

Thursday, July 30, 1970 9<sup>05</sup> A.M.

Dear, dear Sylvia,

Where, oh where — and how — does one as  
penin as I have been start a letter?!? I will  
do the only thing I can do — and should do —  
express my sincerest and deepest apologies for  
not having written to you since I returned to  
Israel. Good God, it's been eight months!!!  
I do not ask for forgiveness, but I do hope you'll  
find understanding. If yes, then I hope we  
will be able to keep up some correspondence.  
I do, very much, want to hear from you, so I can  
only hope that you are not angry with me.

I planned to spend all this morning catching  
up with letter-writing, knowing that Menachem  
would be leaving home at 6:30 for some all-day  
Mapam conferences. But, Seth surprised us  
at about 7:30 last evening. Tomorrow will be  
five weeks since he was home. He had to be back  
at his base at 7 A.M., but he may have this week-  
end off. If not, we will be able to visit him on  
Saturday. This will be a must because Varda was  
not at home, and in spite of Menachem's not  
wanting to go so to visit Seth, Varda will insist  
(or he will do it to show her <sup>what</sup> a good Daddy  
he is!!!). He told Seth this morning he was not  
visiting him "because you're not human" —  
this because he didn't write home since he  
was last home!!! He can't see that he had no  
time during basic training. Also, he is absolutely  
blind to the fact that he has deprived him of a  
home and home atmosphere that he could have  
some nostalgia for. I am thankful that  
Seth does come home because he could not  
possibly make it, as he planned, going to  
friends each time he has leave. One must be  
practical — I spent from 6:30 — 9:00 this  
morning just doing his laundry — and then  
after some of it spent the night soaking in  
detergent and bleach. I think what "bug" is  
in this situation is that he sometimes is with  
people who brag about their sons in the Army,  
and he has nothing new to say until  
Seth is home. He can't

dramatic — "I shouldn't eat here — I shouldn't  
stay with you — I should leave — we have  
nothing in common — you don't trust me —  
etc., etc." He only went thru the dramatics.  
He ate and I ignored his hurt expression.

By the time he was ready to leave, Varda  
was already up. She knew something was wrong  
because when I left the bedroom I told him  
he didn't deserve anything good. I told him he  
had hurt every body who has ever been good  
and generous and loving to him. Although  
her bedroom door was closed, and she was

Un aérogramme contenant un objet, quelconque sera envoyé au tarif d'une lettre-avion.  
An aérogramme containing any enclosure will be sent at airmail-letter rate.

P.O. Box 354  
Tel Aviv, Israel

II

Mrs. Sylvia Neepster  
302 W. 12 St. Apt. 15D  
New York, N.Y. 10014  
E. I. O.



half asleep, she heard snatches, and, of course,  
my tone of voice. Just as he was leaving, I told  
him I'd need some money. He repeated what he  
had said the night before about giving me money,  
and he left. I needed the money for food,  
so I wasn't too worried. I would show him  
the empty refrigerator when he would come  
for lunch! About five minutes later he  
returned and gave me money.

my address: - Eliahu Arnoni  
P.O. Box 354  
Do not use your  
name on the  
envelope -

It was a Sunday, about two weeks ago, about 3 in the afternoon. We were getting "dressed up" to go to a memorial for Moshe Sharrett in Jerusalem. I was at the stage of getting on my make-up when M. put an index card on the dresser and told me to sign it. I could see it had several lines written in Hebrew, a space for my signature, and the date. I asked him what it was. "Never mind, sign it". I said I wouldn't sign it unless he told me what it was. "Never mind!" and he took it away. (Mind you, I didn't even ask him to translate it — only to tell me what it was.) The drive to Jerusalem was pleasant, we had a pleasant visit with a friend, had dinner out, and then went to the memorial. We finally arrived home around mid-night. We chatted with Varda for a while, and then to bed. He chose this time to say that I was "a whore if I could go to bed with a man I wouldn't trust in money matters" — every-thing else O.K., but money, no". I asked what he was talking about. He referred to the note I refused to sign that afternoon. He made several implications about money and trust, but he wouldn't, even then, tell me what was in the note. I stuck to my conviction that I did not know what was written there, and that my only objection was to his demand that I sign something — anything — without knowing what it was. He insisted that in husband/wife relationships, blind trust is necessary. Oh! how he forgot that this was a subject spoken about with lawyers, psychiatrists and psychologists — and he met with disagreement each time. Words went back and forth. Finally, about 2:30 in the morning I asked him to give me the note. (I thought I might be able to read it and understand it — which is a possibility.) He said he threw it away. "Oh, remember, if you'll need money in a day or two, you won't have it because you wouldn't trust me". I continued that it wasn't even a matter of trust. It all boiled down to his refusal to respect me as an adult with a right to think for herself and make her own decisions.

pay a nice word about the bay to me — as a matter of fact he'll start that "he's not human" with me from time to time — but he carries around his picture so he, too, can show a tender moment — his palmer bay in the Israeli Army! But, I have proof that M's likes are only for his benefit — he can't upset me as he used to. I have learned how to answer him when I care to — and I have also learned how to walk ~~out~~ out of the room, which must frustrate his desire for self-justification. On the whole, things are not too bad as they could be, and I think it is because I am learning to be a mensch". I



Mrs. Sylvia Meagher  
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קבל משלוח

EXPÉDITEUR — SENDER — הַשְׁלִיחַ

P.O. Box 354  
 Kiron, Israel

אגראַממע פאר אַויען  
 Un aérogramme contenant un objet quelconque sera envoyé au tarif d'une lettre-avion.  
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must relate an incident that happened about two weeks ago, but I see I'm running out of space so I'll start that on a second aérogramme.

Please write to me :-  
 Eliahu Arnoni  
 P.O. Box 354  
 Kiron, Israel

Also, I suggest you use only your red pen...

About 11 o'clock that morning, my nephew called to tell us he was free for the rest of the day. Varda and I met him at a shopping center, and after getting the groceries, we went home. Much to my surprise, M. was already home. He was in his room writing an article. I called to him that we brought home company. He came into the living room and greeted Jonathan as if he were his long lost brother! (He never liked Jonathan too much!) The day was calm and pleasant as if nothing had ever happened! Jonathan remained for dinner. Even after he left, nothing was said in reference to what had happened.

The next morning, at breakfast, that index card appeared again. But this time he slowly read it, and translated as he read, and then asked me to sign it. I signed willingly and told him he made an issue only because he "had to prove" that his way of thinking and doing things was the only right way. I say he made an issue because the note contained something we had talked about just a few days before — and he knew I had no objections whatsoever. So, why did he have to make a scandal!!!?!!

A.P.S. to the story — Two days later it was necessary for me to sign a similar statement and he did it the way I say it's right to do it.

Varda has been home since the last week in June (except for the last few days — she went to visit at Kfar Blum — her "home" this past year). She has been under a psychologist's care — one visit a week — and she is much, much improved. The only time there are some tensions are when he tries to revert to his old ways towards her. With her psychologist's guidance she has learned how to talk to him, what not to talk to him about (mostly anything relating to boys), and when not to argue with him. She is truly happy when he is absent. She finds her escape in sleep if he is home and she doesn't have anything else to do. She does much reading, and when he is at home, she is sure that her bedroom door be closed.

ago I had a short conversation with her  
 psychologist — I called to change an appoint-  
 ment. She ~~wanted~~ wound it up with "As  
 long as you've decided to remain with this  
 man, it may keep you to know that he is  
 a very pick man." Everything that has happened  
 to Varda is the direct responsibility of her  
 father's behavior to her. The principle  
 was telling me this because she felt it would  
 give me strength — and I think it's right.  
 Well, how shall I pump up? Had every-  
 day is bad — some are even very, very good.

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 An aérogramme containing any enclosure will be sent as airmail-letter fare.

III

תָּיִת אֵירוֹגְרָמָה  
 PAR AVION

תָּיִת אֵירוֹגְרָמָה  
 AÉROGRAMME

P.O. Box 354  
 Netzer, Sarcel

EXPÉDITEUR — SENDER — תָּיִת אֵירוֹגְרָמָה

Mrs. Sylvia Hooper  
 302 W. 12 St. Apt. 15D  
 New York, N.Y. 10014  
 U.S.A.



The main unhappiness is by never knowing  
 what tomorrow will bring. I could probably  
 go on writing for hours but I am running out  
 of time. I must shower and get to the P.O. to  
 see if I have any mail from my family.  
 I do hope to hear from you very soon.  
 I have not, nor shall I ever forget your  
 kindness to me during my stress.  
 Sincerely, and with love,  
 my address: — Eliahu Arnoni  
 P.O. Box 354  
 Netzer, Sarcel

Do not use your name  
 on the envelope —