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Archives of American Art

Reuben Tam Diary (Loose Pages), 1940-1941

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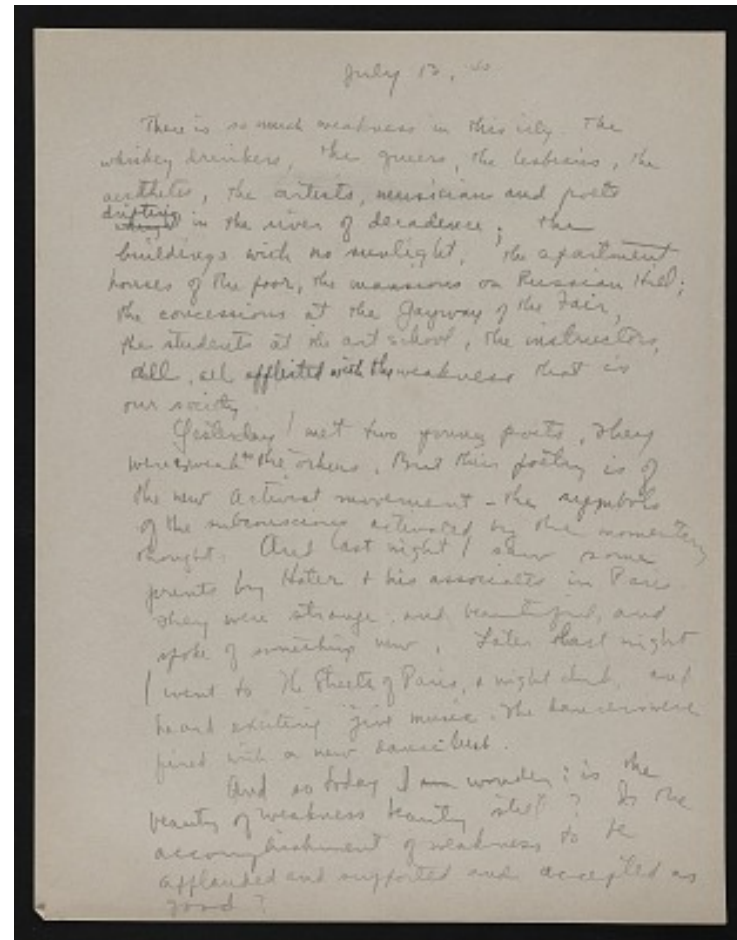
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July 13, '40

There is so much weakness in this city. The whiskey drinkers, the queers, the lesbians, the aesthetes, the artists, musicians and poets drifting in the river of decadence; the buildings with no sunlight, the apartment houses of the poor, the mansions on Russian Hill; the concessions at the Gayway of the Fair, the students at the art school, the instructors, all, all afflicted with the weakness that is our society.

Yesterday I met two young poets. They were as weak as the others. But their poetry is of the new activist movement - the symbols of the subconscious activated by the momentary thought. And last night I saw some prints by Hater & his associates in Paris. They were strange, and beautiful, and spoke of something new. Later last night I went to The Streets of Paris, a night club, and heard exciting jive music. The dancers were fired with a new dance lust.

And so today I ~~am~~ wonder: is the beauty of weakness beauty still? Is the accomplishment of weakness to be applauded and supported and accepted as good?



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