



Smithsonian Institution

Archives of American Art

Reuben Tam Diary (Loose Pages), 1939

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Sunday - Sept. 17 '39 - Kapua

A long hike today (4 1/2 hours) took me to the northeast coastline of red hills, and black boulders in blue bays. My memory of the total scene is one of the desolation of lava and sea, ~~the~~ (yet it cannot be phrased or symbolized: it is undiscovered territory, and its characteristics have not yet gone through the mill - the sugar mill) It is of the outland, where the lava dropped out of sight into the Pacific.

First, the long bay at Kealia village - weather-beaten houses in the wind, a wide golden beach.

The r.r. - to the left, a bank of long grass and morning glory vines, or ironwoods in forests with a brown matted floor of dry needles. The grass blowing in wind furrows. To the right - black rocks with fresh water trickling over them from the woods - the powerful blue waves below.

Then, ~~the~~ Akiki Pt. ~~the~~ Lae o Paliku - boulder strewn land red and high over the sea. A grand view of 10-C beach, its wide curve of yellow sand, its outer fringe of honohono & wakiki grass, grayed by sea spray.

Akiki Pt. after a snug brown bay fed by Homai kawa Stream. - cold water rushing into the sea. Then the deep bay lined with dark rocks.

Lae o Keanapalau, after cutting inland around a hill. Another bay, - and here were the Opiki gatherers peering under rocks.

Crossing the rocky shore at Pohakuloa - black crabs, little fishes in shallow pools by the sea.

[[in left margin]]

So many secluded spots for A. & me.

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