

Memories

Part IV
Hawaii

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Hawaii

Here we were in Hawaii at last. Even in the busy Honolulu airport the atmosphere seemed relaxed. Getting our luggage was easy and so was finding a skycap who knew the way to the inter island boarding area. There was no rush no tension. It seemed to be the perfect atmosphere to heal Phil's high blood pressure. Maui had not yet become a "tourist destination." In fact it was probably still considered an "outer island," so there were very few hotels. The Sheraton at Kaanapali Beach was the only big one, and it was so new that the palm trees were held up with guy wires!

The hotel we had selected was much more modest than the Sheraton. In our rental car we drove north of the sleepy town of Lahaina, past Kaanapali Beach to a tiny community called Kahana. There was one store, called Ishiki Store, where we bought enough groceries for dinner and breakfast, and we asked the proprietor directions to the Pohailani Hotel. He directed us in abbreviated English.

"Two mile. Left side. You see sign."

As I write this I can almost feel again my tingle of excitement as we drove up that winding dirt road, with

glimpses of the blue Pacific through the coconut palm trees.

We had reserved a housekeeping unit on the beach at Kahana. We had read about the little hotel called "Pohailani" in the Maui News, the once-a-week newspaper that we had been subscribing to for the past months while still on the mainland. The simple accommodations were scrupulously clean; coconut palms were planted along the sea wall, and waves lapped over a lava and coral-strewn beach.

The following week we spent in buying a new Volkswagen Bug and exploring Lahaina, which was still a sleepy plantation town. Front Street had one grocery store, run by a jovial Japanese man who sold marvelous T-bone steaks and wrapped them in last week's newspaper! Really! Purchases were carried out in cardboard cartons, and the local people usually brought their own shopping bags. Their staples were rice in twenty-five pound sacks and poi, which came in cartons. Fresh vegetables and fruit were rare because everybody grew their own and caught their own fish as well, but we feasted on the excellent local beef as well as papayas, avocados, and ba-



Front Street, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii

nanas, which the Pohailani's owner sent with our lively little housekeeper. What a chatterbox she was! We soon knew all the scuttlebutt about the hotel and the lady who owned it. She was half-Hawaiian and half-German and she had the unglamorous name of Emma Sharpe, but she was a revered teacher of the ancient Hulas, and her dancers performed twice a week at the brand new Sheraton Hotel.

"You really must see that marvelous show," Aiko told us, rolling her eyes, but a dinner show at the Sheraton wasn't in our budget, and we were spending our money far too fast. We realized that our priority must be to find a permanent and affordable place to live. But where? The classified ads in the Maui news didn't have much to offer. We followed leads in the towns of Wailuku and Kahului and a few run down apartments and dilapidated houses with rusty screens or no screens at all and full of cockroaches and dry rot. It was discouraging to learn that Maui housing consisted mostly of "plantation towns" run by the sugar and pineapple plantations for their workers, who were local people of mostly Philipino, Hawai-

ian, and Japanese Ancestry. The few Americans and Canadians who had settled on Maui had built nice houses but there seemed to be no houses or apartments for rent except at tourists' prices. We heard of one or two apartments in Kihei miles down the coast.

"Lets start looking tomorrow", I suggested.

"Okay, I'll drink to that", Phil answered pulling the bourbon and mixer off the shelf.

That afternoon, we had a visitor, Emma Sharpe's sister Margaret, a tall white-haired lady. She told us more about Emma's successful dance show and her pure Hawaiian mother, who had married a German overseer. Very strict. He didn't approve of the native Hawaiian ways and in particular the Hula. But in spite of that, Emma secretly studied the traditional dances with a master teacher, and now she



Our serigraph (silk screen) print of Front Street.

had her own troop of dancers and even taught hula at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu during the summer.

Then the conversation turned to more down-to-earth matters. She asked if we were comfortable and liked Pohai-lani. We explained that although we loved it, we couldn't afford to live there forever and we planned to look for apartments tomorrow.

Margaret said, "Emma has a house. Some boys are planning to rent it but you know how boys are. We'd rather have responsible tenants."

In our new little Volkswagen we explored our surroundings, and some days we packed a picnic lunch and found an uncrowded beach, but the towns were fun too. On the waterfront side of Front Street next to the sea wall stood an empty shack. It leaned at a precarious angle, and the fading sign over the door read "Poi Factory." Across the street there was a tiny mom-and-pop store specializing in fishing gear and "shave ice," a cooling concoction of ice crushed to slush and topped with pink syrup. The kids crowded in after school with their nickels for their "shave-ice" treats.

Every afternoon when the sun started westward on Front Street each business lowered a green canvas shade giving the whole street a blank empty look. It was stiflingly hot and even the "locals" couldn't walk barefoot on the sidewalk.

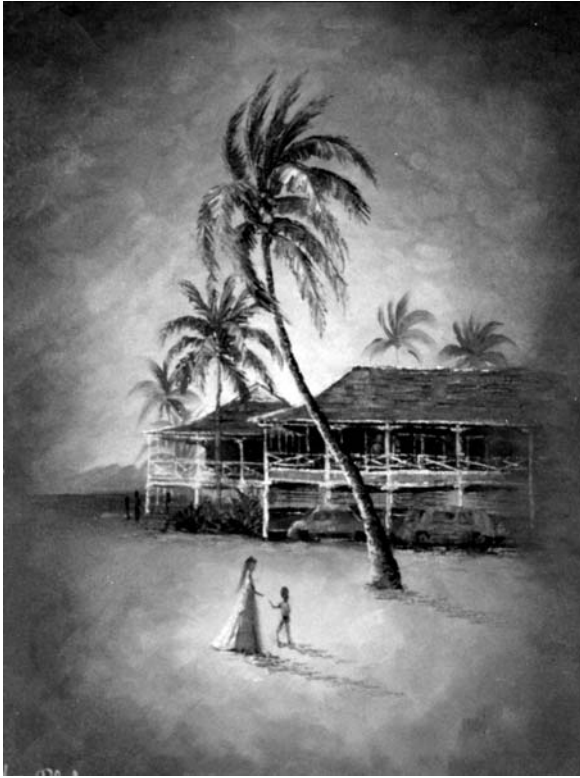
We had heard that there was a housing shortage and we couldn't afford to live like tourists forever. It was time to start looking for a permanent home. We had been told about two possibilities. One was an apartment in Ki-

hei thirty miles beyond Lahana ,and the other was Emma's house just a mile or so up the road.

"We might as well look at that first since it's so close" I said. So Phil turned left along the road till we turned in to Pumana Place, which was an unpaved lane. There was a giant avocado tree shading a small shack with three geese pecking in the dirt. And on the other side of the lane what looked like a forest of plumeria bushes, tall and spreading, almost the size of small trees. Each bush was covered with blossoms, pinks, reds, yellows, or whites, and the perfume filled the air. At the end stood two new cottages. Some one lived in the first one, but the last one was vacant. We opened its unlocked front door and stepped into the living room: all louvered glass windows on two sides, looking out on the plumeria bushes to the front, and a huge mango tree on the side. We were enchanted. The two small bedrooms in back faced sugar cane fields. There was a bath and a kitchen with steps leading out to the carport. Phil could run his power tools in that carport and store them in the tiny laundry room behind it. One of the



Gini and Phil at Fleming Beach,
Christmas, 1967. (Later named Kapalua)*



The old Pioneer Inn. I painted this from under the Banyan Tree.

bedrooms could be our studio. The house seemed perfect, and we agreed to rent it.

After we moved in to Emma Sharpe's little house there was a long long wait for our shipments of household goods, art materials, and Phil's tools. Meanwhile our kind neighbors loaned us pots and pans and we bought some furniture. There was no real furniture store on Maui and the only place was A and B Hardware. It didn't offer much choice and we got whatever they had; cheap rattan, with plastic covered cushions. No matter...we felt lucky to have found such a nice place to live.

Many afternoons and evenings we could hear the music from Emma's Hula classes and rehearsals as it drifted up through the plumeria bushes. She had tapes of the lovely old

Hawaiian songs, "Beyond the Reef", that sort of song, romantic and poignant.

Phil's blood pressure went down and he never had that stroke. The soft warm weather and relaxed atmosphere of Hawaii was like a healing balm. Phil's eyes began to shine again, and he became the charming enthusiastic fellow I had married.

On Sunday mornings we would drive down to Lahaina to church, followed by breakfast at the famous old Pioneer Inn, after which we'd stroll across the street to visit with the local artists who displayed their paintings under the huge Banyan Tree. That famous tree covers the entire block!

"Come and join us!" they urged when we told them we were artists too.

"But our art is advertising stuff; newspaper ads and restaurant menus, nothing to sell to tourists," we explained.

They argued that we must have something, and so we brought down some of our silkscreen prints and some



The Old Banyan Tree. My pen-and-ink sketch.



Phil.

of Elton Bennet's, too, as well as some of my sketches of local children. Those brown-skinned youngsters were irresistible, and I carried a Polaroid camera wherever we went, taking pictures from which I did drawings in charcoal and pastel on tan illustration board.

As a salesman, Phil was at his charming best, making friends and making sales, and soon we found ourselves very involved in the Lahaina art scene.

So it was the verdict of those Seattle doctors that launched us in a whole new way of life. And what a life it was! Through Emma we met two other couples who had migrated from the Northwest. Emma had invited us all to go to a "Baby Luau" in the tiny community of Keanai. It was an old Hawaiian custom to celebrate when a new baby survived the first year of its life. Friends and relatives would give a luau and each guest brought a gift for the baby.

Emma told us that 5 or 10 dollars would be a very welcome present and we would enjoy an authentic "local" Luau. We filled two cars for the trip to Keanai, which was half way to Hana, on that narrow winding road that has nine hundred hairpin curves (so they say) and innumerable waterfalls. It was an enchanting trip, with a full moon and with wild ginger blossoms filling the air with a heavy perfume.

The Luau was not as glamorous as the drive over, and I was shocked to see the table set with Coke and beer *CANS!!* But to the local people canned drinks were a fairly new commodity and just as welcome as the hibiscus blossoms and palm fronds that decorated the tables.

The other couples were Ruth and Mark Miller who wintered in their own house on Maui, and Jan and Dick Stewart, who were the proprietors of a small hotel near by. Both women were students in Emma's beginning Hula class, and they talked me into joining them. Somehow although my hands did all the right things, my hips and spine wouldn't cooperate. And I got dreadful backaches so I had to give up my career



Jan Stewart, Phil Von Phul, Emma Sharpe, and her sister, Margaret.



Drawings of some of the local children.

as a Hula dancer. I was still straight and active and wasn't even aware of my crooked spine—yet!

Our art materials arrived at last, and Phil lost no time in taking our portfolio to the commercial towns of Wailuku and Kahului, but there just weren't any advertising agencies and only one small printing plant. The owners, a friendly Japanese couple, were very impressed with our portfolio, but they explained that all they printed were business forms and letterheads using black ink. Phil made friends with them and looked at the printing press. He told them that he could help them print colors if they ever needed to.

Not long after we were settled on Maui we made friends with the Schumans, a nice couple who had both graduated from Pratt just as we had. When they learned that we were hoping to find commercial artwork on our little island, they asked us if we would be interested in designing some displays for Haleakala National Park. Of course we would! Bob and Shirley Schuman had made a big model of

Haleakala Mountain with its crater for the Park Department, and it had been an enormous undertaking. When the chief ranger asked them to do more, they decided against it. They weren't interested in commercial art, since they had a good income and were busy raising a family of four. So they recommended us and we were delighted. It was the sort of work we had been trained to do and we had learned that it was discouragingly scarce on Maui. We made an appointment with the Park Superintendent, taking our portfolio samples of commercial art we had done and set out for the top of Haleakala.

What an experience it turned out to be! We drove up through various altitudes, from our sea-level cottage set as it was among fragrant plumeria bushes and mango trees up to the bare region above the timber line, up into a moon-scape of volcanic ash!

Our trip started under graceful coconut palms, which lined the beaches along west Maui's only road. We delighted in the ocean's brilliant colors,

changing from pale turquoise to deep cobalt blue. Surfers were paddling out to meet the white line of incoming waves. Ahead of us we could glimpse an occasional view of the mountain looming in the distance.

Two separate volcanoes formed Maui, which erupted from the ocean's floor many thousands of years before. Eventually they rose above sea level as lava piled upon lava. They continued to spew volcanic material in ever growing mounds until the two grew together, connected by a central plain. The soil between the two mountains is made up of mostly lava ash, nitrogen rich and ideal for growing sugar cane.

We drove past miles of cane fields as we crossed from West Maui to the Haleakala side. We started to ascend the foothills, and soon the sugar cane gave way to pineapple fields. We felt a fresh coolness in the air. Next we came

to Kula, a farming area whose biggest crop was flowers, yes flowers! Carnation fields stretched across the hillsides in bands of brilliant colors, with the deep blue ocean glinting far below. We passed protea farms as well. These unusual bromeliads were imported from Africa, and they thrive on Maui if they are screened from the intense rays of sun.

The flower farms on the slopes of Haleakala did a brisk export business to all the Hawaiian Islands, and beyond to Japan and the U.S. mainland. Higher still, we drove through cattle ranches and forests of fragrant eucalyptus. Gradually the tall trees thinned out. The rocky hillsides were covered with stunted evergreens and scrubby bushes. Our little Volkswagen began to sputter and groan in the thin air, and Phil shifted down to 2nd and then to low gear. What a contrast this landscape



Alex and Vilani—drawings 16 x 20 inches.

was, to the gentle tropics we had learned to love! Finally we climbed above the last vestige of growth. Here the landscape was nothing but gray lava rock and black scree, devoid of life.

At last we found the Park Headquarters near the summit. The Park Superintendent took us up to an observation center on the edge of the extinct volcano's enormous crater.

If you would like to see a really huge hole in the ground, the place to go is to the top of Maui's Haleakala Mountain. The dormant crater is vast, awe inspiring, and utterly bleak. There is no tree, no water, no living creature,

and yet thousands of tourists flock to its rim, 10,025 feet above the balmy tropical beauty at sea level. What do they see? They see some bare cinder cones rising out of the sandy desert of the crater floor. How could any pictures of this vast emptiness be painted? That is what my husband and I were supposed to do. We were asked to design and paint a series of displays; one under each observation window, showing the different cinder cones with the name and a description of each. The colors must be true to the strange scene before us and the paint must withstand severe extremes of temperature be-



PHILIP von PHUL, well known Maui artist and designer regularly exhibits, as shown here, under the Banyan Tree in Lahaina on Saturdays and on special occasions such as "Lurline Day" or when other ships arrive. Mr. von Phul is a graduate of Pratt Institute Art School of New York and the Cornish School of Arts, Seattle. He has worked all his life as a commercial artist and designer in the advertising field in New York City and Seattle, for such accounts as Sun Valley, the State of Washington and Boeing Aircraft. His ski posters for White Stag won the Grand Award of the Seattle Advertising Club. Now living on Maui with his wife, Virginia, also an artist, he is busy creating silk screen prints of beautiful Maui scenes.



Ted Wedderspoon photo

ARTIST AND MODEL at work. Gini von Phul, well known Lahaina artist who specializes in charming portraits of children, is pictured here with Alicia Dizon, one of her favorite models. Mrs. von Phul, and Philip, her artist husband, are being honored with a special exhibit by the Lahaina Art Society in their gallery in the old Courthouse. The show will continue through February 11, and is unusual for its scope and variety of media. In addition to Mrs. von Phul's portraits, visitors and local art lovers have shown keen interest in the serigraphs, a joint effort of the von Phuls, and Mr. von Phul's imaginative air brush paintings.



Ted Wedderspoon Photo

LAHAINA ARTIST VIRGINIA von PHUL in action. S.S. Oriana passengers and crew have a rare treat awaiting them under the Banyan Tree when they arrive, January 22. Sponsored by the Lahaina Art Society, this gifted artist and other talented members of our fast growing colony will be on hand, not only to exhibit their work, but to demonstrate their technique. Mrs. von Phul, who specializes in portraits of Maui children, is pictured here with her most recent sub-

ject, Alicia Dizon, age nine, one of twenty portraits of local children recently commissioned by the owners of "Puna Point" a beautiful condominium now under construction at Napili. Philip von Phul, as gifted as his wife, specializes in silk screen prints of Maui scenes, and twenty entirely new subjects have also been chosen for the condominium. Both Mr. and Mrs. von Phul are graduates of the Pratt Institute of Art in New York.

cause the sun would beat against those windows causing very high heat at that altitude while the temperature could dip below freezing at night.

Acrylic paint was the solution, but we had never experimented in that medium. We had read about it and were willing to try. We agreed to make a sample sketch and an estimate of costs and then we headed back down the switch-back road to our tropical home.

The following week the Park Superintendent approved our sketches, and we had our first big commission from the National Park. Others followed; one was a large map of "Hosmer Grove" where the descendants of historical, brilliantly feathered birds could still be seen flitting in the dark foliage. I loved painting those birds. I researched them in the Lahaina Library, where I found volumes on the history of Hawaii.

Still more commissions followed, and that plus our weekend sales under Banyan tree kept us busy.

We tried not to allow any pressure or rush jobs to spoil our tranquil life. At four p.m. every day, we would spread a sheet over our drafting tables to be sure that no dust could damage our work, and then we would head to the beach for a swim.

I haven't written yet about the dust. Well, it was an ever-present irritation in our peaceful life. Between the house and the adjoining sugar cane field was a dirt road, called a "cane road." Both pineapple and sugar cane trucks roared past and sent up clouds of red dust in their wake. Of course the trade winds blew it right in our windows and it settled on everything. I had hired Aiko to clean for us once a week, and she was a blessing as well as an entertaining source of news and local gossip. But she would have to come everyday in order to cope with that endless dust. And so we learned to live with it, just as everybody else did. Another nuisance was the "Cane spiders". They were huge and black and could move with the speed of lightening. They terrified me, but Phil could do away with them fast with an old chopped-off broom, we called it his "pau stick." Pau is the Hawaiian word for finished, done.

One Saturday was unusually slow for the artists showing their paintings under the Banyan tree. It was hot. I was sitting beside a portfolio of silk-screen prints brushing away a persistent fly and wondering if we should pack up and go home. I glanced at the other artists, and noticed a cluster of people in a shady spot down the line.



Phil with Pau Stick, and long swatter for ceiling critters.

What was going on down there? I left my husband in charge of our exhibit and went to investigate. A little Oriental man stood in the center of the silent crowd slapping thick globs of paint on a big canvas. As I stood watching, a palm tree took shape against a background of soft blue sky. The little man worked rapidly, adding touches of color to the curving trunk.

It was like watching a silent movie and the audience was spellbound. Next, an outrigger canoe took shape in the painting just two or three dabs of thick paint and there it was, looking more real than if the artist had labored over details.

"OH—I wish I could do that!" I murmured.

On my way back to join Phil I stopped to chat with another artist.

"Who is that little man?" I asked.

"That's Mr. Okuda. He's a wonderful painter and sells a lot of his work

here. The Art Society is lucky to have him for a member.”

After lunch I wandered back to see how the painting had progressed. There were still a few tourists watching as the signature was being dashed off in the corner.

“How much is that picture?” one of them asked.

“Two-fifty,” answered Mr. Okuda.

“TWO-FIFTY?” The man was reaching for his wallet.

“Two-hun-ret -fifty dollah.” Said the diminutive artist. And before the day was over he had gotten his price! I was dazzled. How many silkscreen prints would we have to sell to make that much? Could I ever learn to paint like that? I was determined to try. I purchased some supplies, and signed up for workshops at the Lahiana Art Society.

Every weekend I watched Mr. Okuda paint and I made friends with him and his wife, Oshino. She was always there acting as his interpreter, since he spoke very little English. I learned that they used to run a grocery store together, and when business was slow, Mr. Okuda would disappear behind the big refrigerator to work on his paintings. When they had saved up enough money, he traveled to Japan to study with a “Master.” Now he was retired and spent all his time painting.

One Saturday, Oshino said, “You come paint with him some morning just you and one, two, fren. Not too many. He like show you.”

“Oh how wonderful!—I’d love that. When can we do it?”

So a day was set and I asked Jan Stewart to join me. We were to start early because by noon, the trade winds

would start to blow, and painting on the beach would be impossible. Oshino gave us directions to a deserted cove. Mr. Okuda showed us an odd shaped palette knife.

“It gotta ben easy,” he said.

“Ben?” I was puzzled even though I was beginning to understand his sentences.

Oshino explained, “Bend — how you say—?”

“Flexible?”

She nodded vigorously. “Not too stiff an don forget—you come early!”

We did, but Mr. Okuda was ahead of us with his easel already set up and the scene roughly sketched with thin washes of paint. He helped us find suitable spots to view the little bay. “No sun on canvas,” he explained moving my easel around and digging the legs firmly into the sand. “Bright sun no good on canvas.”

It was a golden morning, and we worked fast, with our Japanese friends moving from one to the other, keeping watchful eyes on our progress and making helpful suggestions. My art school background gave me a real advantage. When I added a little boy and his mutt walking along the beach Mr. Okuda said, “that’s good!” I felt as happy as if I’d won a Nobel Prize!

I whispered to Oshino that we would like to pay.

“No. No money please. He say you just do same for somebody else someday.” So someday I did.

Jan Stewart became a good friend. We went to painting workshops together and often attended functions such as gallery openings. Sometimes we went grocery shopping together. She had been on Maui longer and

showed me stores I didn't know about. There was Nagasaki's grocery store, bigger than Kishi's with more variety and even frozen foods, but we had to watch for old packages with freezer burn and pancake mix with weevils! I remember Jan handing a package to Mrs. Nagasako, and without a word being spoken, Mrs. Nagasako put the package under the counter. She didn't want to discuss it in front of the other customers.

Jan introduced us to a variety of other "Haoles" (newcomers) and we started having a little social life. I'd always been shy at cocktail parties, and Phil kept an eye on me. He rescued me from getting "stuck" with some boring character too long, just as he used to in Seattle.

You could tell the size of a party by the number of sandals left at the front door. Nobody wore their shoes inside a home and the ladies pedicures were as important as their manicures.

Not long after we were settled, Maui began to grow into a tourist destination. New hotels appeared at Kanapali as well as along the coast from Lahaina to Napili Bay.

Artists came as well, and every hotel had a little art gallery of its own, usually with a featured artist painting right there for the tourists to watch (and hopefully buy a painting). They made a fine momento of their vacation trip.

I began to set up my easel under the Bayan Tree on Saturdays just as Mr. Okuda did. Of course my little paintings couldn't compare with his, but I began to make occasional sales. The Okudas had become good friends, and

one day he said to me, "You need get publicity."

"Publicity?"

"You know," explained Oshino, "stories in the newspaper."

I didn't know how to arrange that, but it just happened when we met Selma Cattell. She was a writer for the Maui News. She wrote articles about Lahaina and soon Selma was visiting us every week on her round of calls to all the advertisers in "Holiday on Maui." That tourist supplement to the Maui News was growing almost as fast as the tourist business itself. Selma wrote colorful stories about the Lahaina area and she had plenty of material to write about. It was picturesque and historic and definitely a tourist attraction. The shops along Front Street were now filled with tee shirts and shell jewelry. Busloads of mainlanders came to Lahaina to see the historic Banyan tree adjacent to the boat harbor and to drink a Mai Tai in the Old Whaler's Grog Shop in the Pioneer Inn. Those famous drinks were reputed to contain two or three kinds of rum. They were dispensed by a giant black bartender who knew when each customer had had enough.

Jan introduced us to a variety of other "Haolis" (newcomers) and we started having a little social life. I'd always been shy at cocktail parties and Phil kept an eye on me and rescued me from getting "stuck" with some boring character, just as he used to in Seattle. A retired teacher from Pratt Institute was spending his winters on Maui. His name was Bill Longyear and he found out that several Pratt graduates lived on Maui, so he organized a group exhibit at the Lahaina Art Society. Their

From the von Phul Studio and Gallery



Working together at our home studio.



Our gallery at Napili Kai (in the card room).



Napili Bay.



Stormy day.



Napili Beach from the other end.



Kapalua Church.



*Painting the map of
Napili Kai Beach Club.*



Seascapes.: Two Moods



gallery was on the ground floor of the historic old courthouse right next to the Banyan tree and Pioneer Inn, with the Yacht Harbor right in front so it was a “must see” for many tourists. When our old teacher approached us, Phil said he didn’t have anything to exhibit, and that was true. We had worked together on our silkscreen prints and several Haleakala displays; he was active in selling our things under the Banyan tree; but he hadn’t tried to do any painting of his own. However, I had read an article in Artists Magazine telling about a new trend in airbrush as a medium appearing in New York galleries.

“Why don’t you dust off your old airbrushes?” I urged, “And do something sensational”, and that’s just what he did! His first airbrush illustration pictured a can sinking to the ocean floor with bubbles rising out of it. We named it “The Sea around us.” It was a strong statement against pollution. Selma liked it so much that she persuaded her editor to use it on the cover of “Holiday on Maui” the tourist supplement of the Maui News. Then Phil did others, more abstract, with titles like “Transition” and “Today”. That one showed an hourglass, with the sand leaking out of the bottom and disappearing into thin air. Selma was a wonderful help in giving us plenty of publicity. In one article about my paintings she wrote, “Virginia von Phul decided to be an artist when she was five years old. She never changed her mind.”

“The Group Show,” as Bill Longyear named it was a big success, and everybody who was anybody came to the opening celebration. Phil’s airbrush paintings were strikingly different

from the palm trees and beach scenes that most of us painted, and got a lot of attention but no sales. My paintings were fairly good for a new painter and the contrast between our work was striking.

Jack Millar, manager of Napili Kai Beach Club, and his charming wife, Margaret, were among the guests. Phil and I had been working on a commercial commission for them. It was a big map of Napili Kai with its beachfront condominiums, its putting green and its many buildings along Napili Beach. The map was to be hung in the main lobby and was nearly finished.

A day or two after the opening of the Group Show, we had a question about the map. It was eight feet long and too clumsy to transport, so Jack and Margaret came to our house to answer questions. We carried it out on to the driveway since there was no room in our tiny studio. When all the questions were answered, I said, “You know, Jack, all the hotels have art galleries nowadays.” If you ever decide to have one at Napili Kai, think about us!”

Jack answered, “Let’s do it now!”

“How?” I asked, wondering how we could pay the rent on such an undertaking.—“Where?”

“In the card room,” said Jack, “It is hardly ever used except on rainy days and the walls are bare.”

So it was decided that as soon as the Group Show closed, we would bring our unsold paintings up to Napili Kai. This was incredibly good luck! To have our own space to display our work at such an exclusive resort was a dream come true. The card room was empty except for card tables and chairs, but it had good

light. One wall was louvered windows looking out on the ocean and beach to the West, and a swimming pool to the North. It was a perfect setting for a gallery! I began to bring my easel and paints every morning. Guests would wander in to watch and talk and I made some good friends. Many of them were wealthy Canadians who had invested in shares of the "Napili Kai Beach Club" corporation.

How could we be so lucky? This meant a gallery of our own at Napili Kai, the most exclusive resort on that part of the island. The majority of the guests at the "Napili Kai Beach Club" were wealthy Canadians; nice friendly people, and a lot of them wanted paintings of Napili Beach to take back to chilly British Columbia. I found myself painting palm trees and ocean waves rolling up on the beach until I could almost do them in my sleep, but it was a delightful way to make a living and besides I was making a lot of people happy. One day a lady who was the mother of a friend of Kip's came. She

looked over the paintings on the wall and sniffed "too post cardy" I replied, "but that's what they want." I knew it wasn't great art, but I was having fun and at last I realized I was doing what my father wanted; *I was a painter!*

One day when I went to my doctor for a routine checkup he told me he had just returned from a medical meeting on the mainland and attended a cocktail party at the home of another doctor. When he saw a painting across the room he recognized my style before he even checked my signature. —Wow! I felt as if I had really "arrived" when he told me that.

Phil was having fun too. He sold quite a few of his airbrush paintings, and he devised ways for us to pack our art, making it easy for customers to ship or carry paintings back to the mainland. For many years that little gallery gave us a happy, successful life together.

End of Part IV

Air Brush Paintings Now On Display

The reception room of the Maui Land & Pineapple Company in Kahului has been converted to a miniature Art Gallery for the month of November, with the display of 11 unusual air brush paintings, by Lahaina artist Philip von Phul.

The paintings cover a wide range of the artist's talent. Some are so delicate one wonders how the effect could have been achieved with the instrument used. Others are bold in design and concept, particularly the brilliant one entitled "Pele", which seems to glow with molten lava.

who prefers it, although he has painted in every media since his graduation from art school over 30 years ago.

The artist's aim is to cause the viewer to see ordinary scenes and objects in an extraordinary way.

The air brush technique is not familiar to most people since the art is so intricate few excel in the media. Among these few, von Phul is the only artist on Maui

apple Company invites the public to visit the art exhibit. The executive offices are adjacent to the cannery. The entrance is in back of the new Sears building.



VON PHUL

Newspaper on Phil's airbrush paintings on display at the Maui Land & Pineapple Company.

Lifescapes