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Diaries: Esther McCoy's Diary, 1926

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March 29, Monday.

I've been trying to write the Fowler article this morning. Isabel came in for lunch at twelve. We managed to collect enough to get a loaf of bread; and opened a can of soup. Excellent repast - as I had only one small meal yesterday. I listen for the postman hoping for a check from home. My stockings are naught. Bert gave me a dozen or so names last night of managers of movies and legitimate stage, told me what to tell them and said to wear a dress that my legs might be seen. This one say to, 'Well, I've been fooling around four years and now I want to learn to act, I'll take anything.' And to Mrs. Richard Bennett, 'yes, But I thought you might be able to tell me about something and I know what the name Bennett means to managers etc.

Bert is as cheap as he always was, raising his voice naming different kind of liquors when the waiter ~~has~~ has ~~is~~ is near. What poor taste trying to impress a waiter. I was one myself once. I remember Mrs someone from St. Louis saying each morning at breakfast, 'Oh good morning Esther, I've had a terrible night, what is good this morning ' for breakfast.' etc.'

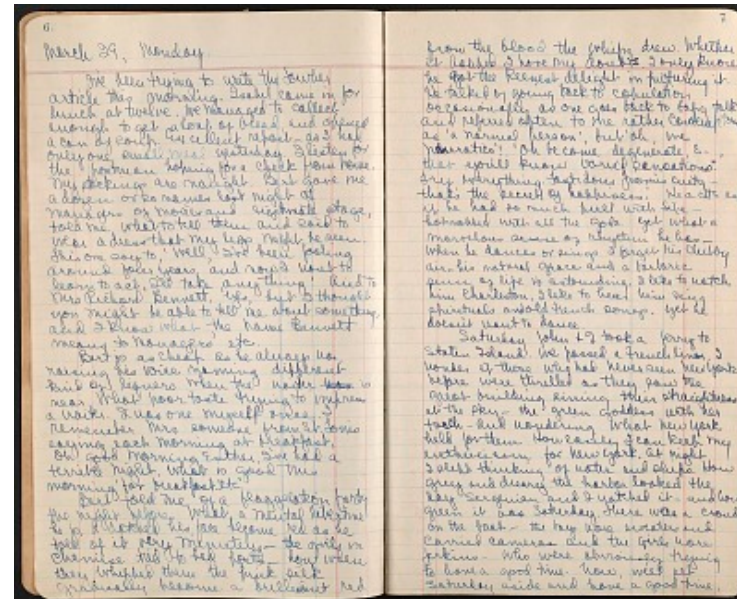
Bert told me of a flagellation ~~party~~ party the night before. What a mental libertine he is. I watched his face become red as he told of it very minutely - the girls in chemise tied to bed posts - how when they whipped them the pink silk gradually become a brilliant red

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from the blood the whips drew. Whether it happed I have my doubts. I only know he got the keenest delight in picturing it. He talked of going back to copulation occasionally as one goes back to baby talk, and referred often to me rather contemptuously as 'a normal person', but 'oh, me neurotic! 'Oh become degenerate, E-, that you'll know varied sensations. Try everything. Fastidious promiscuity - that's the secret of happiness.' He acts as ~~f~~ if ~~if~~ if he had so much pull with life - hobnobbed with all the gods. Yet what a marvelous sense of rhythm he has - when he dances or sings I forget his clubby air - his natural grace and a barbaric sense of life is astounding. I like to watch him Charleston, I like to hear him sing spirituals and old French songs. Yet he doesn't want to dance.

Saturday John & I took a ferry to Staten Island. We passed a French liner. I wonder if those who had never seen New York before were thrilled as they saw the great building aiming their straightness at the sky - the green goddess with her torch - and wondering what New York held for them. How easily I can keep my enthusiasm for New York. At night I slept thinking of water and ships. How grey and dreary the harbor looked the day Sergenian and I watched it - and how green it was Saturday. There was a crowd on the boat - the boys wore sweaters and carried cameras and the girls wore jerkins - Who were obviously trying to have a good time. Now, we'll set Saturday aside and have a good time,



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