

Dear Ruth:

1/31/69

On the one hand, you write that as of Monday 1 pm 1/27/69 the decision was made to stay in Israel.

On the other hand, I received a message on Tuesday 1/28/69 at 9:30 am NY time not to answer any more mail as Arnoni would be in N.Y. "next week" and would "see me then." It appears that either this information was not known to you when you wrote and mailed your letter, or that the decision to remain in Israel was reversed hours after it was made, or (I suppose) that the decision sticks but your husband is making a brief trip here for some reason.

Although my affection for you personally, Ruth, is great, my trust, admiration, and friendship for M. has been destroyed. You know already how I looked on his behavior during the last six months or so - I was shocked and disappointed. Now, in the process of doing the clerical and shipping-clerk's work for residual TMO business, information has been thrust on me which has turned my feelings for M. into pure disgust. I find to my disbelief that he has bank accounts stuffed with money and that

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He is therefore a slum, a fraud, a hypocrite, and a cheat. When I re-read M's editorial on Lord Russell (TMO July 1967) and M's form letter appealing for funds of Sept. 1968, I am pickened. All that time there were bank accounts with substantial savings — including the occasion when M. accepted a \$4000 check from me. At that moment, my personal savings came to \$13,000 in all. Obviously I would never have given away almost one-third of my total savings had I known that M has personal accounts bulging with money, far in excess of what I had put aside in 20 years.

To put it bluntly, I was bilked, and in the name of "friendship" unparalleled and of the loftiest personal "principle" and "scrupulousness" which M, in his awesome hypocrisy, claimed for himself.

It is very painful to be cheated of \$4000. But it is far more devastating than I can tell you to find that a friend whom I trusted and whom I admired for his incorruptibility is nothing but a phoney, milking his

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readers, friends and supporters in the name
of political idealism, while he lived it up
like a minor Onassis, in secret. Publicly,
of course, he denounced the materialism
of American society — the treachery of
merchants — the corruption of the entire
system of commerce. He had no tolerance
for the imperfections of others — how he
assailed Geismar for "compromising," and
how self-righteous he was — full of
reprimands, even to you. A living lie — the
proverbial robber of widows and orphans.

Well, I have certainly discontinued my
"volunteer" labors for TMO. M. can easily
afford to hire a shipping-clerk and a
typist to clean up after him. All I want
is to have his cartons of books and everything
else that he dumped on me out — it
cannot be soon enough.

Regardless of whether you all stay in
Israel or otherwise, I should like immediate
action taken ① to change the forwarding address
for TMO mail so that I will no longer
receive it, and ② to remove TMO books,
papers, supplies etc. from my premises.

For nothing that precedes, Luth, do I blame you in any way. It was not your responsibility and even if you were aware of the situation, you could not intervene.

I wonder if you can imagine the effects I experienced after the shock of realizing M's duplicity with friend and stranger alike — urging contributors to double or triple donations — saying that if they were not generous enough he would merely take enough for "an airplane ticket some where" and use the rest to pay bills. He told me that about \$20,000 had come in — sent in good faith by those who hoped TMO would continue. Well, it seems he has spent and is spending a lot more than for "an airplane ticket" and on a scale that can be understood only when one stumbles into the truth about his secret bank accounts. How in the name of decency could he accept the \$20,000 and abandon TMO? He could have used his own funds to liquidate the remaining deficit — obviously, since

he was contemplating almost at once the resumption of publication, and as late as 1/27/69 saw no immovable obstacle to resuming.

The incoming bills are also illuminating. Certainly it is hard to avoid the impression of large balances purposely unpaid over the last months, in the event of a permanent departure, in planned default. Another name would be robbery.

The effect on me, as I started to pay earlier, is one of almost total disorientation — sleeplessness, agitation, inability to do my work, crossing when the light is red and nearly being struck by a car, etc. etc. Nothing would have persuaded me that M. was a fraud — except the massive evidence that falls into place before my eyes. I would rather not have lived to such a bitter day. I would rather have found evidence that Oswald was a lone assassin —

and said so to the world, despite
the anguish.

And as to the evidence I have found
— Have I the right to remain
silent?

Sylvia