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## **Esther McCoy's Diary, 1922-1924**

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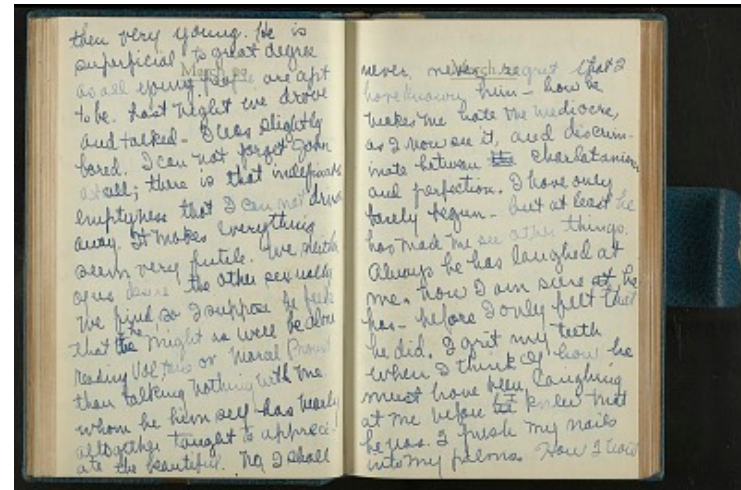
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then very young. He is superficial to great degree as all young people are apt to be. Last night we drove and talked - I was slightly bored. I can not forget John at all; there is that indefinable emptiness that I can not drive away. It makes everything seem very futile. We neither of us desire the other sexually we find, so I suppose he feels that ~~the~~ ~~the~~ <sup>^</sup>[[he]] might as well be alone reading Voltaire or Marcel Proust than talking nothing with me. whom he himself has nearly altogether taught to appreciate the beautiful. No, I shall

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never, never regret that I have known him--how he makes me hate the mediocre, as i now see it, and discriminate between ~~the~~ the ~~charlatan~~ charlatan and perfection. I have only barely begun - but at least he has made me see other things. Always he has laughed at me. Now I am sure ~~at~~ ~~at~~ <sup>^</sup>[[he]] he has--before I only felt that he did. I grit my teeth when I think of how he must have been laughing at me before ~~at~~ ~~at~~ <sup>^</sup>[[he]] <sup>^</sup>[[he]] knew that he was. I push my nails into my palms. How I would



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