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Archives of American Art

Reuben Tam Diary (Loose Pages), 1940-1941

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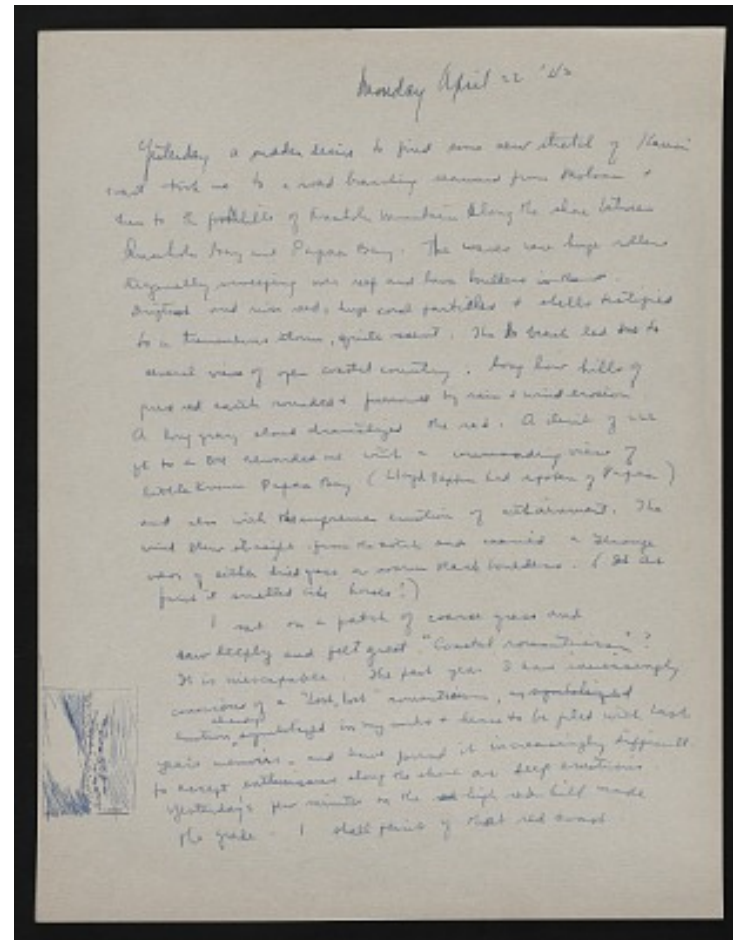
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Monday April 22 '40

Yesterday a sudden desire to find some new stretch of Kanai coast took me to a road branching seaward from Moloaa & then to the foothills of Anahola Mountain along the shore between Anahola Bay and Papaa Bay. The waves were huge rollers diagonally sweeping over reef and lava boulders ~~to the shore~~, driftwood and river reed, huge coral particles & shells testified to a tremendous storm, quite recent. The ~~beach~~ ~~led me to several views of open coastal country: long low hills of pure red earth rounded & furrowed by rain & wind erosion. A long gray cloud dramatized the red. A climb of 222 ft to a BM rewarded me with a commanding view of little known Papaa Bay (Lloyd Sexton had spoken of Papaa) and also with the supreme emotion of attainment. The wind blew straight from the north and carried a strange odor of either dried grass or warm black boulders. It ~~smelled like horses!~~~~

I sat on a patch of coarse grass and saw deeply and felt great. "Coastal romanticism"? It is inescapable. The past year I have increasingly conscious of a "lost, lost" romanticism, ~~symbolized~~ ~~emotion already symbolized in my works & hence to be filed with last year's memoirs - and have found it increasingly difficult to accept enthusiasms along the shore as deep emotions. Yesterday's few minutes on the ~~red~~ ~~high red hill made the grade. I shall paint of that red coast.~~~~

~~[[image: sketch of shoreline]]~~



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