PREMIER PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.
SUITE 601-602 - 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 VICTORIA PALACE

PARIS

FRANCE

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

July 6

Janet;

The price of postage is going up. I just spent one weeks allowance on a month's supply of stamps.

Last night I started to look into my future, and it looked pretty dim. This is why:

In two months, you go off to college, this means that I will loose something which is becoming a complete neccessity to me, someone with whom I feel that I can communicate with completely.

In two years I will be going to college. Because of my marks, I will not be able to get into Swarthmore or any other good college. There is only one ray of hope here, I may get into a good graduate school.

When I get out of college, I'll have to look for a job. If I become an assistant professor, I probably will not get anywhere because of campus politics, Even worse, if I do get anywhere in a college, I will probably wind up in an administrative, rather than a research, job. I guess I can't win.

If I get a job in industrial reesarch, I will be working on a definite project, with a deadline, this I could not do. My only hope would be a job in an institute like Roswell.

For a long time, it has been my ambition to get a job as a teacher in some foreign country (preferably Asiatic) so that I could break out of this oppresive American social system and see it in perspective. The odds are that I will get married, making it impossible for me to do this. I will probably be in debt all my life, a slave to my wife, children and creditors.

You, on the other hand, will be supported by your parents until you marry a rich man and live the rest of your life in comfort, doing the things that you want to do.

If I weren't a coward, I'd probably kill myself, after all, I don't have much to live for. Do you blame me for feeling this way?

I'll continue this epistle when I return from the Levenson's tonight.

I just got the last letter that I sent marked "insufficient postage", it seems that

it costs thirty cents if I use the Nebbish stationary, so from now on I'll use this onion skin paper.

I met your mother near Generla Hospital while I was going to the building in which we keep the rabbits. Helene had just been operated on. Didi says that Her nose (Helene's) is in good condition and will probably clear up faster than your's did.

Mike and I were discussing you and Toby at lunch. In the proccess, we derived a formula for "love".

If

x = The attraction between Mike and Toby, primarily physical and hedonistic.

y = The attraction between you and me, primarily mental, comprising an intimate communication.

and

l = Love, succesful, basic male-female relationships.

Then

x + y = l

Mike believes that he may never get the y factor into any of his relationships, yet he feels that it is the most important one, so I guess I'm lucky that I have it. Because he doesn't have it, he doesn't feel bad about leaving Toby when he enters college.

I'm going to the Levenson's now, I'll finish this letter when I get back.

Just got back from the Levenson's. We had steak for dinner and then watched Monty play around. When he went to bed, we listened to records (Bartok, Mousorgksy, Ravel, Stravinsky, etc.) and looked at prints (Michelaggelo, Piccasso, El Greco, Van Gogh). It was an enjoyable evening.

Writing letters is as good as telephoning, I've got a captive audience.

P.S. Keep that factor y gleaming.

Howie

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~~BUFFALO 2, NEW YORK~~

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

BUFFALO, N.Y.
JUL 8
1 PM.
1959

JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL VICTORIA PALACE

PARIS

FRANCE

Rue Blanche Gergoffe

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

July 7

Janet;

I Found out why Mike was shaking his head "no" when I was explaining why there is predetermination in the universe (the night that we saw Room At the Top). He did not disagree with what I was saying, he just thought that too many objections could be raised to the example I was using.

Phil Perch has promised to bring some of his physics textbooks to work and teach me relativistic quantum mechanics, the quantum theory, and relativity. This means that I will probably get more out of this summer than I'll get out of two years of science in high school. Phil has already started going into relativity and some of Duroc's theories with me.

I just realized that I was acting with the Levensons yesterday.

Mike says that Mark is a real nice guy and often discussed philosophy with him, so you shoudn't worry so much that he doesn't like you. After all, he gave you his address, didn't he? He wouldn't have done that if he didn't want to see you again.

I've just been thinking about your nose. For some reason when I think of your new nose, I begin to fear you a little. Mom has often asked me if I would like a nose job, and I've been forced to think of what it would mean to me. I know that if I had my nose fixed, Kids would stop calling me "schnoz", "the nose", "Beak", and they would stop ducking whenever I swung my head. However, I would not be able to feel very proud of the result. None of this would be a product of my own action, but a product of a protective measure taken by my parents. In short I would not be living

UP to the motto which I have adopted for myself, "This above all; To thine own self be true".

In yesterday's letter, in the formula, "love" was used to designate the final product only becuuse it was the nearest approximation to the idea we were working on, Mike and I tried to use a better term, we thought that "love" was a bit to melodramatic, but we couldn't.

At work today, Phil explained more of relativity to me. At dinner we discussed the Jewish religion, people and customs and Israel. (Excuse the mistakes in the typing, but it is 11:10 P. M. , I've had a hard day, and I'm tired.) It seems that Phil is of Mesopotamian ancestry. This means that he comes from the same Jewish stock that we do. Later on, Phil drove me home and stopped in at the house for a few minutes. Phil originally came from Boston (he holds a masters degree in chemical engineering from M.I.T.), and for a time, he was a militant atheist. We started to discuss militant atheism and I found that some of it's basic ideas were the same as mine, however the conclusions that it drew are differrent. I showed Phil the part of my notebook which I had devoted to this idea, and after he saw some of the stuff in the notebook (the one on miscellaneous observations, inspirations and thoughts) he payed me a great complement. He said that if I ever went Bohemian or in any way dissipated myself, he would shoot me. He said that I have a great deal to offer the world, and that with a little organization of thought, I should be a great man. I feel very proud of myself for this, and I hope that you do to, after all, your about the only thing between me and dissipation at the moment.

Later on, I went to Mr. Knopp's house for a math lesson. I asked him if he would join Park in I.S.M.S. so that I could

join it and he said that he would if I would get him the literature. He said that he thinks that my chances of getting into Swarthmore are pretty good.

I also asked him what he thought of Park in comparison with Nichols and Seminary. He told me of this brilliant boy who had gone to Park for his freshman year, some famous boarding school for his sophomore year, and Nichols for his junior year. When Mr. Knopp talked to him about the merit of the different schools, he thought that Park was better than Nichols in Math, and Latin but inferior in history and English. Mr. Knopp thinks that Nichols has one teacher in Math who is as good as he is. He also thinks that our American History teacher and our Junior and Senior English teacher is better thanany of the teachers at Nichols and that the new Latin teacher that is going to be here next year is as good as those at Nichols.

I've got to get to bed now (I'm practically falling asleep ontop of the typewriter). I'll write again tomorrow.

(Howard) (Howie)
(Howy) (Howe)

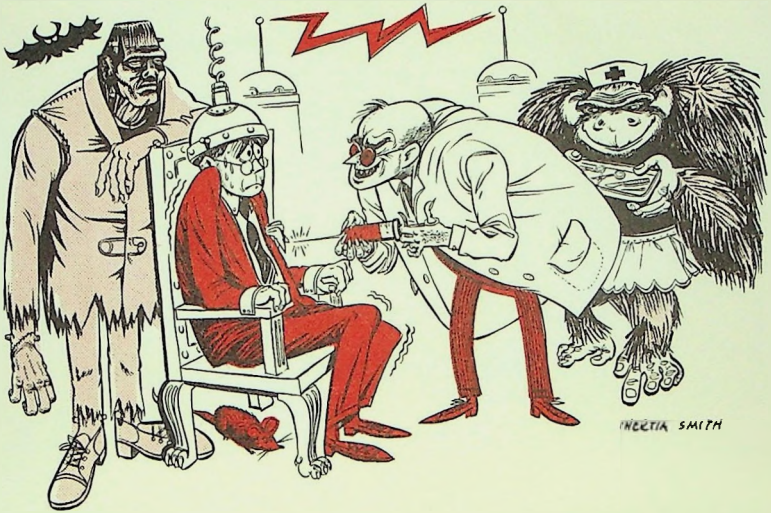
P.S. How do you like my new system of writing snatches whenever I think of them. In this way I start a letter in the morning and end it at night.

Box 100
Amherst
Buffalo N.Y.

BUFFALO
MAY 9
8 PM
1960
N.Y.

Janet Oestreich
c/o Swarthmore College
Swarthmore Penn.

I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN SOONER



BUT I went to this new doctor to get my polio shot and ever since I haven't felt like doing anything except running about on all fours and baying at the moon. My paws have gotten so hairy I simply couldn't hold a pen. Funny thing, eh?

John to read it.

Got S.A.T. Scores; math - 686, Eng 698; disappointed!

Read "Brahma" (the red slayer" etc.). Don't get why Florence Loves it. Why?

Fell into the pond (got all wet).

Read Jack Kerouac's Subterraneans this morning. Read It! (that's an order)

Went into the "~~Rendezvous~~" "Rendezvous" (the bar frequented primarily by Park Scholars) with John after Production ordered "coke" - he first beer. Everybody was suprised; First "coke" ordered by a male in there in years and no-one expected Hyman to order beer.

Girl from lap sitting incident of many moons ago grabbed me Production night & wouldn't let go. Pleasant at first but became disgusting. Cut her completely since then. Have other (more platonic) interests.

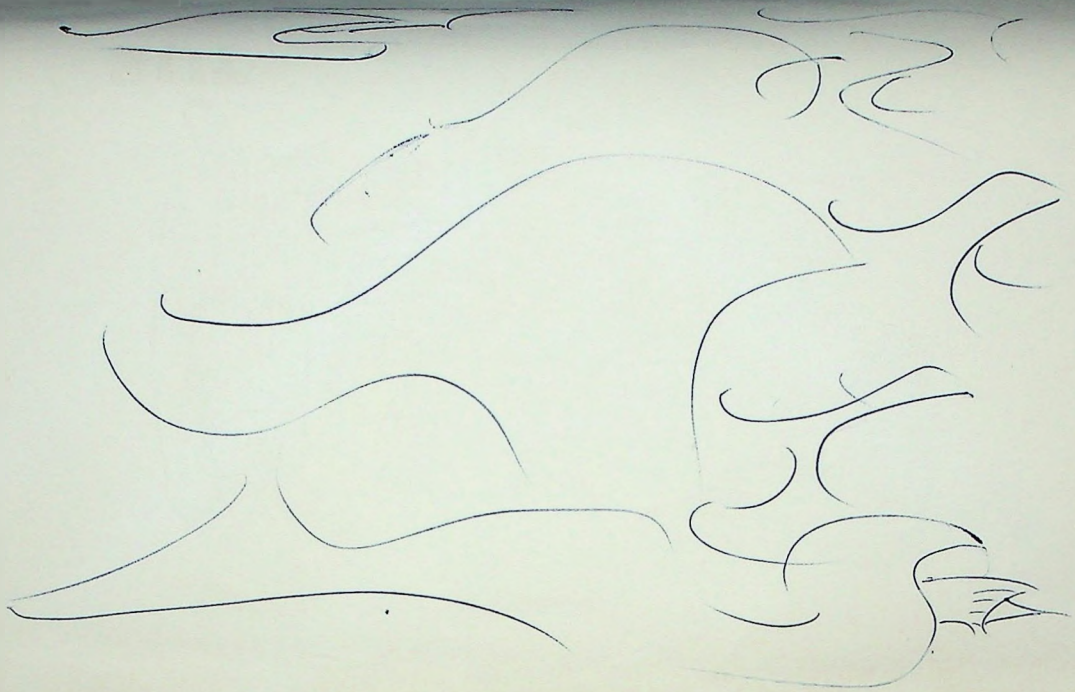
Etc. Etc. Etc.

Will write when energy finally comes on weekend (maybe tonight?)

Country Cousin
LAKE PLACID, N.Y.

Be Good & Live Full!

Howe



"Flight From Egypt"

To be more specific; during the weekends, when I have had time to write, I have felt very (including this dreary, rainy day) flat. There is nothing that I want to do less than put superficial, false, and extremely bland tripe on paper and pass it on to you as myself. Such is our relationship that I dislike telling you things that I don't feel, and to write you a letter when I feel <u>nothing</u> is hypocrisy. <u>Please have patience</u>. I will write a juicy letter as soon as my spare time and my juices come to me together.

Skeletal summary of Events:

Was <u>happy</u> to read your letter in which you show that you are conquering depression.

Production was a success. Many said I acted best (many didn't).

Read <u>Lord of The Flies</u>; loved it; wrote "A paper on it; got (cover)

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Howard Bloom
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BUFFALO
MAY 16
7 PM
1960
N.Y.

Janet Oestreich
c/o Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Penn.

Saturday, 12 P.M.
(midnight)

Janet:

Forgive me if this letter seems slightly incoherent; I'm dead tired and I'M practically falling asleep. I can't answer the questions from the letter before last because I'm just too tired to look for it, but I want very badly to write to you, for no reason at all except that I want to, and so this letter will probably not include a lot of the stuff that it would include if I were awake. (so much for apologies)

This morning we had a track meet. I ran the 880 (880 yards, ½ mile) and came in last, last week I ran it and came in second from last in a different meet (I'M getting worse?). After the meet, John came over. We fiddled around for a while and then Bradley Tashenberg came over. John had to leave for driver ed. so Brad and I spent the afternoon listening to jazz until Lester Saft and Harvey Moss came over. Everybody left at five thirty, so I started to read <u>On The Road</u> which I just finished. I agree with you that it's immature, but I still like it. I'll go into more detail on this at a later time, because I intend to dedicate an essay to you on Beatniks when I get the time.

Last night was an American Field Service (foriegn student) party, at which I met a kid named Mike Montgomery who was a foriegn student at a school in Pau, France last year and who is coming to Swarthmore next year. We hit it off right away. He and John and I are all going together to Chataqua Thursday night for an A.F.S. meeting. John and I have to go to this, but Mike is just coming along to go with us.

Sue Speiser is not coming to Swarthmore, I'm too tired to give details, but if your interested, see Marny. Tell Florence that I'll send her the book if I can ever find out how to wrap that sort of thing for mailing and get the materials for doing it. Isn't Florence coming to Buffalo for part of the vacation. I wanted to see Florence again. (Nothing against Kathy, but) Either drop Kathy and bring Florence or bring them both. Forgive the audacity, I'm TIRED. Wait till you get back to Buffalo, I'll give you all my newly found secrets of life, then we can bothe be confused together.

The poem is still being worked on. I've polished up the meter and now I just have to work on clarifying the third verse. Something I never bothered to tell you because of jealousy: Your poetry's great! (I mean it. I love it.)

Live at school and you won't have time to be depressed. (meaning simply: milk the maximum from you multitudinous experiences, and have fun doing it.) Please write! I love hearing from you. GAWD am I tired!

Hesie

October 9

Janet;

Things have been happening here so fast that I don't know where to start telling you about everything. The situation has probably been the same for you.

I was not too satisfied with my program of "extra study and insight exploration", Mr. Chapin calls a "search for wisdom", because all I was doing for it was taking senior math. I talked to Mr. Chapin about this a few times and in a few weeks I should be doing more of what I want. I will probably be concentrating on literature and art. I was becoming bored with the senior math, when I got a letter from Dave Krantz. I had asked him for a plan to follow in teaching myself math. He recommended that I start out with calculus, and the book that he thought that I should start with turned out to be the same book that my math teacher is using with his classes at the University. I just went down to the U.B. bookstore to get the book today (we had no school because of a teacher's conference) and by the end of the year I should be finished with most of the first two years of college math.

Our annual Country Fair was last Friday, For the third year in a row, I was elected chairman of a booth. My committees booth made more money than any other.

I am getting a tremendous sense of fulfillment out of my work as chairman of the Production commitee. I have the power to influence a great many people with my two assemblies a week, and I feel that I am using it better than it has ever been used before.

I got about three lessons ahead of the rest of the class in French and was beginning to get bored with the course. I

explained this to my teachers, so they gave me a book to read in French. I am forced to read very slowly in it, as it has proven too difficult for any of the French IV students to tackle. I have also acted as the teacher in two French classes. The teachers briefed me on the lessons to be covered, corrected the flaws in may accent (Madame Chanteau says that it is almost perfect), and allowed me to teach the classes without any help at all.

Bonny McDougal, who went to Italy on the A.F.S. program this summer, held a meeting at her house for all students interested in participating in this program next year. I attended this meeting and sent in my preliminary application two days ago.

I have become good freinds with this years foreign student. She is Daryl Ross, from South Africa. She is very intelligent and mature, and I am probably going to have her over for dinner next week.

My "make friends and influence people" campaign is coming along well. As I said before, I was elected chairman of a booth, but by unanimous vote, which is very unusual. I've ~~got~~ recieved tons of complements for my clothes and I'm getting along well with everybody. I've got the word from the "grape-vine" that about three girls are "making a play" for me and it's becoming increasingly obvious that this is the case. I hope that your social life is coming along well too.

The first meeting of I.S.M.S. took place the other night. John Hyman, Bradley Tashenberg, and I all went. We found it quite dull because it was on phases of symbolic logic which we already knew, but we hope that it will get better.

This summer, I had the idea of using panel discussions in assembly to raise interest in certain aspects of the school

that needed more attention. At first I thought that a program of this kind would be impossible, but when I found that it had been done with success in some other schools in the country, I decided to try it. Consequently, a panel discussion on "Is the student Council Neccesary" is planned for two weeks from today. I am excited about this program for two reasons; if it goes over well and accomplishes its purpose, it will demonstrate that the chairman of the Production Committee has a job more important than any other in the school; and I hope that it will revive interest in the council and make it a more dynamic body, than it has been in the past.

All in all, this is shaping up as the most exciting year I've ever spent in school. The potential of my position as chairman of the Production Committee and my special program of studies is tremendous and I hope to get as much as I can from them.

I hope that Swarthmore is treating you as well as Park is treating me. Give my regards to Marina, and write me all about your experiences.

Howie

P.S. Forgive the sloppy English and typing, I'm writing amidst a million distractions.

Friday

Dear Janet;

As usual, I was very pleased to recieve your last letter.

Another glorious weekend is here, in which I have planned to do tons of work, but will actually get less than ten hours worth of work done. (That "glorious" was semi-sarcastic.) Life goes on as usual around here. All homework manages to be completed at 10:30 each night, leaving just enough time for a half hour walk.

This letter has lain in the typewriter for two and a half hours, this coming between the first and second paragraphs, while I talked to Doug Sirkin. He said to send you his regards. In one of his experiments, he was exposed to 37,000 counts of radiation a minute a few weeks ago. Fortunately, he suffered no ill effects, but his genetic constitution has probably been seriously altered.

What happened to Marina and Tim? You didn't mention them in your last letter. Sue Speiser asked me to tell you to tell Marina that she will write as soon as her thesis is finished. This will probably be this Monday.

I was chosen to be one of the six final applicants from Park to the A.F.S.. This means that there is a vague chance that I may wind up living in Europe during the summer.

As you are familliar with the feeling of gross inferiority (socially) to the opposite sex, you have some idea of how my social life is coming around. As you know, things were going pretty well when you got the last letter. For some, reason, when I found out that a girl who I was going to take out was going steady with a University of Pennsylvania sophomore, all my confidence suddenly left me. Although I am still getting

along on good terms with many of the girls at school, it is no longer the same. I am actually afraid to ask out the girl who I would most like to. Although we kid around a lot and have fun together, she is so good looking and has such a pleasant personality that she could go out with much nicer boys. Not only that, she is slightly taller than I am. You see, boys have the same problems that girls do. If you would like to know a little more about your position and rights in the battle of the sexes, read the preface to G.B. Shaw's "Man and Superman", this should only take about fifteen minutes.

Gordy sounds like a good kid. Don't start worrying about marriage so soon, most men prefer girls like you as wives anyway. If you don't know any boys who would take you out, get to know some. Don't chase them, but show them that you're not disinterested in them.

After a few months, you'll get used to working at capacity. The only reason that you are having trouble doing this now, is that you were not worked hard enough at Sem. Its obvious that you have the capabilities to do the work at Swarthmore, if you didn't you wouldn't be there. Your greatest enemy is "the slough of despond".

Good luck,

Horse

P.S. Mike sends regards. All the boys seem to have you on their mind.

Friday

Dear Janet;

As usual, I was very pleased to recieve a post-card from you the other day. I realize that you will be too busy to write to me for a couple of months, so this card, sent the day before you get to school, was especially gratifying.

This has been an extremely busy week for me too. The courses which I am taking are: French I; English; Intermediate Algebra; and Physics. I talked to Mr. Halpern, the teacher who is going to be helping me in my extra-curricular studies program, about what I am going to be doing. He says that I will take most of senior math (advanced trig., advanced algebra, elementary calculus) plus more advanced calculus and advanced physics. Mr. Halpern is also my Physics and Math teacher in my regular courses.

If my entire year is like this past week, I may never get through it alive. I had four hours of homework every night this week and twice I didn't get home until 7:30 because of soccer scrimages. Besides this unusually heavy load of homework, I have had to devote about twenty minutes a day to my duties as chairman of the production committee. When I start on advance trig. next week, the load will be even heavier. It begins to look as if I will not have time to be chairman and faculty advisor to the Model U.N. again this year.

From the way it looks from the first two French tests, I ought to come out with the highest mark in the class in French, and from the homework, I would say that I will definitely do the same in Physics.

Doug Sirkin got into a bad accident last week. He

was sitting in his Renault, waiting at a stop light, when a tractor trailer that had lost its brakes came plowing into him. It threw the Renault (with Doug in it) 100 feet (no exageration), when it landed, it bounced another twenty five feet and then stopped. Doug was badly shaken, but he came out with only some bad bruises. The car was entirely demolished though, so he got an M.G. (English sports-car) to replace it.

French class is absolutely tremendous. Remember me telling you that I would like a language course where you learned the language by speaking it? That is exactly what we have. We have two teachers, one American and one French. First the American teacher says a phrase in English which the French teacher pronounces it in French, then the class repeats what the French teacher said. When we are tested, we are tested orally. This way out accent can be tested as well as out vocabulary of words and phrases. Our classes take place in the Language Lab. This room is equipped with 16 acoustically isolated booths, equipped with earphones and a volume control. Using this equipment, we repeat out words and phrases from a record while the teachers give individual help. These methods work exceptionally well, and we are expected to be able to speak and read French well by the end of the year. Later on in the year, after we are able to carry on limited conversations in French, we will concentrate on spellin and grammer. Mr. Meyer (the assistant head-master) said that if I did enough reading in French over the summer to be able to pass the French two test, I can take French three next year. I am also going to take a twelve week course in Russian this year if I can manage it. If I do this and study some Russian this summer I may be able to get credit for Russian I. The twelve week course is being offered in the afternoons.

HOW IS SWARTHMORE? If you get a chance, drop me a card.

Give my regards to Marina.....

Lowie

P. S. I'm writing for my application forms to Swarthmore tonight.

Sunday A.M.

Dear Janet;

I shouldn't really be writing to you because of the tons of homework around, but this weekend has been so exciting that I HAD to write to you. This is the first time that I have had to myself since Wednesday. Thursday night, there was a sub-production committee meeting (the sub-production committee chooses the Production). It seemed more like a pizza party than anything else. ~~This was the~~ This was the annual Park-Harley Weekend. ~~During this time I had~~ I had a boy from Harley, a school just outside of Rochester, over Friday night. Friday night there was a variety show at school which was followed by a dance. Both were tremendous. After the dance, about a dozen of us went to the"Limelight", a beatnick coffee house near the Grovesnor. I got to know almost all of the forty kids here from Harley at the dance and I danced with almost all of the Harley girls. Saturday morning, there were discussion groups, each discussing a different topic. I was the moderator of the "What Is A Beatnick" group. Thirty students from Cambridge School, a school near Boston, participated in the discussions. They came down because their headmaster is out ex-headmaster. At one o'clock, after lunch, the Harley kids left. I was very sorry to see them leave, especially two of the girls. I jumped on the bus to say good-bye to Jim Townsend, the boy who was staying with me, and about 20 kids on the bus said good-bye to me by name. After Harley left, we had a football game with Cambridge for which I took movies. After the football game, the Cambridge kids wanted to go to see Niagara Falls. Four of us from Park went with them. On the way back, I sat with a girl named Sue some-thing-or-other. She reminded me of you in a number of ways. She was nice looking, very perceptive and intelligent, and had beautiful blue eyes. She talked quite

candidly of herself and her school. She lived in Europe when she was very young and went to school in England until about second grade. Her attitudes were very New Englandish. She impressed me as being lonely and a bit insecure for some reason.

We got back from the falls at about 11. The kids were staying at the Sheriton Hotel, so we went up to there rooms for about an hour. When I saw Sue later in the evening at one of these get-togethers in the rooms, she seemed quite changed. She had covered up her insecurity with a shield, much as you do, but her shield was one of sophistication.

You mentioned that my last letter cheered you up; this one will not. I've been getting the impressions that various people have had of you during the past few months and during that time a picture of your primary fault has been slowly developing. It is simply this: your feelings of insecurity keep you from being yourself when you are in certain situations. You project a shield to protect yourself. You try to figure out how you should act, and you do not really act spontaniously. You may protest that this is not the case, because a good deal of this action is probably not conscious. The impression of the people who have seen only this sheild is that you are immature, flippant, and shallow. The impression of those who have seen you, for example Mike and me, has been quite the opposite. You say in your letter,"I have proceeded to mess things up constantly, and have only my own immature self to blame.". It is not yourself,but your projection, your image, your shield, that is to blame. You have probably heard this advice a million times, but it is extremely true; be yourself, but don't try to. I didn't make my point to clear, but I will be able to see you in a few weeks and talk to you.

Regards to Marina and Tim. Take care of yourself,

Hoie (over) →

P.S. If I get in on the A.F.S. program, I will not be able to choose my location, so chances are poor that I will wind up in Salzburg.

Also I am not too sure that I want to go to Swarthmore. In fact I know that I would much rather go to Reed. Will explain Thanksgiving.

Love
Wie

P.S. to the P.S. Sue wants to go to Swarthmore.

Sunday

Janet:

First, thank you very, very much for arranging for me to visit; I had a fabulous time. (Fabulous is a word that seems to be worming its way into everything I say these days).

I've decided to write my senior thesis on Catholic Dogma as Poetic Symbolism. Its not due until next year, but I'll probably start to work on it as soon as I finish reading The Way of All Flesh. I've been reading that book for two months now (this is the third reading) and I still don't think that I've got the main point. If anybody around there has any ideas on this thesis topic,or knows of any books on the subject, I would appreciate hearing about it. Also, if you get a chance, could you please ask Jim what the name of the book is that he gave me to read that had the 7 page essay by Santayana in it. Also ask him if he knows of any other works of Santayana's on the thesis topic.

I think that I left that copy of Florence's poem that I made in your room. If you see it around, could you send it to me.

For a while, all of the people there had me convinced that I could actually get in to Swarthmore, but as soom as I got home, I began to feel the impossibility of the situation.

You would probably be interested in one of the boys in my philosophy class who I am becoming friends with. Here's the rundown: His name is Al and he's from India, but he's of British descent. He's 19, very intelligent and he's only been in this country for a little over a year. Last year

he went to Williams College (rated one of the top small colleges in the U.S.) and sustained a B- average, but he quit because he couldn't stand the place. Amherst is one college like Williams: the atmosphere is the "cram and memorize" kind rather than the kind you have at Swarthmore. Al is working as an insurance broker and taking courses at U. B. so that he can earn enough money to go to Stamford College in California next year. He is taking pre-med and his main interest is in chemistry. He was close to winning the title of Flyweight Champion of the World at one time (his best friend was flyweight champ) but he's given up boxing and now he skis. I have known him for such a short time that its tough to tell whether or not he radiates, but I think he does.

Yesterday we (John Hyman, Jeff Meileman, myself) went skiing. It was probably the best skiing day that we have had all year, 'twas gorgeous.

Friday night the cat got a fish-hook caught in her mouth. Didi tried to extract it, but to no avail. The poor beast's at the vet's until tomorrow.

Tell Florence that I'll send her the book on reincarnation as soon as I can, but please find out whether or not she said that she wanted to read it out of sheer politeness; I don't want to burden her with what she doesn't have time to read.

Give my regards to Florence, Marny, and everyone else.

Write soon

Howie

P.S. Thanks for having patience with me while I was there and for having patience with

(over)

all the requests that I made in this letter.

P.S. to the P.S

If you're still depressed,

Don't Die

You're still one of the greatest kids around, whether you're at Swarthmore or in Buffalo.

Havie

Friday

Janet,

Another eventful week has passed, and again I find myself on the brink of the usual weekend depression.

Here are the highlights of the week: Tuesday we took National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Tests; I finished four out of five parts and I think that I did pretty well in all but the first part. Wednesday we had try-outs for the Production. This year the Production is in three parts: a one act play, a short Gilbert and Sullivan operreta, and some dancing. I tried out for the play and captured the major role, but more about that later. Thursday morning we took the test for the National Math Contest; John Hyman came in first in the school, I came in fourth. Today we had nominations for officers of the student council. Bradley Tashenburg and Jane Traeger nominated me for President, but I don't have much of a chance of being elected to that office. Tomorrow we take College Boards and I hope I'll do well on that.

Before I go any farther, I want to remind you that your depression is <u>unjustified.</u> It's easy enough to see what has caused it, but those same causes bring most Freshmen at Swarthmore into your state. Marny seems to be going through the same feelings of inadequacy that you are at the moment. It is your intelligence and <u>joie de vivre</u> that make you unique and worthy of whatever you achieve, including being at Swarthmore.

Sounds Pretty Bleak! but it's true

It is now5:30 Saturday. I had to stop writing last night because I had to go to my philosophy class. As usual,it was interesting, but Al and I spent most of our time discussing things between ourselves. ~~Also as usual~~

This morning we had College Boards, and I think that I did pretty well. I finished the first four parts, but I did not finish the last part. This does not matter anyway because the last part was experimental and does not go on the score. After the exams were over, John came over for the afternoon. Among other things, we went over my part in the play, which I have to have memorized by Monday.

The play is called Shall We Join the Ladies it's about a man who's brother has been killed (that's me) and who invites all the suspects of the murder to his house for a house party. The play takes place on the last night of the party when the host reveals his reasons for inviting his guests. The audience never finds out who the murderer actually is and a vote will be taken after the play to see who they think it is.

I'm beginning to develop religious concepts and to become religious, although I am remain an atheist. This we will have to discuss when you get home for vacation. When will you get home for vacation?

Give my regards to everyone, esp. Marny and Florence.

Cheer up.

(over)

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
this is the way the world ends
Not with a bang, but a whimper.

T.S. Eliot

Round and round the prickly pear
Round and round the prickly pear
Round and round the prickly pear
At five o'clock in the morning.

(this is not poetry, it's a genuine imitation)

I'm a LIE

I sit and type a mechanical
letter on my
machine.

the things said are mechanical,
even the interjection at
the end about
mechanism
is written
Without Emotion,
mechanically.

It (me)'s all a dead lie.

"Shape without form, shade without color,
paralyzed force, gesture without motion."

All still born words from the
dead hand of a
hollow man.

[Mine]

I mean it when I say that I don't mean it.
(Damn-it!)

Please believe me!

Friday

Dear Janet:

I recieved, among other things, the poetry that you sent. There is an element in it that excited me a great deal. I hate to say this, but despite this outstanding element (probably something of your soul, not in the hackneyed sense of the word) it is not terribly good poetry. Please don't get me wrong, this one element is fabulous, it is the element that distinguishes an artist from a draftsman, but the technical mastery that allows the fullest communication of this element is missing. Perhaps through an impersonal critisizm of the technical errors in your poems I can learn something for myself.

In the first poem, first line, the alliteration is good. (Ours the unwashed sands beside a waterless sea) The first two lines are good; they set the scene for a meter that suggests the sea. The meter scheme, however, is not kept. All of your poems lack meter, but this lack is most important in the first poem. The wording of the last line seems clumsy.

Poetry is like music, but it is more eloquent. It appeals to the soul, that is to the emotions as well as the mind, through rythm, sometimes rhyme, and always through the flow and sound of its words. It is the sound of the words that can arouse certain feelings and evoke moods. This is why the first line of the first poem is so good. At the next level, poetry communicates through imagery. In the last two poems your imagery is very good, but the clumsiness of many of the lines detracts from the value.

Keep writing! What comes out despite your lack of technical skills is extremely encouraging.

I think that this has been the best week of the whole year. Monday morning, partially thanks to a program which two of the teachers gave on Camus, I felt existentialism for the first time. Although it is usually interpreted as a pessimistic philosophy, it has begun to give my life a little purpose.

I have also started to work organizing a philosophy seminar. Three teachers are interested in the idea and the only problems are to find some more students who would be interested and able to participate, and to make sure that the teachers have enough time to be in the thing. John Hyman is interested in being in it, but we still need one or two more students.

John Hyman and another one of the kids from school are going to be taking a course in Calculus at U.B. this semester. I'm either going to be taking a course in Educational Philosophy of The Highlights of Philosophy; Mr. Chapin is looking into it to see which is best for me.

One of the girls at school has the problem of getting rid of a boy whom she doesn't like but who calls her up every other night. He is tall, good-looking, a basketball player at U.B., and is well liked by most girls. This one doesn't like him because he is the average shallow boy who doesn't know what he's going to college for. I like this girl a lot, but our relationship is strictly Platonic. Unfortunately it can't be otherwise as she is taller than I am, good looking, and my age, which means that she can go out with boys a lot better than me. Anyway, what do you suggest for her problem?

How was your trip to Maryland?

I'll write again as soon as I know the specific details of my visit.

Howie.

Monday

Janet;

"Busy" seems to be the password around here since school started.

Last week we got our P.S.A.T. (Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests) scores back. These tests are rated just like the college boards except the scores go between 20 and 80 instead of 200 and 800. John (Hyman) got his scores first; they were 71 on verbal and 72 on math. I got my scores the next day (I had been skiing with the school ski group when the rest of the class got their scores): they were 68 on math and 70 on verbal. This gave me the second highest marks in the school, John was first. These scores are supposed to go up 4 points in your senior year and nine points for the College Boards. This means that I should get between 730 and 780 on my college boards.

While we're playing games, I'll guess that Gordy helped to pull you out of your depression. Am I right? Hope you do get to take "Hist. of Phil" next "semes.", you should get a lot out of it if you get a chance to discuss what your learning.

No killing of idiots. The power to kill is unsafe in the hands of man, no matter who's being killed. The value of a human life is something we could spend hours over, esp. if an idiot really has a "life". If we have to eliminate undesirable elements or surplus people in the human race, it should be through birth control through education, not murder.

Yesterday I went skiing all day long. I was going to write to you after dinner but I almost fell asleep while eating so I went to bed as soon as I finished my homework.

I'm going into training to write poetry. To do this I'm going to start with excercises in which I'll employ simple description, hoping to learn to be able to express myself well without effort in this medium, then I can work on conveying ideas and emotions. First exercise, description of an aquarium;

All the water jungle is at peace.
A silent world, a world of awful grace,
Austerely sober, yet sometimes grotesque.

A fish, suspended in the water clear,
Writhes o'er the reeds and grasses, as in air.
It's movement, softly swaying to and fro,
Betokens ease, and soft, untroubled poise.

The stoic snails slide slowly through the leaves.
In panoply they ply their painful way.
Unhurried, sure, they glide along a track
Of portable, unfelt security.

Then suddenly a savage movement snaps
The foliage back along the silent track.
As human fingers suddenly attack
To snare a fish for other jungle homes.

The action of the hunted's sure and swift;
It darts below the rocks along the wall.
But soon the fingers pry away the stones
And leave the fish there, naked to the net.

In air the fish becomes a morbid clown:
No longer graceful in his heavy flops.
But soon he lives in water once again
And undulates beside another wall.

After I talked with you and Marny, I formulated a theory on Hamlet's dilemma based on the proposition that Hamlet was the victim of repressed Oedipus tendencies. I wrote a paper on this for English, over eight hours of writing for a three page paper. I was given an A, this is only the second A that my English teacher has given out ~~all~~ yet this school year.

What did I do wrong on my drivers test? the tester was so disgusted that he checked almost everything.

I won't be able to go out on any more dates this year because my financial situation does not allow it. Skiing costs $4 a week, I get three dollars allowance, and I would like to ski once a week. This means that it will be impossible for me to take out Cindy, despite the fact that I really want to.

We had a mowy on "Chinese Art" the other day at arts discussion club the other day. Actually so many people came that it was a mess, but I was having a very interesting discussion of philosophy with three girls. One of them I like a lot but she is taller than I am as well as being nice looking and I am afraid to try to take her out (Oh, well! Can't afford to anyway.). Anyway, I was sitting talking when a girl came along who has been "making a play" for me and invited herself into my lap. She's short, cute and intelligent, but her constant presence is annoying. I tried my best to ignore her and keep discussing, but she did her best to draw my attention to other matters. What in the world do you do in a case like that?

As soon as I can I've got to write to Swarthmore and tell them I'm coming. Now I've got to get back to homework and Production committee work (I'm working like a dog to prepare for Evaluation). Hope your getting along very well with Gordy

Howie

Dear Janet,

(Short note written in extreme rush!!) [Request immediate answer.] (who said I couldn't write in telegraphic style?)

Should I come 18th 19th + 20th of Feb. or 19th, 20th, 21st, I'd came latter could visit New York with you and (perhaps) Marny on 21st. Must know immediately so I can write Admissions Office for Interview.

Howie

P.S. Also send info. on program Tom Sailor (Sailer? Seiler? Saler?) Farmer in Europe with.

Thank You

Saturday

Dear Janet,

This week has probably been my most productive one all year. Lester Saft and I are working on the plans for a judicial system independant of the council. Under the plan, a judicial committee would be established to try cases. Its primary function, however, would not be disciplinary. It would attempt to discover the patterns into which individual offences fit, to find the causes for these patterns, and then to evolve positive means of coping with these causes. Almost all of the junior boys are backing the plan.

Three of the A. F. S. candidates have been eliminated. The three of us left are John Hyman, Hilary Harty, and myself. There is a vague possibility that two, or even three, of us may get to go overseas on the program.

Last week we took the Time current events test. John Hyman and I tied for highest score in the school on this, so we will probably split the prize.

Thursday morning, I played a Shelley Berman record in Assembly. Berman, in case you haven't heard him, is a very funny comedian. I was playing the record because of the innumerable requests that have been given to me and to my committee for it. Unfortunately, the person who was operating the record player put on the wrong piece first. This piece is, in many places, "suggestive". Mr. Meyer, the assistant head-master, in the midst of one of these portions, took the arm off of the record player and made a short speach as to why he had done so. I made a statement expressing the Production Committee's attitude in playing the record and a rather hot debate ensued between various

members of the faculty and the student body. Generally speaking, it was a mess. Many of the students upheld my point of view, but many were against it. The next day, Mr. Meyer appologized for what he had done and I admitted that I was partially wrong. Things were settled amicably.

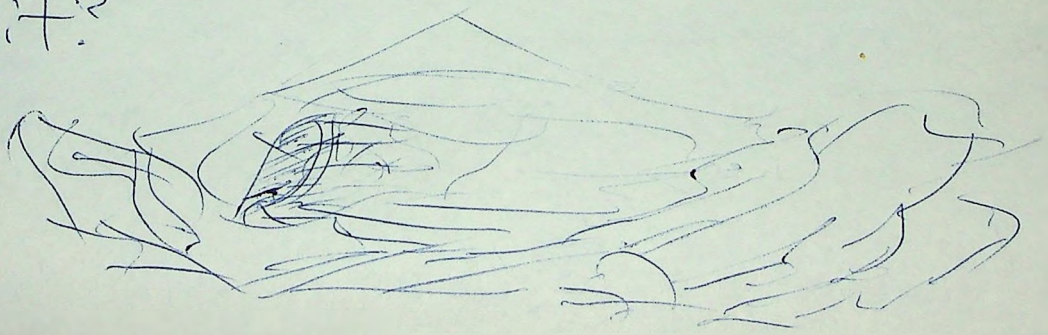
Last night, Mike and I went down to the Jazz Center and spent an enjoyable evening there. Among other things that happened, Mike beat me at two games of chess.

I will be arriving at Swarthmore on February 18, at either 8:25 or 9:25 P.M. by train. I have an appointment for an interview at 2 o'clock the following day. Unfortunately, Marny left town before I was able to contact her to make more plans. Have you arranged for me to stay with one of the boys in the Sorus yet?

How was Maryland? The only news that has arrived so far has been by postcard. How is your Philosophy course? What is this thing that made you so happy a couple of weeks ago?* You have me utterly confused as to what it could be.

See you soon,

*P.S. Maybe the guy from the Nike base wrote to you. Have I got it?



Wednesday - 10 P.M.

Janet,

I shouldn't really be writing to you now, instead I should be writing my acceptance speech for my nomination to the presidency, but I'm very confused, frustrated, depressed and distressed, and I need your help. In the past three days I've plunged from the heights of euphoria to the depths of despondency many times. Now my main problem is my acceptance speech. I have ideas that I want to communicate and yet I seem unable to convey them in a speech. I want desparately to be able to get my feelings across, but the paper and typewriter do no more than frustrate me. In addition, I am not sure wether or not I should accept the nomination because I ~~do not know~~ am unsure wether or not I am the best person for the position. If there is someone better for the

job it is my duty to decline the nomination.

I just don't know what to do! and I have to have my speech ready by Friday.

thank you for your patience.

Howie

Saturday

Janet:

I am writing to you today despite the fact that I wrote to you yesterday. I just recieved the most tremendous letter I ever got from you. I t was really Janet 100%. I'd like to use every advective in my vocabulary to describe it but I haven't the room. It seems as if we're both having an exhilirating experience at school this year. ~~IXX~~ There is one flaw however, you're semi-bad mood. Here we go for some advice on each point

Point 1.; It is impossible for me to forget you. (He says in the mock anger usually reserved for old English Colonels.)

That Tim and Marina have been going out with each other seems absolutely tremendous. Mainly because I liked Tim the first time I talked to him and the same with Marina. A pair or radiators finally got together. Victory at last.

Who is the Dutch lithograph by? While on the subject of art; I'm going through a series of revelations as far as art is concerned. It all started with my seven days spenttwith "beatnick" artists in Provincetown. With their aid I began to look much deeper into the meaning of paintings and other art-works than I had ever done before. Last week, John Hyman showed me a book of photographs by Edward Weston (see if you can find some books with his stuff). They were the first time that I had ever seen photography that was art. They were absolutely tremendous and they led me into a search for form in everyday things that has been devouring me. Since then I have been doing a lot of serious sketching and I have been

discussing art with anyone who knows anything about it. See if you can get a copy of the "Aperture" magazine dedicated to Edward Weston, maybe Tim can help you. Pay special attention to the picture of the two shells and the picture of the pepper (you know, pepper, as in green pepper, the vegetable). If you can find them tell me your reaction. Here is mine; erotic, sensous, and with superb form.

Who is "the other me". If he's what you say he is, I'd like to meet him some time.

On the subject of owing letters, I owe Dave Krantz, Mike, and Phil letters.

From my close freindships with "bodos" I would advise thusly; attempt to find out why they think you inferior to them, attempt to understand there point of view, then act with your findings in mind. If they are like the "beatnicks" I have known (who were all about ten years older and more mature than those at Swarthmore), they probably do realize something very important that you do not. If we have time during Thanksgiving vacation, I will try to explain it to you.

As far as dates are concerned, you have probably started going on them by the time you recieve this letter.

I can't wait to hear about your special weekend.

Give my regards to Marina and Tim (see if he still remembers me)

Howie

P.S. Just to show you how you're letter effected me; I ripped a paper out of the typewriter that I was writing for Mr. Chapin so that I could write to you immediately. I even refused to drive my mother around so that she could do her shopping.

~~PREMIER PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.~~
~~SUITE 801-802 · 17 COURT ST~~
~~BUFFALO 2, NEW YORK~~

Howard Bloom
1350 Amherst
Buffalo, New York

BUFFALO
MAY 9
8 PM
1960
N.Y.
2

Janet Oestreich
% Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Penn.

THE STOIC

("I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."
W.E. Henley)

The night was black,
The air was frozen bone,
When he fell from a swollen womb
To face a life alone.

He grew from frozen night to day.
The green gold sunshine of his youth
Warmed and wakened sleeping sight.
He thirsted after heady brew,
Sheltered from the coming night.

But drinking soul digested shielding frames,
Plunged him into dark, sharp cold and pain.
All around was black and vertigo.
Fleeing, frozen foam of endless depth,
Sucking, tearing toward the pit of death.

Helpless heart transfixed by fear,
Flooded soul with nauseous knowledge filled,
Learned to swell to hold the large truth tear,
Looked to see and sort its many parts.

His aim became to clutch at swirling foam,
To make the Holy formless mirror him,
To navigate its searing crags and peaks
Forcing aimless forces to his whim.

Taught senses overcame the void;
Chill and black was warmth and light,
As willfull struggling ~~strength~~ soul proclaimed
The ecstasy of night.

Howard Bloom

Saturday Saturday, 11:30 P.M.

Janet:

It's late, and I just returned from seeing Room At The Top with John. I had to write to tell you to see it again if you can get a chance. The emotional impact was twice as great on me this time as it was when I saw it with you last summer. Maybe it's because of more emotional maturity or the fact that it was allowed to ruminate in my brain, but this time the movie was so powerful that I can't describe it. My emotions were involved every minute, and at the end I could do nothing but sit and stare at the screen, resentfull of the other people around me who were getting up to leave as if the movie had only been something which had occupied their time for an hour. For me, it was as if the movie had been a part of my life, and you just don't get up and disivolve yourself from yourself without a great deal of trouble.

I wrote a poem this afternoon. I like some of the imagery, but it becomes confused because the poem is a hopeless jumble of free and rythmic verse. Here it is: (when I put this down I only wish that I were as prolific and good a poet as you are: "I wrote A poem")

Anyway, it is almost poetry.

I'll send this short letter off with the procrastinator card that I got this morning and haven't mailed yet.

You'll be hearing from me, as I said in the procrastinator note, in a full size letter as soon as my energy and spare time both come to me at the same time.

Honore

P.S. Please write despite the fact that I'm not writing much. (as usual, I'm asking a lot more than I deserve).
Also give my regards to Florence, Harry, and Jim (maybe Kathy too).
P.S. I still believe in you.

P.S. 4 Excuse the many corrections in the poem, but is still in the process of being written.
P.S. thank-you for sending Florence's poems.

(over)

P.S. The poem's been changed a lot since I started this letter, so it's better than it was before at least.

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JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL DE LA VILLE

ROME

ITALY

Please Forward
If Neccessary

July 8,9

Janet:

Mike just came over. We spent the evening discussing relativity and a number of problems which he gave me. I'll give you some of them, even though you probably will not have time to solve them.

1. On Pogo island, there are two kinds of natives. The black ones always lie and the white ones always tell the the truth. An Englishman who had lost his monocle (he was barely able to see without it) was wandering about the island when he came upon three of the natives. He asked the first one what color he was, and the first native replied lxiyeistc. The Englishman asked the second native to translate what the first one had said and the answer he got was "He say that he white". The third native became infuriated, and while wildly jumping up and down, pointed at the second native, shouting "He big fat liar".

What color was the third native.

2. I have eight coins. I know that one of them is counterfit and weighs more than the others. How can I find which is the counterfit in only two weighings. (using a scale in which two weights are balanced against each other, a balance)

I promised your mother that tomorrow morning, I will pay Helene a visit, so I'll continue this letter after that (unless I think of something that I want to write about before then.)

I just heard that you had a heat wave today (July 8) with temperatures of up to 100 degrees.

Just got back from work. I saw Helene for about an hour and a half this morning. We played records (at your house) and talked. I also talked with her father quite a bit. Helene looks better with both her eyes black and blue and her nose all bandaged, than she does in her normal condition, she ought to be good looking when the bandages come off. I'll probably see her some more while she is here.

I gave the problem about the three natives to Tom Klien, and it took him about three hours to figure it out. I figured out the goomotry problem that Mike gave me yesterday. I also gave all three problems to Barbara, but she did not figure them out. Dr. Grossberg (the doctor under whom I am working) gave me a problem which I figured out. I gave it to Mike, he is still working on it.

Barbara, Tom, Mike, and I ate lunch together today.

Mike and I are planning a series of seminars to include; Mike, myself, John Hyman, Brian Stuart, and Paul Whatshisname (the guy who is going with Sandy Short). Paul may be eliminated or someone else may be added, we'll see how it works out.

Today I managed to knock over some radio-active solution, A typical Howard feat.

Mike drove me home again today. He may come over later on.

I started to listen to that Mendelssohn record that you were so wild about this morning, but Helene's parents had to take her to the doctor's shortly after I put it on the record player, so I didn't get to hear too much of it. Helene's parents drove me most of the way to work, because they were driving Helene to the doctor's office anyway.

Mike just called, he is on his way over.

Mike is here, he has sent you this message, "Since my

English aptitude is very poor, I will not send you any message as it will come out stupidly.". He still has not figured out the problem which Dr. Grossberg gave me.

Mike just left. We spent the whole night (it is now 9:30, Mike came at 7:00) working on three problems which were given in an article in the "Scientific American". We did not solve any of them, as a matter of fact, we did not get anywhere near a solution. I consulted Mike about a problem I have concerning you, which I will take up with you when you get back.

I spoke with Didi a little while ago. She say's that Helene's bandages will come off on Monday and that the Hagels are staying out at the farm until then.

Mom just called from Albany, she and dad are going to be home in a little while. I don't find this particularly good news. I've enjoyed being by myself here, and for some reason, I find my mothers presence oppressive. When she is around, I become self-conscious, however, when she is not around, I have more self-confidence. For example, if my mother was home, I would never have been able to work up the nerve to go over and visit Helene.

Have fun in Rome, and try to see some of the night life of the more modern Romans.

Howie

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~~[illegible] YORK~~

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

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JUL 1 - PM
1959

JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL DE LA VILLE

ROME

ITALY

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

July 15

Janet

We did not do anything at the institute today. I saw your mother's car parked in front of the General Hospital all day.

I ate lunch with Sue Getman (she sends her regards), Mike, and Eleanor Something-or-other (a friend of Mike's). Last night, when Mike and I were baby-sitting, I read my cousins (whom I was baby-sitting for) a book called "Harold and his Purple Crayon". In this book, Harold is a little boy who creates his own universe by drawing it with a purple crayon. This is obviously a very solopsist oriented plot, and we discussed it at lunch. I was finally able to confirm my suspicion that a girl whom I have seen wandering around the institute in sandals, long ear-rings, and a long pony tail (typical beatnik garb) is beat. According to Sue, she is a very friendly girl, I think that I would like to get to know her. I have never had contact with anyone beat. She looks like she is about twenty years old.

I forgot to tell you this yesterday; HAPPY BASTILLE DAY. How did you like the celebrations while you were in Paris?

Mike and I have set the date for out seminar for this Friday. Mike, Brian Stuart, Phil Perch, John Hyman, and I are going to be there. We are going to have it at Brian's house, which is in Clarence.

Phil gave me a preview of how he was going to tear my atheism apart, at dinner tonight. He is going to do the tearing officially at the seminar (or he thinks he is going to do some tearing anyway).

Using two radios, I have set up a stereo system in my room like the one that I set up last night.

Mike came over tonight. First we called up Brian and had a three way conversation which was very unproductive. After that, we spent the rest of the night trying to solve another problem from the Scientific American. We did not solve it.

After another half- hour's work, I solved the problem. I just discovered (it is now 12 P.M.) that Mike's reason for excluding a formula which derived was incorrect. I will never trust one of Mike's reasons again unless he can prove its validity.

July 16

At 1 A.M. this morning, while I was trying to sleep, a poem began to form in my mind. I switched on the lights, grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote it down. As I read it over now, I realize that it is not to good. Its structure is too obvious and its treatment of the subject is too melodramatic. Despite this, I am sending you a copy. Please tell me how you like it. Is it as good as the things that Allen used to write?

I'll write again tonight. Howie

P.S. Yesterday we saw the first half of a film showing open heart surgery. It was extremely interesting. All of the time that the surgery was going on, the heart continued to beat.

MOSAIC DEPTHS

The depths of the forest, dark and cool
Asleep in its center lies a pool.
The pool itself is dark and deep
And only till contact, lies asleep.

This pool we seek is now the human mind,
Its enigmatic waters, through the years,
Deepened by experience, joy and tears.

Two depths seeking contact, grope and find
Another depth, another mind
Toward each other, toward fulfillment go
Make contact, though attempting to unite,
Still seperate for the doubts that cloud their depths.

The minds, barely apart, will yet be one,
For oneness is their birth, a blazing sun.

P.S. The woman from Mastman's just called and said that someone had entered my name on a slip for a drawing there and that I won a carrier of Coke.

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c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL DE LA VILLE

ROME

ITALY

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

BUFFALO, N.Y.
JY 15 5PM
1959

BUFFALO, N.Y.
JY 15 5PM
1959

July 10

Janet:

I just got your card. I really can't tell you how happy I was to recieve it. The card was typical Janet. I do want you to change, but only in maturity, I wouldn't want you to change your type of personality.

Mom and dad are home. Mom says that I can continue to eat dinner at Rosswell, which is what I want to do.

Don't get fat, I like you "thin".

We didn't accomplish anything at the Institute today. I ate lunch with Mike and Dr. Park (one of the Doctors at the Institute) and Phil. We spent most of the time discussing non-Euclidean geometries.

Dr. Grossberg is practically a professional problem solver. I gave him the problems that Mike and I were having so much trouble with yesterday, and he did not solve any of them(yet).

I spent a lot of the time with John Yokelson (who goes to Nichols) arguing Nichols versus Park.

Mike drove me home again today. We discussed intelligences (your's, mine and Mike's). He thinks that you are almost as mature as he is, but that you may be more intelligent. He is not sure wether he is as mature or intelligent as I am. I think that he is as at least as mature and intelligent as I am and I think that his intelligence is as high as yours. What do you think?

Everybody on your trip couldn't radiate. I think that you react primarily to the charm of a person's personality. For example, Mike thinks that Paul whats-his-name definitely does not radiate. In order to radiate, a person must have intelligence, maturity, depth, must lack superficiality, must be able to, or try to communicate, and, if youare right, must like you a lot.

I would like to thank you again for the post-card. It made me happy to know that you think enough of me to write to me at one o'clock in the morning. Didi says that she hasn't gatten a card from you yet.

Mike has not gotten any mail from Phil yet, Phil Fischer that is.

If you do not get to bed until after one in the morning, your going to be awfully tired when you get back. I hope you spend some of your time recuperating during the evenings in the backyard with me, reviewing your travels. If you go out to the farm a lot, I would like to spend some time with you out there.

John Yokelson is working on quiet an ambitious project. In our department, we precipitate certain anti-bodies out of the blood with reagents. The proccess which causes this precipitation is unknown, and John is trying to find out what it is. He has a laboratory all to himself, in which he can work on this.

Today we saw a film on the peripheral circulation of the blood which was very interesting. It had some unusual motion pictures of the circulation of the blood in the capillaries.

I have come to a conclusion. Something is wrong with the lower school at Park. I am going to explore this point further with Mr. Knopp.

I've just re-read parts of this letter, and I realized that my language sounds stilted and formal. I hope that you will realized that it is not intended to sound this way, but that this is just my writing style.

Howie

July 11

Janet;

Didi just got your first letter. She says that it must have been held up in New York because of insufficient postage.

By placing a message through Mr. Knopp, I finally managed to contact John. He invited me up to the beach next week-end.

After dinner, (cousin) David came over to say good-by. He is going back to California on Tuesday. He hopes to get a job there with the Educational Testing Service. David played a few of his original compositions on the piano for me, some of them were very good. I was supposed to baby-sit for my uncle, and he was going to say good-by to him, so he drove me over there.

I put the kids to bed and read for the rest of the night. For this I made two dollars.

Did you do any gambling in Monaco? I don't know anything about all of these towns that you have been visitint between Paris and Rome, so I can't ask intelligent questions. Just put down everything interesting.

Have a great time in Rome.....

Rose

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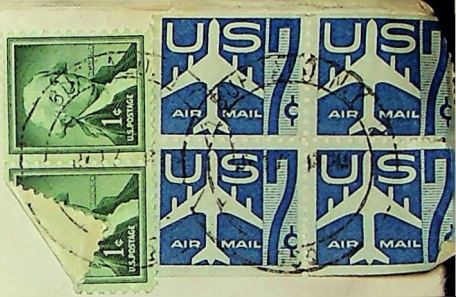

JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL DE LA VILLE

ROME

ITALY

Hotel Continentale

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

BUFFALO, N.Y. 2
JY 17 1:30PM
1959

Janet;

I just got home from work.

I did not write to you yesterday because there was nothing to write. I spent the whole day reading "How to Read a Book". I have decided that when I finish this book, I am going to make another attempt at "Ulysses".

I spent the whole working day typing out filing cards for Dr. Grossberg.

I ate lunch with Mike and Dr. Park and Phil. I must explain what I mean by ate lunch. When I say that I mean that we ate for fifteen minutes and discussed something for an hour and a quarter. Today we discussed different universal ideas. By universal i mean things like religion, scientific attitudes (basic ones) atheism, etc. Dr. Park is a Pantheist (this means that he considers that there is no supernatural God but merel y the universe, which itself is a God), so we discussed Pantheism Versus (Bloomistic) Naturalism versus all sorts of other ideas. We then proceeded to Cartesian dualism and ended up with Mike and I defending our idea of pre-determination. Later on, Phil, Mike, and I started to discuss Cartesian dualism again and wound up in a discussian of mental telepathy and other facets of E.S.P.. I convinced Mike and Phil that we should stop arguing it theoretically and start to experiment with it practically. We decided to build a psionics machine which I have had the plans for for a few years. We're going to start to investigate with this and then work up to the devices that Rhine has invented.

When you get home I will explain the results of out experiments and the things that I am learning to you. Many of them will help you in college if you take philosophy or physics.

I called Mr. Knopp a little while ago and found out that I am supposed to take my math test in about an hour and a half,

wish me luck.

I feel less superficial tonight than I have felt in a long time (since a couple of days before you left). Does it come out in my letter?

Well, I have to study math now, I'll tell you all about how badly I failed when I come home from Mr. Knopp's house.

I forgot to mention one thing. Our studies of E.S.P. (Extra Sensory Perception) will be ultimately aimed at revealing the nature of the energy that constitutes it. We want to find out especially if this energy obeys Einstiens first law("No action can be propogated at a speed greater than that of light.") and wether or not it can fit in with our present views of the physical universe.

I just returned from Mr. Knopp's. I think that I did well on my test. I asked Mr. Knopp if students at Park have less of a chance of getting into good colleges than Nichols or Sem and he said that with students of the same caliber, the same colleges are reached. Park gets their good students into good colleges because they don't send the poorer students to the better colleges, or at least if they do, they do not tell the colleges that this student will do well.

Four years ago a student got into Swarthmore with a B average. My average is almost B, so perhaps if I raise my marks a little, I can get in. Mr. Knopp says that my chances of getting in are fairly good.

Helene's new nose come out of the bandages today. Didi called while I was gone to invite me over to see it so I'll probably see it tomorrow. I think that your mother is trying to use me as something to interest Helene while she is in Buffalo. Its too bad that she doesn't know that Helene is only interested in boys, and you can hardly call me that. Oh well, we can't all be human.

I just saw Helene's new nose. It looks miserable.

Mr. Knopp called just after I saw Helene. He said that I got an 82% on my test and all of my errors were mechanical in nature. For example, my subtraction of Logs was often wrong and sometimes, because of a slip of the eye, I started out with the wrong Log to begin with. My mark for the year was a B+. This means that my marks were:

Latin	C	
English	B+	
Math	B+	
History	B+	(highest mark in the school in this course)
Biology	A-	

July 14

Today at the institute, I ran some melting point tests and made some crystals. I ate lunch with Mike and Barbara. Mike and I worked out the plans for out seminar.

I discussed episimology and ontology again today with Phil (epistimology is the study of knowledge an its validity while ontology is the science of being or existence). He thought that by bringing out the Uncertainty principle and quantum mechanics, he could ruin Mike's and my theory of pre-determination, however I was already familiar with these ideas and so I was able to keep our idea of pre-determination intact..

Mike is coming over in a few minutes, and then I am going to baby sit. I'll be back when all this is over.

Mike and I worked on a problem in the Scientific American. He drove me to my baby-sitting job, and stayed there with me for a while so that we could finish the problem. I made two dollars. When Mike left, I decided to listen to some music on

the radio. I was able to find two radios, one larg one, and a small transistor radio. I decided to use these radios to achieve a stereophonic effect by placing the small radio, which because of the size of its speaker would produce primarily the high notes, on one side of the room. I put the other radio, which would produce primarily the low notes because of the size of its speaker, on the other side. I tuned both radios into the same station, set the volumes at the same, and then drew an imaginary triangle with myself and the radios and the corners. Using this method, I was able to hear it just as if I had a stereo outfit. I heard two string quartets, "Petrouchka", and a number of songs. They sounded much better than they do when I hear them monauraly.

Well, I'm going to mail all of the letters that have accumulated between Paris and Rome now.

Enjoy Rome.

Bill

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Janet Oestreich
~~c/o Swarthmore College~~
~~Swarthmore, Penn.~~
1342 Amherst St.
Buffalo, N.Y.

INSPIRATION'S HANGOVER

I wrote a poem
Born of joy
Euphoria and ecstasy.

And yet,
When moods flew on again
And saw the words as other day,

The poem shone as born of pain
And bristled with
An old, dead plea.

I just wrote this one as I was copying the poem-
Sorr you.

POETRY

One man's mad drivel,
Spewed forth on fibrous webs,
Evokes the madness in another's mind.

The monster Inspiration,
Which all too seldom comes
To stroke the lyre
Of the gut strung skull,

Plucks forth strange chords
And half forgotten tunes
To blend once more
The madness of the mind.

Drivel drops again,
Spewed forth on fiber webs,
To evoke the mad in other minds.

THE STOIC

("I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.")

The night was black,
The air was frozen bone,
When he fell from a swollen womb
To face a life alone.

He grew from frozen night to day.
The green-gold sunshine of his youth
Warmed and woke his sleeping sight..
He thirsted for euphoric brews
While sheltered from the coming night.

Young sheltered senses yearned and clawed
To bring all brews within their reach.
His soul, insatiable, pursued
Dry crystal thorns on silk soft beach.

But drinking soul digested shielding frames,
Impaled him on night's living thorns of pain.
All around was black and vertigo.
Fleeing, frozen foam or endless depth.
Sucking, tearing toward the pit of death.

Helpless heart transfixed by fear sublime.
Flooded soul with nauseous knowledge filled.
Learned to swell to hold the large truth tear.
Sought to meet the horror with their will.

He struggled hard to clutch at swirling foam,
To make the Holy formless mirror him,
To navigate its searing crags and peaks
Forcing aimless forces to his whim.

Taut senses overcame their void.
Cold and dark was warmth and light,
For willfull, struggling soul proclaimed
The ecstasy of night.

Reality shall not crush me;
Not because, when the heavy booted foot falls,
My armor shall be too strong,
But when it grinds the earth
I shant be there.

Reality shall not crush me;
For,when it throws me into filth and gloom,
I shall not despair and turn aside,
But I shall find the colors in the dusk
And see the joy ~~within~~that lurks within ~~behind~~ the woes.

Reality shall not crush me;
Not because its gilded metal frames
Shall be too frail to bottle in my strength,
For I am like a phantom of the light
That slips between all bars, a willow-wisp.

this one stinks.

Monday

P.S.

Today is memorial day, Mom and Dad and Hehry just left for Toronto to see the Opera, and I just finished copying some of my poetry for you. I have to get started on a T.S. Eliot paper that I've been working on for a couple of weeks and is due tomorrow, so this'll be short.

Last night was a party for the whole junior class at somebody's house that you don't know. First party I've been to in over three years. Had a fair amount of fun.

I finally convinced Mom and Dad to give me permission to hitch-hike around the country for a couple of weeks this summer. All I have to do now is find someone to go with me and find a time when I can do it. Whoever-I-go-with and I will probably just point ourselves west at the thruway entrance with a sign saying "California" and take off from there. I've got to get details about where to stay at night,and all that jazz, from Al. Al's going to California the same way, but he's going to stay there; he's going to Stamford college next year. Al doesn't want me to come with him because it's harder to get a ride when you have someone along, and he's trying to convince me to go along too, but I don't think that I could do it.

Write soon, and please send some of your poetry. Sue Speiser says that Marny's going crazy about it and I want to see what she's raving about too.

Love,

line, which I am going to work on a bit. The poem with all the "Reality shall not crush me"s in it was written in a rather euphoric mood, and that is probably why it stinks. The other poem is poor primarily because it is so trite and traditional. Also, the "Poetry" poem is meant to be nothing more than a description of poetry.

Paragraph Last Friday night, I went down to the jazz center with Al and spent a dull evening but had fun. Saturday I went to see The Four Hundred Blows with John. We sat through it twice. John thought that it was the best movie that he has ever seen, but I don't think that it was that good. As a matter of fact, I didn't like it at all the first time I saw it. However, it's a good movie, so if you get a chance to see it, do.

Being at U.B. has spoiled Al. Although he has been reading a lot, he hasn't been doing any of his work, so ~~Thursday~~ Wednesday night he come over, after ten thirty when I finished my homework, so that I could help him write the glossary that was due for philosophy class this Friday. We didn't get any work done, instead we spent the rest of the night discussing my poem, "The Stoic". Consequently, I met him at U.B. immediately after school on Friday and spent the afternoon with him working on the glossary. We didn't finish, so he came over for dinner, and we kept working until it was time to leave for class. I went to class, but the glossary still was unfinished so Al stayed here. After class, I spent about forty five minutes talking with one of the girls in the class and then came home; Al was still here. He had run out of paper at ten o'clock.

Write to me! I haven't heard from you in a while.

Paul

Sunday

Janet

Yesterday was the biggest athletic event of the year for Park, the C.U.P.S. (Conference of Upstate Private Schools) track meet. I was running the 880 (880 yards, ½ mile) for the third time in a meet this year. There were eleven people competing in this event and I placed seventh. I consider it a moral victory, as I beat four other people. I determined, before the meet, to get my time below two minutes and forty seconds, and I did. My time was two minutes and thirty eight seconds, seven seconds lower than my previous best time. I'm going to try to break two minutes and thirty seconds this week some time. A bunch of records were broken in the meet. Unfortunately Park finished second. (now that I've finished with a story that bores you, told in poor,uninteresting style by the master of the sleepy word, I can get on with the letter).

I've been writing a lot (some) of poetry within the last two weeks, and I'm going to include as much of it as I have time to copy with this letter. Some comments on them: One,"The Stoic" you will recognize as a poem that I sent to you in cruder form before. I've been working on it quite a bit, and, although I still dislike it, it much better than it was before. My English teacher likes it quite a bit and is sure that it will win at least an honorary mention in the Harper's Poetry Contest, to which he wants me to submit it next year. The poem on "Poetry", I consider pretty good, all except for the last

H. Bloom
2478 Telegraph
Berkeley 4
California

BERKELEY
5 PM
JUL 20
1962
CALIF.

Janet Oestreich
1342 Amherst St.
Buffalo 16
New York

(Please forward if necessary)

Janet—

You are

GREAT

+

wonderful

plus

ET

CETERA.

I am - mildly

happy—

the sun is shining—

you are great—

+ my thumb is almost pointed

towards Berkeley.

Life is masochistic + traumatic

and people in spiritual (psychological?) spasms

don't write letters

But

I'll tell you all about it

Sometime

(maybe).

Tom

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~~BUFFALO 2, NEW YORK~~

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

BUFFALO, N.Y. 2
JY 30 1PM
1959

JANET OESTRIECH

c/o DR. IRVING CHEYETTE

HOTEL BASELER HOF

FRANKFURT

GERMANY

BUFFALO, N.Y. 2
JY 30 1PM
1959

PLEASE FORWARD
IF NECCESSARY

July 28

I am feeling confused, dissilusioned, and alone. The realities of the existential ideas are closing in around me. The realization that "no man is an island" is merely wishful thinking is closing in around me. All I know of the universe in which I live, the piople with whom I am associated and all other things which affect me is through indication, not identification or affirmation. I know nothing intimately, I know only appearances. I am close to nothing and no-one. I sit on a bus crowded with people, and I do not see people, merely the surface of their form. Even when I talk to them, I know only words, not them. I can never be one with anything or anyone, not even myself, for I can never know myself. I am gone, lost, a spec within a spec, with no real existence to myself, only the appearance of consciousness. All life seems but an illusion, the product of an imagination and indication. Even you can have no idea of how I feel, for you are just as isolated as I am, you just do not feel it as much. The thing that I yearn for is a oneness with something, someone, yet that oneness is not possible, because of the very nature of that which makes me think I am. I may sound like I am going off the deep end, maybe I am. I'm disgusted, I can't even cope with as simple (?) a thing as reality.

Six hours have elapsed since I wrote what you have just read (I wrote it at six o'clock, it is now twelve midnight). Since then I have come most of the way out of that mood. Although I still recognize this to be the truth, I no longer am affected by it to the same extent. Before, I think I was on the verge of schizophrenia.

At the institute today, I did nothing interesting. We had a lecture on the hopes of drugs in curing cancer and we had to fill out some questionares.

When I came home, after I had begun to pull out of my mood and started to come out of the isolated chamber in which I had placed myself (figuratively speaking), I found that the "Symphony Fantastique" had come in the mail. I am now listening to it for the second time and I like it.

After dinner, I went over to Mike's house to help him finish fixing the place up. It ought to be finished by next week. I just got home from there.

The mood which I was in before is one of the reasons that I think that I will probably wind up in an institution before I am thirty. One little push and I would have gone over the brink. If I did not have you to communicate with, I would probably still be lingering on the edge. In later years, I probably will have noone with whom I can communicate (as a matter of fact, in another month or so I will have no one because you will have gone off to college) so I will wind up going over the deep end. Of the three passions consuming me; that for omniscience; the one for a feeling of one-ness with something or somebody; and the one for total objectivity; the last one gets me into the most trouble. I often cannot handle things as I see them without going into a state of deep depression. Ah well, as I always say, "We can't all be sane.". I think that Pascal summed up my mood very well when he said, "When I consider the brief span of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and behind it, the small space that I fill, or even see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces which I know not, and which know not me, I am afraid, and wonder to see myself here rather than there; for there is no reason why I should be here rather than there, now rather than then.". This sums up the mood, not the toughts.

Friday we are having another seminar. At this one, I intend to make Phil admit that there is not infinite potential. I have

good set of syllogistic proofs which should bring him to his knees.

July 29

After thinking about driving for a while, I decided that if I don't learn now, I will never have the time to learn. Because of this, I went downtown with my mother to get my learner's permit this morning. I'll still probably never learn to drive though, neither of my parents want to teach me.

At the institute today, I spent most of the day helping Mrs. Park. We had another questionaire to fill out, this one was a personal history or something of the sort. Many of the questions were intended to show the values of the person taking the test. Because of the course in psychology which I gave myself, I was able to spot these questions despite their disguises, however I answered the questions honestly and gave no misleading answers. Many of the answers which we were given a choice of were inadiquate, and in this way the test gives an unfair picture of the person being tested.

Phil drove Mike and I home today, and we finally resolved the semantic difficulties which have kept us going in circles for the past two weeks on the question of the role of natural laws in the universe. Phil thought that I was referring to phenominal laws (laws as percieved by humans or other sentient creatures) when I was actually talking about nominal laws (laws as the actually exist independant of perception or understanding). At the same time, I thought that Phil was talking about nominal laws when he was actually talking about phenominal laws.

Tomorrow morning I finally get to send off this great stack of letters which has been accumulating on my desk.

This is my last letter to you and I will have no outlet for my feelings for an entire week and two days, perhaps longer before

I can see you alone for a long time.

When you get back I shall want to here all about your experiences, the things you saw, the people you met, the friends you made, what you feel you got out of it, your mental developement, your audience with the pope, and just your feelings about the trip in general. Have a good trip home.

Pope

Howard Bloom
3935 S.E. 31st
Portland 2, Oregon

Pass Arion
Air Mail

PORTLAND, OREG.
26 DEC
1961
4 PM

Fly

Janet Oestreich
1342 Amherst Street
Buffalo 16
New York

Air Mail

One day,
Foraging,
As was my wont
Amongst Grungewarts,
I heard a small
One might even say
Infinitissimally minute
Voice
That seemed to say:

Apfelstrump,
Apfelstrump,
Figaria.

like old potatoes from my pocket clad hips. And my "aesthetic", according to Jimmse, has found a home in a red and hooded sweatshirt. These all combine to make me appear a cross between an anxious rabbi, a child-like poet, and an adolescent satyr. This, at least, is what I'm told. (This description is thrown at your feet to replace ~~myxxxxxx~~ the revelations of my Christmas-vacation presence.)

[but he still takes baths, and really looks nice, in a Reedish way...]

Jimmse loved and understood your fantastic (as usual) letter. ← It was great! John's, however, a painfully unexpected piece of platitudinous pedantry, she felt deserved a very sharp reply. The letter is forgiven ~~however, by~~ because of Harvard's obvious attempt to spoil all that is good in him. At best, it will turn him into a frigid imitation of his father, when he would be much better off if he were like his mother and sisters. Have you seen him yet? Have you seen my parents? What seems to be their state?

How has school been? How's vacation (and the social life)? Write as soon as you have a chance.

How

P.S. Share this letter with John, but skip the part about him. Its harsh terms might hurt him unjustifiably.

Footnotes by Jimmse. [footnotes about footnotes by 'How']

As usual, A fully egocentric letter!

address for next 2 weeks:
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Portland 2

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JANET OESTREICH

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE

PENNSYLVANIA

Sunday
The Day of
Atonement

Janet,

Well, I'm finally about to get started for Swarthmore. First I had to wait for my clothes to arrive from Portland; that happened last Tuesday. Then I was going to wait until the coming Tuesday so that I could spend this weekend, as almost all of my weekends home, on the Hennins farm. Minor chises arose amongst the Hennins, so that was called off, and I decided to leave yesterday. Fate struck, chartering a colony of virulent viri to inhabit my intestines, so I've been stuck in bed for the last few days. Once again, I'm planning to leave on Tuesday. I'll hitch down to Philly, and, depending on how close it is to the weekend, will either stay in Philly or come directly to Swarthmore. If I stay in the city, I'll begin hunting for a job. I hope to get one to sustain myself until I leave by ship (dormitory facilities in a cabin with 7 others) for Israel, November 16. I'll be living in the city, not hanging around Swarthmore (an albatross, as it were, around the necks of friends), but will probably be able to see you on weekends.

From the martyred tone of the last sentence, you can probably see that I'm in a very insecure mood. At this very moment, the major manifestations are physical incipient nervous sweat, lump in throat, stragge heaviness in facial muscles. Earlier in the evening I've been:defensive about (by being offensive against) common Bohemian slick and colorful, though meaningless, that is, insightless condemnation of society in such phrases as "life's stock exchange where dreams are traded for gold"; frightened by thoughts of going on the road and the spectre of loneliness, which, like that of death, is terrifying only in the imagination; thinking about a person I knew and hated in San Francisco who, in his starved striving for acceptance, fawned constantly, and, when meeting a new person, cowered with the fear of rejection until he could glimpse the image which the other would accept, then strove to play that image. I hated him because he represented the image that I had of myself, an image that I felt was totally rejectable. Its opposite is the image of the man "sufficient unto himself", yet as an image that appeals to me because it is the means to acceptance.

Anyway, I'm not really feeling terribly bad, partly because I'm writing to you. This insecurity raises a lot of questions in my mind, though, about its nature and the nature of the ideas that float around it: the ideas of loneliness, acceptance, rejection, etc.. I'm sure that they "represent" something more basic, ie, that we associate these things with actual frustrations and fulfillments which we, or at least I, have not learned to recognize on a conceptual level. That's something I've been pursuing for a while, and intend to continue pursuing.

About the Hennins farm. One thing I've been doing a lot of out ther is riding bareback. (That's a pretty foul sentence, but I cantt think of a decent way of revising it.) It is muchly fun to jump onto the horse without stirrups, take the reigns, and gallop off held on only by your calves. The whole thing feels so natural, that even falling isn't in the least fearsome, since it doesn't seem out of place. One of the horses is an ill-mannered little Westerner named Brown. (Wretched, Wretched sentences!) He seldom moves when asked, but if he decides to go somewhere, he gives a tremendously fast, short paced, and completely uncontrolable ride. I emerged from my one ride feeling the part of a well-made, Giants in the Earth type, Western movie.

Madame and Monsieur Hennin have four children. Patrice is extremely good looking, 17 or 18, intelligent, but not very open to most people. Most of his potential for open-ness and creativity is suppressed by the combined influence of his previous Catholic education, his father, and his present Nichols environment. He has made no friends who encourage or stimulate him. Michele, a sophomore at Park, is very attractive, and has a very strong character. She is self-assured,

in command of herself and her environment most of the time, and is observant, sensitive, and open to new things. Kiki (Christopher) is about twelve. He's very lively, very affectionate, though his former role as the family pet very demanding, and very curious. Baba (Elizabeth), 4, is the youngest, the present family pet. She's extremely cute,"adorable" in fact, and she takes advantage of the fact, coquetting her way into just about anything she wants. No matter how far from the house we are, eventually a speck is bound to emerge on the edge of the field, slowly working its way toward us, until eventually it turns to Baba, breathlessly running at a speed that would be for us a fast walk.

Anyway, that's were I've been spending my weekends, talking to Patrice, getting closer and closer to Michele, and in the process making Kiki furiously jealous, and fondling Baba. Then, of course, there's Madame Hennin. I enjoy her tremendously. She inspires me a lot, both with her confidence in me, and with the images of heroism with which she presents me; but my reaction is mixed. To an extent, she has come to represent the Judge who stands in my mind, his sword my insecurity, his scales, the source of his standards, hidden so that I can see the units of judgement, the weighing pans, and the pointer, but cannot understand why the units have weight, his reward acceptance, and his punishment rejection. I must "be something" to pay for her acceptance, and I feel afraid of going to her without bringing some deed or idea as payment. The cause of this lies within me, not within her.

I seem to have returned to a theme I left before, but it's one of the major themes of my life, so I'll have to return to it often.

Along with my stuff from Portland came some unexpected gifts. In the trunk, beneath an anonymous note calling me a pal and asking me to treat them with respect, was a rather shabby assortment of articles of clothing, to wit, one tsori, one shredded towel, one pair pajama bottoms, and a pair of shoes generously layered with mud. Amongst the books were two unexpected pairs of shoes, as shabby as the first. The gods, however, were kind, and along with the coals for my iniquity, sent a dozen excellent records, owner unknown. The best were a Joan Baez record, which Henry has come to worship in a traditionally collegiate manner, and a recording of Vivaldi's The Seasons, which is absolutely great.

So here I sit, having learned to love Vivaldi and Mozart, yet extremely frustrated. As soon as this damned diarrhea goes away I'm LEAVING! (The last was screamed.)

More than regards to Ann and others.

(in fact, a tinge of love to Ann. I wonder how she took the one letter I wrote her, a thing thoroughly perverted by the pretentious attempt of my style to avoid the simplicity and reality of my emotions.)

(if the plastic tube I was writing with hadn't been so wobbley, the signature would have read—)

Hank

h bloom
1350 amherst
buffalo,nly.

BUFFALO
OCT 15
8 30 PM
1962
6
N.Y.

JANET OESTREICH

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE

PENNSYLVANIA

Air Mail

Janet,

My pack's been sitting in the hall for a week now, waiting for the trip to Philly; and I, brave soul, have been lying in bed, "weak and feverish", how sad, immobilized by an invisible army of viri. (MY French is to poor, so I avoid embarrasment by saying in English that) I'm doomed to die without even the honor of ennui. My place in Buffalo seems an ostrich's dream of wish fulfillment, but I'm almost out into the world (Philly, then Israel) again.

I read today of a group of kids (early twenties) in Israel trying to lead a life inspired by a combination of Buddhist, Existensialist, Christian, and Judaic ideas on a kibbutz of their own. They sound very much like an orthodox version of my San Francisco world given the blessing of creative physical labor. I've put down their address, and have planned to meet them while in Israel.

Maybe I'll be starting out on Monday? At any rate, I'll probably see you by next weekend. I still haven't had any chance to talk to you.

Thought for the week: Sex is the core of all good and the root of all evil. Maybe I'll elucidate when I see you. I'm not quite sure how important the statement is. Tho it seems to hold true in the world of my experience, I don't know how small that world is.

Anyway, I'll see yah!

Hoss

Howard Bloom
Reed College
Portland 2, Oregon

JANET GESTREICH

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

SWARTHMORE

PENNSYLVANIAN

VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO

PAR AVION

Janet,

You are an absolutely fantastic person. There's now way to say what I want to see without being trite or sentimental. Words, it seems, were not made to express emotions. After your last letter, though, the image of you holding a bed-pan before me as I vomited blood seems to characterize more than ever the selflessness without phony saintliness that makes you the best of "human". You are the best friend I have, the best friend that I could ever possibly desire, and I don't at all deserve you. You have your faults, you sometimes protected yourself with a shield of worliness and sophistication, but the faults are small, they only stand out in contrast with what you really are. (I want to say that I hope that we can remain friends for a long time, but there is no way of saying it. Forget these crude words and try to feel what is behind them.)

I am trying to tear down my shields. Better to leave what little of me there is naked, than to have it twisted by its own "defenses" and evasions.

I read your letter as would a fencer; my mask was on, my foil was poised to pary any thrusts that might threaten the scared flesh behind the plastron. I am trying to get rid of the damned costume, but it is difficult to get rid of the fears that have made me don it. Nonetheless, I am trying.

I am not usually as depressed as I was when I wrote my last letter. I have been almost happy during the last two weeks. I am only really depressed on weekends. This weekend, I managed to avoid depression.

The depressions are usually triggered by sex; I am undertain and fearful. I have developed some sort of charm and a certain aggresiveness—together they have brought me into the first stages of (non-physical) contact with many females. I reach the stage of asking them out with remarkable success, with success that dizzies many of the other males on campus. Then comes a barrier. I stop, paralyzed by fear of my own ignorance, innocence, by the essence of all the feelings of insecurity and inferiority that I have ever had, and by the sealing, trivial, omnipotent physical factor—sweaty hands.

Life is not really so bad, anyway. I don't know how much I have described in previous letters about what is happenign in my sex-life. Barb (first girl kissed) was treating me miserably. I broke up with her. I've been taking out another, better looking, sophomore—Lucy Pratt. She's very nice, very natural. I feel very comfortable being with her; but I fear lomsing her because I probably should be making some sort of small sexual advances/barrier. I've also taken out one Junior girl a bit.

Academically, everything is fine. I'm doing quite well (I think, we don't get marks) in all my subjects. French is the most stimulating. My reading speed has gone up from 12 to 20 pages an hour in French within the last week.

We can compare notes at Christmas, but I still think that Reed, while far more liberal than Swarthmore, is far less neurotic.

Amidst all my crying on your shoulder, there have been no words on what your world is like. Why have you been crying so much? What's going on? I'm worried about you.

WOMAN IN CITY

A mind's facade,
Hardened to a powder covered face
Of mask like impassivity,
Clicks its high and sterile heels
On cold concrete;

The femal hair,
Elaborately twisted,
The black sheathed shape
Of curves conceived to speak of sex
With distant ~~impassivity~~ impersonality

Advance through machine made cities,
The crowded metal boxes
Of beings crying silence
In unknown human forms.

Howard Bloom

Howard Bloom
Reed College
Portland 2, Oregon

PORTLAND, OREG.
11:00 AM
7 NOV
1961

Janet Oestreich
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore
Pennsylvania

VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO

PAR AVION

Janet,

I thought that the people around here were far more normal than the Swarthmore neurotics. I was wrong. Two months of campus life, there have been three suicide attempts, there is one large problem revolving around the pregnancy of one girl which has involved many, many people on campus, There is nervous confusion flinging itself around the room about a close friend of my room-mate who took large quantities of peyote, belladonna, and alchohal last night, a combination which could kill him, drove off on his way home, and has not been seen since. Sex and drinking in excessive quantities seem to be the only things beside study. I expected it all, but immediacy is more than expectation.

I contemplate suicide fairly often, have had one unhappy "affair" (entirely innocent and insignificant by normal standards, I suppose, but bad enough for an unblemished child like me) which was not terribly bad, and have constant feelings of depression for being inadequate to sex and social life, and constant feelings of disgust at the obnoxiousness of my shell and the emptiness within it.

Life would be much easier if I drank. I don't in the hope of resolving my problems instead of repressing them, but I can find absolutely no place for resolution to begin. And they are such insignificant problems anyway.

I have to go study.

Hope the world better east of the Mississippi.
is more pleasant.

P.S. short history of sex-life- met attractive sophomore who was slightly aggressive. Went with her for two or three weeks. (kissed my first girl. sounds ridiculous, but all of my other experience along these lines comes from an unsuccessful attempt at my seduction last year.) Tired of her rotten treatment of him. Balled her out. Have said no more than two sentences to her since. Have started taking out other, more attractive sophomore. This must be a normal relationship, but I am inadequate to the normal aggresive male behaviour: consequence, depression. C'est la vie.

(depression is strongest on Sunday nights. This is Sunday night. The letter is abnormal)

P.S. Just experienced my first quake - Noisy, but harmless. Hc

CORPORATION
A.
119448

VIA AIR MAIL

Howard Bloc
Reed College
Portland, Oregon

PORTLAND, OREG.
11 30 AM
10 OCT
38

Janet Oestreicher
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore
Pennsylvania

VIA AIR MAIL
CORREO AEREO

PAR AVION

Monday

Janet;

Not much time. Brief letter. The Greek chorus comments on its master (I comment on myself.)

Last letter seemed distant, last letter was distant-not from you, but from the whole world. Reason-words of a left-over ghost, impersonal reflex actions to a tired, kaleidescopic world of irrelevant tensions, random patterns of meaning, suffering, and, above all, APATHY. Last letter sounded serious because it lacked life.

Almost all of me has ceased to exist except my body. It hasn't happened since I got here, it was for a long time, but I tried very hard to make myself so busy that I didn't notice it. My laugh, my talk, my words and mannerisms are only parts of the repertoire of the physical puppet. The puppet-master has evaporated.

I am not depressed. I feel no emotion about this. If I did, I would know that I am still here. These words are only impersonal motions of my mind and fingers.

I am at a turning point. The question: should I start, can I begin, to become a human being?; should I merely go on pretending to exist (I have deceived you, I have deceived many others, I can deceive many more, perhaps even myself)?

Events in the life of the puppet:

Gigi is going with something named Robby. Bothered me for one evening. Maintenant, ce m'est egal.

For the past few days, I've been seing a lot of a sophomore named Barbara Smith. She's nice, is an enjoyable mother image. I'm going downtown to see Judith Anderson with her tonight.

I'm a little ahead in my work. The courses remain interesting. I know that I'm not getting enough out of them. I say many intelligent sounding things in classes, and seem to have assimilated things, but facts, thoughts, words, all are only on my tongue, and not within me.

Relationship with room-mates has not progressed.

Liked very much your just received letter. With this not being able to visit Reed, you know how I've felt about never seeing the people at Swarthmore again.

I hope that we keep contact as long as we keep going, but I won't say we will—whenever I make a statement like that, it means the end of a relationship.

Was especially glad to know you have some feelings for me beyond those for an obedient felt dog with real ears. I didn't know it till I was about to come out here. Any feelings are mutual.

For some reason, your letter sounds as if from a person alone in a large city. I hope there's nothing behind that.

Write

Tom