

Sam Clayton

WORKS ON PAPER

A SURVEY OF WORK 2003 - 2007

SALOMON ARTS / NEW YORK CITY / May 17 - June 17 2007

IMMATERIAL



Sam Clayton *Painter*

mAs (a man of contradiction: partly truth & partly fiction)

Samuel Ivan Carlito Clayton III was born on January 10th, 1954 in New York City; the eldest child of Samuel II, a prominent Puerto Rican heart surgeon, and Irena Mitroka, a transplanted Carpathian countess. Three younger sisters and a brother all have prospered in the world of race track horses: a veterinarian, a whisperer, a trainer and a trader. Sam went to Art School and became the good thief; working as a framer, a furniture maker and a graphic designer: a modern man enveloped in the timeless debtor's art dream.

LIFE (Or, something like it)

Sam Clayton lives and works in a SOHO loft building, on gritty Crosby Street. He moved there 30 years ago before StarBucks and Balthazar and The Guggenheim caught on and cashed in. Little Italy still beckons around the corner with its cafés and bars and Godfathers making hits on the soi-disant chic tourists from all points of view.

I LIVE IN A BOX OF PAINTS (Traveling, Traveling, Traveling)

Our experience and understanding of ourselves is extremely complex. It is innate, often unexamined and by necessity, taken for granted. Can works of art be created that take the viewer on a Rorschach experience of this inner world of visceral sensation and outward perception that is life? "Collage 06", "Immaterial" and "Whether" are recent attempts to explore this phenomena.

The series of works presented here spring from a deeply felt love of painting and drawing: not only the outcome of the rendered image, but the sensuous material aspect of engaging in the work itself. The results are not preconceived, but grow organically from diverse inspirations and involve intellectual intentions and a willingness to accept and incorporate accidental discoveries along with chance.

The narrative element is found, or created, by the viewer and their reaction to the collision of physical form and the rendered image. Physical, or material, form has a visceral resonance that relates to the unconscious and the spiritual; that which is behind the mask, behind the literal and the visible. The rendered image corresponds with what we confront visually on a daily basis, a world of appearances, with all their implications. The works are not meant to be understood literally. Their power is in the poetry of this collision between what we see and what we feel.

ART IS THE LIE THAT MAKES US REALIZE THE TRUTH (Sooner or later, one of us must know)