaurants if your'e not a yuppie. I reestablished by old bar hopping ways to meet people (I abstained drinking as an undergraduate to lesson my highschool/navy propensities) since people without the social background of club joiners have to resort to something. Women did not want to dance or socialize with me. I don't know: I didn't have the right job, the right clothes, the right conversation, the right approach, the right ethos, the right friends (I was by myself), maybe I drank a bit too much before I got to the bar so I didn't have to pay three dollars a drink so much, whatever--more rejection. This town was a bore in [redacted]. People sitting around tables sipping their drinks looking pretty--didn't know how to dance--boring. I got tired of asking two or three to dance to a song I wanted to dance to and not getting to dance the song I wanted to dance. It made me angry to see how jerky some of these white women were. So I hung around [redacted]. I'd ask a white woman (most of the women were white or oriental) to dance and she'd say no and a couple of minutes later she'd be dancing with a black dude (you knew who the dominant race in the heart of the city was socially). Or a blonde woman would notice a black man she recognized, make a big production out of it and shout his name, hug him so everyone around was aware of how intimate they once were, and then she'd look at me standing by myself and see what my reaction was for a second before she again ignored me (the conceit was that white men had inferiority complexes and 'they' were the racists). Sexual social politics baby. The blonde women were always on the dance floor and they never had to ask anybody to dance and yet you never saw blonde women and blonde women dating or dancing back before herpes, and when more promiscuous music was allowed on the radio. The black man's music was seductive and white's was cacophonous and destructive (liberals see this as a higher awareness of political events--which is bullshit--these kids wanted their social and sexual needs met despite feminist rhetoric but no journalist saw the connection--instead they were politically alienated). So I would continue to drink and eventually I started dancing by myself--everyone thought I was nuts--I refused to let this breed of Washingtonian women ruin my right to dance (even if it meant looking like a looser who could not get a date, acting like a deviant, idiot, and /or desperate). I refused to play what was implicitly a white women's game. These women were and are spoiled and I was not interested in their veto power of when I could dance--besides I was a better dancer than the lot of them anyway. I was use to the loneliness and aloneness--this was my fourth big city--and you Easterns don't have nothing on me except more affluent backgrounds. Music was the only thing I as a white male had. So I went to my hole in the wall home boozed and sweated up, took a bath and cried until I relaxed and fell a sleep. And I'd see all these white women dating minorities around Dupont Circle and thinking about how women never went out of their way to get to no me. I could make myself available, I could dance by myself all night, and I would continue to be alone cause white women knew that men were motivated to seek them out if they just sat long enough. The power of being passive until his hormone levels changed. I even [redacted] and it seemed like I was considered an outside gentrification symbol with my blonde hair compared to some of these other "cultural" white women coming into the [redacted] area. Only one married psychologist really talked to me, and I was too alientated inside to feel good about being social (the chip on my shoulder was kind of assumed anyway--but as a white male I didn't get to talk about my chip and get it off my back in the local newspapers), besides my dancing was not good considering I was really a beginner which most of the class was not, my body was not in tune like a dancers rendering me less attractive in the eve of a dancer, and I felt disliked because I [redacted] which slowed down the class. And also everybody split and took their showers at home.

I stopped asking women for dates the first year I was here--I got tired of putting

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myself up to be knocked down (not that I asked very many people). Plus I had a lot of school work and I worked forty hours a week. I lived by myself after being asked to move out of a couple of group arrangements that I could afford to live in--our lifestyles clashed. I danced in my TV less apartment. I typed letters to the editor. I talked to myself. I smoked pot to help alleviate the pain of loneliness and then I would babble incoherent speech so I didn't have to listen to myself complain to myself--I was tired of my life and tired of being aware of it. I read plenty--I wasn't high all the time. I got paranoid and stopped smoking--thank God for paranoia. Suicide was becoming a real option. In 1986 I was hoping it was my last year. I was disappointed when the new year was rung in. In the spring and summer of 87 it was suicide time again. I hoped I could find a way to do it. What I hated was pathetically thinking about it but not doing it. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I would some day, way in the future, probably kill myself and that it didn't mean my family failed but that I was not happy and that it was my right. I cried a lot because of my alienation, frustration, loneliness and no one at the newspapers particularly cared about my views (they were probably put off by my criticalness). No it wasn't a wimp's whimper or a baby's bawling for attention--I was alone a lot and emotions and thoughts about past frustration would swell in me and I could feel the tension piquing until tears started running down my face and I controlled the hyperventilation of sobs with regulated contractions as if in a petite and flexible epileptic fit. I was emotionally disturbed at certain times of the day, two to four times a week. Alcohol was my analgesiac--so I thought. I could cry tears without making a sound sometimes--it was amazing how much I could cry--and how I could cry without loud histrionics and in a seemingly dignified way--not that I really cared. I was equally impressed on how I would eventually talk to a psychiatrist and explain my past so articulately and honestly--like a movie version of A Psychiatric Dinner With Andre--it was very moving. I couldn't figure it out--was I overly sensitive, a baby who never grew up, was I unfortunate enough to be in touch with my emotions when I would rather not have been, wasn't my brain androgenized, why were my angry thoughts so recurring, was this the price I had to pay to grow, why were my problems never solved, why was I so emotional, am I a masochist, where's my norepinephrine. It hurt me physically to cry. The hardness in the throat. The burning eyes. The heaving abdomen. The red eyes when I looked into the mirrors. The pathos of it all. The pathetic extensions of my face. My blurry eyes feeling warm tender tears as I wept. The murruring suppression of a sob. The stream would open again usually after a couple of beers. Then I would feel better. Was there a connection between sexiness and the capacity to cry? Or sometimes the alcohol and my ruminations would take me through another tension fit and I'd cry more once, twice, but eventually I would feel at peace, as if the neurochemistry in my brain changed into something very tranquilizing. Was there a connection between crying capacity and a person's intelligence? I felt at ease. Actually, it was simply a healthy response to my predicament--it was nature's way of reducing my tension levels. Was I doing this to change the neurochemistry in my brain--was there a release of chemicals like joggers get natural opioids when jogging--there had to be? I would take a bath. I wondered if people in insane asylums cried like I did--although [REDACTED]--they were on drugs. I wished I wasn't so frustrated.

No I wasn't like that all the time. At work I was nice, usually in a good mood if I didn't come to work in a bad one. Most people found me helpful, cheerful, exciting, and assumed things were OK. People knew I was temperamental and not particularly happy and that I was lonely and poor. They also knew I was sanely insane, wrote the best dirty poetry and lived to my own standards and loved me for it. I got on well at work but my private social life was miserable. When going home at night I started feeling angry the closer the train would get to Dupont Circle. I still live in a kitchenless one bedroom/bathroom trap I can't afford to move out of. Most of the people are Spanish speaking in my apartment so I say high and that's about it. I

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haven't slept with a women for four years--this use to embarrass me but now I've read more on alienation, and I understand a lot more things. My pride, however self destructive, is not willing to give Washington's women a chance to make up because many of Washington's beautiful white women and blondes will never know what it means to be socially or sexually deprived. I was ignored for four years--so why should they get the opportunity to make up without going without? They can not understand that even in the Midwest I was past over. That even on Hennipin Avenue of Minneapolis (in Minnesota in the Land of 10,000 blondes) that "Blondes have more fun" was meant strictly about women and that in any metropolitan city blacks could get a blonde woman easier than I could. I mean I refuse to kiss their pedestal higher than it already is--why can't a white woman get off her sexist pedestal and ask me for a date or hustle me? I'm sorry if I sound bitter but every time I go to a movie or a nightclub in this town there will be some white women with minorities, and never if [redacted] of living in D.C. has a women asked me out--save my psychologist friend. No amount of sexual and social access deserves this kind of alienation and loneliness I have suffered. And buying it on 14th street was too expensive even if I would have succumbed to paying for it. What I particularly hated were these damn feminists and journalists who could implicitly see how women, for the most part, controlled how much sex men got (despite the rhetoric) and yet they condemned those men who paid for it. But who would pay for good sex they could get free? Paying for it was the equivalent of not being able to have relationships with women, it suggested that you were not healthy, normal or desirable--it was being exploited, it was desperate, and usually it was a ripoff. So I had sex vicariously with pictures because I could take my time and it was convenient--how pathetic--and of course there is all kinds of glib pop psychology and pyschiatrict reasons why my life is like this (he's afraid of women--bullshit--women are afraid of me). Fuck paying for drinks and dinner so just maybe I "might" get some play. I get aroused easily and I want sex when I want it--not when some date feels like having it if she does--I'm not playing games with women. Eddy Murphy was wrong--it's white women who use to fuck their husbands for their job--not black women. I'm sorry if you don't like what I say but the truth is damn few women have ever done anything for me--save my family, teachers and coworkers--because I was not Mr. Right, because I was tempermental, because I didn't fit into a stereotype mold people wanted me to fit into, because I'm too intelligent without applying it to a big salary, independent, and because there was a slew of labels that you could replace me with. I recently read an article in the Washington Times on Greta Garbo's disappointment that Hollywood's men didn't court her--that said it all to me--be a phony--don't criticize too much or too loudly--and you'll fit in with all the little people and sycophants. Yes you'll fit into Washington D.C. Be a political asset--not a liability.

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What was the price I paid: I have never been made to feel like I was important or desirable except from some gay men who have tried to pick me up. I don't know what it is like to feel wanted, sexy (except within myself), lusted after, cared for, loved, etc. My adult heterosexual life (no I have not had a homosexual life) for the most part has been sexual desperation, inferiority, rejection, alienation, loneliness, and later neurosis. I've wanted to kill myself for a couple of years but I couldn't will myself to buy a gun or find the right poison. Deciding resolutely to do it and actively willing the act are two different things--and this too is humiliating--to want death but not having the guts to put your disturbed and angry self to sleep. Oh yes you would meet me and say "I don't believe it, your handsome, didn't I see you jogging the other day, why you're healthy, people love you, what are you talking about." Yes it was a matter of being taken for granted.

I deliberately avoided seeing a specialist last year hoping my epinephrine and serotonin levels would change until I did something drastic. Instead I wept more and did nothing except I kept writing letters to the Post trying to get then to notice my complaints, calling them even, they didn't care. I knew it wasn't me genetically but

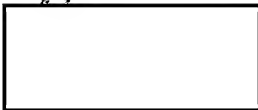
society that was hurting me. And I wasn't going to pacify myself with a therapist when I wanted society confronted. So I festered. I put my anger into poetry. I wrote stanza after stanza of complaint. Nothing happened. [REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]-I didn't care because before the month was up I would be gone. But I was still alive. I hounded the Post some more. I was continuously ignored. And I don't care either Washington Post. I wanted my blood and brain pulp on the marble statues of Dupont Circle dripping down as my body lay headless and dead on the ground--I wanted you to get the message--but I was still alive with nothing more than a sense of powerless about getting my message through and raging revengeful thinking. I hate you Washington Post. And even if I was heard I had to pay the price and do the suffering. I would never get my younger years back that proved to be unhappy to do it differently. I was one of life's discontents paying the price for other people's happiness. I was a walking wound hoping someone would take a shot gun and shoot me through my heart. I was a neurotically in touch with reality and thought life sucked. I was tragedy. I deserved something better. Maybe next time.

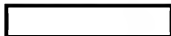
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The Washington Post

1150 15th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20071



The movie 'Broadcast News' is a lie. It is not the 'story' per se, of this wonderfully acted and directed fictional screenplay, but one of, if not, the main message of this movie that seems like another stereotypic piece of sociological propaganda--whether it is intentional or not. The message I am referring to--and if I am wrong so are alot of movie critics--is that intelligent and attractive women should be more amorously in tune to men who may not be very good looking but are superior in intelligence, personal charm, morality and common sense; or, as the movie suggests, if people don't feel this way they too may have a not so happy ending. Considered by itself no criticism of this message or movie can or should be made, but many movies coming out of Hollywood and New York are saying the same thing--that 'women' should be choosing mates by their sense of humor, good character and intelligence, while using prejudicial stereotypes to promote certain men.

Is it women, however, who should be getting this 'choosiness' message? Is it women who almost uni-dimensionally chase after the opposite sex just because they are good looking? No. Is it women who have prolonged and ardent erectility of tissue, if you will, for blondes? No. The complaint was more than adequately summed up in Susan Brownmiller's "Hair" chapter in her book Femininity (copyright 1983--so Hollywood writers and producers have had plenty of time to get the message):

Of all the wonders Hollywood has created, nothing can match the pantheon of celebrated blondes who have fed the fantasies of men and fueled the aspirations of women ever since the flickering image began....or did it merely magnify the collective dreams of a melting pot that despite democratic intentions placed the highest value in feminine beauty on Nordic fairness and flaxen hair? Surely the dark-haired immigrant entrepreneurs from Eastern Europe and their first-generation sons who abandoned the steamy garment center of New York to pioneer a motion picture empire in the sunshine of the West were fully aware that the visions of blonde loveliness they projected onto the screen bore no resemblance to their mothers and sisters, or to the women they might have expected to marry. Those who handcranked the dream machine spun their own fantasies of California gold, angel-haired virgins and peroxide sirens who had never seen the inside of a ghetto.

No Holly Hunter is not blonde (nor is she Jewish) but Mr. Wrong (William Hurt) is--in an ever increasing cliché movie world where fair-haired WASPs are made to look shallow when compared to darker haired brunettes and minorities, that is to say, along with the discriminating promotion of blonde women there has equally been a discriminating promotion of brunette men; and, why did Paula Span in another 'We Washington Medialytes Love Broadcast News' article conclude with the 'character' statement about Aaron Altman as being "brilliant, hilarious, honorable, friendly--and cute--man, a man even Cheryl Gould's Jewish mother would love...?"

Anybody who knows anything about the psychodynamics of the genders (even Washingtonians--if for no other reason than not be thought like a Western hick) knows it's not very many women who fall in love with the opposite sex simply because a man is physically attractive--the way some men pay money, or make money, to be with sexy women. Not only do most movie producers refuse to address their own male propensities they project them onto women and ask that women live up to ideals that these men seldom ask of themselves. The movie Roxanne is a perfect example. Steve Martin plays a

freakish, long nosed fire chief who falls for beautiful Daryl Hannah playing an astronomer, supposedly to pass for a modern day intelligent sort of woman. But if Martin really wanted an intelligent sort of woman he could have selected someone who already had that kind of believable reputation with the American public, and the character Hannah played would have had more intelligent lines than her brief explanations of naming some "heady" cosmological entity. Clearly, Daryl Hannah was selected to play the part because she looked like a fantasy from the cosmological heavens even when she stood naked behind a mundane bush. However, the message of this movie is that nice, attractive and intelligent women should pick men as partners on account of their resourcefulness, sense of humor, wit, size of the personal library and intelligence, while it is OK for movie producers to select and treat actresses like sex objects in the same movie--and make lots of money while getting away with this double standard because it is highly entertaining, supposedly well meaning, and because more impressionable beauties (assume for a moment women are more susceptible to social conditioning) will now be more open to less handsome princes, especially if they are not like empty headed hunks.

A whole slew of movies give us this same message within the context that on average, beautiful people, especially WASPS of European decent, are shallow and do not deserve the attention they get. How many movies ever suggest that blond people are "intelligent and sensitive" and are sometimes discriminated against or scapegoated because of their looks? I have never seen a movie that suggests that people should re-evaluate their stereotyped prejudices about "dumb blondes," or "privileged but shallow and callow WASPS." Instead we have all these movies that suggest that fair haired men or teenagers don't deserve beautiful women. Take the movie The Outsiders. A poor boy (brunette of course) is in love with an rich class teenager but the rich boys (fair haired of course) try to stop the affair. A movie that is about who is good enough for the "blonde female." Or how about Rodney Dangerfield's Back to School? A self-made millionaire from New York's garment industry has a son who is not liked in a WASP college? This blonde jerk-jock treats him like he's minority-scum. And because the outsider is sensitive and doesn't have much confidence in himself Rodney tries helping him adjust--despite this very handsome, but ever so jerky, Aryan guy who is the swim team's star (brute) that appoints minority-dregs cleanup boy--when Rodney is not busily dating or fantasizing about a certain blonde English professor or bathing with a couple other blonde beauties at a swinging college party (how flattering that blonde women are so unprejudice and amiable).

While it is true that blond women get a lot of major parts in Hollywood movies this is not true for blond men. A major percentage of leading male parts go to brunettes. And too often the parts blond men get are to play the "looser" to brunettes who get the 'heartthrob' women. The Right Stuff (brunette of course) gets hot blond leading lady (Barbara Hershey). Sylvester Stallone beats blond Russian spy and gets a blond in real life. Prince and Jerome, two womanizing studs outclass the European blandies and get the white women. The new James Bond (another Bond brunette) beats blond communist bad guy and get the blond woman (nice Playboy shot). Peggy Sue Got Married to a blond jerk but everybody know who she should have married--another Coppola movie in which we are to realize that curly haired, sensitive and intelligent teenagers should get the beautiful blond homecoming queen rather than some crass WASP.

Not to say that there has never been a blonde male star in a movie with a

desirable woman. We've had our token blonde male sex object, Robert Redford, sometimes blandly playing roles more vivacious blondes could have played, and our Rebel Without a Articulated Cause, namely, James Dean, but there hasn't been anything close to the number of romantic brunettes (the tall, dark and handsome) that have highlighted the golden screen over the decades. Exotic birds like an Australian crocodile wrestler of foreign import, yes, and a fantasy about a "beautiful" Nazi intelligence officer of a jailed homosexual whose fantasy of a blond beauty signifies his ultimate evil and repulsiveness.

Attractive and intelligent Washingtonian woman don't throw themselves at men the way the movie Broadcast News suggests, and if they do, it's not towards 'dumb' blondes. Too many woman already think that good looking males are equivalent to mannequins and these women take pride that they are more humane, individual or "sophisticated" than getting excited about Ken barby dolls. Between feminism's attack on the white male chauvinism, blacks attack on the soulessness of the white race, and sociological and movie stereotypes of men in general, the best you can say about the way blonde men are treated in Washington D.C. is that they are "nobody special" compared to the way blonde women are treated in Washington. In fact, the jealous animosity that other women have toward blonde women because they seem to get all the attention, yet are suppose to be dumb, coupled with a Eastern brunette sense of superiority, carries over sometimes to dislike and cynicism for blonde in general.

Few non-dramatic things turn off women faster than stupidity (assume for a moment that a male's intelligence and manners are more significant variables in attractiveness and women are more sexually attractive because of their looks--if this is true than establishing a prejudice that some men are not so bright could be more devastating to these men's social life) however, in the Broadcast News story, in our sexually liberated era--Ms. Hots Hunter, despite her fickle sensitivity, intuition and demandingness about everything else, has an incredible and unwavering horniness for Mr. Blond--who is midwestern (Eastern ethnic heritage seems no small conceit in the Eastern media business) and opportunistic.

We blondes are not stereotyped as 'passionate' like some minorities conceitly think of themselves ('passionate' evolved from the meaning 'to suffer'); we can't dance (according to Edóy Murphy and other blacks writers who go out of their way to promulgate positive stereotypic ideas about blacks but scream racism if you stereotype anything negative about blacks); we ain't got profound soul feelings (supposedly because certain threatening ideas in our left brains dominate our right brain--but anybody with any brains knows that repression of ideas includes those emotions associated with them from the limbic brain below both half brains, and, the problems with getting in "touch with your feelings," that so many minorities are expert in, has to do with certain animalistic 'feelings' and 'attitudes' being condemned by cultural 'attitudes' and 'mores'-- and not 'logic'--id est, it's not a question of being too intellectual, like so many hip sociologists have suggested, but not being intellectual enough--but if you don't have the brains to out-think pseudo-intellectual moralists and sociologists who condemn other pseudo-intellectuals you may feel a need to grab hold of some intellectualized notion that you're emotionally superior); we blondes are not associated with the fecund mysteries of blackness--rather just the shallow or superficial color white (oscillating from icy coldness to sunny heat with no shades of grey) like heaven where nothing exciting or dramatic happens--but because we are white we don't

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have the right to complain of being discriminated against, particularly since the Nazis declared us the supreme race (yet most top Nazis weren't particularly Nordic or blonde, for example, Kurt Walheim's nose is not a Nordic classic anymore than was Hitler's). Nor are we blondes known as especially profound, artistic or brainy--like say a stereotype of Jews. In fact Gordon Allport, in his classic, the Nature of Prejudice, when discussing "Jews as Scapegoats" aggrandizes the stereotype of the intellectual Jew with such statements as:

"Anti-Semitism arises because people are irritated by their own consciences. Jews are symbolically their superego...Jewish intellectualism calls to mind one's own defects of ignorance and laziness. The Jews once more symbolize our conscience, against whose pricks we protest. "All of us" (my emphasis) feel relatively inferior in our intellectual attainment...when Jews on average make us conscious of our inferiority we feel a certain jealousy...

Speak for yourself Gordon Allport. So what is it that makes all these supposedly hot Washingtonian women come after us walking surfboards like this movies suggest? 'Blonde' is a feminine ideal. It certainly can't be the middle class and homogenous consumer mentality we have by default of not being a specific racial or ethnic group with some special culture, set of values or ethos conceit to protect from being acculturated and attenuated by the American mainstream--for example, exemplified by that shallow little suburban dream house dream that sweet dumb blond wanted in the Little Shop of Horrors movie where she eventually learned that the handsome, black-leathered sadist was not her type of nerdian wonderbread man. The conceit, of this satire of course, is that real "urbane" women need more than a sheltered suburban lifestyle to keep their amygdala stimulated. Incidentally, most inner-city blondes eventually learn if they want to "fit in" the mean streets of a city, they should dress in black, like a Dupont Circle punker, to exude a pessimistic sophistication of city life, where evil is just as, if not more, viable as good, and to avoid the rejection of being a preppy pastel of pretty yet petty privilege. Id est, you need to wear a symbol of getting your "hands dirty" with a little soul and/or deviancy and leave good looking GQ men to those women who are satisfied with meat and potatoes--in another words nobody comes to Washington D.C. to find a blonde mate or goes out of their way to make a WASP male feel like he belongs.

So if Jewish men are already stereotyped as more intelligent than the average male why do we need these movies that stereotype fair-haired WASP males as losers? I mean you got your whole Jewish lobby connection here in Washington, and according to Tom Shales's "A Hollywood Director Who Loves Washington" article in the Washington Post Magazine Jim Brooks is impressed with how many bright people are here (notice he didn't say anything about beautiful people). If you want to know what turns media uppies and Washington yuppies on read the "Demise of the Washington Hostess" in the same Washington Post Magazine issue as the one on Jim Brook's new movie. Sally Quinn informs laidback Washington about the glamorous past of our local 'cognoscenti' (whatever that means). Grand parties with people who had power, intelligence, social graces, breathe, width (no doubt), wit, and "people who could talk" (she didn't say anything about physical beauty). However, those whirlwind womanly wizards in the Washington world of Broadcast News were having more than a passing and passive fantasy about "bronze blondes." Give me a break.

Animal ethologists know that if you put an attractive female in the presence of a male of many species the male's hormone levels change. If this is true for the male of our species (stretch your imagination) imagine what the average male reaction would be for males who have spent a fair amount of time and intensity studying nude anatomy in girly magazines, where blonds are preponderant, compared with the more reticent hormonal motivation of women. I as one fairly attractive blonde male who has lived in Washington D.C. for [redacted] can vouch the sparsity of overt attention played to blonde men (but then again I don't have the money to socially hangout in swanky D.C.). "Too many" Washingtonian women, it seems, need to be impressed with status. The first question you're asked is "What do you do?" like it's just some kind of conversation question (cause men like to talk about themselves of course), but what piece of information implies more about a person's financial status, ambition, intelligence, and psychological makeup than career choice--assuming there was your choice? Certainly you have a right to this type of information, because it provides a reference point to understand someone, but how presuming to make it question number one--nothing like quick elimination procedures. Or get an a Metro line in a pair of jeans on a working day and watch noses turn attention elsewhere. In New York City you wear a pair of jeans and you're not automatically looked down on but in this yuppy status and power city of Washington D.C., you might as well go converse with a bag lady. Many Washingtonian women like men who have learned how to be a smart laboratory rat--who have learned to wear the same colored power suit and coat as the next guy--with some nicely colored noose around the neck that says "I'm a team player willing to subordinate myself to the organization for financial rewards (OH he looks so handsome in that suit!)." No offense to the human condition of having to survive in a complex world: men should wear what they feel comfortable in (even if it's redundant and doesn't reflect an artistist delicacy) especially since we have so many wonderful shopping centers in GS 12 town.

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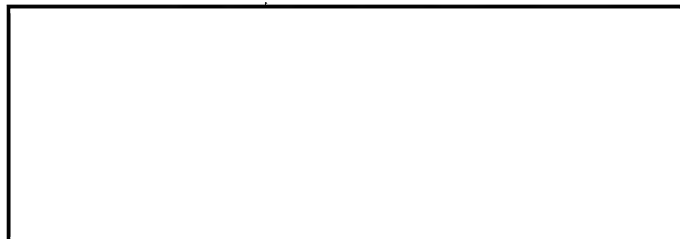
Why doesn't some big movie producer make a real movie about social relations in Washington D.C.? Like how many attractive white women seem to enjoy so much attention is our multi-racial city? Like how woman want financial and political equality (in this so self-rightously vocal media city) but when it comes time to show a little social equality like asking a man to dance at a D.C. disco nothing happens. In the Dakota Night Club blonde women are always on the dance floor--but they don't have to ask anybody to dance. When the Oasis Dance Club was Numbers it was not uncommon to see white women and black men make a big production out of stealing the show, but a couple of years ago you never saw blonde women dating blonde men anywhere in the city--why bother when your long golden silky hair shines so much more brightly with a dark and glamorous fur--and besides the view is so much more breath-taking when on a pedestal. Once a black man wanted to get into a fight because I inadvertantly stepped between him and an attractive blond woman when I was trying to get a drink at a bar--of course I was the red neck. Attractive inner-city white women don't have to go out there way to meet men in Washington D.C., in fact, more than a few of Washington's white women act spoiled.

If we did a poll on the percentage of blonde homecoming queens compared to kings do you think it would be symmetrical? Or if we did a study on the number of blond male romance heros (women's soft porn) compared to the percentage of blond Playboy pin-ups do you think it would be equal? Then why all these movies about jerk WASPS (all WASPs), like in Broadcast News where poor little nerdy valedictorians get beat up (yet if the movie showed

blacks doing the beating it would have been labeled racist) while growing up in the Ivy League playground of Boston--knowing that they'll make money when they get older?. And where was this boy's anxiety while giving his farewell speech forgiving his classmates for the discrimination he endured? In fact when Albert Brooks does manifest anxiety talking into the camera, it's not in the usual form of speech incoherence like stammering, stuttering or the like that one would expect, because that would suggest inferiority in our word dominating 'where you're suppose to know how to talk' society--in which fluency and stanima of speech and mind is so powerful (as anyone whose conversation has been cut short because of mental confusion knows). Instead we have this midwestern bumpkin who can pronounce foreign names and places so beautifully but doesn't have the foggiest idea what he's talking about--how believable! The press ate it up. All James Brooks did was change the "dumb blond" woman into a man--apparently he didn't read Brownmiller--or he doesn't think many other people did--so I quote her again:

America's cult of bloneness reached its zenith in the Forties and Fifties, ironically at the moment in history when Nazi Germany and the cult of Aryan supremacy went down to defeat. The differences between the two sets of values are important to examine. Aryan supremacy had equated pale hair in both sexes with strength, intelligence and superior racial stock, whereas bloneness American style is a glittering prize that men seek in women but don't give two hoots about for themselves, except of a small group within the homosexual community who trade on blonde hair as a way of appealing to other men. In the American tradition, bloneness is not associated with strength or intelligence. On the contrary, "dumb blonde" is practically one word on the lips of some people, and her innocent vapidty and daffy humor is counterposed to the loud, emotional intensity of know-it-all dark-haired women. (Even if the blonde is obviously smart and knowledgeable, she is perceived as less threatening or over-bearing, and therefore more acceptably feminine, than her brunette sisters. There is no othe way to explain the disproportionate number of blondes who hold coveted jobs as correspondents and newscasters on network television.)

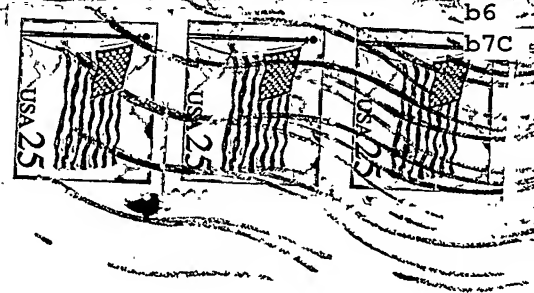
So why wasn't there a movie about a 'dumb blonde' female newscaster? Because it's too cliche. Because it doesn't play to brunette women who feel alienated. Because the brunette man lusting after her would have appeared like a "stupet brunette." Because they didn't want to do a movie that suggested that blonde men are ignored. Because it reinforces stereotypes in a more subtle an effective way. Because they knew they could get a way with it. And because Washington has a lot of brunettes that Jim Brooks wants to love.



TAPE #2

NOT THREATENING

(TAPE #1 was
thrown away)



1701 Harvard St. NW.
Washington D.C.
20009

FANTASY'S FLIGHT

I told a friend I have the blues
and my aloneness has to end
I have no lover that soothes me
no salubrious girl friend.

My buddy says I come on too strong
and need a new conversation piece
my honest lasciviousness is wrong
I'm to talk about an innocent caprice.

He says: "Don't show your desires
or you've got a one track mind
talk about something innocent,
trivial and light or refined."

"Like how feminism has helped you
be the new man you are today
rather than a chauvinist pig
that wants everything his way."

"Project you're loving and caring
nurturing and quite sensitive
so as to allay common suspicions
that lust is your singular motive."

"Don't talk about yourself
or intellectualize to death
step beyond egotism
and abstractions that weariness."

"Don't complain or argue
you know how angry you can be
talk about delightful things
and don't criticize so heavily."

"Talk about 'safe' things
not 'iconoclastic' opinion
nice and servile things
just a tad of toadyism."

"Show more civility
not a wild one man show
you know intimacy takes time
keep your emotions in control."

"You sometimes act too disturbed
for those of upward mobility
sure they honor individualism
they're afraid of instability."

"Don't talk about religion
or politics or sex;
let women be superior
nature will take care of the rest."

"Be positive and romantic
polite and debonair,
act like you're superior stuff
but don't put on the air."

"Calculate your conversations
to insinuate a life style
that hints of exotic pleasures
many only dreamt of erstwhile."

"But be true to yourself
so as not to play the fool
and talk only about the things
that you really would like to do."

I said: "Yes Darryl you're right.
I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll change something about myself:
a new interest besides school."

"I'll start a new hobby
that I can share with others
something to entice a woman
I know! I'll collect feathers!!"

"Then I can tell ladies
about my feather collection;
a topic light and gay enough
—merely a fancy of confection."

"It would be excitingly cheerful
to collect rapturous feathers
to learn the ornithology
of all climates and weathers."

"It is much a gentleman's goal:
rather noble enlightenment,
to share one's enthusiasm
and appreciative refinement."

"I'll inhibit conversation
of sexual seedy sensation
and cultivate tactfulness
within the norms of convention."

"No crude crass masculinity
or induendos of prurient interests
I'll convert over to the elegance

of moderation and temperance."

"Darryl you're really a friend
thanks for your excellent advice
—the sublimeness of civility
can free reptilian vice."

But I have never been easy
in my alienated seclusion
from know-it-all feminists
or their scapegoating intrusion."

"Their gynocentric politics
of always blaming the male
with 'his' labeling tactics
and 'her' sexiness to quell."

Of course I needn't feel deviant
in our 'sexist' society
since 'pervert' refers to women
to oppress 'their' sexuality."

"But yes I'm elevating myself
from a cynic and libertine
by starting this endeavor
that is therapeutic and clean."

I'm becoming more mature
not to see only physically
—not just an exquisite rump
to incite my curiosity."

"No more worshipping legs
that I crave to adore
by licking the very spots
I would have kissed just before."

"No more lolling my lips
at pretty ladies' front mounds
no more priapic outbursts
hallucinating night gowns."

"No more overt remarks
like a lecherous kind of wish
I'll tease only with feathers
those fantasies I'll swish."

"Adolescent day dreams
should be kept to oneself
around ladies of good breeding
I'll be me: an elf."

No discussions of warm car oil

or sensual engine grease
I'll intercourse proper ladies
my pleasure to please."

"Not the action of a pumping piston
or a vector in hyper direction:
just blissfully sipping tea
with subtle delectation."

"Tea on a hot afternoon
fanning a breeze for a chill.
'Did you hear about my coverts
just to graze them can thrill?'"

"Well come on over here
don't they all look marvelous?
Just lounge out right there
and relax from all stress."

"Variety of wonders
beauties all mine to keep
my bedroom so ravishing
oh how can I sleep?"

"Feathers of all textures!
Colors in every splay!
How delicious nature is
delighting in such array!"

"This one is particularly soft
see how pleasant it can feel
it comes from Mozambique
that one comes from Brazil?"

"I'm looking for a tender friend
to partake in my interest
who's excited by lingerings
and flirting the frivolous."

"Or if you access to a pinion
to augment my collection
I'd appreciate very much
any donation's sensation."

"I'm writing friends of the zoo
to search both far and wide
I want my collection to appeal
thus to stimulate wide-eyed."

"I hope my veterinary friends
will keep their eyes to the ground
maybe they'll find a treasure
to make a curator's heart pound."

"This is the best therapy
to have this life time goal!
Birds of every feather
and promiscuity to extol!"

"No it's not a fetish
and Liberace it may seem
but he wore his dainty stuff
and lived his quean dream."

"Yes I may seem more fastidious
with tingling feathers about
to tickle a lady's fancies
and tongue in cheek throughout."

"My feather tips are a means
to arouse or create
a feeling of awe:
an emotional lubricate."

"There's liquidity of softness
in the tendrils of a plume
that tantalizes one's soul
and will burn to consume."

"By teasing I can sense
you're drenching in heat
lift your tail up a bit
we'll deplume from your seat."

"And to appreciate nature anew
I'll court my feathers gently
like the delicacy of a new friend
I'll brush her deferentially."

"Electric conductivity
your body to carress
elaborate sensitivity
such beauty to possess."

"Like a symphonic concerto
or songbird warbling away
with frenulum distended
makes sweetest chords to play."

"I'm glad you're so desirous
to share these passions with me
like birds of a feather we'll fly
to new heights effortlessly."

"Now imagine us young fledglings
and spread your bare limbs wide

we'll lose our fear of flight
as we ease in throttle glide."

"Like ice skating enraptures
stroking in smooth fluent flow
feeling gone with the wind
and swept out of control."

"We'll venture as high a kite
and never leave the ground
we'll swim in seas of sibilants
and sail the sweetest sound."

"We'll rise and dive in waves
through oceanic sky
and shimmer to a glistening glow
like frenzied sun so high."

"We'll fly fantasies' flights
and flourish in our love
that feathers have such faculty
from providence above."

"Or race along the beach
while burning fuel to beat
passion's compulsive acts
or threshold lost to heat."

"And sea gulls on the shore
will gaze or gawk at us
as we glut into a flooding tide
resurging waves that thrust."

"We're riding rushing waves
in a cataclysmic sea
we're crying ecstatic calls
like creatures wild and free."

"Jonathon Livingstone Seagull
like gracility was meant to be
with wings so lightly potent
as miracles from the sea."

"And so algae may have its slime
and lust may have its dirt
but there's everything natural about
the need to seduce and flirt."

"And you feel so wonderful
and like feathers we are free
deriving pleasure from simple things
makes the child in all healthy."

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

- 1 -

Date of transcription 5/31/90

Attached are transcripts of tape recordings received at the Washington Post Newspaper in Washington, D.C., which threaten the life of Executive Editor The tapes were received on May 23, 1990, by a reporter for the Washington Post.

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Investigation on 5/23/90 at Washington, D.C. File # 9A-WF-168077-2
by SA JMM:lrh Date dictated 5/30/90

9A-WF-168077

Tape #1

MM:mtb

Unknown Subject (UNSUB)

The following is a transcript of a telephone call threat on the life of the Executive Editor of the Washington Post Newspaper by an unknown male subject.

UNSUB: Dear [REDACTED] May 6th, Sunday afternoon. I'm not feeling very good today. I have no idea what you think of me. Whether you listen to my tape cassettes. Whether you get 'em, that you do with 'em, whether you pass them on like I asked you to, I'm feeling very discontent, helpless, powerless. Last weekend I was in a (UI) County Psychiatric Ward for four days because uh, on Thursday I was gonna rob a veterinary clinic for some uh, euthanasia solution. So I went and hung around a veterinary clinic. First I went into a McDonald's and then I uh, had a hamburger, coke, and I took the uh, coke paper cup, twisted it up so it was uh, like a stick, tried to form it, form it to look like a gun, not to look like a gun, but have the structure of a gun, and I put it inside of a Burger King bag. I walked into the uh, veterinary clinic. I asked the receptionist if I could speak to a, a veterinarian. She told me they wasn't in. And since I didn't think she had access to the pharmaceuticals, I said I'd come back. And then as I was walking away, I started thinking maybe she did have access or one of the aides did, so I was gonna go back and rob her. But there was too much traffic going in and out of the veterinary clinic, people taking in their pets and picking up their pets, too many people stopping off the bus, waiting for the bus to get on. I hung around the uh, veterinary clinic for about an hour and a half, losing my will, 'cause I'm not a common criminal, I don't hold people up. Finally I gave up on the idea, because I wasn't feeling very good, I went to leave off a bunch of papers that I had originally passed out at your place, I mean, the Washington Post. And I told, I put a note on the, actually I gave it to set to the Minneapolis Tribune, Star and Tribune telling 'em why I killed myself, 'cause that's what I expected to do. But then I annotated the end of the letter saying that I went to the psychiatrist. I told the psychiatrist what I was gonna do. He put me in the ward for the weekend. I was let out on Monday, 'cause they didn't think I belonged there. I'm supposed to see a psychologist tomorrow, outpatient clinic. Last night I didn't feel well. I'm felt depressed and obsessed with killing people. I keep thinking about killing Ben Bradley. This is not a threat. I'm just telling you

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what I think about. I have fantasies of murdering everybody that works at the Washington Post, 'cause I hate you people, 'cause I think you people are cruel. I don't wanta get well. And I hate being discontent. I don't wanta give life another opportunity. I don't know what you think. I wonder if you scoff at my communications. I wonder if you take pleasure in seeing me suffer, like aristocrats. I wonder if you hate me, or hate my ideas. I was gonna call you up and ask you what you did with the descent, but I was afraid you were gonna hang up on me or say something nasty. So I didn't. (long pause) I can't concentrate. Yesterday I was reading a book on telecommunications for library management and I couldn't concentrate on it, 'cause I keep thinking about my own discontentment, my anger. I started a book by uh, uh, old black (UI) Oscar Wilde. I mean, the name of the book Dorian Gray, the picture Dorian Gray and I didn't finish it, 'cause I couldn't, I can't escape, I can't escape into a book. I smoked a whole pack of cigarettes yesterday, and I've only been smoking for two weeks. Makes me feel like shit. And I do it, 'cause I'm so impulsive. Every day I tell myself I'm not gonna smoke, I smoke. I have no money, or little money and I spend it on alcohol. I don't get drunk but I have enough to make me feel like I've had some. I'm afraid to buy a pint because I'm afraid I'll drink the whole thing at one time. (long pause) It's a nice day outside today, except it's a little windy. (pause) I was diagnosed as not being able to work 'cause I'm uh, I'm not adjusted, I'm depressed, I have suicidal ideational psychosis. (pause) I called the Washington Post yesterday and asked for the newsroom last night, 'cause I wanted to leave a message for Bradley, telling him that I thought your editorial staff was composed of a bunch of cruel cowards. (pause) I left the letter to the editor of the Star and Tribune yesterday, telling him I wanted to deal with, them to deal with three issues. White female social supremacy, reverse racism and (UI) young men. I have no faith whatsoever that they're gonna do anything about it. I expect them to ignore, ignore me like they, like you people ignored me. (pause) I envy blonde women, because they get a lot of attention and I don't any attention. All my life I've felt desperate, desperate. (he's crying) But I know something, I know I can affect you, I know you're not immune, you're not immune to the way I feel. You're sensitive, like everybody is. You were created with a capacity to empa...empathize, sympathize. That's one of uh, evolutions devices. I hate being bothered, but thinking about the same (UI), I hate people ignoring me. (very long pause) The reason I uh, keep sending you cassettes is because I don't know of a better way to have any influence and what I might be doing is totally futile, because I

don't know what you're doing. I feel like an outsider that has no influence. (banging noise) I want you to help me. My anger and frustration is hurting myself. I'm hurting myself, I have so much anger and frustration locked up inside of me. It bothers me when I look at a People Magazine and it says uh, fifty, fifty-one beautiful people in the world and I look through it and like every goddamn magazine, it's about people or about uh, movie stars. There's six times as many blonde women in there as there are blond men. And it's sexist, for our society make it so easy for blonde women to become actresses and movie stars and whatever and not give the same opportunity to blond men. For a long time, Hollywood has promoted blonde women at an enormously fate than they have blond men. Who do they have in this magazine? Same old fucking Robert Redford they've had in there for how many goddamn decades. And some priest. And you can look, you can look at any uh, photo album of Hollywood movie stars you wanta read it, you know, in the past, there was a helluva lot more blonde women in those, they were movie stars and they blond men. Until recently there was only Redford. I sent a lotta letters to uh, magazines that criticize movies. Talking about (UI) they were more blonds in movies. I don't know if I had any influence or not, but most of the male movie stars are brunette. They had to go to Crocodile Dundee, or whatever the hell his name is, came along, but anyhow they didn't have very many blond movie starts, then they started having Southern women, I don't know who else, I don't keep track, but, you know, it's not fair. Blond is a sexist issue to me. (banging) And I've talked to other blonde women in Minneapolis and they feel like there's a prejudice against blondes. It's not just me. Why doesn't the press deal with it? (pause) You know, I, I'll tell you this issue. I'm tired of being bothered by him. I'm tired of being angry. I don't like to be this way. (pause) I don't wanta be somebody like Gloria Steiner, angry at the world, angry at the opposite sex. (sounds like an airplane going overhead) You know. I don't wanta deal with these issues any more. At the same time, I don't want 'em to be ignored. If I just let it go then the newspaper wins. All the fucking trouble I went through to try to win. The newspaper wins. I don't just give you more motivation, they ignore somebody else that comes along and takes up the same issued, 'cause you beat me. And if you can beat me, you can beat a lotta people. I don't want you to have that opportunity. I don't want your newspaper to have that opportunity, you don't deserve it. I don't want you to win, not without paying a price. I want your newspaper to pay some pri...price. (another airplane going overhead) I'm stuck in a dilemma and I can't do anything. (takes a deep breath) (pause) Uh, are you

gonna ignore me? (pause) Are you gonna ignore me like so many people have? It wouldn't surprise me. I don't wanta be locked up in a psychiatric hospital. (pause) It's no fun at all, 'cause people are bad off. Why has it been so hard for me? (sighs) Why, why has Ben Bradley continues, continued, why has Bradley continually ignored me? Why hasn't he done anything to give my points of view across. Doesn't he feel that he's ultimately responsible for ethical behavior of people underneath him? This is a nightmare to me. It is. I have no idea what kinda politics is going on. I have no idea who in your organization would step on me if they had the opportunity...I'm talking about my ideas. [redacted] the reason I communicate with you is because I know you're independent. Your soul's not bought. I know you'll do what you wanta do. And I also know you're one of the most influential females writers in the Washington Post. I know you could be a powerful ally if you wanted to. Why do you people keep him on then? Now you coulda called me up any time you wanted to. You coulda got my telephone number, you coulda gotten my full address if you wanted it. Anybody, anybody that works in the (UI) they can cut out. But you don't. But you knew I'd get on his ass. And I wish I did make sense. I'm sick, I know I'm sick. I am gonna go see the psychologist tomorrow. I'm gonna ask for a prescription. I'm gonna ask for uh, drug treatment, but my problems are not gonna go away, not as long as the press ignores me. It'll always bother me. (pause) I don't wanta keep trying to embarrass the Washington Post. I don't know what to do. I want somebody to help me. (pause) It's not a funny joke. It's a sad story. And I hate it. I hate being where I am because there's nowhere I really wanta go. I feel defeated. I know (UI) wanted to. You can damage me. You can make me out to be notorious, if you people kept my papers, you have a lot of information about me. I'm a product of this society. That means something, that means in some way how I feel, how I think has to do with how I interact with society. Society at large, no matter what is meant by that term, even if it's only an abstraction, is somewhat responsible for who I am, how I feel, how I behave. I'm not an island, not to myself, I did not create myself. I would think your newspaper would feel somewhat responsible for analyzing the situation and taking some kind of responsible measure. What the hell is going on? What the hell's going on over there? I don't know how to end this conversation because I never planned it. I don't have any fantastic closing. (pause) I don't have a so long. I know it's getting old. So you have the capacity to not care. So maybe by your capacity you haven't mentioned...maybe that's the skill. Maybe it's survival. I don't know. I don't know anymore. I don't

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know. I don't know how to shape my life. I don't know
how to shape my style. I don't know how to close myself
off. I don't know how to stop being who I am. But I
don't like what I am. I don't like being mal-adjusted.
(music comes on)

9A-WF-168077
Tape #2
MM:mtb

The following is a telephone call threat on the life of the Executive Editor of the Washington Post Newspaper by an unknown subject.

Unknown Subject (UNSUB)

UNSUB: Dear [REDACTED] I'm sorry that I'm sending you another tape. Uhm, I really meant to send only two, uh, however, this morning, and Sunday morning as I sat outside in front of the house, watching people go to church, I had a, a sort of a uh, need, a need to amuse myself, so I am, I thought about uh sending one more message and I guess the reason I'm still using you as an avenue is because you haven't given me a fuckoff yet. Uhm, you know I don't like to abuse uh, people, people's privacy and I don't like to uh, take advantage of social avenues, but uh, I don't know, I'm just uh, I'm doing it again. What can I say? So anyway, uh, we finally got Spring here in Minnesota. It's been a nice weekend and uh, uh, I thought it was kinda of interesting how I uh, delineated that the uh, the meaning of angel meant messenger. I often like to study etymology and I like to tell people about it, 'cause it, to me it's fun, and word study is fun. But uh, musing on that I, I started thinking about uhm, not just angels but archangels and I spent a little time at the library this week (giggles) trying to get a little bit more information about the archangels and the mythology of uh, what went on as far as uh, Western mythology in uh, a great war or whatever that happens supposedly in heaven and I wanted to uh, amuse myself my sharing with uh, Mr. Ben Bradley and his co-horts a question of why uh, the Washington Post being the great political newspaper that is to say, doing all the political analysis of all the events uh, that affect Washington, D.C., uh, why has not there been a political analysis on, on the, the uh, events, the mythological events that have taken place uh, that uh, affect how people view reality in regards to the, the dieties, or dieties that uh, diety that uh, uh, has supposedly control over people and events. What I'm asking is, according to the mythology, uh, religious mythology of Christianity, which is the predominant religion in this country, uhm, there's a a attitude supposedly shared by the uh, scriptural verses that uhm, God is powerful. Not only is he powerful, he's the, he's the almighty creator, he has ultimate power, He's what we would call omnipotent. This being a fact as far as the statement and attitude of religion uh, that power's been addressed and uh, realized certainly

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there can be a political analysis done on such an scenario because any time you talking about power, you're talking about uh, you have the right to do a political analysis. So uh, why isn't there any...ever been done a political analysis on the events that took place before Lucifer was kicked out of, out of heaven, supposedly kicked out of heaven and what significance does that have uh, to do with people's belief systems uh, here on earth? I mean, why not a political analysis of the events that took place in heaven with the arch-angels? The archangels obviously were the principal or arch angels, they were the commanders if you look at it like a hierarchy, they were the uh, chief angels right underneath the Master and uh, as I stated earlier angels generally are messengers, which you can interpret as the perfect organizational man, someone that is the managers being the communicators up and down the chain of command. But there were, there was at least one archangels that uh, had a will of his own, uh, as being known as Lucifer and uh, what we, what we were told was uh, this archangel uh, committed a wrong and was ostracized from the uh, the society up there. And uh, but I think we need to take a little further look at just what might else have happened. What other explanation can we give, can we think about as a possibility in a political sense of what might have happened. I'm only doing this, Mr. Bradley, for two reasons. Number one, I'm amusing myself, and secondly, you're the guy looking for the holy shit story. According to the Washingtonian Magazine a couple weeks ago, or a couple years ago. And uh, so we have to ask ourself what in fact, what in fact was Lucifer's crime? He didn't kill anybody. He didn't commit a crime on quote, unquote, a common criminal crime, rather a political crime...insurrection or rebelliousness. Uh, and then ostracized and as many of us think, put in a prison system. Uhm, (UI) there's probably different interpretations of what happened, but his crime was more or less a political one, office politics if you want, whatever you wanta call it. And if we do a political analysis of the situation, what we're talking about is a non-democratic situation, that is to say, uh, you don't get to vote in your, your, your leader, according to the Bible, you don't get to vote in your leader. You're dealing with an autocracy, you either take it or you suffer the consequences. Even if it's a benign autocracy, it is still autocracy, it is not a democracy, you don't get to vote in your God in heaven. Secondly, according to what happened, what happens is if you don't believe in that government, you're put in a prison system, called Hell or Hades. Now I'm just talking about it as in mythology. I don't really believe it as reality. But I think somewhere along the line, it might not be such a bad idea to do a political

analysis on what Americans mean, believe uh, as a form of govern...governance they want in uh, in eter...for eternity. Because if all you Washingtonians are uh, criticizing Russia or the old Russia for uh, imprisoning uh, uh, people that speak out against a government here on earth, and we're always doing a...I don't know how many upteen political analysis of Russia on planet earth, then why, why there not be the real equality and say hey, what about political analysis of the mythology that people about heaven and their God? Yeah, I know. I wouldn't do it either, Mr. Bradley. I wouldn't, I wouldn't publish an article like that, 'cause you'd have all hell broke loose right here in, right in USA. You know, 'cause I remember back not long ago when that movie came out about Jesus Christ and there was a lotta people set dead against it because it portrays Jesus as being more of a man and less of a diety than people wanted to believe in. And the articles that came out in the Post, if I remember correctly, were more or less uh, sort of uh, what we call apologetic for the movie. In other words, you were again uh, as so often is the case, uh, taking issue with the rightist because there were no real leftists, uh, intellectuals that had any counter arguments. I mean, a lot of people unconsciously or consciously believe and if you think about the characteristics, even if it's delusional, if you think about the characteristic (UI) pacificism, doesn't wanta fight back uh, delusions of grandeur and uh, and persecution which we would attribute to the schizophrenia or something like that, uh, there more or less unmanly characteristics often it seems that uh, in some ways it seems that for the psychological portray in the scriptures, whether they're true or not or whether my interpretation is correct is not, Jesus was the ultimate conformist, leading his sheep to the slaughter, whatever you wanta call it, too often the, the uh, symboly is one of being a sheep, following the flock. And even Christians are consciously feel uncomfotable about that type of psychological uh, uh, hum, psychological health or unhealth, whatever you wanta call it, so they wanta believe that he was a man, that he was masculine, that he has manly thoughts, so it isn't, it isn't that hard for a lotta Christians to believe in the movie, 'cause they wanta believe that Jesus was a fighter, he was a thinker, he was a rebel. You know, you can interpret, you can interpret what really happened, I mean, you, you know, there probably was a Jesus.. I don't know. I'm a naturalist, I believe in evolution. But maybe Jesus was a lot different than people portray him. Maybe he was a radical or rebel or took on the political structure at the time, uh, and uh, the psychological attributes were completely changed as he became a diety through uh, religions. I

mean, if you think about it, what were, what were the characteristic of, the characteristics of uh, of uh, Lucifer? Now if you look at the word Lucifer, the word Luci, plus fera, which means carrying light, he was, he was, he was a very, very bright angel or archangel or whatever. You know. (UI) these characteristics of Lucifer, the devil, whatever you wanta call him besides deceitfulness which we all more or less define as one of his attributes or pride, he was a, he had a lotta pride, he was rebellious and he was independent. He was an independent thinker. Well, we all...we in America in this great democracy where we like to believe in uh, conflicting paradoxical things also like to believe that the American hero has uh, those characteristics, uh, not deceitfulness, but rebelliousness, uh, independence of thinking uh, uh, pride. In some ways we believe in those attributes, not to the total because uh, for the healthy personality to exist, you have to have a combination of uniformity, plus independence of thinking, and you have to have pride, but you also have the deference. You have to have, you have to have moderation in all things or most things. And also Lucifer, the devil or whatever, was the great, he was often he's portrayed as uh, having hoofs and uh, horns...comes across like the Greek mythology Pan, the great saytr, sader, saytr, I don't know how to say it. Um, the uh, creature that enjoyed sensual uh, experiences and often sexual orgies and uh, events related to uh, sensualism and sexuality. And uhm, (UI) the...a lotta of religious rigidities uh condemn uhm, sexual and sensual delight. It was wrong and alienates people from their own sense of enjoyment. Uh, one of the very few times that I've watched TV in the last couple of months, I happened to be in somebody's room that was uh, listening to a debate about whether drugs should be legalized. Uh, William Buckley versus one of the great writers, what the actual legal situation should be in regards to uh, drug abuse today. And I found, I found it very amusing, Mr. Bradley, because my personal believe is that people have to get high in some way. They have to reach a state of uh, mania, delirium, excitements. There's a natural propensity to get high, in fact, uh, it was about a year ago, two years ago, it was about a year go, I remember reading in a Sunday paper of your, the Washington Post, an article from the psychoformilological perspective of the experiences that were done on animals, more or less giving uh the conclusion that uh, given the opportunity, animals of different species will in fact indulge in getting high, whether in fact it is eh, healthy for their uhm, their organism at the time and there were experiments done on all kinds of species, bees, elephants, whatever. And the conclusion was that all animals have a tendency to get high. I

tend to believe that. I tend to believe that people need a way of getting high and there are different avenues to take, but our culture often frustrates the healthy ways of getting high, limiting the number of getting of high to ways that are involved in taking drugs. So what we really need in this culture is not a fucking debate on uh, whether we should legalized drugs, but whether we should allow people to feel good about getting high in natural ways. For example, one way of getting high is uh, by using your intelligence. You know, I believe that intelligence, you know, the ability to be intelligent, the ability to indulge in studying, engaging one's brain, is in fact, a form of uh, getting high. You know, it sorta, it's sorta like the genius who does what he does because he has to, rather than because he has a talent that people want him to practice, you know. There are methodologies reading methodologies if people can learn to increase their capacity to engage in getting high on their intelligence, getting high on study, this culture doesn't uh, it doesn't uh, it doesn't support this activity, because there's too many wrong attitudes in our culture that frustrates thinking, independent thinking, rather than uh, supports it. The people are afraid of independent thinking. Let me just, let me just throw a couple attitudes at you. Today when people think of uh, uh, discipline, you know, some attributed that they need to study, they, they think of uh, it, it being a syn...syn...synonym of will-power. Discipline doesn't have jack shit to do with will-power. If you look at the word discipline, it comes from the idea of a disciple, it comes from the same meaning as discernment. I assume you're looking at your dictionary right now. The idea had to do with see into, it had to do with enlightenment, being able to discern and had jack shit to do with uh, will-power. Today when people think of discipline, they think of a, a fucking straightjacket, gonna force themselves to do something, it's a wrong attitr...attitude that people have in our society. Let's inspect the work uh, study. If you look at uh, the old Latin meaning of the word, study, stodera...what did it mean? Did he mean uh, something you forced yourself to do? No, it meant excitement, zealousness, getting high, but people don't think of the word study like that today. People don't equate getting high on their fucking intelligence, because there's too many frustrations (UI) that go on. And one of 'em is speed reading. People are given too much to read and not enough time to do it. It frustrates the thinking processes. Also, I'm gonna, I'm gonna give you a, a, a little uh, scenario here. Imagine if teachers in our culture really uh, supported intellectual endeavor in the sense of I could go into a classroom and I could ask as many questions as I felt

necessary to really understand what I'm trying to learn, and I, I, I learn this attribute of asking questions and getting information that was viable so I really understood things, and then you put me out in the work situation, and I walk into a work situation, and I start asking all these questions about my job, and how it relates to all these other jobs and you know, asking questions about decisions that are being made above me, hey, you wanta talk about pandemonium, you wanta talk about upsetting the fucking culture, you'll be kicked outa that organization so goddamn fast, you won't now what, which way your head's turning, because most jobs in our culture don't want people that ask a lotta questions. They don't really want people that understand a lot. They just want people to do their job, just shut their fucking mouth and do their job, even if it's not explained well. I'm sorry if you disagree with me, man, but it's true. People want angels, they don't want archangels in our culture. The job situation doesn't support that. Imagine if we had kids that went around asking questions, you know, you know the first organizations you'd upset in this country, the institutions of learning. There is so much dead weight so much conformity, so much uh, non-serious thinking going on and institutions of higher learning, you'd have major havoc, particularly with the social sciences. Another way of getting high is by getting horny, by feeling lust and I've already brought this issue up, that lust is supposed to be...supposedly a feeling, I mean, if you ask any normal person whether in fact they have any feelings when they get horny, I'm sure you'll get a definitive of yes, most of the time, and yet the social sciences don't discuss lust as a feeling. Try taking on that issue. I mean, isn't that more or less a querlary to the rebelliousness that you encountered with that Jesus movie? See how much uh, how easily you can upset people that don't wanta believe it's a healthy feeling. I mean, there area ton of sexual issues that are not addressed in this society. You know. How can people feel good about themselves if they're alienated from their own animalistic instincts because many people in our society don't wanta admit to themselves that they're animals. They don't wanta see themselves of the...how much animality is involved in their sense of well-being, that they, they feel the need to uh, hum, deny that about themselves, and yet leave a feeling that whether the feeling of wanting to have sexual pleasure is always there, the animal reality if always there. And yet they can't feel good about it, because they haven't come to terms with it. You know, I mean, get any opportunity, would you like to drink, would you like to engage in sexuality? I mean, there is no question what I would wanta do. I

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love sex. I worship sex. Women's bodies. I love women's bodies. I do. I adore them. I get high when I think about sex. It's a state of delirium, a state of mania, and I never programmed myself to be like that. Evolution did. And I have to deal with it. I have to deal with that sociobiological programmer, you know, the feeling of lust, and yet I live in a society that doesn't appreciate it, that doesn't accept it. Oh, you say uh, that uh, you just gotta deal with the right people. Bullshit, man. It's still looked down upon. And it's not a healthy act, there's not a healthy feeling about the fact that man often are looking for one thing to get laid, it's true, but why can't there be a tolerance about it. I mean, the feminist movement, as far as I'm concerned, has never taught women to have a sense of tolerance about the way men really are. Rather there's an intolerance, there's a, there's a hatred of men, you know. I mean, so what if that's what I like to, that's the way I am. Why can't I be accepted on my animalistic, as an animal, as well as a human. I don't like, you know, that, the humanism that doesn't, that denies my animality, you know. Why should I be treated like dirt because I happen to have sexual needs that seem imminent to me, that I wanta meet. I can't go out in society and talk about my feelings, because society doesn't even recognize my lust as a feeling. And why can't I talk about my issues? You know, we've, we've talked about feminist issues for a long time. I'm not just saying that men are like that, but uh, men are more promiscuous than women are. That I believe, whether it's a fact or not. (clears throat) And why can't I feel good about walking up to a brown and telling her what I really wanta do, you know, tell her, God, I love you, I love the way you look. I can't because there's no way you can predict what women are gonna, how women are gonna react, they have been give in, they have been given the opportunity to react in any fucking way they want. They could take any arbitrary fucking way they want and they consider their, their feelings right. But their, in fact, their reaction to my needs of me pursuing to my needs, my, my feelings are secondary. Theirs are primary. You know. (pause) I mean, I hate just as much as anybody else being a sexual creature, you know, in this society. I mean, it's probably a lot fucking easier to be an eunuch, you know. Just outa curiosity, I mean all of the, all the books about sexuality, you know, why isn't anybody talking about sexual frustration? You know. Uh, not getting their sexual needs in that, why isn't anybody talking openly about that? Why isn't that an issue? I think it's an issue, man. It's an issue for me, man, I tell how much sexual frustration I've had in my life, you know. I mean, sex is the essence of life. In any, almost any way you wanta look at it, it is. I

mean, you're born because of sexual behavior. You're born into this world. You're programmed, whether, most people are, whether they want it or not, to uh, pursue sexual indulgence, so that procreation can take place. It's not their choice. I never chose to have hormones. You know. And yet I'm condemned for it. And I'm supposed to be happy, you know, I mean, women aren't honest. You know, all, I'm still playing fucking games. I mean, to me that's what it is, it's like I can't be honest, and what really, really pisses me off is uh, white males are, are blamed for every, seemingly every fucking uh, downfall, every bad thing about our society, the white male gets blamed for it. I mean, there's a book on, I don't remember who it's by, I left all my books down in Norfolk, 'cause I ran outa money, except my dictionary collection, but there's a book about uh, uh, whites versus blacks. I don't remember who it's by, I think it's Kaufman, two different cultures on conflict or something and this guy's, this white socialistic is interviewing all these blacks about their attitudes and it clearly states that black males uh, they blame uh, the sexual rigidity in our society on white males trying to control women, you know, that in fact uh, the white, black males are the good guys because they have less rigid attitudes about sexual behavior, you know. And feminists did it. Blacks did it, almost every minority, man, wants to have a fucking a complaint, eyes the white males he blames. Hey, I didn't fucking invent uh, sexual rigidity. Condemning attitudes. White males as even if you think of it as an institution then, males are just, are promiscuous. I mean, when, when religions lost its grip on uh, controlling sexual behavior, feminists took over and they started condemning uh, sexual be... promiscuity. Women did. And yet uh, the black males, they go around like uh, they're the good guys and the white, the white guys are the bad guys. I mean, you can read so much bullshit in black studies books about how fucking uh, uh, you know, how righteous the blacks' attitudes are. You know, about uh, uh, their psychological uh, differences and attitudes in uh, in uh, our culture, you know. You know and what, and what I find is so interesting, you know, you know, being white is a, you know, I'm supposed to have this attitude about I wanta walk around heaven with a fucking white garments on, you know, like some blond angel. You know, my attitude about heaven is...I mean, nobody's ever, ever convinced there's anything interesting, any reason to wanta go heaven. I mean, at most it seems to be nothing more than an eternal uh, old folks home. And what do they do, just sit around and sing songs and meet God and Jesus over and over again. What do they do? I mean, what, what kind of excitement do they do? It's a bland place to me, you

know. It doesn't turn me on. And then the bad, the angel of darkness, you know, the stereo type of black, at least, at least uh, that, that uh, guy, deviant or whatever gets to indulge fun, you know, anarchy, you know. But I gotta play the fucking angel because I'm a blond, you know, isn't that a joke. You know, there's no, there's no uh, nobody sees me as, as uh, uh, the devil. No, the uh, dark one. No, because I'm a blond, you know. I'm predicable. I'm understood. You know. Isn't that a fucking joke? I mean, man, you know, what would it, what would it be like to have fucking blood, man, you know. No, 'cause you, you don't fucking understand, man, I'm a man, I'm just as much animal as a black man is. But our fucking society don't see it that way. And that pisses me off. Well, now you understand, you understand about how I don't fit in and why I don't fit in. You see, our society in the conformity, and so I'm gonna be, I'm obviously deviant. People say I think too much, you know. And the truth is, I probably feel too much, you know. But I've been very frustrated, you know, and it's like I'm still alive. That's always, that's always weird, you know, I'm, I'm thirty-five almost, you know, I don't, you know, I feel like what I should've accomplished I shoulda done already as far as my social life, and I had a rotten social life. Oh, people like me. But uh, you know, society hasn't acknowledged my needs, people don't give a rat's ass about my needs, you know. I'm smoking my first pack of cigarettes I had in about twelve years. I've been under a lot of stress. That's sad, man. I'm...I got a degree in [redacted] Can you believe that? I can't teach because I swear. The principal doesn't like that. I don't fit in the librarian ship either. Oh, I do. I'd make a good librarian, but I'm loud, 'cause I'm emphatic when I (UI) thinking about it, you know, (UI)...fuck. Temperamental. I hate wearing ties, man. I'm an artist. An artist don't make any money, you know. I can't even get a fucking interview as a writer because I don't have an English background. I don't have...or a journalist background...I don't have professional experience as a writer and I'm a better writer than most people are. You know. I can't plan my life because I wanta take my life and yet I went through all those analagies and I decided the only way I could do it that was fair to my family was to do it (UI) was to do it in a peaceful effective and non-messy way and that means to do it with uh, prescribed drugs. Which means I'm gonna have to rob a place or lie to a psychiatrist. And I can't get, I can't get the will to, to start the initial life. You know. To me, to me doing that is an act of compassion. But it, you know, the suicide virus comes and goes, you know, and I can't plan my fucking life because uh, because I don't know

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what my goals are any more. And to me life is a conspiracy, you know. It's a conspiracy against me. Yeah, I should go see a shrink, right? Sure. What good is that gonna do? (UI) more files, people take more notes, no. Therapists like me because I'm articulate, I'm interesting, they wanta keep me on, it fills up their day, gives them a paycheck. You know. What does it do for me? You know, fucking hundred files on me. It's probably too late. You know. I don't even like life. I don't like being a ledger, and that's what I am, I'm a fucking ledger. I hate it. I hate it because it's so sexually frustrating in this society. You know. You know, people treat me like I'm a fucking (UI). (pause) I'm not asking for your sympathy. I don't need that. You know. I just don't think you're being honest. I don't think you're being honest to anybody, I don't think you're being honest to yourself. People say (UI) very important. Bullshit, they're not important. Every goddamn issue I've brought up, Bradley has to do with self-esteem. You know. All you fucking minorities, you wanta condemn white males for the bunch of bastards we are. But you don't give a jack shit about our self-esteem, you know. I...I find it so goddamn interesting and I'll go in a bar, you know, and uh, there'll be mostly white or something, and you know, a black man'll go in the same fucking bar and it's easier for a black man to get fucking laid by a white woman than it is for me. That hurts my self-esteem. It hurts it because blacks don't play fair. You know, they make up all these bullshit reasons about how they're up and right about their attitudes and the fucking issue, Bradley, whether you wanta fucking admit it or not, it's competition for white women. Every time blacks move into a group, organization, the first goddamn that happens is that a black male starts competing for white women. You know, and I'm the bad guy 'cause I don't like it. Why, why should I like it, man, maybe there's a, a biological impairment that says I shouldn't like it 'cause racists are more interested in whites...white women than they are in, in say black women. I...I...I'm not saying that's a fact, I'm just saying that's what I probably might be a fact. Why should they get a moral point for that? Because they're interested in black women and white women, and at the same time, I'm being condemned because I'm a racist because I'm not as interested in black women as black men are interested in white women. So I'm the fucking racist. And they can write in the fucking Washington Post that they're the good guys. Come on, say it, you know. Fuck you, Washington Post. I mean, there's no way off stopping reality, biological reality or whatever, but you know, it really pisses me off, man, when a black man laughs in my face because he's got a beautiful chick and I'm single by myself. You know.

It's a form of defiance. It's a form of hatred. And don't tell me it doesn't happen. I mean uh, you people that work for the newspaper, I don't care if it's the Post or whatever, you people, man, you're the ones that start these issues, you know, uh, reporting on such and such. You're the people that uh, report on racism, sexism, well, finish the goddamn job. It's your responsibility. You know, you wanta take one side of the issue and you don't wanta deal with the other side. I mean, you know, (pause)...stop being hypocrites about it. I mean, uh, there was at one time a lie and Federal Communications Commission as supposedly written, that said you were supposed to air both sides an issue if you wanted to report, you wanted to do one issue on one side, don't you, don't you feel that fucking responsibility? I mean, as far as I'm concerned, you know, the, the, the fucking woman's movement is not over with yet because you haven't heard the other fucking side. Or you've given it late, uh, you haven't give it serious consideration. You haven't give me my fucking quality. You know, I don't know how many word...uh, articles you did from the woman's perspective, you know, and all the time, (UI) and you kept cutting man down, cutting men down, treating us like shit, belittling us, putting us down to put yourselves up. Putting the white male down. I mean, even when I was in Washington, D.C., I could feel the hostility in [redacted], just walking down the goddamn street. The hostility that women taught women about men. The hatred. The hatred that was being taught through attitudes about men. I could feel it in Washington, D.C. And one of the fucking ways women showed their hatred of men is they fucking dated blacks, well, maybe only a few, but it was a form of rejection of whites, because that's what the fucking minority movements are about, rejection of white males. And I was put into a fucking pigeon in pigeon hall category, like I as a white male, was the same as every other fucking white male, you know. I mean, how many people have the attitude now, here is a unique individual who has a unique mind. I'm not treated like that most of the time. I certainly wasn't treated like that when I moved to Washington, D.C. in 1983. I was just another fucking white male and all you minorities always complaining about you're not being treated as an individual, you're being treated as a stereo type, a racist stereo type. Well, fuck, I am tired of being treated as a racist stereo type myself. I would like people to think that just fucking maybe I've got an independent mind, an independent unique person, that I'm, I'm at least worth the time to explore and find out who I am and what I'm about. But no, that's not the way it was, and it's not the way it is. Because even if there isn't as much talk about uh, men as the

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bad guys, there's still the unconscious and conscious attitudes that women will write about their belittling attitudes about males, their intolerance in males, that we were, we were secondclass, that we were...I, I...I felt like I was being treated like a secondclass citizen in a social way, maybe not a political way, maybe not an economical way, but I was talked about as a secondclass citizen in a social way. No, I had to live up to some stupid uh, stereo type that people had about what the average white male was about, or the nerd coat, or the nerd suit, the nerd glasses, the nerd haircut, and what really pisses me off, yeah, I'm angry. Obviously I'm fucking angry...is that the same minorities who constantly complained about our economic system, about the injustices of our economic system, were the same goddamn minorities that wanted every fucking advantage that it had to offer and yet they condemned it at the same time. They didn't want to build it, they wanted to cut it down, they wanted to cut who they thought built it up down, white males. And yet they wanted every fucking advantage it had to offer. So you know, I was thinking, you know, if, if, if, if, if, all you family-oriented people that the Washington Post think it's only fair that uh, they have uh, uh, support for taking care of children, you know, the corporation should support a child-care so mother's can work. Why I think it's a cruel area for a single males. You know, make it fair all across the board. Why don't you have a corporation, why don't you suggest to 'em, just suggest that corporations should pay for uh, uh massage parlors, uh, you know, for people who uh, need massages, sexual massages, that kind of thing, you know, so they don't have to treat women like sex subjects in the work place, because they don't have any outlets, you know, they can go to a corporation-paid massage service and they can get their sexual needs met and then they go back to work uh, after lunch and take care of their job. And what do I get out of child-care for uh, for corporations? You know, why, why should uh, families have that? Why should corporations support that for family? Why not my needs? You know. You know, so, so that males, I mean, uh, single people feel like there's...there's a (UI) for them, that you know, it's not gonna cost much more...taking care of kids all day or giving a massage service for a half hour. (drinking something) You know, just throw it out and see how it goes. Give somebody something to laugh about, you know. (sighs) (pause) Humm. As they say, Mr. Bradley, jokers wild.

[IT SOUNDS LIKE A TEACHER CONDUCTING A LESSON. DO YOU WISH THIS TRANSCRIBED TOO?] mmb

9A-WMFO-168077
MBN/bjm

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The following investigation was conducted by Special Agent (SA) [redacted] at Minneapolis, Minnesota:

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The Minnesota Division of Motor Vehicles (DMV) furnished records indicating [redacted] date of birth [redacted] Minnesota Driver's License Number [redacted]

Local criminal checks concerning [redacted] indicate [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] By letter dated June 23, 1990, the writing Agent received a packet of material from [redacted]. Two letters are being retained. One is to [redacted] FBI, Minneapolis, Minnesota, dated June 22, 1990, which rambled on about [redacted] beliefs and feelings towards the Washington Post, signed [redacted]. The other letter being retained in the 1A section of this file is to BENJAMIN BRADLEY, Executive Editor, Washington Post, typed in from [redacted] dated June 15, 1990. The letter rambles on, however, apologized for [redacted] threats, and stating he would not hurt anyone.

GA-WF-168077 3

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date of transcription 7/2/90

On June 15, 1990, [redacted] furnished the following information:

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[redacted] advised he sent four cassette tapes into the Washington Post newspaper to [redacted] (phonetic). [redacted] sent the tapes in about two months ago and was sending about one a week. [redacted] asked the Washington Post to print some articles concerning the way white women treat men and the Post ignored him. [redacted] would not kill anyone, however, became frustrated with no response and made the threatening statements to get attention.

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

The following description of [redacted] was obtained through observation and interview:

Investigation on 6/15/90 at Minneapolis, Minnesota File # 9A-WMFO-168077-14
by SA [redacted] pjm Date dictated 6/19/90

FBI

24

TRANSMIT VIA:

- Teletype
- Facsimile
- AIRTEL

PRECEDENCE:

- Immediate
- Priority
- Routine

CLASSIFICATION:

- TOP SECRET
- SECRET
- CONFIDENTIAL
- UNCLAS E F T O
- UNCLAS

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Date 7/2/90

1 TO : SAC, WMFO (9A-WF-168077) (C-4)

2 FROM : SAC, MINNEAPOLIS (9A-WF-168077) (RUC)

3 SUBJECT : ~~CHANGED~~ *see att*

[Redacted]

Pull 9A-WF-168077

4 BENJAMIN BRADLEY - O

5 EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF THE

6 WASHINGTON POST - VICTIM;

7 EXTORTION (A)

8 OO: WMFO

Title marked "CHANGED" to add full name of subject

[Redacted]

9

10 Enclosed for WMFO are the original and one copy

11 each of an FD-302 with [Redacted] and an investigative

12 insert by SA [Redacted]

JUL 10 11 21 AM '90

13

14

15

16

17

18 ② - WMFO (Encs. 4) *per*

19 1 - Minneapolis

20 MBN/bjm

21 (3)

Pos Neg

1*

INDICES:

Indexed Search

Approved:

Pos Neg

AX: Pos Neg

Neg Transmitted

(Number) (Time)

Per

9A-WF-168077-5

[Redacted]

FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:

- Teletype
- Facsimile
- AIRTEL

PRECEDENCE:

- Immediate
- Priority
- Routine

CLASSIFICATION:

- TOP SECRET
- SECRET
- CONFIDENTIAL
- UNCLAS E F T O
- UNCLAS

Date 8/27/90

1 TO : DIRECTOR, FBI
 2 (ATTN: VIOLENT CRIMES UNIT)
 3 FROM : SAC, WMFO (9A-WF-168077)(C)(C-4)
 4 SUBJECT :
 5 BENJAMIN BRADLEY - VICTIM
 6 EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF THE WASHINGTON POST
 7 EXTORTION (A)
 8 OO:WMFO

b6
b7c

8 The captioned subject was interviewed by FBI
 9 Minneapolis Division on 6/15/90 regarding threats made to the
 10 editor of "The Washington Post". advised he never
 11 intended to harm anyone but became frustrated when "The
 12 Washington Post" would not respond to his letters.
 13 stated he made the threats to get attention. is
 14 currently and stated he would
 15 not kill anyone and will write a letter of apology to "The
 16 Washington Post".

17 On 8/24/90, AUSA United States
 18 Attorney's Office, Washington, D.C. declined prosecution on
 19 the above captioned matter due to a lack of criminal intent
 20 and prosecutive merit.

21 Due to the above and the lack of further
 investigative steps, WMFO is closing the captioned case.

3-Bureau
 2-WMFO
 JMM:rab
 (5)

8/29/90
8/27/90
9A-WF-168077-10

FILE STRIPPED
 Date: 8/29/90
 Initials: *[Signature]*

9A-WF-168077-10

Approved: _____

Transmitted _____ (Number) _____ (Time)

Searched _____
 Serialized _____
 Indexed _____
 Filed _____

cey

In Reply, Please Refer to

File No. 9A-WF-168077

FBI CASE STATUS FORM

Date: 8/27/90

To: JAY B. STEPHENS, 555 4TH STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C.
(Name and Address of USA)

From: THOMAS E. DUHADWAY, SAC
(Name of Official in Charge and Field Division) (Signature of Official in Charge)

RE: [Redacted] [Redacted] MALE
(Name of Subject) Age Sex

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You are hereby advised of action authorized by AUSA [Redacted]
(Name of USA or AUSA)

on information submitted by Special Agent [Redacted] on 8/24/90
(Name) (Date)

(Check One)

- Request further investigation
- Immediate declination
- Filing of complaint
- Presentation to Federal Grand Jury
- Filing of information
- Other

For violation of Title 18, USC, Section(s) 876

Synopsis of case: Captioned subject sent three audio cassettes to a reporter for the "WASHINGTON POST" where he made a potential threat on the life of BENJAMINE BRADELY who is the Executive Editor of the newspaper.

Subject was interviewed by the FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION (FBI) regarding the threat on July 2, 1990. [Redacted] advised he was frustrated that the "WASHINGTON POST" would not print various articles he had written. [Redacted] stated he would not harm anyone but became frustrated when he got no response and made the threatening statements to get attention.

1-Addressee
2-WMFO
JMM:ars
(3)

94

9A-WF-168077-7

Searched _____
Serialized KAM
Indexed _____
Filed KAM

WMFO 9A-WF-168077

[redacted] is currently [redacted]
[redacted] is not violent. [redacted] stated during an
interview that he would write a letter of apology to the
"WASHINGTON POST". Due to this, the case was declined for
prosecution because of a lack of criminal intent.

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