

Gallery 29 (three labels):

Kaomi Malie (Press Gently)

Maker Unknown

Hawaiian Islands, late 19th–early

20th century

Plain woven cotton, hand applique, and contour quilting

Gift of Mrs. Albert Wilcox, 1927 (2272)

The naming of a quilt design is always the originator's privilege. Although most Hawaiian quilts have been given straightforward and unambiguous titles, some have poetic or symbolic and indeed puzzling names, entertaining viewers by encouraging their imaginations. Here, an unidentified leaf design has been given the poetic, abstract name 'Press Gently'. The cool blue color of the leaves against the white background creates a serene and gentle mood. The pattern, spreading like a net from a center motif said to suggest combs, is delicately linear and has a feminine, lace-like quality.

AUGUSTE BORGET

France, 1808–1877

Honolulu, 1838

Graphite on paper

Purchase, 1992 (21,505)

During Borget's short time in Honolulu, he limited his sketching to scenes near the village, focusing especially on the Honolulu waterfront and Nuuanu Valley. As in this handsome sketch of the Waikiki shore and distant perspective of Diamond Head, Borget rendered his views with a sureness of hand that sets them apart from the more tentative efforts of other visitor-artists. Note here the confident pencil hatching, tonal control, and pleasing anecdotal quality that lie at the heart of his work.

AUGUSTE BORGET

France, 1808–1877

Sandwich Islands, Oahu , 1838

Pencil heightened with white on pink paper

Purchased with funds derived from the 1992 Academy auction, 1992 (21,507)

As trade in the Pacific led to the development of towns and settlements and made travel between points easier than ever before, several traveler-artists passed through Hawai'i during various world tours. Auguste Borget, one of the most talented of the traveler-artists, arrived in Honolulu in 1838 en route to Asia on the French vessel *Psyche*. Only in Hawai'i for a few days, the artist revealed his feeling about the islands:

I find myself transported far away from the continents, in a corner of the globe which is breaking out of the confines of ignorance, to throw itself . . . into the world of ideas. . . . Here there are no palaces in ruins, but . . . little huts which are disappearing to make room for white painted, more comfortable houses. Here there is no nostalgia for the past, but rather a looking into the future. . . . But alas! I fear for these simple people who live on the shores of this beautiful sea . . . at the foot of beautiful coconut palms.