

John Seery has been one of my favorite painters ever since I first saw his work, late one night in 1969 in a crumbling waterfront attic on Fulton Street. I was awed and excited. It was as if I'd always expected to find someone my age who painted just this way, and here he was. There have been changes in Seery's work since then, but what has never changed, for me, is its incredible *amplitude*, of technique, style, color, scale, spirit, of everything. Part of what I admire in this art is an unironic commitment to sheer beauty, splendor, sensual pleasure, maintained in the teeth of a puritanical conscience impossible to placate. Sometimes the conscience seizes the brush and vandalizes a canvas; at other times it's in a stupor and facility results. But the drama of the tension is continual, and terrible and terrific, and when everything is in balance and working right it just kills me. Some people share my feeling about Seery, and some don't. I don't care.



Gamut, 1976
Acrylic on canvas, 116 x 210 in.
Max Hutchinson Gallery, Houston

John Seery