

Wed., Feb. 26, 1969 2:10 P.M.

Dear Sylvia,

Today is a real summer's day, and it is pretty late, so Varda and I came "home", deshabed, and here I am — trying to get this over-due letter off to you.

I must tell you that when I received M's first letter after arriving in N.Y., in which he gave me only part of his conversation with you over the phone, I was absolutely crushed when he said that you wanted nothing more to do with the Aronov's & T.H.O.'s affairs. I was not at all surprised, nor did I blame you one iota for your reaction. I did, however, want to drop you a line to tell you that I appreciated your feelings, and to thank you for the moral support you had given me until then. Then, happily, I received your letter of Feb. 13th (to disregard anything that suggests the contrary — that you are still thinking of me). The following day I received your long letter.

Sylvia, I saw, unquestioned the bank slips for interest earned (since at least one was in my name, too) and M. gave me the same answer — Kaplan's money. I don't know if this is the truth. Perhaps someday I will know, but as things have been peculiarly, I did not want to put any more coals on the fire. That that "I told you so" does any good, but when I saw the bank slips, and no note enclosed from you, and after he had told me what they were, I suggested that he drop you a line, but he was too "fadrayt" to write. So, Sylvia, I am not making any excuses for him, just relating to

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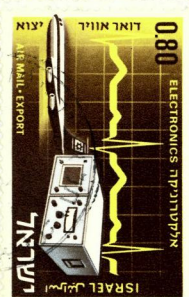
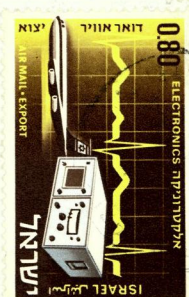
R. Shmuni
c/o Mami Peli
21 Bevan St, Apt. 7
Tel Aviv, Israel

EXPRESS

15D

Men Kaplan's Neighbors
302 West 12th St.
Apt. 15D
New York, N.Y. 10014
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BY AIR MAIL



be satisfied until Israel is his home. I think these feelings ~~are~~ ^{are} even greater than his feelings as a celebrity of sorts as T.H.C.'s skitar. It is a great pity that he loused up what should have been a very happy stage in his life. I wonder if he realizes the heavy price he is paying for his fling?!

So, now I am awaiting his return. I hope his mind has not snapped completely, because our real salvation lies in his ability to get to work immediately.

Varda, in the meantime, is with me. The space she gave up at the school was taken by another girl the very next day (after she left). I have been trying since Sunday, 8 A.M., to get her back, but I still haven't gotten a "Yes". Yona Keren is trying to use his "pull", but he, too, still hasn't had any success.

If you wish to write to me, I have an address for post correspondence: - R. J. Aronson
 c/o Naomi Peli
 21 Lersin St., Apt. 7
 Tel Aviv, Israel

Must close now - exhausted!
 Thank you for "listening" so patiently.
 Love from Varda.
 Love and friendship,
 Ruth

Why did I make this decision? Perhaps for selfish reasons, but why shouldn't I be selfish, already? I convinced myself that re-starting T.H.O. would be much more difficult for me than adjusting to a new life here. With T.H.O. I would have to work very hard, and the memories of how the many years of work were not appreciated ~~with~~ would always be with me. Remarks such as "she didn't have to work for T.H.O." or "she used T.H.O. as an escape" (from going to bed with him!!!) are not easy to erase from my mind. I am not even sure that T.H.O. could be forgiven. One day he would tell me things to show me it was impossible, and the very next day I would ~~have~~ hear things to reverse all that.

My reason for not wanting to remain here, I went into at length in my letter to you after M. left three weeks ago. Since I don't want to relive the T.H.O. years — or have any more of them — I must hope that once M. becomes involved in work and normal living — after eight months of nonsense — she will completely fade from her mind. (I would prefer that she completely fade from this world!!!)

Also, and very important, if we do not remain here now, I may have to go through such an ordeal again in a few years. He has always wanted to return to Canada. I believe he will never

for me, but I now have somebody to turn to. Luce knows me when we first met, and she remembers very well how great his love was — and she is sure he still loves me. One evening, when we were at her apt. (a few days after I arrived), he was standing in the kitchen with Adina (a mutual friend) while she was making tea for us all, and telling her how proud of me he is, how I've progressed, how I've matured, what a wonderful wife I've been, etc., etc. Nobody asked him — so can you understand what prompted him to volunteer these praises? Could he have been looking for new allies? Could he have been cushioning himself against the day when I would pick out Luce or Adina as my allies? Who knows!?!?!?

Yesterday, 6:30 A.M. N.Y. time, I spoke with M. I told him I had spent the evening before, and all the night, thinking about everything, and that my decision was to remain here. He didn't pound the least bit excited, but that hardly matters now. He said he'd get the first plane out. It is now 27 hours later, and I still haven't received a cable telling ~~me~~ me which plane he'll be on! Maybe now he'll realize you can't just run off when there isn't somebody left behind to see that everything has been done!

I was with Naomi, and with a few interruptions caused by a visit from her doctor, and another friend getting ready for a party, we packed from about 9:30 until 5 A.M. Tuesday. ~~was~~ (Varda spent this time sleeping in an unoccupied bedroom.)

Naomi was a friend of mine when I lived here before. She has a daughter (22) and son (18), and has been divorced for about ten years. She is not a well woman (has had two heart operations). She is intelligent and very kind. She knew of the many changes since M. arrived and, even since I came — and now since he returned to the States. However, in order further to keep me, I went back to M. on trip to Israel in June. One thing that surprised her was that he was able to endanger his marriage in the light of how he feels towards Varda. I did tell her how they had decided that they would have Varda. ~~in~~ I told her everything I could remember — and I think I remembered everything during those many hours — altho not always in sequence. Her conclusion was that they did not, and do not, love each other. She is convinced that they both tried to prove that they were still attracted to the opposite sex. And, on this same issue, either seeing each other or corresponding via air mail would make little difference. As a matter of fact, correspondence could even keep the embers ~~burning~~ longer.

Naomi, of course, could not make the decision

and I would call him back the following day. (Tues. P.M., N.Y. time).

I immediately called Yona Kesse, M.D., who had approached him several times for work for the party and the foreign office — writing and lecturing. Kesse knows him very well. I went to his home, and he and his wife were so sure that he would have no problem finding work right up his alley, if only he would be here and apply himself.

(That is what I really thought he was doing during his last trip to Israel — after his disappointment with Kalom). At M.'s request, Kesse called Parra, but M. left a message that he would return in three hours. (Wed. night, a.m. time).

Kesse had an appointment, and I wanted to see a friend, who, I felt would be able to help me clarify my thoughts. We agreed that I should call him at 12:30 because I wasn't sure whether I'd still be at Naomi's house or back at my apt.

I called Kesse at 12:30. He had just completed his conversation with M. He repeated everything that he had said to me earlier, and he said M. sounded as if he wanted to return, but he told Kesse that he was unable to make the decision — "It's all up to my wife, now." (Of course, Kesse doesn't know the genesis of his emotional problem, but it's possible that I would seek her help if M. doesn't become a "manch" again.)

Health could not take it another moment.

Sunday morning I moved from the hotel where Varda and I were staying. (I moved there after Albert Kaplan "had a sniff" of my dog, and after I took from school since we were planning to return "home"). I found a one and one half room apt. where I'll be able to do light house-keeping until we have an apt. and new furniture.

Sunday afternoon M. called. He did not get home my new phone number, so he called his cousin, who, in turn, called me to tell me to call ~~me~~ Tim back immediately. On the phone I was confronted by an almost hysterical man. He had not yet made arrangements to return. He said he is emotionally sick and was incapable to make a decision. He needs my help! I asked if he was willing to accept professional help. He told me how he did not trust psychologists, gay therapists, etc., but if we could find one he could trust, perhaps you. I told him of my suggestion that we do this several months ago and how he "poach" the idea. "You should have insisted!" I told him he'd have to admit that I have never insisted that he do anything against his wishes. I told him he would finally have to realize that he's not the only person in this world who knows everything about everything. He, too, is capable of making mistakes! I told him to calm down,

your events as they happened.

M. left here three weeks ago yesterday, and you boast of only one change in plans - there have been several!!! Last Sunday evening (a week ago Sunday), I received a message that two pre-paid tickets were awaiting me at the El Al office. Since I had already made reservations for a three day tour of the Galilee to leave Monday morning, I asked Varda to call them and say I'd be in Thursday to make reservations. Wednesday evening M. called, and was furious that we hadn't left yet! I told him there was plenty he could do before I arrived (find an apt., at least), but he was furious. Thursday morning I made reservations to leave Sunday. I immediately started to pack, took care of the formalities to take Jerry with us, and Friday morning had a vaccination (without which I couldn't re-enter the U.S.).

Friday evening M. called again - He is returning!!! Sylvia, I cannot even remember the reasons for the changes any longer! Sunday morning I cancelled our reservations. Saturday night (11 P.M.) he called because Varda and I cried and pounded so miserably the evening before, that he wanted to call when he didn't have any problems for us to face. He then said that if we were so miserable, we could return! I suppose I'm losing my equilibrium - I shouted into the phone "No, No, No - no more changes". To which he answered "Thanks you, darling." I told him that my emotional