

THE MINORITY OF ONE

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October 18, 1968

My dear Sylvia,

You won't believe where I wound up - I am again in Israel, and I have difficulty really believing that this is so. Nor do I have the slightest idea how long I will remain here or even what exactly I came for.

My European mission has been a traumatic disappointment. The gentleman in Florence on whom I counted most has flatly turned me down. He professes such disenchantment with the U.S. that he can no longer support any, however worthwhile, activity on its soil. Frankly, I do not even begin believing in the sincerity of his professions. I have met a man whose sole preoccupation by now seems to be to build a paper empire of wealth, a man a conversation with whom is repeatedly punctured by his wandering off into the world of the stock market, a man whose any idealistic pretense seems strictly reserved for me because of his past commitment to me in this light. To "prove" his "sincerity," he offered to help me personally in migrating to Israel, but refused any assistance in saving an American TMO. I must only wonder how he would wiggle out of the situation had I taken him up on his offer of personal assistance.

Anyway, my dear Sylvia, at least for the moment I don't have the strength to do what I should now be doing. For the moment I am defeated. Or, perhaps I should say demoralized. For somehow what disarms me most is the thought that after 10 years of idealistic effort and personal sacrifices whose full scope is known only to Ruth and me, there is terrible unfairness in my having literally to beg people to help me maintain TMO. If the response to it has been this weak, what need do I serve by keeping it alive altogether? Well, I am depressed. In fact, I am so depressed that at this moment I feel afraid of returning to the States. That environment in itself depressed me so that, bringing with me the mood my Florentine "friend" has caused me, who knows at what point I might have reached for the gun. At least these days I had better not be there.

Fortunately, I have a friend in Israel /but he is an American/ who has sponsored this European trip of mine. I think I told you about this, but am not certain. Paradoxically enough, he is right now in the States on a visit. I have communicated with him through private teletype of his company's branch in Rome and, in his particular brand of generosity, he offered me not only to cover his the travel expenses to Israel but also his home and car, should I wish to go there to collect my soul. Well, I took him up on this and here I am in his beautiful, new and large home /3 bedrooms for a single fellow/ near Herzliya. Seth is right now staying here with me, for right now he has a brief vacation from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

What next? I simply don't know. First I must, absolutely must, try to restore some inner calm in me, to collect my thoughts and to re-think whether there is still a way in which I might save TMO.

Do I still really-really want to make the necessary effort? Is there really a social justification for it? And should I reach negative conclusions, what then? How do I act towards TMO's creditors? Do I really move my family to Israel and if so how do I manage to do this financially? /One needs quite a slice of money here for housing, much as the Jewish Agency is trying to be helpful./ What is my next "mission" in such a case?

But if I gain here enough personal energy and optimism to resume my fight for TMO's survival, how do I go about it? Will TMO's creditors give me the time it might take to get us out of that financial hole? How will I manage to prepare issues, assuming the printer agrees in the meantime to print them, even while most of my energies are diverted to financial solicitations? Knowing what such solicitations do to me mentally, will I persevere in them or will I succumb to the blues again?

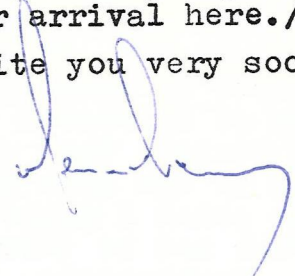
At the moment I have no answers to any of these questions. Perhaps after a few more days in this country, after having taken in enough of its relaxing-to-me air and spoken to enough of its sane people, some conclusions will begin to shape up in my now-confused head. My angel friend in whose house I am writing this letter is scheduled to return here on the 1st of November, or even a few days later, and it may conceivably be wise for me to see him. If I so decide, then I would remain here until after his return.

Dear Sylvia, I am very confused and perhaps also badly hurt in my vanity. So little should have been built by so much in a whole decade! How could I not have realized my own impertinence? Why must I be such a Don Kichote?

All this confusion, even agony, even while at home I left behind what was shaping up as perhaps one of the best yet issues of TMO!

I wish, my dear Sylvia, I could end this letter with less confusion but where will I take what is not in me, at least at the moment? So I will have to write you soon again, provided I am not too confused even for letter-writing. In the meantime, you can write me c/o my angel friend's office: ~~xxxxxxx~~ M. S. Arnoni c/o Albert Kaplan, 32 Ben Yehuda Road, Tel-Aviv, Israel. I want to hear from you badly. I miss talking to you as kind of an ancor for my own mind. Do let me hear from you quickly. By adding Special Delivery-Express on the envelope you will ensure its much quicker arrival here./

Be very, very well, dear Sylvia. I'll write you very soon again.

Your, 

P.S. Because I have been terribly tardy in writing to Ruth, I am mailing this letter c/o her so that after reading it she can forward it to you.