

Dear Don,

and

Jan. 27, 1971

I know you are always interested in my thoughts or rationalizations about Ernest.

When I saw the movie on Television a few nights ago - a young man in "Mekong" - it came to me that Ernest wasn't trying to write his - but only make things exist as he would have liked to see them.

He pictured himself as superior to Bill. He pictured

my mother as eager for my marriage to him - when in fact she had told him, when he talked to her, that I was too young to make any lasting decisions. He knew my step father felt I was seeing too much of him - so he pictured him unfavorably. I had told him

that last time I saw him that I
didn't feel about him as I had —
and so he wrote that he said
he wasn't for any more.
His close friendship with me was
after Italy — not before.

He pictured his parents as
meat characters — when in fact
they were strong. He pictured
himself as a superior intelligence
walking away etc etc.

I don't say this for criticism —
we all like to picture ourselves as
having done and said a brilliant
thing in the past, to be dramatic —
when in fact we haven't been able
to think up the brilliant retort.
I humbled our friendship badly
and so did he. But a close
friendly bond didn't go away for
either of us.

Today is beautiful — sunny and
warm. My latest plan is to

Take a Norwegian Freighter from
San Francisco to Acapulco - then -
Tour around Mexico - visit friend
in Cuernavaca - then fly home.

No dates are set . The boat sails
once a month and they will put me
on the first available space . It
should be June . May apt
oriented there Feb -

Love to your father -

Marge



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