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Diaries: Esther McCoy's Diary, 1926

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girls'. They raced around the lower deck and sang songs. From Staten Island we went by trolley to - some place - where we took another ferry to Elizabeth, N.J. We waited at the dock for some time watching the working men - fighting, swearing, tired, gay. Oh, one with a very white face. He seemed to go every place we did. I didn't like to see his pale tired face, but it was always there before me when we turned. Standing on deck disregarding the No Smoking and talking of stories of Balzac - the youngest son was forced to kill his family to save the line. In Elizabeth we took a bus to the Grand Central passing many gabled slate colored houses of three stories. A sign 'If it swims, we have it' over a fish market.

On the orange steel bridge - the great piles of brick red dirt, the two Sisters of Mercy, one at either side of an entrance to a boat, collecting alms. They wore brown full skirts with black capes and hoods. Nuns are always so still and quiet that I have a sense of awe when I see them.

From Jersey City we came back on the ferry. The view of Woolworth building and Bell telephone building was superb. We walked along the quai and everyone looked at us because I was crying - the cold made my eyes water. Old ship, old slip, the sailors. Wall Street, Pearl Street, the Aquarium that we didn't see. The handkerchief ~~that we bought~~ because I was crying, with pagodas and dragons in the corner.

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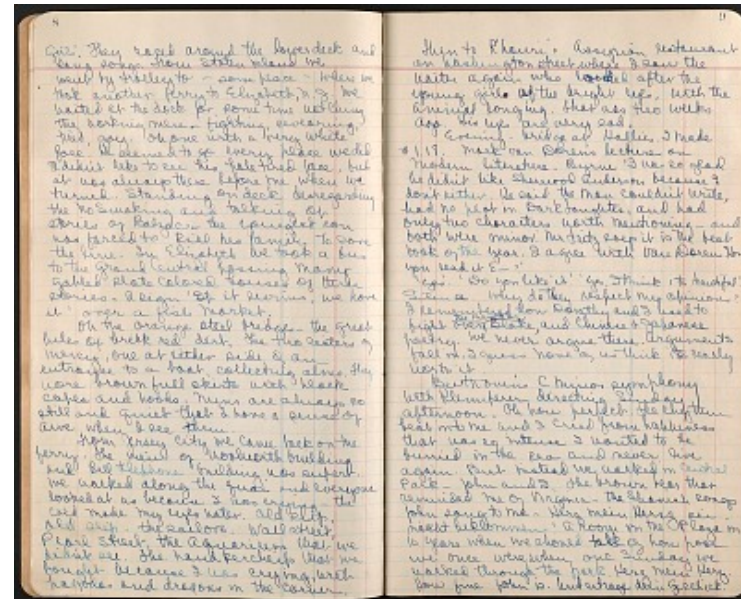
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Then to Khouri's Assyrian restaurant on Washington street where I saw the waiter again who looked after the young girl ~~of the bright eyes, with the animal longing.~~ That was two weeks ago. His eyes are very sad.

Evening - bridge at Hallies. I made \$1.18. Mark Van Doren's lecture on modern literature. Byrne 'I was so glad he didn't like Sherwood Anderson because I don't either. He said the man couldn't write, had no heat in Dark Laughter, and had only two characters worth mentioning - and both were minor. Mr Fritz says it is the best book of the year. I agree with Van Doren. 'Have you read it E-?'

'Yes' 'Do you like it?' 'Yes. I think its beautiful'. Silence. Why do they respect my opinions? I remembered how Dorothy and I used to fight over ~~the merits of~~ Blake, and Chinese and Japanese poetry. We never argue there. Arguments fall in. I guess none of us think its really worth it.

Beethoven's C Minor symphony with Klemperer directing Sunday afternoon. Oh how perfect. The rhythm beat into me and I cried from happiness that was so intense I wanted to be buried in the sea and never live again. But instead we walked in Central Park - John and I. The brown bear that reminded me of Virginia - the Spanish songs John sang to me - Herz mein Herz sei nicht beklommen ~~that we~~! A Room in the Plaza in 10 years when we should talk of how poor we once were when one Sunday we walked through the park. Herz mein Herz. How fine John is. Und ertrage dein Geschick.



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