



NEAR & FAR

NEW PAINTINGS BY
JEFFREY HESSING

Pucker Gallery
BOSTON



Villa Romarine 'La Belle Epoque' (Cap Ferrat) • 23 ¼ x 23 ¼" • JH722



Sea of Galilee II • 51 x 63 ¾" • JH681

CREDITS:

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Editors: Destiny M. Barletta and Justine H. Choi
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Printed in China by Cross Blue Overseas Printing Company

COVER: *Red Lanterns (Lijiang)* • 51 x 34" • JH708
ALL WORKS ARE OIL ON CANVAS



The Temple Mount • 25 ½ x 32" • JH676

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NEW PAINTINGS BY

JEFFREY HESSING

My work is like a journal or diary. I reflect the world around me; the beautiful things, the simple things, the sad moments and the joyful ones.

Over the years I have lived in and traveled to many places. With the same limited pallet I react not only to the look of a place but to the feel of the place. The lush, relaxed atmosphere of the south of France, the daunting, austere mountains of the French Alps, the romantic, other-worldly West lake in Hangzhou – they all have a very different emotions. When I set up to paint in the landscape my thoughts slow down and eventually stop. My mind becomes blank like a mirror reflecting the scene before me yet also colored by a visceral response to the surroundings. This response is triggered not only by the place but

by the journey; whether I got there by boat, helicopter, horseback, or hiking through the woods with my easel on my back, or simply looking out from my hotel room. This will have an effect on the paintings, giving them a different timbre, pitch and intensity.

Painting has become an adventure. An important part of my creative process is in finding places that move me to paint, getting there with my materials, and finding views where I can set up and paint uninterrupted. Inevitably this adventure is filled with people. They are there behind the scenes, caring and supporting. They are part of my journey. The places are described in the paintings. Here is a glimpse of how I got to these beautiful places and some of the wonderful things that happened to me along the way.

VENCE, FRANCE

When I was 26 years old I quit my job in Boston and decided to dedicate myself exclusively to painting. I had 400 dollars. Given my newly discovered passion for landscape painting “en plein aire” it seemed like a good idea to be in a warm climate. For the next two years I traveled around the US often staying at artist colonies. On September 1, 1980, I was invited to stay for three months at the Karolyi Foundation in Vence, France.

The Countess Karolyi was the widow of the first president of the Republic of Hungary after the revolution of 1918. They were socialists and began to give the land back to the people. This was very unpopular with the aristocracy. After only seven weeks he was removed from office and exiled from Hungary. After several years on the lecture circuit in the United States they bought a big property with a 200-year-old stone house in the South of France and settled there.

When Michael Karolyi died the Countess decided to create a foundation for international artists. Writers, painters, sculptors and musicians came from many different countries to spend time in the small cabins she built on a hillside with views of both the sea and the mountains.

It was hard for me in the beginning. I had no money, no friends and spoke no French. People at home imagined me basking in the sun on the French Riviera. In fact by early October it was getting cool. The hillside was damp and my cabin was poorly heated. By the end of October I could see my breath inside the house.

My plan was to stay in Vence for three months, travel to Italy for a little while then head home. Towards the end of November the Countess asked me if I would like to stay for the winter. I had just begun to meet people in town and make friends. I had come with the goal of meeting local people and learning French. So I stayed at the foundation through April.

Vence was still very much a village. Life revolved around the cafe. Someone learned I was leaving the foundation and invited me to live in an old chateau at the top of a mountain with a view of the sea from 2,700 feet. The panorama stretched from the Esterels, on the far side of Cannes to the Italian Alps.

When my stay in the chateau came to an end, I thought it might be time to move on in the direction of home.

Then I met Olivia Paschkoff. She

invited me to stay in an apartment on the first floor of her house in exchange for watering the garden. It was a pleasure to spend a couple of hours each day under the sun looking at the flowers. It was supposed to be for one month. I stayed in that house for twenty years.

I was working well, had made friends and was planning my first exhibition in France. Life was getting better. It was starting to seem as if I had found a home.



Blue Sea (Vence) • 14 ¾ x 18" • JH736



Distant Storm • 18 x 24" • JH724

CHAMONIX, FRANCE

Martine grew up in the French Alps around Mont Blanc. Her family owned hotels in the region for generations. She now owns a four-star hotel with a two-Michelin-star restaurant. Her son-in-law is the chef. She invited me to come paint and settled me into a small chalet.

In the beginning I painted from the large wooden terrace at the hotel which overlooked the town and the Alps. The mountains are always changing. I had to paint rapidly. The first day I looked up at the peak called the "Aiguille du Midi" which is famous for having the highest cable car in the world. Then looked down at my pallet. I looked up again and it was gone, hidden in the clouds.

People who live here know the name of every rock formation and peak along miles of mountain range.

I could tell by the gleam in Martine's eye one day that she planned to take me someplace very special. Her grandchildren, a girl and boy, four and five years old, were waiting in the sun on the lawn while she went to the kitchen of the restaurant to get our picnic lunch. We loaded ourselves and the gear into her husband Michael's jeep and headed out. First we drove through a number of small villages, then finally onto a nearly hidden dirt road. The car bounced up the winding dirt track for a couple of miles. No one said a word when we passed a sign saying "Forbidden to All Vehicles." We continued up until we reached a plateau. There were several very old chalets on a large green meadow looking out at Mont Blanc from an angle few people ever see.

The small children running through the tall grass gave an even stronger sense of scale of the towering mountains. It was sunny and still but higher up the winds were blowing plumes of snow off of the white peaks into the sky.

Michael collected wood with the children and built a big fire while I unfolded my easel and set to work. The meal was ready just when I'd finished the under painting and was ready for a break. All the food was regional. A fillet of venison was cut into thick round slices like coins and skewered on branches. We ate them hot and rare and smoky. This was accompanied by two local blue cheeses and a rusty colored wine. It was a taste of the mountains. After a short rest in the sun I went back to work.

The sun and the temperature were dropping as we rumbled back down the dirt road. We rode in silence as a pleasant exhaustion set in.



Sunshine in Chamonix • 18 ¼ x 22" • JH731



Aiguille du Goûter (Chamonix) • 23 ½ x 23 ½" • JH728

HANGZHOU, CHINA

There is no way to describe Hangzhou, either in words or paint, without the people. The West Lake is flooded with couples. Lovers from all over China come to stroll slowly along its banks. In Hangzhou time slows down, colors fade to a blue gray mist. There is something magical about this place and unspeakably romantic. The lake is lined with weeping willows. Sweeping away from the lake are long fields with well-tended shrubs and trees. A maze of paths lead to any number of tea houses where one can sit all day with a glass of green tea grown on hillsides west of the town.

People seem to float through the trees carrying colorful parasols. They glide like the boats waiting to take them out on the lake. The boats are wooden, long and low with two seats facing each other across a small round table. A canvas awning runs the length of the boat. A single oar-man sits in the back. Water laps gently against the sides as it leaves the shore. The only sound is the long oar as it dips in the water, pulls, then lifts out dripping water, over and over in a continuous circular motion. The boat drifts past small islands. There are ancient pagodas and temples on the hilltops. Hangzhou was the capital of the Song Dynasty from 1107 to 1279.

On my first short visit in December the trees around the lake were reddish amber. When I returned in May it was

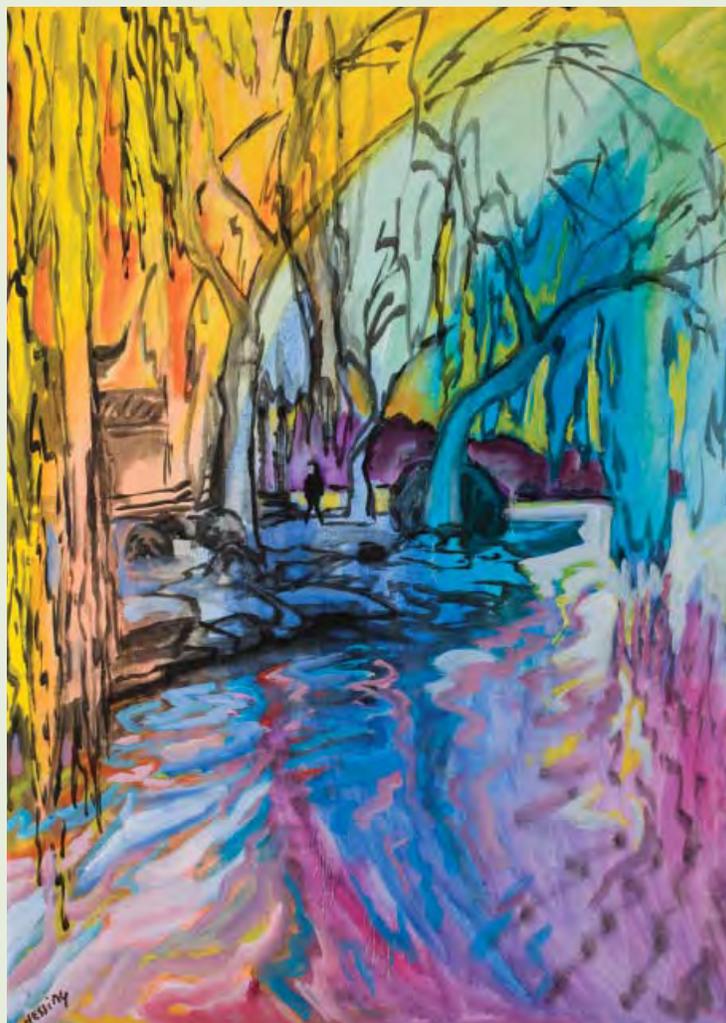
already very hot. The sky and lake were different shades of gray, the trees and the surrounding hillsides a pale blue. For thousands of years the Chinese painters have used five tones of gray/black ink washes. It was like being in one of those paintings.

We found a large old teahouse set on a big lawn near the lake. The ground floor was always filled with people but there was a very large terrace upstairs adjacent to a banquet hall which was rarely used. They were happy to let me paint there. A very large thermos of hot water came with the glass of Longjing Dragon Well tea and I was welcome to stay all day. Both the air and the tea were hot and steaming.

My hotel room had a wall of glass. There was a terrace overlooking the lake. Although the terrace was open for guests of the hotel it was quiet most of the week. The first weekend I came home exhausted and lay down only to see a band of musicians setting up six feet from my bed on the other side of the glass wall. Guests began to show up in fancy dress. Hangzhou is the city of love and romance and of weddings. The

next day I verified that my wall of glass was mirrored on the outside. Every weekend couples celebrated their commitment to each with their friends and family oblivious to my presence just a few feet away.

During the week I enjoyed the sunrise and sunset on the lake alone, in silence.



Willows (Hangzhou) • 39 ¼ x 28 ½" • JH712



Lake House (Shanghai) • 36 ¼ x 28 ½" • JH713



Pagoda Reflection • 21 ½ x 18" • JH735

DIANSHAN LAKE, CHINA

The house had five bedrooms and two living rooms, one upstairs and one downstairs, two terraces overlooking the lake and a kitchen with a full-time cook. There was a small lawn that went down to the water where shrimp nets lay spread out to dry in the sun. The lake is in a suburb of Shanghai about an hour from the city. The neo-Victorian-American style houses in the development were mostly weekend homes and it was like a ghost town much of the time. It looked like a scene from an early Tim Burton movie.

Tony was one of the developers and owned several houses on the lake. He offered to let me stay there for the month of May.

A long narrow path between the lake and a marsh led to another world. Tony and his associates had dismantled a number of old houses from other parts of China and rebuilt them to create a historic park. The path led to a 150-year-old wooden bridge 50 yards long with decorative paintings on the inside beams. The bridge crossed a river running into the lake and led to a section with about ten buildings

from the Yunnan Province in southwest China. Large rustic wooden buildings with thatched roofs were surrounded by numerous wooden totems carved from the trunks of trees. Some were standing and some lying on their side with faces looking out sideways at passersby or upwards at the sky.

Across the road there was a completely different feeling. There were traditional Chinese houses with lily ponds, flowering gardens and pagoda bridges. All were authentic, taken apart beam by beam, numbered and reassembled. They recreated the landscape of an ancient Chinese folktale about tragic lovers.

With my painting box on my back I would take this walk each day looking for the next image. The guards and gardeners got to know me passing by each day with an empty canvas in the morning and a colorful one at the end of the day. They offered me tea and smiles. No one spoke English and I could say little more than "hello" and "thank you."



Ein Gedi • 28 ½ x 36" • JH674

ISRAEL

My niece, Leora, was studying ceramics in Jerusalem. She is the second of my brother's four children. They were all practically strangers to me having grown up in the US while I lived in France. I was pleased to have an opportunity to get to know her.

One day we set off for the Dead Sea. We passed the security controls and navigated the chaotic station to find seats on our bus. The Dead Sea and Masada are among my favorite places in Israel. There are colors and forms unlike any place I have seen: the turquoise of the sea, the orange hills of Jordan in the distance, the twisted shapes of the desert rocks. The history is both tragic and uplifting. It is a place that inspires awe, a place that moves one to silence. A good place to begin to know my niece.

At the end of the afternoon we walked to a bus stop at a crossroads in the desert. It was July and hot. After a long wait we were joined by other travelers of different nationalities. We waited together. The heat was oppressive. What time was the bus? One person took out a bus schedule. It should be here already. My niece took out hers which had a different time. Someone else had a schedule with yet another time. Regardless of the varying timetables there was no bus. It would have been laughable if we weren't stranded in the desert. Finally, a mini bus came by. It wasn't on any of the timetables. It wasn't an official bus, just a guy with a van offering to take us back to town for a fee. We

were grateful to be on our way home.

It occurred to me that this would not be an easy country to navigate on my own. I had the name and phone of a friend of a friend. He was warm and charming and owned a guide service. We only met once and made a deal: a small painting in exchange for a guide, driver and car. It was a luxury and made my trip not only easier, but much richer.

Berthe, my guide, was from Denmark. She immigrated to Israel a long time ago. She was passionate about her adopted country, its history and politics. She picked me up every morning at 9 am. We toured the north, the West Bank, Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee and Haifa. She did her best to share my vision and to find places I would like to paint. We went to Safed – the city of art and the Kabbalah. We went to Kfar Rosh HaNikra where we stood on the Lebanese border high above the Mediterranean coast.

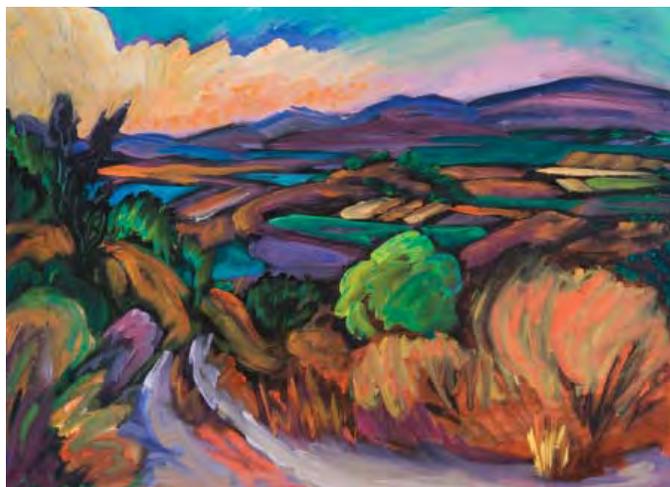
Everywhere we went Berthe had a story. From nine in the morning until dinner my head was crammed with facts, folklore, and history. We ate breakfast, lunch and dinner together and discussed what we had seen, where we would go next, and occasionally politics.

As the many layers of history, peoples, and cultures unfolded my vision focused and inner connection to Israel deepened.

—Jeffrey Hessing, 2010



The Wall • 18 x 24" • JH672



The West Bank • 18 x 24" • JH673



The Galilee • 28 ½ x 36" • JH675



The Slope - Golan Heights • 25 ½ x 32" • JH679



The Dead Sea • 25 ½ x 32" • JH680



The Golan Heights • 25 ½ x 32" • JH678



The North West Coast • 25 ½ x 32" • JH677



Behind Mont Blanc • 25 ½ x 31 ¾" • JH715



Provençal Garden (Villa Romarine, Cap Ferrat) • 21 ½ x 18" • JH732



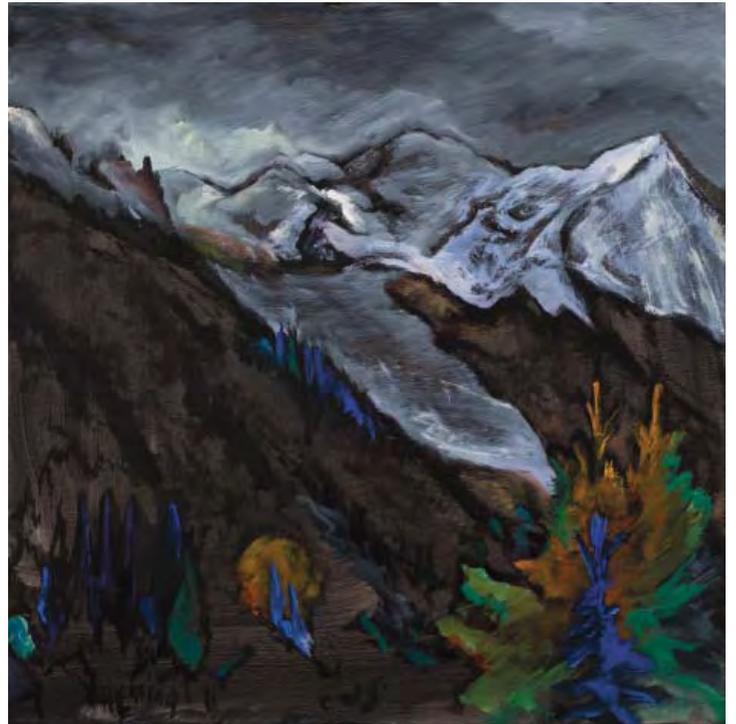
Water Village • 31 ¾ x 25 ½" • JH718



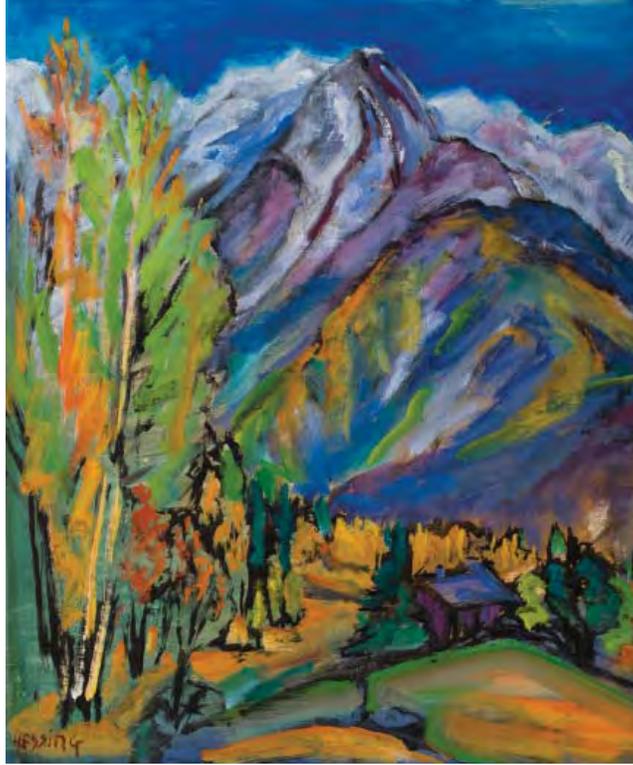
Dawn (Provence) • 28 ¼ x 36" • JH711



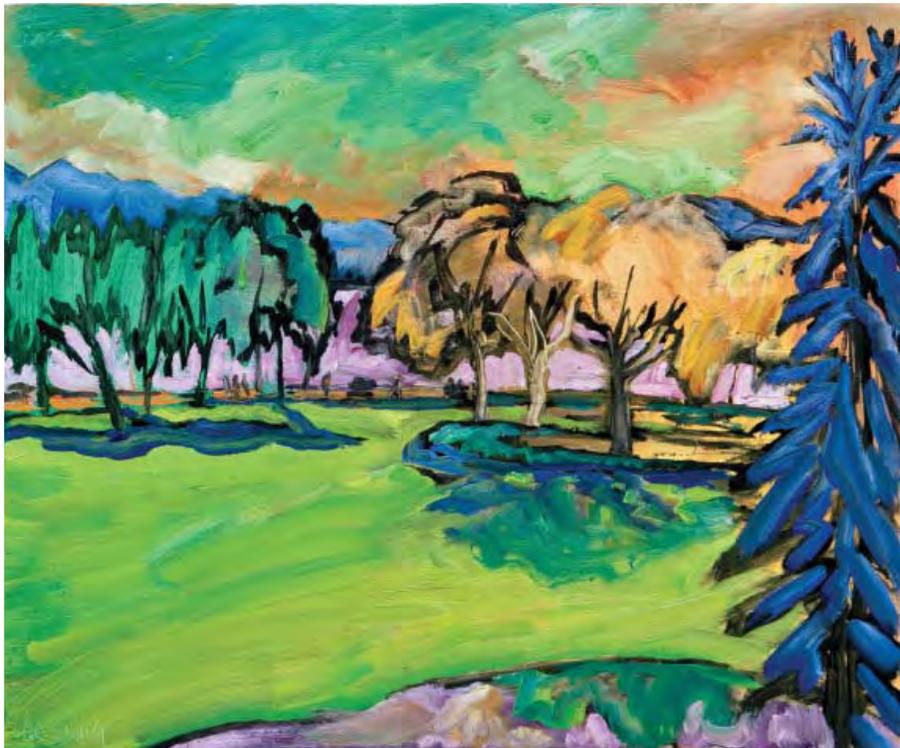
Petit Pont (Little Bridge) • 24 x 19 ¾" • JH730



The Glacier (Glacier des Bossons) • 23 ½ x 23 ½" • JH727



Scenic Picnic (Chamonix) • 21 ¾ x 18 ¼" • JH733



View from a Teahouse • 19 ½ x 23 ½" • JH739



Poplars • 23 ½ x 32" • JH721



Passage • 19 ½ x 24" • JH723



Tea House on a Lake • 23 ½ x 19 ½" • JH742



Lovers • 21 ½ x 18 ½" • JH749



Hangzhou Heat • 19 ½ x 23 ½" • JH743



Temple on a Hill • 23 ½ x 31 ½" • JH741



A Quiet Day • 25 ½ x 31 ½" • JH738



Pagoda Bridge • 39 ½ x 31 ¼" • JH710



Parasols • 25 ½ x 31 ½" • JH737



BIOGRAPHY

JEFFREY HESSING

Born in New York, NY 1952
Currently resides in Nice, France

EDUCATION

B.A., State University of New York at Binghamton 1969-1972
Private study with Leonard Baskin 1972-1973

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

Pucker Gallery, Boston, MA 2010, 2008, 2006, 2004, 2002,
1999, 1997, 1994, 1992, 1989
Narana Art Gallery, KIC Center, Shanghai, China 2010
Galerie L'Evêche, Vence, France 2008
Shanghai Art Fair, Shanghai, China 2007, 2006, 2005
Beijing Art Fair, Beijing, China 2007
Maison Gallery, Shanghai, China 2006
Natus Gallery, Shanghai, China 2005
Galerie Aktuarius, Strasbourg, France 2004
Association des Jeunes Monagasques, Monaco 2002
Le Mas d'Artigny, Saint-Paul de Vence, France 2000, 1998, 1996,
1992
Maison du Portal, Levens, France 2000
Masterworks Foundation Gallery, Bermuda 1999
La Salle Gallery, Monaco 1997
Val Rameh, Menton, France 1994
Moulin des Artistes, Valbonne, France 1994
Centre Henri Matisse, Vence, France 1994
Villa Principe Leopoldo, Lugano, Switzerland 1994
Galerie Musée, Nagoya, Japan 1993
Galerie Leo Allarmargot, Saint Tropez, France 1991
Unisys, Saint Paul de Vence, France 1991
Maralyn Wilson Gallery, Birmingham, AL 1990
Galerie Bleue, Vence, France 1989-1990
Galerie Quincampoix, Paris, France 1989
Musée Municipal de Saint Paul, France 1986

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

Montreux Art Gallery (MAG), Montreux, Switzerland 2009
J Life Building, Jinmao Tower, Shanghai, China 2008
Galleria Limes, Komarno, Slovakia 2005, 2004
Kato Gallery, London, England 2004
DML Fine Arts, Monte Carlo, Monaco 2004
Ora Sorenson Gallery, Delray Beach, FL 2000
Château de Tourettes-sur-Loup, France 1999
Galerie Mouvance, Place des Vosges, Paris, France 1998
Fel Gallery, Singapore 1996-1997

Four Visions, Chateau de Tourettes-sur-Loup, France 1996
Kwai Fung Hin Art Gallery, Happy Valley, Hong Kong 1995
Cygnet Gallery, Toronto, Canada 1994-1995
Kwai Fung Hong Gallery, Hong Kong 1994
Hotel de Ville, Lausanne, Switzerland 1993
Unisys, Saint-Paul de Vence, France 1993
Litho Art, Copenhagen, Denmark 1993
Center Gallery, Winter Park, FL 1993
Galerie Debut, Nagoya, Japan 1992-1993
Palais de l'Europe, Menton, France 1986
7th and 8th Biennale de la Jeune Peinture Méditerranéenne 1985
Musée de Ponchettes, Nice, France 1981
Terrain Gallery, Greene Street, New York, NY 1983, 1981
Spencer Museum of Art, Lawrence, KS 1978

PUBLICATIONS

New Riviera Magazine Autumn 2008
The Slovak Spectator, A Portrait of a US Artist in Slovakia March 2006
Pulse, Hessing on Bermuda October 1999
Nice Matin, Hessing Devoilé Ses Toiles August 1998
New Riviera, Art on the Move Summer 1997
The Seattle Times, View Worthy July 1997
Outdoor Photographer, Eos or Ease December 1995
Art & Antiques, Cote d'Azur Allure November 1993
New Riviera, Jeffrey Hessing: Reflection on Gardens Winter 1989

ARTIST RESIDENCIES

Red Gate Gallery Residency Program, Beijing, China 2007
Sympa, Patince, Slovakia 2004
Masterworks Foundation, Paget, Bermuda 1999
Karolyi Foundation, Vence, France 1980
Ossabaw Island Foundation, Savannah, GA 1980
Millay Colony for the Creative Arts, Austerlitz, NY 1978-1979
Virginia Center for Creative Arts, Sweet Briar, VA 1979
Artist-in-Residence, University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 1977

SELECTED COLLECTIONS

Aidekman Arts Center, Tufts University, Medford, MA
Art Gallery, University College of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada
Boston Public Library, Boston, MA
Centre Culturel Henri Matisse, Vence, France
Château de La Napoule, Mandelieu-La Napoule, France
Office of the Mayor, Seattle, WA
Princess Margaret Hospital, Toronto, Canada
Rose Art Museum, Brandeis University, Waltham, MA

**PUCKER
GALLERY**

ESTABLISHED 1967 BOSTON

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Sunday 10:30 AM to 5:00 PM

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DATES:

16 October to 29 November 2010

OPENING RECEPTION:

16 October 2010 • 3:00 to 6:00 PM

The public is invited to attend.

The artist will be present.



Maison Ancienne • 31 ¾ x 39" • JH709