

Howard Bloom
Reed College
Portland, Oregon

I 808W 30
C100 2 1



Janet Oestreich
~~Reed~~ Swarthmore
College
Swarthmore
Pennsylvania

VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO

PAR 
AVION

Saturday

Janet:

I just got your letter.

I'm very sorry that I haven't written to you before this, but I haven't written to anyone but my parents since I arrived here. I've been carrying around a guilty conscience about not writing to you and John for a few weeks now.

Some Generalizations— You ask whether I am "happy or sad or neurotic or ecstatic or phlegmatic or enigmatic". This covers a fairly broad band of emotions, all of them extremes of one kind or another. Unfortunately, all I can say is that I am neither of these, I am still only my usual self (perhaps, as a matter of fact definitely, I should not say "unfortunately"). From the time I arrived here, it has been as if I never lived anyplace else. Consequently, I have had no reaction to the change in environment. I can say, then, that I am content and happy without being ecstatic.

I have a pretty good batch of room-mates. Dave, who lives with me in my room, is short, bearded, and guitar playing. He sings quite well, is twenty years old, good natured, and a sophomore, bio-major transfer from Cal-Tech, where he went through two abortive, confused sophomore years. In the adjacent room (part of the same quad) lives Tom, a short, Italian-looking New York Jew. (Dave is of Morano descent) His father is a big New York Republican politician, and some of the influence has obviously rubbed off on Tom, who was once the "dictator" of Stuyvesant High School. He is very lively, and has the sharpest, quickest, best sense of humor I have ever seen. Naturally, he is going to be a Poli. Sci. major. The last man in the quad is Rick Pincus, nephew of the famous biologist Gregory Pincus. Rick, ~~is~~ a sophomore ~~who~~ is probably the most notorious person on campus, notorious for being obnoxious. He hasn't seemed too bad to us at all, but the constant warnings we got about him before he arrived made us stay a little shy of him at first. He spends most of his time elsewhere anyway, so I haven't gotten to know him very well.

My courses are all excellent. Humanities 110, a study of the development of Western culture from the Greeks to the Baroque, is a course required of all Freshman. It includes ~~the~~ lectures and three "conferences" (discussion groups of about 12 people) each week, and requires the reading of two or three books each week. So far, we have read The Odyssey, Herodotus' Histories, and The Oresteia ("Agamemnon", "The Libation Bearers", and the "Eumenides") by Aeschylus. My conference is good, and the woman who leads it is excellent. Math 110 is a course in "Mathematical Analysis. The first half of the year is spent in developing the real number system from nothing, an interesting process. The second half is calculus. Philosophy 210 is primarily a sophomore course. It studies various treatments of problems which have been central to philosophy from its inception. At the moment, we're studying Socrates and Plato. The conference is fairly good, and the teacher is excellent. He is very sharp, very nice, and a former Methodist minister (no correlation). French 441 is supposed to be a Senior course, but most of the people in it are Sophomores and Juniors. The first semester covers 19th Century French Lit.. The second covers 20th. The course is interesting and intensive, and is taught by a very young, very cute, Frenchwoman. The class has the additional advantage of being unbalanced in a rather desirable way—about 15 girls, 4 boys. So far, we've been doing line by line analyses of poems by De Vigny and Baudelaire. We're

going to be reading such novels as Père Goriot, L'Assomoir, by Zola (from which the movie "Gervaise" was taken) later in the semester.

Life around here seems good. People generally tend to be agnostic or atheistic, bearded and dungareed, and politically liberal, but there seems to be none of the neuroticism that I feared. Although the male-female ratio is not as well balanced as it is at Swarthmore, the males here far outnumber the females, the girls seem quite nice and quite nice looking. I find myself attracted to four or five different females in the freshman and sophomore classes at the moment, but my main interest is concentrated on one female, Gigi (for Virginia). She is tall, a few inches taller than I am, blond, cute, and a freshman. She lives in Cambridge, Mass., and in Switzerland, where she has gone to school. Although she is not a real "intellectual", she is the zestful, lively type without being a chuckle-headed back-slapper. I find myself thinking about girls occasionally in very bad terms: sometimes I feel like "making a play for" an upperclass female just for the sheer challenge of conquest, and I feel the same way about one particularly good-looking young thing, center of attraction wherever she goes, on whom I have my eye right now. I'm in somewhat the same position as a college admissions office: all the girls seem desirable, so unimportant and distractingly trivial considerations arise when it comes time to choose. The time to choose, though, has not come. I'm content to think about girls, and to become acquainted with them for the moment. Thus, I can be very unrealistic, and ignore the fact that the freedom of choice is only superficial, illusory.

Not much left to say except that there is a lot of work, but not an impossible amount.

Glad to hear that the single is good. How was Gordy's year out of school? How's Dick? How's life in general?

Regards (lots of 'em) to Marney, Florence, and Kathy. How does Marney like living in California. Maybe I can drop down and see her during some vacation or other.

P. S. What's a combination (FBI)?

JW

Howard Bloom
Reed College
Portland 2, Oregon



VIA AIR MAIL

Janet Oestreich
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore
Pennsylvania

Wednesday

Janet and Joh,

I write you both the same letter because you are my two best friends, you are each other's friends as well as mine, I have a long letter to write, much to say, and essentially the same thing to say to each of you.

I want very much to see you at Christmas, but I have decided that it will be much better if I don't come home for the vacation. Yesterday I cancelled my plane reservation and wrote my parents. The parental reply should come either tomorrow or the next day in the form of a phone-call. I hope that I do not hurt them too much, but I really feel that I must do what I am doing.

There are two reasons for my action: the first is simple—for many years I have been developing into a Prufrock (please re-read The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, by T. S. Eliot), the time has come to take a decisive action; the second is of more recent and more wonderful origin—I think that I have fallen in love.

Janet, for many years I have been telling you that I would either become dissolute or horribly ordinary, i.e., that I would be too weak to assert my freedom to be myself, and would take the simple security of living within one of the tow patterns offered us, no, forced upon us, by a society that knows nothing else but "quiet desperation". I had many plans—to go to Europe, to hitch-hike across the country, to do something other than school this year—but never the strength "to force the moment to its crisis". In doing the unexpected, I have begun to break the pattern that was becoming a smotheringly overwhelming part of myself. I have asserted, for the first time, some small power over my own fate. I have turned my world upside down, and shaken the dust out of its ears. I have begun to set myself into the only possible relation

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to my society, my environment, which can ever give me the fulfillment that I seek. I feel happier for having done it than I have ever felt before, even though it will have the very unhappy effect of upsetting my parents.

The second, more immediate reason for my actions is love. Love has given me the perspective to see once more what I was becoming. It has given me the strength to do something about it for the first time.

The story of this fantastic love:

Sex life on this campus was, until this Sunday, a bitter cup of disgust, tension, frustration, and overwhelmingly avaricious ego. Sunday, I sat down at lunch with one of the many girls on whom I have had my eye, an eye that loves almost anything female. This girl, however, (Jimmse, pronounced Jim-sy, by name) had never been anything more than eye-food. She was too good looking, too vivacious for me. But, we got into discussion, and I found that her opinions had a flavorful, a zestful dogmatism. Jokingly, I mentioned that I would someday have to give her a dogmatism test which I had in the dorm. She actually accepted the offer. Eventually, we wound up in her dorm. Seven fantastic hours I spent with her, seven magnificent hours of uninhibitedly vivacious conversation in which we shared the best of each other, in which we knitted together as inseparably as yin and yang. That day I began to feel a very strong attraction for her, but was so fantastic, so good looking, with such a fantastic personality, a personality which I had come to know without tension or inhibition, that she seemed impossible.

The next day she had a paper to write, ~~but~~ ^{not} needed a professional typist. She would

not impose upon me, she would not take advantage of our friendship. But I would have felt a tremendous helplessness if I had not been able to help her (she was fairly desperate because the paper was going to be late). I forced myself upon her (my typing services, that is), and we spent another eight to ten hours together as I skipped two classes to work with her. When we finished the paper and finished eating dinner together, she went to hitch-hike to the home of her Professor to give him the paper. I went to the basement of the library, to my obscure desk in the "stacks" to work, but I couldn't work. I had to see her, but I knew it was impossible. I kept having visions of her wending her way through the dark labyrinth of dusty books to my one-bulb corner, but this too was impossible, for she couldn't possibly find me, even if she had wanted to. My visions were complete to the smallest detail—I even saw the cap and blouse (and slightly torn blue jeans, barefoot) she would be wearing. Miracle! I let my eyes wander for the millionth time from the page to the place where she would stand, and she was actually standing there. In the winter, all things dead, in the basement of the library, all things dark and dusty, she stood with a rose in her hand in the very clothes that I had imagined, and handed the rose to me. We tried to study together that night, but neither of us could study. Yesterday, too, we spent most of the day together. Yesterday I had my perspective returned by love. Yesterday I made my decision. Yesterday I ran through the icy grass barefoot with her and felt the Bones of my feet freeze to magnificent poetry.

Jimmse: only slightly shorter than I, beautiful black hair, Ishtar personified in a sparkling Tom-boy. (There has been a half-hour interruption in the letter. Time

spent with Jimmsee. She cautions me not to tell you too much about her, or you will make the mistake of thinking her an "immoral woman". She thinks your standards ^{are as high as} very narrow. I gamble that they are moderately free, that they can allow you to see beyond what is petty to what is essential.) A sophomore Lit. major, brilliant at Lit., with tremendous enthusiasm for the authors that please her (Gogol, Nobokov, Pope, Baudelaire, etc.). Getting A's in Lit. courses, doing poorly in others, afraid of flunking out, half wanting to flunk out.

Lolita at thirteen when she lost her virginity to a man over forty; various other affairs since. But not loose. Fantastically alive and uncorrupted. A wonderful child with the maturity of a woman.

Has swam naked in the wild ocean to play with seals as if they were puppies. Prefers climbing down a wall to exiting from the second floor stairs. Hitch-hikes when she wants to go somewhere, like from here to California.

Mine is no mad "love" based on physical attraction. I have done nothing but hold her hand for small moments. I did not want to make love to her until I was sure that I love her.

We are going to live together during the vacation. The dorms will be closed. We will rent a room off-campus from Reed kids going home for vacation. It is understood that we will sleep together at least Platonically. I know not what else, but she knows that I want to make love to her, that I love her shoulder, her hair, her soul, all of her. We are completely open with each other: there is no tension, no

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frustration, no games, no masks.

I'm going to spend a week during the vacation trying my wings. I'll hitch-hike down to California, probably. It will mean leaving Jimmie for a week, but I must do it as surely as I had to stay out here. I will hitch-hike home for the summer—probably will take a long time doing it, finding out what the country's like, finding myself, making myself free.

I have not turned beatnik, dissolute, or anything else like that. I'm rebelling only in a small way, a very small way, so that I may give myself the freedom to be myself. Even the decision has set me in a far better relation to the world. This is one of the turning points of my life.

Studying goes on. Out of a three week Christmas vacation, at least two solid weeks will be spent on work. We were given enough ~~work~~ work in French class to make a Phi Beta Kappa man under the illusion that he had an entire semester to do it in— we have only one month. I have an "independent study" (term paper) due in Phil. in a little over a week. Tests are coming up, the usual assignments go on, and I've hardly done any work since Sunday. I am beginning to work once more, but with a new zest, without the feeling of being chained.

This letter, of course, is personal. Others, including and especially parents, might misinterpret parts of it. Janet, please try to explain to my parents what I feel that I have done and why. Leaving out Jimmie (necessary) does not harm the story, it merely denies them knowledge of the catalyst of something which has been developing for many years.

John, regards to your family and Mr.

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tell Mr. Chapin that I have really learned that prose is thought clarified, distilled, and crystallised, that I have become very aware of the inter-relationship between such things as the logic of a thought and the structure of the sentence which expresses it, that I have been trying to make each word count. I have been tutoring others, and this has improved my own insight tremendously. Reed has its flaws, but I would much, much rather be here than at Harvard.

By the way, revise an old saying. After attempts made on my "purity" by girls who were really vulgar by comparison with Jimmie, although far, far more "moral" by commonly accepted (absolutely ridiculous) social standards, I think that that old saying, ("but I wouldn't kick her out of bed", should be dropped from the vocabulary. The truth is, I would kick most of the girls in the world out. (Sort of a paradox here. I like very much half of that which wonders the streets in skirts, but, saying something completely without experience, I think that sex has to be reserved as an expression of only certain very personal relationships.)

Please see each other for me. Please both pay a few calls on my parents. Please write.

How
How

Dove's spread wings
Make the air milk white
Somewhere unseen
A lily with a virgin tongue
In a ball of light
A down skin ondine
Waiting to be born

Shuddering wings
Fling back
Probing eyes and fingers

I fear love. You are too real. I don't know
why.
I don't want to hurt you. I cannot write until
I understand.
Please wait.
I wish that we could touch.

How

Burn these! **DAMN IT!** Burn These!
They should not live past now, they must not live past then!
It is painful to make them exist. We must not keep on existing.
The melodrama is their existence. Their death is return to
what should be.
Please!

How Bloom
Reed College
Portland 2, Oregon



VIA AIR MAIL

Janet Oestreich
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore Pa
Pennsylvania

H Bloom
Reed College
Portland 3, Oregon



VIA AIR MAIL

Janet Oestreich
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore
Pennsylvania

Janet,

Your letter was

Sledge driven spike,
Caked with dry blood rust,
Thrust in grassed earth,
Greened by tendriled vines
That climb it.

Forget the obvious symbolism. Means
nothing as metaphor, only as image.

Cow dung is fantastic stuff.
Green grass,
Then feels flesh,
Becomes soil
Sun-dried
Thrusts stems
And is born in flower.

All this pulses in you,
Stronger than sun
Or blood,
Greener than leaves,
More sharp than cracked bark
Thicker than diesel gorged buses
Or the ~~xxx~~ burst skulls
Of freight gondola crashing
In night emptied stock-yards.

All else from me is lies.
Wooden hands will never play a piano.
Lips of closed eyed boys
Kissing bark
Will never suck the sap.

The mannikin that his arms were wooden,
And stripped to limbless torso.
When they asked why he did not embrace
They did not understand
That wooden lips could not tell
'Till carved skull became flesh.

How

3:30 A.M. written soon
beneath a blanket on the
tile floor on which I
sleep.

Just re-read your letter. You're
G R E A T !!

I'd like to (not make love with, but to)
sleep with you! Perhaps you understand
(probably) why.

Keep writing (even if I can't.)
Who's Jess?

How

H Bloom

Reed College

Portland 2, Oregon



VIA AIR MAIL

JANET OESTREECH

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE
SWARTHMORE
PENNSYLVANIA

When you've finished
burn this untheatrical

Enjoy seeing the Slam

Like a lost cat at a

Not ash, but the bones is

selves

H. Bloom

Roosevelt College

Portland 3, Oregon



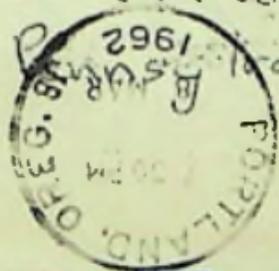
VIA AIR MAIL

Janet Oestreich

Swarthmore College

Swarthmore

PA 18804



Paste following ingredients on hat rack:

long curly wildly flying almost effeminate hair
reflected on bottom of caricatured oval by
chin covering migration of pubic hair

Red sweatshirt with cowl and pouch
covering
pregnant paunch

Green tapered slacks with seam splitting in rear
above choice of
brown (tan) brushed leather boots
or
bare feet

Shower rack daily

Hang from upper limbs (between the two bursts of hair)

alternating

ego satisfaction
damnable conversations with alter ego
hallucinogenic states achieved without drugs
caused occasionally by lack of sleep,
mostly by alcohol-less drunkenness

Zen Buddhism
French
Symbolism
Dadaism
Cubism and
Surrealism
primitive ritual

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REALITY
(meaning everything
that
is)

How

AFTER 5 DAYS RETURN TO

h. bloom

reed college

portland 2, oregon

AND
PM
8 MAY
1962



VIA AIR MAIL

JANET OESTREICH
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE
SWARTHMORE
PENNSYLVANIA

Will probably not see you till end of summer.

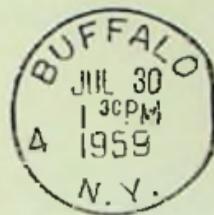
I'll probably be in Berkeley most of the summer. Where will Kathy and Florence be?

I would call, but the only thing we have to do is look at each other, and perhaps touch gently.

ABSURD PEECE OF YELLOW PAPER
THIN BLACK STAINS
AND A PIECE OF TELEPHONE METAL
ITCHING TO MAKE NOISE

~~PREMIER PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.~~
~~2075-622000-17 COURT ST.~~
~~BUFFALO 2 NEW YORK~~

Howard Bloom
1350 Amherst
Buffalo N.Y.
U. S. A.



JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL BASELER HOF

FRANKFURT

GERMANY

Please FORWARD

IF NECESSARY

July 22

Janet

At the moment I am listening to Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" on the CBC. It is originating ^{from} ~~at~~ Stratford in English. I've heard it before, but never in English, and I never realized that it was actually a comedy.

I've had a fairly productive day today. This morning I helped to make more diazo-acetymid. I spent the whole afternoon operating the scintillation counter and calculating machines. I even managed to spill some radio-active solutions on my hands.

Mike drove me home and I helped him unload stuff into his new house.

After dinner, I read some more of "How to Read a Book".

Mom and I are planning to go to Stratford at the same time as the Hymens. If you went with us, you and John and I could take one car (John is going to try for his license next week) and my mother and John's parents could take another.

Dicky Lederman just became engaged to somebody named Barbara Wilson. It surprised me because he is only twenty years old, as old as Allen. Barbara is twenty-one.

"Orpheus in the Underworld" is so much better in the English than in the French, in French it was merely gibberish. All of the humor and satire was lost.

I am now listening to a piece which Mozart composed in Salzburg played on the organ of some cathedral in Salzburg. You may see the organ which I am listening to.

While sitting at the scintillation counter, I felt an artistic mood coming on. I made a few sketches which I am enclosing. As you can see, I ran into a few problems; what do you do with feet?; how do you make a hand?; What do You

stomach and region around the leg? Oh well, what can you expect from a beginner. Today was the first time in five years that I tried any serious sketching.

July 23

Today I spent most of the day weighing out different quantities of chemicals. There was a picnic for members of the bio-chemistry department but I did not go because I wanted to help Mike move stuff to his new house again. While everybody else was at the picnic, I read an Esquire magazine.

When Mike talks about Toby, he sounds like he is talking about some game that he is playing. He talks of not calling her for a few days so that she will appreciate him. To me this seems like a rather insincere way of dealing with people and I feel lucky that my position is not such that I have to. When I talk of you developing into an "Alice", this sort of thing is what I mean. When you left you were still sincere and frank, and judging from your postcard from Paris, I would say that you have not changed. When you become to other people (actually I do not care how you act toward anyone but myself) as Mike is toward Toby, when you become toward everyone that way, then you will be lost. Of course the same thing applies to me or anyone else. The reason that I do not condemn Mike, is that he is dealing with someone who is playing a game and he feels compelled to play it with her. He is still sincere with me and many other people.

I am going off to baby-sit now, I'll finish when I come back.

David

~~PREMIER PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.~~

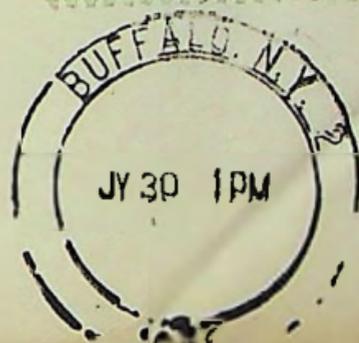
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Janet OESTRIECH
c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE
HOTEL BASELER HOF
FRANKFURT
GERMANY

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECESSARY



24
July 17

Janet

I made a dollar-twenty-five baby sitting last night.

I spent the morning at the institute helping Phil make diazo-acetymid. After lunch, Phil asked me to explain my theory to him again. It seems that last time, he did not understand it too well. This time he got the general idea and went wild with delight. He said that it was consistent with all the facts that he has ever known and that it is the best concept of the universe that he has seen. He thinks that I probably won't have it completely worked out until after I get out of college, but that when I publish it, it should be revolutionary.

Later on, I helped Mrs. Park clean up her lab. We saw a movie on the artificial kidney which was very interesting.

Dr. Grossberg is going on a month long vacation in a week, and Phil will probably go on vacation too. I won't have anything to do then, so I'll probably ask to be assigned to Mrs. Park.

Mike drove me home, and I helped him unload his last batch of stuff into his new house. The rest of the stuff (furniture and heavy things like that) will be taken by a moving van.

July 18

Only two more weeks until you come home. YIPPEE!!!! This raises a few doubts. When you get home, I know that you will be too tired to see me for more than a few minutes. You will probably spend about a week recuperating, but the worst thing about that is you will probably spend it at the farm, where I won't be able to see you. Other difficulties come in in resuming communication. I feel that I have matured a great deal since

you left. My experiences, insights, and abilities to cope with other people, have increased tremendously. Many adults have accepted me almost on their own level, and many college students have accepted me as an equal. The same has undoubtedly been happening to you. I am afraid that when you get back you will refuse to communicate because you will feel far above me. Even if you don't, you will probably spend most of your time on the farm and I will not get to see you. Oh well, we'll see what happens.

I spent the whole day out in the back yard reading. There was a wonderful poem in the "Reporter" which I will show you when you get back. At the moment I am listening to the opening concert of the Sebalius Festival in Helsinki Finland.

I watched a bird flitting around in the top of a tree for a little while and tried to imagine myself looking at the sky from his position. When I did, I became insanely jealous of the dumb animal. While I am confined to a plane, a surface, he has freedom in all three dimensions. He can see all things with an infinite amount of perspectives beyond my reach. He is not hampered spacially, socially, or in many of the other ways that I find so maddening. It is a shame that this freedom should be wasted on a creature which is not even aware of his own existence. There are so many limitations imposed on me just by the nature of my being, that I feel extremely futile whenever I think about them, and that is often.

I will invite Mike over some time when you are around and we can discuss things like that.

Your parents just returned from a week at the farm. Didi says that they had a great time.

I just started to re-read the first line of the poem which I wrote last week, and I found myself unable to resist the temptation to tear it up and throw it away. I'm sorry that I inflicted it

on you.

Good grief! I just discovered that I sent off my last batch of letters two days too early, they might not even reach you. What's more, I could have sent off the letters that have been accumulating to Salzburg instead of Frankfurt. What a mess. This means that you just recieved a flood of eight letters. You probably will not have time to read them all until you get on the plane home. It seems as if I always manage to bungle everything in one way or another.

July 27

I just discovered that the dates of most of these letters are wrong. The one labeled the 17th should be the 24th and the 18th should be the 25th (the hazards of using a calander).

Yesterday I finished the book "How to Read a Book". I think that you should read it before you go to college. The author is a college professor, and from his experiences with outstanding students, it would appear that very few college students actually know how to read analytically and critically.

When I finished this book, I started a book on re-incarnation which Mr. Barnes gave me.

In the afternoon I went to Mike's new house to help him move in his furniture. One of the rooms in the new house has been designated the "Bloom Room". It happened this way; this room was a particularly odd room, which, because of a large thing-a-ma-blob on one side, was usable only as closet space. There were also some odd book-cases and a desk left over from the other rooms. Suddenly an idea came to me, why not put the book-casses on top of the thing-a-ma-blob and put a sliding door next to it to transform the left over space into a closet. We

took the legs off of the book-case and did just this. It turned out very well, and because the idea was one which no-one but a screw-ball like me could think up, the Wolfbergs were profusely grateful.

Today at the institute, I spent most of the day working on bleeding rabbits. I got scratched by a rabbit and I haven't had tetanus shots yet so I have to get them tomorrow morning, or I may contract tetanus.

We spent a very productive, two-and-one-half hour lunch period in which I disproved another of the basic tenets of physics and philosophy, that of infinite potential. Later on there was a movy about mental-health.

I recieved your post-card from Rome today, and, as I usually do when I recieve a card from you, I became ecstatic. I would like to thank you for the card.

After work, I went to the doctor. For many years I have had a condition which kept my nose stuffed all of the time and is the cause of my bad-breath. I finally saw the doctor about this. It turns out that I have a deviated septum. The doctor said that when I get a little older, I will have to have surgery on my nose. Mom thinks that while I am getting surgery on my nose and they have to cut off cartilage anyway, I might as well get plastic surgery. I am against this because I know that this would not improve my looks but would only make it harder for me to live with myself. Mom is under the impression that my inferiority complex, which actually stems from my breath problem, comes from my large nose, however the internal nasal surgery will take care of the actual problem and I am looking forward to the time when I will not have to worry about facing people when I talk to them anymore.

After dinner, I went over to Mike's to help him move furniture

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We spent a very productive, two-and-one-half hour lunch period in which I disproved another of the basic tenets of physics and philosophy, that of infinite potential. Later on there was a movy about mental-health.

I recieved your post-card from Rome today, and, as I usually do when I recieve a card from you, I became ecstatic. I would like to thank you for the card.

After work, I went to the doctor. For many years I have had a condition which kept my nose stuffed all of the time and is the cause of my bad-breath. I finally saw the doctor about this. It turns out that I have a deviated septum. The doctor said that when I get a little older, I will have to have surgery on my nose. Mom thinks that while I am getting surgery on my nose and they have to cut off cartilage anyway, I might as well get plastic surgery. I am against this because I know that this would not improve my looks but would only make it harder for me to live with myself. Mom is under the impression that my inferiority complex, which actually stems from my breath problem, comes from my large nose, however the internal nasal surgery will take care of the actual problem and I am looking forward to the time when I will not have to worry about facing people when I talk to them anymore.

After dinner, I went over to Mike's to help him move furniture

and stuff. On the way over, I spotted some-one else with enough intelligence to be a radiator. He is Arthur Freedman, going to his sophomore year at Riverside high-school. He is a relative of Berny and Judy Levenson (remember to save some stamps for Berny). We stopped to talk for a few minutes and suddenly I realized that I had another member of the elite on my hands. He took intermediate algebra in two weeks and passed the regents exam at Riverside with good marks. He also knows quite a bit about biology, Latin and Greek (which his teachers have given him as extra work). He surprised me, not only because I thought that I had found all of the radiators in Buffalo, but because he is the only one I have found who is younger than I am. This makes seven radiators in all;

Mike, John Hyman, You, John Metzger (John came in fifth in the city in the math contest. Although he was the youngest entry from Nichols, he was the only sophomore, he came in at the top of the school), Jane Freyger (A girl from Park of extreme intelligence and the female counter-part of Brian Stuart), and Arthur Freedman.

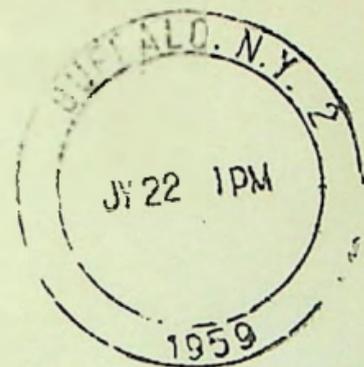
Although two of these are very close intellectual companions of mine (I forgot to mention Phil, who makes it three of these), it seems as if you are the only personal friend who is close enough to me to be almost a part of me (that is my attitude, yours is probably one of revulsion). Ah well, such are the intricacies of life.

I will continue tomorrow, as it is almost one A.M. and I didn't get back from Mike's house until a few minutes before twelve.

By the way, Mrs. Levenson must think a great deal of me, she has praised me before Arthur quite a bit.

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JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL EUROPA

SALZBURG

AUSTRIA

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECESSARY

July 20

Janet

I just got back from John's cottage a few minutes ago, I'll tell you what I did there, but first I'll start with Friday.

Friday I ate lunch with Mike and Phil, who decided to get me started in social life. Phil started by explaining that girls are irrational and spend most of their early life, sharpening their claws for the time when they will have to catch a man. He told me that I scare girls away by discussing the things that I am interested in with them. They tried to convince me to learn how to make small talk and to meet more girls. I think that I should take this up with you when you get back. Perhaps you can teach me what I need to do to keep from scaring girls. When Mike starts explaining his relationship with Toby to me, I begin to realize how lucky I am to have you for a close friend.

I was very happy to receive your postcard from Paris. You must be telepathic or something, I get the full impact of your personality in just a few sentences.

Friday night we had the Seminar. We started with a discussion of pre-determination which lasted a few hours. Mike, Brian and I were against Phil in this. I acted as the spokesman for the group. Later on we got past the point where Mike, Brian, and John had enough facts to navigate properly, so Phil wound up giving a class in relativity. I was already familiar with the facts which he was giving, so I went to talk to Mrs. Stuart, who was my English teacher this year. We discussed poetry and "Ulysses".

John stayed here Friday night. We got home at one thirty but John wanted to play chess. I convinced him that we should play suicide, so we did until two o'clock. By the way, John's

sister, Susan, says that she thinks you are very pretty. I am inclined to agree with her.

I've got to go to work now. I'll finish telling you about the weekend tonight.

Saturday morning, Mr. Hyman picked us up at my house. First John and Susan had to have a tennis lesson so I retrieved tennis balls. After lunch, we went swimming, then some friends of the Hyman's came over with a motor-boat. John took me sailing in the foldboat. Then the people with the motor-boat offered to teach us how to water-ski. I decided that I would rather take out the foldboat. We took the sail down and removed the mast so that I could paddle it. Saturday night we went to see "The Nun's Story". It was pretty good.

Sunday morning, John and Susan went to another tennis lesson, so I decided to take out the foldboat. I paddled for about two and a half hours. At the end of that time, I discovered that I was about half way across lake Erie. The swells out there were about seven feet high but were not very dangerous. Later on in the day, I took the boat out twice more. John took me sailing again and taught me how to sail.

I came home this morning, and after writing you, went straight to work. A woman on the bus which I was taking to work had an apoleptic fit, so everybody had to get off of the bus and take another one so that they could get her to the hospital.

During lunch, I developed a theory which explains all of the flaws in most of the major theories of physics and cosmology. If it is correct, it will be as important as relativity. Phil and Mike could not find any flaws in it. I spent the day washing test-tubes and pipettes of Mrs. Parks (she is Dr. Parks' wife, Dr. Parks is the one who is the pantheist) She is working

on enzyme reactions. She is a very nice woman. I explained my theory to her and she could find no flaws. Phil says that she told him that I was an exceptionally intelligent boy, the only problem is, she added the statement "for his age". I am going to write the theory out and find all the facts that I can that support and then present it to the head of the physics department.

How did you like Florence and Venice?

Keep on havin "a wonderful, wonderful time"!!!

Howie

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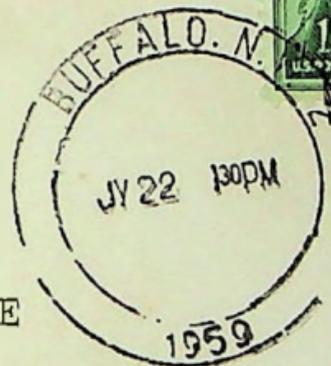
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SALZBURG

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PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECESSARY



July 21

Janet

Last night, I tried to relax. I listened to music and read poetry, however I only managed to become depressed.

I accomplished nothing at the institute today.

Phil says that working out the theory yesterday, getting out the bugs and devising experimental proofs, should give me good practice in this sort of thing and give me more respect for the theories already in existence. He also thinks that I have the mind of a potential physicist.

I don't know if I told you this yesterday or not, but Friday, Phil and Mike told me that the main reason that I scare girls away is that I make them feel inferior by talking to them about the things that I am interested in. They said that many girls dislike me because I talk about science a lot and I should learn to talk small talk. I hope that I don't make you dislike me by discussing this, but if I begin to, remember this. You're I.Q. is five points higher than mine, your personality and social grace are far superior to mine, your very mature for your age, and your good looking. Also, you make me feel very inferior because of our difference in grades, even though I don't feel inferior to anyone else for this reason.

I was depressed again today. I have a feeling that there is a very important element missing in my life, and that if I don't find out what it is, I may be in serious emotional difficulty later on. I know it is not social life, but I have a feeling that it is probably related in some way. Phil and Mike also have this feeling about me, but they do not manage to communicate what is missing.

Mike says that he is happy that he is going away to college

he is getting away from Toby. He thinks that she is practically mentally retarded, I think that he probably rather be going with a girl like you, but he does not want to break off with Toby. Mike is moving to his new house on Sunday. He is getting his blue card two days after you return home.

Mike drove me home today. First we stopped at his new house and unloaded a bunch of stuff. We may have another seminar in another two weeks. At the next session we will probably stick to the nature of knowledge. I think that you would enjoy these sessions (I don't know any other girl intelligent enough to appreciate them.).

Mom is going to lend me enough money to get a machine to improve my reading speed. I'll let you borrow it when I'm not using it, you will need to be able to read at a good speed in college because most of your home-work will be reading.

I got a bonus certificate from the Columbia record club entitling me to a free record. I got the Symphony Fantastique by Berlioz.

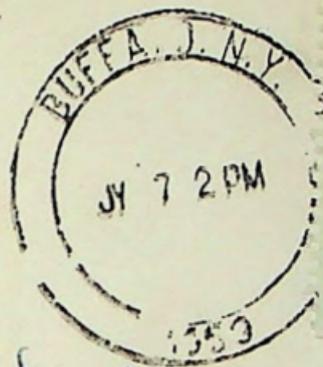
Mom says that my cousin Larry is going to be a Freshman at U. B. this year. This means that he will probably be around part of the time that you're here. I have never met him and all I know about him is that he is six foot two inches tall and comes from Hornet .

Deliver your paper on Salzburg well.

Boone

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Janet Oestreich
c/o Dr. Irving Cheyette
Hotel Victoria Palace
Paris
France



Please Forward
if Neccessary

July 4

Janet;



507

Despite the fact that you think that you have been gone almost a week, it seems to me that you left a few hours ago (if I were a solopsist, you would not exist at the moment and would not return to existence until August 8).



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FUN

I was innocently sitting in the back-yard reading, when I got a sudden impulse to buy a turtle, raise him on special foods and vitamins, and see how large he would grow. I got dressed, jumped on my bicycle, and dashed down to the five and ten, only to realize that it was the glorious fourth and all of the stores are closed.



I LOVE YOU TOO,
NOW SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN



I AM SO SMART I
MAKE MYSELF SICK

I wound up taking an hour-and-a half ride around the Lincoln Parkway district.



YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE HAPPY

At the moment I am listening to jazz (and typing a letter to a distant radiator).



KEEP IN TOUCH

Mom, Dad, and Henry are all at Erie Downs (Burton's father's golf course). When they finished taking you to the airport, your father and mother and the Hagel's all went to the farm.



I THINK WE'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL ADJUSTMENT

I just put



507

Don Juan (Richard Strauss) on the record player.

The Levensons (remember to save some stamps for Berny), the Favereys, and the Oestriechs (I

never could spell theirname properly) are

all out at their farms and the Blooms are

in Canada, this means that I'm the only

person left in Buffalo (John is in Canada,

Mike is in Clarence, and Janet is in an airplane).

How was Scotland? How is England? London?

Did you see the Druid Stones? Your itinerary

says that you're going to see the West End in

the morning, but because that is theater district

you should really see it at night.

Have a good time in Amsterdam.



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FUN



I LOVE YOU SOO.
NOW SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN



I AM SO SMART I
MAKE MYSELF SICK



YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE HAPPY



KEEP IN TOUCH



I THINK WE'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL ADJUSTMENT

Howard

P.S. I don't think that I'm communicating.



501



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FUN



I LOVE YOU TOO,
NOW SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN



I AM SO SMART I
MAKE MYSELF SICK



YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE HAPPY



KEEP IN TOUCH



I THINK WE'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL ADJUSTMENT

P. S. to the P. S.

While I was cruising around on my bicycle I had a great feeling of self-confidence, maturity, mellowness, depth, and self control. It was the culmination of a feeling that started to come as I went into the second stage of my relations with you (the balanced stage). Unfortunately when I got home I went back to the Old insecure me. As you aren't around to help me pull out of it, I seem to be caught in an unescapable abyss once more. I think that if I can learn to communicate by mail, I may be able to regain the feeling of control again.

P. S. To the P. S. to the P.S.

I think that I may be regaining it already.

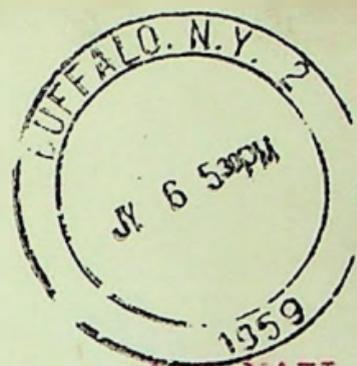
Harvie

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AIR MAIL



JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL VICTORIA PALACE

PARIS

FRANCE

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECESSARY



507

Janet;

I forgot to say "Forward if necessary" on the envelope of my last letter, so it may not have reached you.



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FUN

I have to learn to communicate in my letters. My last one was superficial, it was



I LOVE YOU TOO.
NOW SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN

not me. Just like the stationary it was written on, only a surface was visible. The problem is that real communication, rapport, radiation,



I AM SO SMART I
MAKE MYSELF SICK

must have depth. I mean that a person has depth, to establish communication he must make that depth visible, rather than merely project selected pieces onto an opaque surface which he can try to pass off as himself.



YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE HAPPY

The ability to reveal more than just a prepared surface seems to be exclusive to "radiators", the only problem is that



KEEP IN TOUCH

I cannot radiate on nebbish stationary (or any other).



I THINK WE'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL ADJUSTMENT

Last night, Mrs. Sukarno ate dinner at your home. Today her husband, President Sukarno, dissolved the Indonesian Parliament and took on dictatorial powers.

507



501

Mom and dad took Henry to boy scout camp today, he is going to stay there for six weeks. Your family went out to the farm again. I spent the day in the back yard reading.



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FUN

How was your seminar at the Royal Academy? What did you discuss? Did you meet any interesting (male) students?



I LOVE YOU TOO.
HOW SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN

What about the Royal Dutch Conservatory and Ar (whoops, I wasn't watching the paper) ts Academy?



I AM SO SMART I
MAKE MYSELF SICK

Has your (miniscule) knowledge of French helped you any? Did you find Mark? How do you like the art work at the UNESCO building? Did you get a boy to take you to the Follies?



YOU JUST THINK YOU'RE HAPPY

Tomorrow morning, dad and mom are leaving for New York. Judy Levenson just invited me over for dinner tomorrow night.



KEEP IN TOUCH

I probably won't have time to write tomorrow but you will hear from me in two days.



I THINK WE'VE MADE A
WONDERFUL ADJUSTMENT

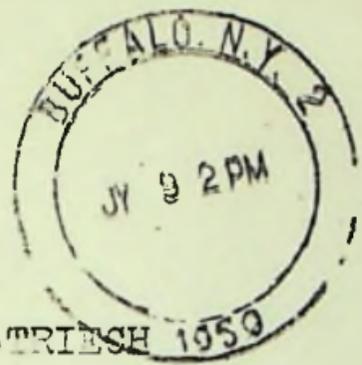
Howie
Bloom

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JANET OESTRICH 1959

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PARIS

FRANCE

R. B. Dargoff

53 ✓

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECESSARY

July 8

Janet;

I told you yesterday that Phil went to M.I.T.. I told him of our fears for Mike's humanity, but, although he agreed that Mike would probably be dehumanized, he thought that he would probably regain himself within about five years after he leaves M.I.T.. Phil says that he became dehumanized to but he returned to normal after about ten years.

The reason that he is afraid that I might go Bo and dissipate my energies, is that I told him of my ambition to live and teach in an Asiatic country, and he thinks that a lot of people like me do become Bohemians.

I spent the day today, operating a scintillation counter. At noon there was a staff meeting, which I attended, at which a man gave a talk on the effects to certain tumors of radioactive sulphur. Mike drove me home from work, his mother is in the hospital. Her ankle is acting up again, this time it has a blood clot.

I began to feel again today, that I am losing contact with people and everything outside the Institute. I hope that I can keep myself from going too far in this direction. If I don't, I will wind up with the same fate that you fear Mike is going to have at M.I.T., except because mine is being initiated at an earlier age, it will probably result in a permanent de-humanization. You may not feel that this is possible, but I feel myself being inexorably drawn in this direction against my will. I wish you were in a position where you could help me pull out of it, nobody else can and you are in Europe. This depression keeps getting stronger.

How has Paris been, did you see the Left Bank? did you hear some good music? Enjoy yourself and don't allow yourself

~~yourself~~ to become superficial. I just realized that I may never see you again while I can still communicate, I feel that I am withdrawing into myself, and I may not be able to come out once I am back in. (I have not been analysing.)

Towle