



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Archives of American Art*

## **Diaries: Esther McCoy's Diary, 1926**

Extracted on Jul-08-2025 06:20:05

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April 2.

House cleaning. I washed linen covers for the table and cleaned my rooms. Mrs Miller did most of it, talking as if she made the beds and swept the floor. Talked as usual of her son, of her daughter Marion whom she can't give as much as she wants to. her son in prison for boot legging. - and of Mr Burkholder the 'the comicallest Man'. I tho't of q D coming to lunch with me. - Meeting him on my own ground. Arranged my books carelessly [[sic]] - arranged my dressing table in neat disarray, and wondered at my deep rooted femininity. Which made me take such care in being careless.

He isn't coming. Now I don't want to see him again. I'm hurt of course, but it is more than that. It is a desire to cut away the useless things and people. - a fierce desire to be entirely alone. When I am so near it. My family - everyone. I want to draw more within myself. House cleaning. When people bore me or wound me I want to give up all and be entirely alone. Of late more than ever I have suddenly the feeling of isolation and I grasp dliberately [[sic]] for one to cling to. Sit and talk of stupid things with people I'm not the least interested in just because I can't think of what is coming. - What is certain -. and what would be the only thing I could at last find peace in.

My family have no faith in me. Sending me \$25 when last year they sent me

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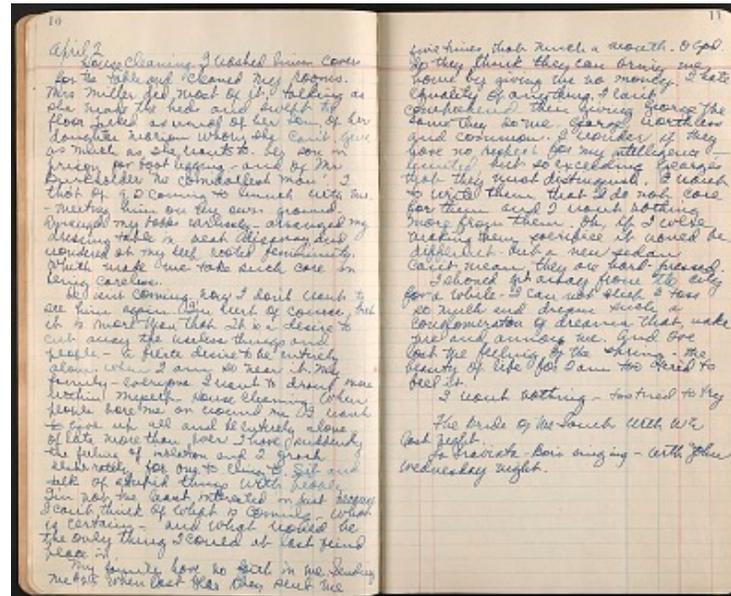
five times that much a month. O God. do they think they can bring me home by giving me no money. I hate equality of anything. I can't comprehend their giving George the same they do me. George, worthless and common. I wonder if they have no respect for my intelligence - limited, but so exceeding George's that they must distinguish. I want to write them that I do not care for them and I want nothing more from them. Oh, if I were making them sacrifice it would be different - but a new sedan can't mean they are hard-pressed.

I should get away from the city for a while - I can not sleep I toss so much and dream such a conglomeration of dreams that wake me and annoy me. And I've lost the feeling of the spring. The beauty of life for I am too tired to feel it.

I want nothing - too tired to try.

The pride of the South with W E last night.

La Traviata - Bori singing - with John Wednesday night.



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