

John Ferris about Massimos portrait painting

"Your images open some access port in my head to all the time I spent in your studios, one way and another, and to time spent abroad, where of course the light seems to model stuff more vividly, things project a bit more sharply into the world, and what medieval theologians called the sensorium is a little bit more richly stocked. (Newton, who owed a lot to medieval theology, I suspect, called the world the sensorium of God, if I remember). In particular I'm looking at the one of you dipingendo massimo, and behind you there are some steps up into the sunlight, and there's a stool and some plants on a little terrace affair. In East Anglia the light is flat and the skies undifferentiated. Looking at that photo I have a proustianly vivid recollection of my early years in Rome. It's like my Paris of the 1920s.

Massimo is great. But of course, it's not really about massimo, it's about you, with your great mausoleum looming over his head, as if he only exists in relation to it, or to the bigger contexts which you provide for him - Doge, Hadrian, whatever. It's a privilege for him."

(Quote: J.T Ferris.)