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Diaries: Esther McCoy's Diary, 1926

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I've talked hours. He read me more of his manuscript. He seems to write easily and with a reuse of form. He describes minutely as if it were a painting, in many places. But one might as well practice writing as practice tennis. One must spend the time ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ s ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ allotted in some way. He is fearfully afraid that he has poor taste at times and really makes an effort to like what should be liked.

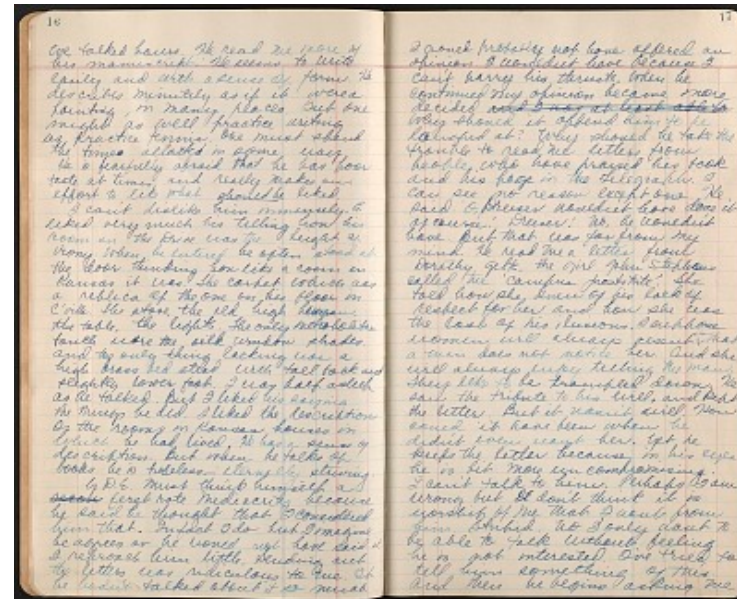
I can't dislike him immensely. I liked very much his telling how his room on the Drive was the height of irony. When he returned he often stood at the door thinking how like a room in Kansas it was. The carpet which was a replica of the one on his floor in C'ville. The stone, the old high bureau, the table, the lights. The only metropolitan touch were the silk window shades and the only thing lacking was a high brass bedstead with tall back and slightly lower foot. I was half asleep as he talked, but I liked his saying the things he did. I liked the descriptions of the rooms in Kansas houses in which he had lived. He has a sense of description. But when he talks of books he is hopeless - eternally striving.

G.D.E. must think himself a ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ secon ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ first rate mediocrity because he said he thought that I considered him that. In fact I do but I imagine he agrees or he would not have said it. I reproach him little. Sending out the letters was ridiculous to me. If he hadn't talked about it so much

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I could probably not have offered an opinion. I couldn't have because I can't parry his thrusts. When he continued my opinion became more decided ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ and I was at least able to ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ why should it offend him to be laughed at? Why should he take the trouble to read the letters from people who have praised his book and his page in the Telegraph. I can see no reason except one. He said, 'O, Dreiser wouldn't have done it of course.' Dreiser! No, he wouldn't have. But that was far from my mind. He read me a letter from Dorothy Gelts, the girl John Stephens called the 'campus prostitute'. She told how she knew of his lack of respect for her and how she was the last of his illusions. ~~[[sic]]~~ I suppose women will always resent [^][[[?]]] that a man does not notice her. And she will always enjoy telling the man. They like to be trampled down. He saw the tribute to his will, and kept the letter. But it wasn't will. How could it have been when he didn't even want her. Yet he keeps the letter because in his eyes he is bit more uncompromising. I can't talk to him. Perhaps I am wrong but I ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ t ~~[[strikethrough]]~~ don't think it is worship of me that I want from him. Stupid. No I only want to be able to talk without feeling he is not interested. I've tried to tell him something of this and then he begins asking me



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