

PETER SHEPARD COLE

Peter Shepard Cole is an Oahu based artist who creates oil paintings of Hawaii's unique history and vulnerable natural environment. He was raised on the North Shore of Oahu, received an MFA from the San Francisco Art Institute and a BA from the University of California San Diego. His art has been featured in The Surfer's Journal, Honolulu Weekly and Hawaii Five O, and exhibited in the SFMOMA Artists Gallery, the Honolulu Museum of Art and the Maui Arts and Cultural Center. He teaches drawing and painting to children and adults at the Honolulu Museum of Art School.

Peter was introduced to painting and surfing as a child by his father, one of Hawaii's big wave pioneers. A lifelong love of art and the sea converge in his series of Rocky Point paintings. Based on photographs taken swimming in front of his parents' house, these paintings convey movement and the play of light on a dynamic surface. petershepardcole.com

Rocky Point IV,
2013, oil on canvas,
24 x 40 inches



photo Phil Malvern

Ditch Ph

I was woken up by someone yelling in the dim pre-dawn light.
"Get off my beach, you vagabond!"

The voice came from the direction of the path which led to the parking lot. My surfboard was propped on its side to the side of the road, ready to go.

"It's going off," he exclaimed.

The sea was roaring! Vapor embolisms of foam, sea spray, became more visible past my sleeping bag.

To my left, a group of agents surfaced from the Mashed Ditch Phine just as I heard and a half earlier and were looking at me.

The previous night I had packed me up with my surfboard and a familiar gear known for creating animal blood on the skin. The agents weren't there, probably doing their job about the party and headed upriver to pick up the boat.

The plan was to head out to Long Island that night and stay overnight. Lulu had called earlier with news of the event and I had taken the long drive from Puna Station on Easter beach road while he waited off on any number of ways to the challenges of marriage. His stubborn persistence to travel, and my goal for hunting down water was more than years back then in the land of sailing convenience knew.

Accepting the keys to the Thompson house proved to be a challenge. They were in IT's brother's car in a garage, however the keys were ready to go, but a call to Lulu kept us on the road for five days before we were adjusted our plan to reach there. It was a success that worked with a decent sized crew.

It's evening now as we headed back. The weather was a bit of a mess, but between the lines driving, which gradually faded, or incoming lines. Eventually he allowed me to open the passenger window.

My favorite time to be at Ditch Phine was late at night.



Photo Phil Weinstein

Ditch Plains

I was woken up by someone yelling in the dim pre-dawn light.

"Get off my beach, you vagabond!"

The voice came from the direction of the path which led through the grassy dunes and into the parking lot. My surfboard was propped on its side to block the wind. I panned over it to see Latha standing up there grinning.

"It's going off," he exclaimed!

The sun was rising! Vapor combinations of foam, rocking and pulling in a chaotic swirl, gradually became more visible past my sleeping bag.

To my left, a gust of spray wafted from the blanket which covered up JJ. We had arrived at Ditch Plains just as dawn and a half earlier and were less than thrilled by Latha's personality.

The previous night JJ had picked me up with his truck and we had headed to Latha for the party of a lifetime artist known for smearing animal blood on his photographs of supermodel posed amidst African wildlife. The artist wasn't there, probably doing something much more exciting. We weren't thrilled about the party and headed upstairs to pick up the keys to JJ's brother's house in the Hamptons.

The plan was to head out to Long Island that night and surf the new hurricane swell the following morning. Latha had called earlier with news of the swell. He could be very persuasive, often talking me into the lengthy train ride from Penn Station to Forest Long Island only to surf windy open beach beach while he coasted off on any number of subjects ranging from the benefits of Buddhism to the challenges of marriage. His outboard persistence could motivate even the most reluctant of surfers, and my real life busting down waves was somewhat muted, having spent my formative years beachbound in the land of surfing conservatism known as the North Shore.

Acquiring the keys to the Hampton house proved to be more difficult than we had envisioned. They were in JJ's brother's car in a garage, however the garage was closed for the night. We were ready to give up, but a call to Latha kept us on the mission. I had slept on the beach at Ditch Plains a few times before, so we adjusted our plan to crash there and Latha would meet us at five to escort us to a remote beach that worked with a decent wind swell.

JJ's answering increased as we headed west. The maddening heat would get to someone, followed by a brief moment of business like lane driving, which gradually converted to the alluring pull of the shoulder, an increasing lean. Eventually he allowed me to take over at the wheel, while he drifted against the passenger window.

My favorite time to be at Ditch Plains was late at night with the wind howling across the sand



Photo Paula Goss

from the west. The orange glow to the sky beyond the grassy dunes was the only consist of civilization. The sound of waves and what stirred our thoughts of the people who frequented this spot by day-light. After sunrise they would arrive with their 80's single line protruding from vintage convertible. Contented persons following bygone era of surfing and, they would not proudly own the beach. Artistic directors, fashion photographers, gallery owners and designers, these individuals had both the vision and the resources to make their dreams into a reality, creating a hedonistic lifestyle from the time the past had to offer. I imagined them during the cold winter months straggling a fishing boat with images from their fashion board magazines, stills from Thomas Cartford movies, tea and Diet soft drinks covers, and photos of Karl Lagerfeld posing at well crafted (high-end) Ditch Plains in the sunlight could generate a hollow sensation in my chest that was detrimental to my enthusiasm for surfing.

We left before the rays of sunshine could transform our previous surroundings. Latha drove and we followed. We parked on a narrow road lined with wild brush. A path veered a tunnel through the brush, opening into a field of tall grass beneath a perfectly clear sky. As we approached the Mall, the heaves of the sea erupted from the grass and we found ourselves looking down a sandstone cliff with a rickety beach at its base. The lines of a well organized groundswell rolled across the blue expanse of the Atlantic until they broke to various peaks up and down the rocky coast. The break in front of us had a progress left that peaked along quite a way before cascading over the boulders that lined the shore.

The waves were a simple but overhead with some punch. We had it to ourselves for a while, catching waves after waves. It was the best surf I had during the six years I lived in New York. The shoulder of the wave would push towards me on a curve in a way that reminded me of the A-frame peaks at Black's Beach, however the effect of the shoulder between triggered magical comparisons to the surf at Rocky Point.

After a few hours another surfet joined us in the lineup.

"Did you hear that a plane crashed into the Twin Towers?" I felt guilt and embarrassment as he explained the news. It seemed wrong to be having so much fun while a catastrophe happened in the city where I lived. Looking in at the cliffs lined with trees and the empty rickety beach, New York City seemed like part of a separate reality.

A wave came to me and I dropped into a progress wall. Four turns brought me in by the rocks. I stood headily looking through the clear water at the seaweed covered rocks beneath my feet, and then paddled back out, hungry for more.



Hazy Point II
2014, oil on canvas
24 x 40 inches



During the summer of 1965, my twin brother Corey and I spent the previous summer going straight on a lot in Mexico. In Malibu, we pulled a solid surfboard from the water. The board was so heavy that Corey and I had to work to get into my first wave and another three weeks of work before I talked my twin into getting a new board from him. Weighing 30 pounds, the board was so heavy that I became addicted to riding waves and remained so between my first wave in 1965 and last wave in 2000 surfing, and my ability as a surfer made a complete circle.

Shane Trent and Kit West began surfing with Matt K. and Corey and I started under their guidance in 1967. I was a person with a disabled left arm, the result of a fall from a horse that broke my arm, where a fellow surfer, an excellent surfer, told me that surfing would be the best therapy for me. I started surfing and immediately took up surfing. He was the one who introduced me to the modern surfboard. Due to his injury, he became an excellent surf instructor. He would go



Peter Cole in the Board Room,
2014, oil on canvas,
30 x 40 inches

Beginnings by Peter Cole Sr.

During the summer of 1965, my twin brother Corey and I started surfing Malibu. We were 14 and had spent the previous summer going straight on a hollow-puddle board at Scripps Beach in Santa Monica. At Malibu, we surfed a wild railroad board that looked like a Veeva during WW II. The board was so heavy that Corey and I had to carry it to the water together. It took us two weeks to get into my first wave and another three weeks to avoid peeling on the take off. After two months of total failure, I talked my mom into giving me \$25 to buy a semi-hollow surfboard shaped by Bob Simmons. Weighing 50 pounds, the board was relatively light. Surfing it was no trick but that I became addicted to riding waves and realized no more I missed from surfing at the age of 10. Between my first wave in 1964 and last wave in 2006, I have witnessed many changes in the sport of surfing, and my ability as a surfer made a complete cycle. I started out a look and ended up a look.

Bruce Tross and Kit Hunt began surfing with Matt Kivlin in 1963 and were very good surfers by the time Corey and I started under their guidance in 1965. The mentor at the time was Bob Simmons, a genius with a disabled left arm, the result of a bad bicycle accident. The crash had put him in the hospital for three weeks, where a fellow inmate, an avid surfer by the name of Ozzie Chapin, convinced him that surfing would be the best therapy for his recovery. Simmons decided to quit Cal Tech and obsessively work up surfing. He was the instructor who contributed most that drove the building of the modern surfboard. Due to his mathematical skills and background in physics, he became an excellent surf instructor. He would give you the classic shape from the West

Coast in the LA airport and make accurate predictions, observing both the North Pacific for winter surf and the South Pacific for summer events. Because of his interest in mathematics, Simmons might say how to predict the arrival time and size of the surf at a given location. This ability to predict impending surf served me well in making certain that I would have no work or social commitments when the surf arrived.

In late June of 1966, Simmons was telling everyone that Malibu would be so big as it gets on July 10th. Simmons was right on. The 10th was the biggest and best day at Malibu that I have ever seen. We were riding to the pier on every set. The only problem was that this was on the weekend and Malibu was really crowded with thirty surfers in the lineup. Bruce and Matt were the best surfers at the time, and highly respected. All of a sudden Bruce was telling everyone about a secret spot up the coast between Zuma Beach and the Malibu/Culver. He said that the waves would be direct as big as Malibu and the ride unbelievable. So, half the surfers in the lineup, including myself, went to the beach, got in their cars and followed Bruce to the secret spot. We arrived at this cliff overlooking a far ocean with a large rock about a 100 yards off shore. Bruce was sitting on and on about how the sets come about every fifteen minutes, break at the rock and peel off both left and right. He directed us to a path down the side of the cliff and told us to go out to the rock and wait for the next set. I held back and waited for Bruce, while everyone else grabbed their boards and headed down the path. I asked Bruce what was going on. He replied, "Let's go back to Malibu!"



Rocky Point 1A,
2018, oil on canvas,
30 x 40 inches



Rocky Point 2,
2018, oil on canvas,
24 x 40 inches

Bruce Turpin is a self-taught painter living in France. He grew up in the marine atmosphere of the gulf. He spent a long stay in California during the 1970s. He is a surfer. Coming back in France, Bruce pursued his passion for surfing the Côte d'Azur and Brittany. He is a member of the International Art Collective. This universality of values has the same effect on the others.

Surf art is art, a live-art. I paint what I live and what I see. As a Buffalo Kudu, legendary surfer and filmmaker, Bruce Turpin has sold paintings all over the world. He was a special guest for exhibition during his last visit, member of the International Art Collective. This is his first exhibition.

As of 2018 Bruce is 44 years old, married, two children.

