

Fine Choices • 2021



PUCKER GALLERY • BOSTON

Fine Choices • 2021

**“When you don’t know something can’t be done,
it makes it possible to do it.”**

—BROTHER THOMAS BEZANSON

The words of Brother Thomas have become more and more relevant as we celebrate our 7th year in our new space at 240 Newbury and our 54th year on the street.

No one could have imagined or foreseen what the ensuing 12 months and 14 days would hold when we were assembling last year’s Fine Choices in March of 2020. Then, we were looking to enjoy and share yet another year of art and community. The rest became history: the pandemic, social upheaval, a change of administration and its promise of renewal of hope.

Nonetheless, we continued to keep the Gallery as open as possible, adjusting to the circumstances by adding a range of virtual experiences. Most effective and meaningful have been the Webinararts that we host for each exhibition, all of which are available on our website. We also created virtual tours of each installation as a means of sharing the art.

The Gallery staff has been amazing in their creativity and devotion. The artists have continued to create. You have remained supportive and responsive. And we have had the time, because of our age and self-quarantine, to reflect on the words of Brother Thomas above.

If we had truly known what the challenges and obstacles would be, would we have ever embarked on this amazing journey? Thankfully, we did not fully comprehend these bumps and are therefore able to celebrate Fine Choices 2021 with you.

We just did it!!!

—BH PUCKER
7 April 2021

Hideaki Miyamura

Octagon box
Bronze glaze
Porcelain
12.75 x 9 x 9"
HM592



Paul Cary Goldberg

Lilacs I
Inkjet print, 18/30
19.5 x 22"
PCG14



MIRAKU Kamei XV

Tea BOWL (chawan)
 Oribe and yellow glazes, Takatori style
 Stoneware
 3.25 x 5 x 5"
 XV189



ANDREA DEZSÖ

Jewel Canyon Blue
 Stone lithography and five layers of
 silkscreen on paper, 3/10
 31.75 x 26"
 AD121



Gerald Garston

Cowboys
Oil on canvas
48 x 54"
NN1



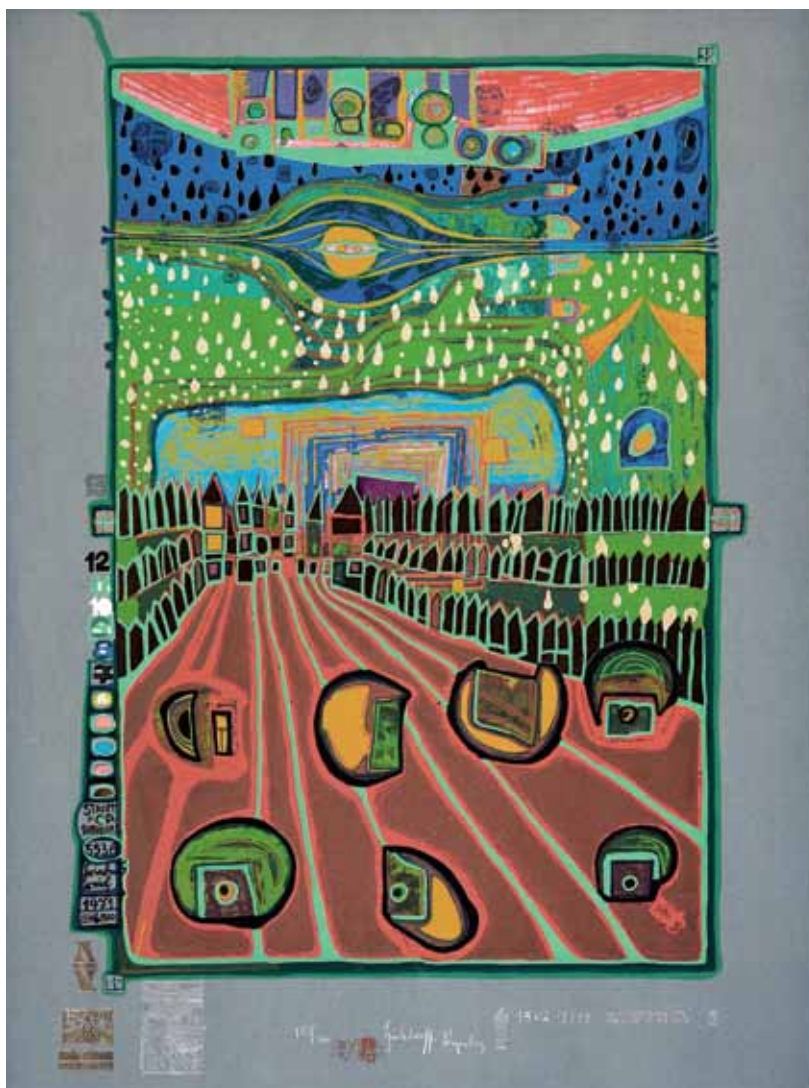
Ipek Kotan

SCULPTURAL VESSEL FORM #125
 Satin matte red glaze with white crystals
 Limoges porcelain
 4.75 x 8.5 x 8.5"
 IK5



FRIEDENSREICH HUNDERTWASSER

STREET FOR SURVIVORS, 1971/1972
 Silkscreen in 17 colors, including 1 phosphorescent and 1 copper,
 with metal imprints in 3 colors on blue-grey paper, 1,502/3,000
 and 151/300, signed and numbered by hand
 Format 670 x 500, Image 565 x 410
 HWG45, 553A



JUDITH STODDARD KING

Caribbean Storm
Collage
3.25 x 4.5"
JK237



ROZ KAROL ABLOW

City Abstraction
Mixed media
22 x 17"
RA20



Shoji Hamada

Vase
Persimmon glaze
Stoneware
10.25 x 5.5 x 5.5"
H98



Tomoo Hamada

Cross vase
Kaki glaze with akae decoration
Stoneware
9.75 x 10 x 6.25"
HT377



Shinsaku Hamada

Vase
Kaki glaze
Stoneware
14 x 7.5 x 7.5"
HS26



Pat Keck

Man Keeping an Eye on Things (MKET)
Mixed media construction
57 x 15 x 15"
PK25



MARK DAVIS

GUARDING THE QUEEN

Wall mounted mobile in aluminum with steel wires, oil paint and 23 karat gold leaf

16 x 33 x 13"

MD847



INUIT (NUMA PARR, CAPE DORSET)

WALRUS

Soapstone

17.75 x 16.5 x 11"

IN302 (4487)



ROGER BOWMAN

Landscape and Pearls
 Watercolor and gouache
 on paper
 30 x 22"
 RB191



GUNNAR NORRMAN

Fran Fouras (From Fouras)
 Pencil
 5.5 x 7.75"



Tony King

FEBRUARY MORNING
Archival inkjet print, unsigned
8.75 x 13"
BA511



YOSHINORI Hagiwara

Vase
Kaki glaze, kiln transformation
Stoneware
10.5 x 9 x 9"
YH799



Ken Matsuzaki

Vase
 Yohen natural ash glaze
 Stoneware
 13.5 x 13.5 x 13.5"
 MK1111



Mallory Lake

Caffè Meletti
 Pastel on paper
 16 x 16"
 LK756



Hongwei Li

UPWELLING OF GRAVITY #68
Stainless steel and porcelain
17.5 x 10 x 10"
HL103



Randy Johnston

Large Platter
Noborigama natural ash glaze
with inlaid rope impression
and black trailing decoration
Stoneware
4 x 19 x 19"
RJ410



Jeffrey Hessing

Open Window
Oil on canvas
28.75 x 36"
JH471



Barbara Emmel Wolinsky

Augustus Ugotus: Citizens United
Mixed media construction
29 x 29 x 7.5"
BW1



Paul Caponigro

Rockwall, CT, 1958
Silver gelatin print
10 x 12.5"
PC15



MARCO ABARCA

Marco Abarca was born in Xalapa, Mexico and studied art and sculpture at the University of Veracruz at Xalapa. He moved around (like the circus) until he found Oaxaca, where he was taken with the city's beauty, culture, light, and serenity. Drawing inspiration from his childhood experiences, Abarca searches for the child within himself in his whimsical and colorful constructions.

All works are mixed media constructions and accompanied by fables written by the artist.



MARCO ABARCA

Seven with One Blow
33 x 24 x 10"
MA30



Seven with One Blow

There once was a little tailor who furiously sewed, seated at his work table, eating a delicious apple.

All of a sudden, a swarm of bees surrounded the apple.

“Get out of here you intruders! You will get yours alright!” screamed the little tailor, immediately grabbing a rag and pressing upon the apple. Upon lifting it he discovered he had killed not one, not two, but seven bees.

“Well, well!” he said to himself. “How good am I, the world should know what I am capable of!”

He fashioned a belt and on the buckle engraved: “Seven with one blow”.

He wore the belt and departed seeking adventures. When people read what was emblazoned on his belt, they trembled, fancying him some kind of hero who finished seven men with one blow.

His fame reached as far as the regal palace. The King in person summoned a hero valiant as the little tailor.

The King appointed him commandant and said to him: In the forests lives a savage and cruel lion that overwhelms my kingdom, destroying everything in his path—my knights will help you trap him. As soon as this task is complete you will marry my daughter.

“This will be child’s play,” said the little tailor.

He proceeded into the forest and he ordered the knights not to follow him. The lion sniffed him out and gave chase, spitting foam through its snout and grinding teeth. The little tailor looked around and fortunately discovered nearby the ruins of a chapel. He ran into it and then quickly leaped out a window. The lion pursued him inside but the little tailor slammed the door of the chapel. The ferocious animal was trapped inside. He was quite enormous so the little tailor summoned the knights to behold the lion he captured. They were surprised at his skill and bravery. The King did not want to honor his promise but he feared that by not doing so the hero would defeat him and take his crown, so he commanded the little tailor to complete other feats thinking at least one of them will result in failure, but to the King’s misfortune, all tasks were fulfilled with efficiency.

MARCO ABARCA

Maria's Unicorn
30 x 24 x 11"
MA13



MARIA'S UNICORN

Maria was a girl who loved unicorns ever since her grandfather, year after year, would give one to her for her birthday. They were so varied and beautiful it would stimulate her imagination.

One day Maria was invited to spend her summer vacation at a ranch. Upon her arrival she saw a horse, approached him, and said: "If you had a horn, you would be perfect..."

Those days that she spent at the ranch she took it upon herself to give him lumps of sugar, brush him, ride him, and caress him constantly but there was always something missing from this beautiful horse.

One morning upon arriving at the stable she discovered something marvelous—from the forehead of the horse emerged a beam of fantastic luminosity, it was so brilliant she felt compelled to investigate to better observe and she discovered that it was a magnificent horn. Maria immediately attempted to ride him, with giant leaps he would traverse clouds like cotton, at which height they discovered lagoons that reflected the moon.

MARCO ABARCA

El Conejo y el Coyote
Caja de El Conejo y el Coyote
17 x 30 x 9"
MA32



EL Conejo y el Coyote

Now, what of the rabbit and the coyote?

I am going to tell you the story that was told to me by my grandmother. It is the story of the rabbit and the coyote. It takes place as the day grows dark, when the coyote comes across the rabbit standing on the shore of a pond. The coyote was planning on eating the rabbit when the rabbit said:

“Why are you going to eat me, brother? I was hoping to eat the cheese that you see there” and the rabbit pointed to the reflection of the moon in the water.

“If you drink all the water, brother coyote, you will be able to eat the cheese!”

“But yes!” replied the coyote, and the rabbit led the him to the edge of the pond so that he could drink all of the water.

“I cannot drink more water,” said the coyote. “But if you drink a little more” said the rabbit, “you will be able to eat the cheese”.

It was then that water started pouring from the coyote’s eyes and ears, and only afterwards did he notice that the rabbit had escaped in a boat. The coyote was furious!

Frantically, the coyote followed the rabbit’s tracks and snarled: “Now I am going to eat you!” However, the rabbit knew of a set of stairs that led to the moon! The rabbit knew that once he arrived at the moon, he would be able to escape the angry coyote.

The rabbit arrived safely to the moon and that is why now, the coyote looks up at the night sky and howls!

And now ends the story that my grandmother told me; the coyote will forever howl for the rabbit on the moon that escaped him so long ago.

MARCO ABARCA

LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW
23 x 15.5 x 4"
MA24



LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW

I have asked myself how nature is born. I have seen it grow from my window. The light in the distant hills is as a piece of sun between my eyes and my hand. I take in the humidity of the land; distinguish the scent of the flowers, stones, air. In the autumn, the smoothness of the wind caresses the leaves of the trees producing music in my ears. Each tree is a prodigious instrument; each leaf is a recorded note of chords and harmonies. I have memories of my childhood and of how I looked for shapes in clouds. Lying on the ground with my face towards the sky, little by little it was revealed, fantastic galloping horses like ferocious dragons. There I remained until I fell asleep and this fantastic world would live on.

Now, as a man, I continue seeing through my window faces in the clouds. The branches of the trees delineate the delicate face of woman. Some of the fruits are partially eaten by the birds that nest in her hair. I am able to see their seeds of red coral; her eyes are stones of yellow tiger's eye; her thin nose is a stone of aventurine (quartz) and the teeth are stones of green halite. An appetizing quartz pear adorns, like an earring, her beautiful ear. In the rainy mornings, I observe from my window Mother Nature crying and from her tears flowers are born: roses, jasmines, daisies. Then they fall on this terrestrial mantle like old crystal tears, being buried and becoming seeds.

MARCO ABARCA

MUSIC FOR a Tree
11.5 x 10 x 7"
MA35



MUSIC FOR a Tree

Once upon a time there was a pretty little girl who lived with her aunt in a camp. She used to grow cherries in their beautiful garden, watering them every morning. At dusk she covered the little plants with fabric to protect them from the cold.

While she was looking after the garden, she delighted herself imagining what could happen in it. Of course, she was always the main character of her stories. Sometimes they were fantastic stories, such as the following:

One spring day, when the girl went up in the hills, she saw a little tree rooted in the soil. She bent over to look at it and the earth was wet, as it had rained during the night.

She seemed to see the tree growing in front of her. Out of the corner of her eye she saw another little tree, then another, and another, until she found herself in the middle of a forest.

“Hello! Hello! Hello!” Someone called to her from afar. The little girl ran all over cheerfully greeting each little tree.

One of the trees shook its branches and an exquisite melody was heard in the air.

“What a blast!” She thought. “Having this tree in my garden of cherries would make me so happy.” So she dug up the tree and ran home to plant it in her garden, close to the cherries.

From that day on, whenever the child heard the “Melody Tree” she would start singing. The tree encouraged the garden and also the girl’s heart forever.

If we learn to listen to nature, perhaps we will hear the voice of purity and the soul of the Earth, just like the girl did when she heard the melodies of the tree.

MARCO ABARCA

THE SONG OF THE OWL
 21.25 x 10.25 x 2.75"
 MA21



THE SONG OF THE OWL

There is an old Mexican story of a woman called Xiuhzolli who was young and extraordinarily beautiful. Her skin was smooth like the petals of a rose and fragrant like the aroma of the sea. Xiuhzolli enjoyed singing to the animals that lived here: the brightly colored parrots from tree to tree; the horses galloped with the joy of hearing her; and even the aloof crocodile swayed his tail. They so appreciated her voice.

It happened one day that Xiuhzolli stopped singing. She would pass the hours gazing at her reflection in the lake, her life degraded to a useless state of narcissism. The gods spoke to Xiuhzolli: "Women such as yourself should not live under the light of the sun! Your inseparable companions should be the night and shadows."

The gods then changed her into a bird. The following night you could hear her "hooting." Xiuhzolli was transformed into an owl, a nocturnal bird which flies by the night of the moon frightening nervous rabbits and hunting bats and moles. When you hear the melancholy "hoot," it is Xiuzolli, who has awakened to sing.

MARCO ABARCA

THE HISTORY OF TWO FROGS
24.25 x 11.5 x 8.5"
MA22



THE HISTORY OF TWO FROGS

Night had arrived and the town of Oaxaca was enveloped in shadows. Behind the fields and amidst the thick darkness the shiny, round moon emerged.

The frogs began their journey with trepidation, showing their anxiety apparent in their quick leaps. They jumped first through gardens full of flowers, and then through green orchards of Mexican Hawthorn and Medlar trees, when finally, they stopped. They had arrived at a lake with tranquil waters beautiful aquatic irises.

“We have arrived again at our home,” said the frogs. They heard the boisterous croaking of their fellow frogs, the hoarse trumpeting of the toads, the sharp flute of the crickets. The humming of the bees indicated to the little frogs that, in fact, they had not yet reached the lake and they needed to cast themselves in the water. They did so and swam what seemed to be forever, at times caressed by algae or the branches that dragged along the surface of the water.

Their bulging eyes contemplated a muddy place covered with tall and thin reeds.

MARCO ABARCA

Cocoons
21.5 x 15 x 9"
MA20



Cocoons

All of a sudden, the sky covered over with black clouds, a deafening thunderclap exploded and lightning illuminated the heavens. Soon after, clouds cloaked the sky and rain bathed the land!

Summer was here. The water had hardly stopped falling when the occupants of a leafy tree bearing red fruits began to come alive. Something emerged between the branches, small creatures cautiously moved, and ... What a surprise! A tiny animal was escaping effortlessly from a cocoon. Such a narrow and confining prison! Finally, it succeeded and its silhouette appeared on the dark trunk of the tree.

It was a pretty caterpillar of varied and shining colors. Its little body shook as it moved.

A voice from the tree made it stop: "Welcome. Hello friend. Did you live in that small cocoon for very long?"

The caterpillar replied, "Yes, I was born in this spherical cocoon the color of coffee and later I transformed myself into a small worm, a hungry and voracious caterpillar. In this season, we feed ourselves with the little leaves of the trees. At first, we harm the tree but later we make up for the harm we have caused you. As caterpillars, we are bestowed with very small hands with which we hold a beautiful arc whose cords form the silk that we secrete. With delicate movements of the arc on your leaves, we create melodies that keep the rhythm as we construct a cocoon, fastening them to your branches using some of those silk threads. We rest within that capsule during the stage in which we are pupae nymphs. Now that I reached my complete development, I leave my confinement and am ready to serve you."

MARCO ABARCA

DON GRILLO, THE MUSICIAN
25.5 x 13 x 9"
MA23



DON GRILLO, THE MUSICIAN

The winds played until they reached the river, shaking the drops of dew on the trees and grass. With great pleasure, the buttons of clovers saluted the cricket.

Don Grillo said, "I will begin to play my music." But he spent more time thinking about it than doing it.

He started off through the plants, happily dancing with graceful jumps. How it pleased him! The cricket had not known until then that the slight winds made such good companions in the game. Just then, he stepped on a round pebble and fell onto a pile of high grass.

"Careful, cricket!" said a little voice above his head. "Go on a safe path!"

"Why don't you use your wings when you jump?" asked the wind to the cricket.

"Certainly I am not very good at flying," said the cricket. "But there is something I know how to do very well. Would you like me to delight you with my music?"

"Yes, yes!" said the wind. "I would like very much to hear you."

Then the cricket knelt down and rubbed its back legs against one another and there was a beautiful sound that resembled the musical sounds of the harp. His chords brought forth melodies that filled the air with murmurs.

"I direct my orchestra," said the cricket, "and occasionally the light of the Moon plays and dances.

At this very moment, my band waits amongst the meadow full of daisies so that when they gather tonight the insects can play for the very important festival that celebrates the nocturnal butterflies."

Then the cricket whistled and immediately the entire small but skillful orchestra seated among the daisies and began to play the sweetest melody.

MARCO ABARCA

The Children Meet the Gentlemen: Sun, Rain and Wind—The Gentleman of the Wind

Open: 19.75 x 30 x 6.5"

Closed: 19.75 x 14.25 x 6.5"

MA16



The Children Meet the Gentlemen: Sun, Rain and Wind—The Gentleman of the Wind

In a large and pretty house lives the children: Michael, John, and Susan. The three of them are best friends, they eat and dress together, and all go to sleep at the same time. Each morning, their mother enters their room to wake them and finds them curled up like kittens. One morning the children decided to wake up early but before they could begin playing, they heard a very strange sound. It came from outside the window, as if someone was there, moaning and howling and causing the windows to shake.

“Oooooohiiii!” The windowpanes made this sound as they shook. It made a lot of racket!

“Oh!” exclaimed John. “Who could it be?”

“It sounds very sad!” said Susan.

“It is trying to get in!” said John.

They approached the window to look and realized there was someone sitting outside, looking through the panes at them!

“Oooooohiiii! Let me pass!” the character shouted with conviction.

“Excuse me sir,” said Michael amicably, “Can you please tell us who you are?”

“I am the Wind!” said the being from beyond the window. The wind then calmed down enough to provide the children with a closer observation.

He was tall and thin and carried many objects: fans, tiny bottles of water and two rattles, one large and one small. This was not all he carried: under his arm he carried a dog and it was difficult for the Wind to keep the dog still. The children asked why he carried these objects. “My dog,” said the Wind, “is a piercing gust of wind. These small bottles are my land and water winds. I like to blow one over the land at night and the other over the ocean. The south wind is this large fan of gold and I use it when it is hot and humid.”

“What are the rattles for?” asked Michael.

“Please do not touch!” the Wind explained, “the large one is a hurricane and the smaller one is a tornado.” The children were mesmerized as they listened to the Wind. Suddenly their Mother rushed in and lost her temper when she found her children with the window open during a period of such inclement weather.

“What a shame to have the Wind banished outside and lost!” said the children. At that moment the Wind blew the hat right off the Mother’s head, before she had a chance to realize it. This sent her running down the street after her lost hat.

“Remember children, you must convince your Mother to allow me to enter your room next time,” said the Wind. The children promised the Wind that they would abide by his request. Thereafter they assisted their Mother in locating her lost hat which they found, undamaged, at the end of the street.

MARCO ABARCA

THE QUEEN BEE AND THE CLOUD PAINTER
45 x 39 x 17"
MA9



The Queen Bee and the Cloud Partner

On a summer afternoon, when the last rays of sunshine drenched the land, before the moon appeared to light up the night, the Painter of Clouds overheard an interesting conversation between the Queen Bee and the Moonflower: “Good evening!” said the Queen Bee to the Moonflower.

The Flower opened her petals to welcome the Queen Bee, which hovered close to her. The Queen Bee graciously made the courtesy of greeting her, wherein the Moonflower responded: “Now is the time for dinner, dear friend!”

The Painter of Clouds laughed, “Of course it is dinner time, beautiful and lovely little bee! This is precisely why I am here, hoping to find you, because it has stopped raining.”

Therefore, the Queen Bee approached, flying next to the head of the Painter of Clouds, practically brushing his face with her little wings. “How is it possible,” asked the Painter to the Bee, “to produce the prodigy, the Moonflower, which you fertilize with your pollen, while at the same time you are magically nourished with the multicolored nectar?”

“I honestly do not know,” said the bee. “The fairies of nature are the ones who do it. Wait ... and I will explain!”

“Farther than the last rose bushes, farther than the treetops, farther than the last cloud, grows a magic flower, called the Moonflower, whose petals are of a pure crystal, its corolla is multicolored and a gorgeous bouquet of pistils of silver await to nourish me. Specifically in the corolla exists the seven colors that give life to the rainbow and you with your crystal, can see in the drops of rain, and after, transport the colors in a beautiful arc from the sky to earth.”

The Painter of Clouds understood the whole magical process and while he tenderly kissed the little bee, he invite her to fly into his heart and they will travel together to celebrate their friendship.

MARCO ABARCA

THE SIREN AND BROTHER SUN
30 x 8 x 6"
MA27



THE SIREN AND BROTHER MOON
28 x 8 x 6"
MA28



THE SIREN and BROTHER SUN AND THE THE SIREN and BROTHER MOON

When the Gods prevailed in the game of ball against the twin brothers, they were thrown to the river. At the moment that they were about to disappear, foam swirled around, rose above and covered them. The waters of the river then lapped to each edge. The waters increased in volume and rushed ferociously.

Shortly thereafter, two mother sirens conceived in their bellies twin boys, the same as those who were thrown to the river. This event repeated itself every fifth day at the same hour. In this event both boys were covered with scales and equipped with fins, gills, and a tail; they thrashed incessantly. Their eyes reflected the rays of the Sun.

Eventually they emerged from the water; they crawled on the sands of the riverbank, climbed the rocks and then returned to the river disappearing without noise. In the depths of the river is the secret of their hearts: "We are Gods in our ancestry and will not be extinguished while there is light in the bright star of the morning."

MARCO ABARCA

A COUPLE OF CHEERFUL ACORNS
12 x 8 x 20.5"
MA33



CAREFULLY WALKING AND
STEPPING ON ACORNS IN AUTUMN
Mixed Media Construction
12 x 8 x 19"
MA34



A COUPLE OF CHEERFUL ACORNS AND THE CAREFULLY WALKING AND STEPPING ON ACORNS IN AUTUMN

A seed is actually a promise from a plant or a tree; encompassed in a little dark cover, which, when planted in the ground will grow and bloom. Later, when it reaches maturity, the tree becomes fruitful.

One of these fruitful trees is the oak tree, which grows in eastern and central Mexico where its heavy and strong wood is used in the construction of furniture and railway equipment. This tree reaches 10 feet in height. Its fruit and leaves start appearing mid spring. The acorns, the fruit of the tree, are a stretched conical shape and about an inch long.

I have seen acorns in my orchard; transformed into lively, animated, funny creatures. Such was the case of a sweet little acorn family; they wave to each other, embrace and talk to each other, sometimes kindly and other times grumbling. The mother acorn and her two children come dressed up in colors, from a dark brown tone to a warm and bright chocolate tone. Their arms and legs are very small and instead of wearing a long woolly hair they carry special locks of hair. Their faces are amusing and velvety. And as long as they stay well fed, they will always be bright and beautiful.

These unusual acorns ripen within a year and release from the trees in the beginning of fall. Perhaps you will not see them as I do, which is why I have told their story. However, perhaps they live in your orchard or in the orchard of your friend unbeknownst to you. And remember in the fall to step carefully through the forest, because you never know what beautiful and surprising creatures may be underfoot, such as these acorn people.

MARCO ABARCA

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON
11.75 x 9.5 x 8.5" closed
8 x 18.5 x 24" open
MA37



THE RABBIT IN THE MOON

The sun, the moon and the planet Venus are the three planets that have been given the most attention in ancient Mexican legends and have produced the most beliefs and myths.

Some ancient Indians and Mexicans believe that the spots on the moon vaguely represent the face of a rabbit.

The moon has a very clear relationship to fecundity, fertility and vegetal abundance.

MARCO ABARCA

THE CREATION OF THE FIRST WOMAN
23 x 9 x 11.5"
MA29



THE CREATION OF THE FIRST WOMAN

When the heroic twins overcame the Gods of the Underworld, the good prevailed over evil. The Earth was ready now so that the Gods of Life: Tepeu, Cucamatz and Hurakan, could create human beings. These Gods kept the secrets of Creation, Existence, Death, Earth and the beings who inhabit it.

The Gods first created the man, a being equipped with intelligence, because she knew what she knew and it was what it was, by her he spoke and walked, and knew what was in them and outside them; they were believed unique. The Gods saw this as bad—the energy of this lucidity could be harmful. The Gods decided to avoid this danger, as it could be fatal for the fundamental order of the Creation.

With the conclusion that these beings were not to be alone, the Gods created others of feminine sex. They formed them in the following way: While the man slept they created the nude quietly emerging from eggs as if they were polished wood dolls. When the men awoke they rejoiced at the sight because indeed they were beautiful, seeing them so slim, of so bright polished skin and of so pleasing an aroma. They took each other as companions soon after, and in order to distinguish them the Gods assigned appropriate charming names to them. Each name evoked the image of rain according to the seasons.

MARCO ABARCA

TOWN OF CORN
33.5 x 19.75 x 19.75"
MA31



Town of Corn

The snail is the symbol of fecundity, that is to say a sign of good luck. It always appears in combination with the deities that represent fecundity and growth.

Quetzalcoatl (which means Feathered Serpent) in its form of the god the creator and the god of the wind, breaks through and is carried on saturated rain clouds. Quetzalcoatl wears a necklace of sea snails. These form a pectoral (fin) in its head, and it looks like a snail, which is the symbol of birth; in its interior is the god of the corn born from the water, surges from a snail's shell and in the hand it holds a plant of corn.

According to legend Quetzalcoatl headed towards the northeast to encounter the sun and was burned there in the fire and whose heart was transformed in the morning into a star. Of this sacrifice, Quetzalcoatl guided the rays from the sun to the four regions of the world, inhabited by four creative gods, to the north, the god of black corn, to the south, the god of yellow corn, to the east the god of red corn, and to the west the god of white corn.

The Earth in the center is considered like a structured flat surface, geographically according to the four principal points and geometrically in four horizontal and vertical ways, each god of the corn in their dwelling sends to the Earth their seed for the food of the men.

MARCO ABARCA

THE WIZARD OF FEATHERS
17 x 20.25 x 10.75"
MA5



THE WIZARD OF FEATHERS AND THE Don Catarino and the Mother Bird

Not far from the pond on the edge of the forest stands coarse and bare an old tree, and inside lies the workshop of Don Catarino, the Wizard of Feathers. The scattered light illuminates the rich setting where within, distinct works are produced. On one table, he sews each of the precious fibers of a feather from a macaw, and on an easel, he paints the gleaming coloration of the feathers of the hummingbird.

Generation after generation, the birds have visited his workshop, numerous owls have left overjoyed with their thick, comfortable feathers that protect them from the cold of the winter, and lovely peacocks receive the gleam of their tail feathers thanks to Don Catarino, who with skilled hands, brings these works to life.

When birds cannot access his workshop, Don Catarino travels in a shiny ostrich egg, he dons a bird mask and for his work, he carries a precious sewing kit. Instead of thread, it's a green peacock's feather, a blue feather of a carrier pigeon, a white feather of a dove, and the sunflower feather of a hummingbird, silver needles and scissors of the most purest gold. They are transported via silent wheels that barely caress the carpet of foliage on the ground.

With this magical equipment, he accommodates the birds that need him, in every corner of the forest, as far up as the tangled branches of the highest trees. The sun rose in the sky and dispersed its heat everywhere, and Don Catarino realized it was time to return to the ancient tree-trunk, which he keeps like a hearth.

MARCO ABARCA

Don Catarino and the Mother Bird
26 x 28 x 15"
MA7



ALI CLIFT

ICARUS
Cloth painting and drawing
40 x 41.5"
AC379



Cary Wolinsky

BIRD MARKET, CHENGDU,
SICHUAN, CHINA,
SEPTEMBER 22, 1984
Archival pigment print
20 x 13"
CW88



Onda Yaki

Planter
Tobikanna (blade skip) design
Stoneware
15 x 21.5 x 21.5"
ON780



Maria MULLER

POOL WITH YELLOW TOWEL
Hand painted photograph
9 x 13"
MM64



Zevi Blum

BOOTH OF METAPHORS:
VILLAGE OF COUSINS
Upstate
Hand colored etching, I/V
21.5 x 16"
ZB44



JOSEPH ABLOW

POSTSCRIPT
Oil on canvas
40 x 26"
JA193



DAVID SHARIR

ORCHARD OF LOVERS, 1970
 Serigraph, 6/25
 18 x 23"



TATSUZO SHIMAOKA

Vase
 Rope and slip inlay with wax
 resist brushwork
 Stoneware
 11.25 x 8.25 x 8.25"
 210



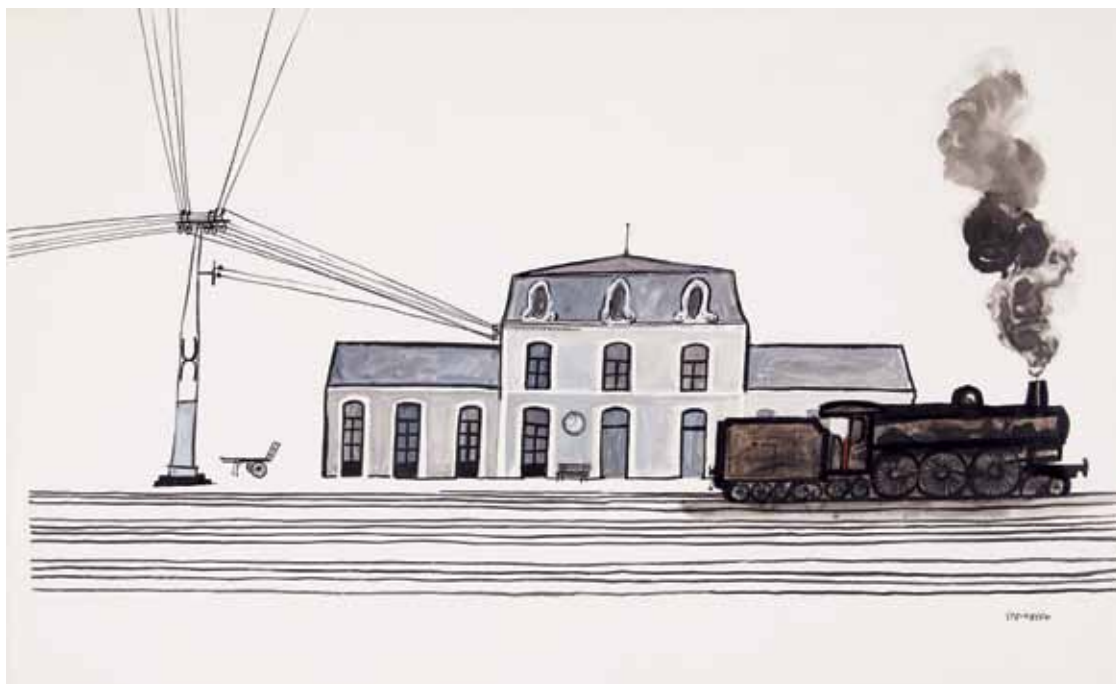
Makoto Yabe

Plate with mishima pattern
Wood ash glaze with white slip
Stoneware
3 x 12.25 x 12.25"
MY217



Saul Steinberg

Untitled (Train), c. 1951
Watercolor on paper
14.5 x 22.75"
SS22



Jan KOLLWITZ

Echizen otsubo (Large jar in Echizen style)
Stoneware
28 x 24 x 24"
KJ84



ROBERT ESHOO

Jester's COURT,
SEPTEMBER 10, 2010
Watercolor
20.5 x 18.75"
RE253



FRAN FORMAN

Study in Aqua and Pink
Archival pigment print, 1/10
16.5 x 25"
FF118



ENRICO PINARDI

VIGIL
Oil on wood
14 x 20"
P73



HISAAKI KAMEI

Water container (mizusashi) with LACQUERED LID
Three-colored glaze, Takatori style
Stoneware
7.25 x 6.75 x 6.75"
HK26



Jim Schantz

After the Storm,
Housatonic Dusk
Oil on canvas
40 x 48"
JMS754



Bill Aron

Plaza by the Wall
Photograph, 29/200
11.5 x 17"
BAB10



SOUTHERN AFRICAN

UPHISO
Zulu beerpot
Clay
15.25 x 14.25 x 14.25"
SA655 (ZZ90)



GEOFF DUNN

NOVEMBER OAKS, DUNSTAFENAGE
Oil on canvas board
14 x 18"
GD2



IGOR GALANIN

Mimosa
Acrylic on canvas
24 x 30"
GA85



FANCE FRANCK

LARGE OVAL SCALLOPED BOWL
Celadon glaze
Porcelain
5.5 x 8 x 6"
PG167



David Aronson

TROUBADOUR
Bronze, 9/12
21.5 x 13 x 11"



Alexandra de Steiguer

Island Path, Star Island
Silver gelatin print
11.75 x 10.25"
AS11



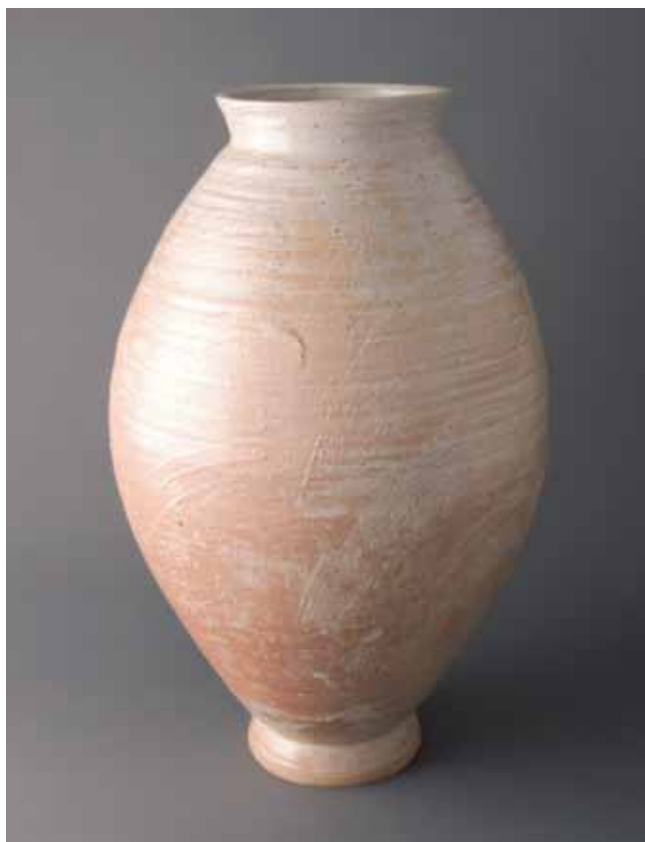
MARGUERITE ROBICHAUX

White Head, Monhegan
Oil and graphite on canvas
24 x 36"
MR320



Young Jae Lee

'Moon' jar
Elongated rusty-rose
Stoneware
17 x 9.5 x 9.5"
YL76



PUCKER GALLERY

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Editors: Jeanne Koles & Jacqueline
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Photography: John Davenport

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BROTHER THOMAS BEZANSON

Plate
Copper red and blue glazes
Porcelain
2.75 x 20.5 x 20.5"
TH1412B

ON THE COVER:

SAMUEL BAK

To the East and West
Oil on linen
36 x 48"
BK2376

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