

Thursday, March 20, 1969 9:45 P.M.

Dear Sylvia,

Seth and I just returned from Kiran (M. was with us until 5:45, but he had to go to Jerusalem), seeing all our furniture and effects unloaded and put in our apartment. It was very tiring, but I feel as if I've earned at least a million dollars today. M. was very concerned about the safety of his cameras and tape recorders — this because a bottle of perfume was stolen while the movers were packing at 155 Pennington, and a small radio was almost stolen. While he watched the stuff being unloaded in front of the house, and Seth accompanied the men with the loaded elevators, I was supervising where each box was to be parked and in which room each piece of furniture was to go. M. remembered (vaguely) that his camera, etc. was in a box marked "China". There were many such large boxes, and I was reluctant to start unpacking them then, because where would I put it all?! But, it must have been my lucky day — the first such box that I opened was the right one! But luck is hardly the word to describe what "treasure" I found. I have the tape!!! When M. came upstairs about an hour later I showed him the cameras, etc. and he was relieved to see them all. I am not sure if he opened the tape recorder to see if the tape was enclosed because I was too nervous to watch his every move at that time. If he should question me about it, I'll tell him to search ~~to~~ his desk & boxes of papers — he could have removed it before packing!

I had wanted to get my hands on the tons of letters that they wrote — tens plus copies of his, but decided against it because that would be too large a cache to keep anyplace — now could I fool him into thinking he "misplaced" them. If the time comes that I should ever need them, I think I'll be able to get my hands on them.

M. has been very much like the weather — some days bleak and ugly, and some days seen shiny. This

morning he awake in a very good mood!! In many re-
 spects I am quite optimistic about a good future with
 him, but I will never again be a carte blanche trusting
 wife. I must always be cautious and on my guard. He
 told my sister that the only reason I want to remain
 married to him is for the security he provides!!!
 (Some security!!!) He told her I am mercenary! Well,
 I've learned something from him — his many preachings
 on the self-fulfilling prophecy (altho he used it
 in the political realm). I will, henceforth, watch out
 for my interests — for my future security. To make
 signatures (even on A.'s money!) unless I know all



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

EXPÉDITEUR — SENDER — השולח

Mrs. M. A. Aronson
 6 Nachmanasselet St. Apt. 42
 Netan, Israel

אגרה שהושם בה דבר הישלה לפי הערך של מכתב בדואר אוויר.
 Un aérogramme contenant un objet quelconque sera envoyé au tarif d'une lettre-avion.
 An aérogramme containing any enclosure will be sent at airmail-lettre rate.

about it, and approval of same. It's sad to have lost faith
 in the person for whom you have given everything! It's
 even sad that I love him so much, still!

Re the phone bill sent to you. I think that was the last
 bill to be sent while I was still in the house. It had
 several errors — such as a call from Paris while he
 was in London, and a few calls I never made to places
 I never heard of. The errors were corrected at their
 business office and they said they'd send me a corrected
 bill. Not knowing how long it would take for them to

P.O. now has our Keran address, so you need not worry about it.

Re A. K. and Terry. Well M. was still in the States & wrote him a letter telling him that the reason he asked me to leave was because he couldn't stand ~~my~~ my crying. "We had lost our ability to communicate." The truth of the matter was that A. always was the one to start the conversations about the only topic he chose to speak with me about. He always managed to "wind me up" until I was in tears. And, in his letter to M. he said he told me I'd be happier if I were on my own and in the center of town rather than "being stuck" in the suburbs. This he said to me in a phone call about a day or two before M. returned! (He knew he had lied in his letter to M.) M. phoned me the letter and he was furious with A. "What right did he have to be cruel to somebody in trouble?" "What right did he have to ~~be~~ ~~negate~~ (spelling?) as a favor?" "insisting that I remain in his house while M. was away, altho M. wanted me to go to a hotel before he left me)" "where is his great humanism?" etc, etc, etc. M. was going to "give him hell", but each time he went to his office he was unable to have any personal conversations because A. was breaking in a new man who was at his elbow all the time. A. had a tremendous Picnic party on March 3rd. It was supposed to be in costume — theme: "Arabian Knights". I wore my pail, and even M. said I looked great beyond description! When we arrived the dutiful host greeted me as one of his great loves! I am sure he felt the coldness I intended him to feel — and I know he saw me several times during the evening ~~but~~ being very gay — so he had to know the coldness was for him. Then a couple of weeks passed, and, unfortunately, I had several crying spells. One evening, while crying because of an incident involving Seth (and M. was wrong), M. said "I no longer blame A. I want ever speak to him about that letter. Your crying is inhuman" etc, etc. Well, there was nothing I could do about that. And I didn't intend to bring it up again. But I did make a promise to myself and I've kept it ever since. — I cannot show him tears, even that evening (I don't

ending. P. 111

determined that he will never be able to pay or show or prove that I am unbalanced.) This morning M. told me how he gave A. Bell, at his office yesterday about the letter he had written to him. He seemed very pleased with himself. I reminded M. that A. is another one of those who I saw as a phony and liar from the very beginning.

Well, Sylvia, I must wind this up. M. may be coming home soon.

In a few days I will send you a copy of a letter my sister wrote to me some weeks ago. I am in the process of making a copy because it is impossible to read it the



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

Mrs. M. S. Arnoni
 6 Ha Chara Stelet St. Apt. 42
 Kiran, Israel

way she wrote it. The only reason I am sending the letter to you is to show you how sick he's been. I am passing the original in case I will ever need it, and I would appreciate it if you would return the copy to me after you've read it — because, if I should need a lawyer, I'm sure he's prefer to read the copy first. See? I didn't want my sister to know — and he spilled the beans! Before he left Israel I reiterated that you were my only confidant — and you because he had told you long before I knew anything. I even emphasized that the reason I didn't discuss a word with my sister ^{was}