



BORNA SAMMAK

The Artist's Way

19 September - 01 November 2026

VON AMMON is pleased to announce a solo show by New York-based artist Borna Sammak. This is Sammak's first solo with the gallery.

And this is the second try at a press release, though I'm both comforted and encouraged by Julia Cameron's words: *Remember that even if you have a truly rotten piece of art, it may be a necessary stepping stone to your next work.* This second try will be in plain language, and will aim to best explain the body of work—I won't *paint myself into a corner* with esoteric language and toilet humor...***it feels good to see disgust in their eyes. But Anger is our friend. Not a gentle friend. Not a nice friend. To paint oneself into a corner...***first coined in the early days of *do-it-yourself*, where householders would forgo hired help, forging a union between leisure time and home improvement—oops!—and supposedly to stave off the portentous tide-floe of emasculation. ***I don't want to see the plan succeed / there won't be room for people like me...****We inherit the obsession with product and the idea that art produces finished products from our consumer-oriented society.* Shhhh...Where were we? Sammak's *The Artist's Way* is a new group of paintings, made exclusively from scissor-cut, heat-applied vinyl on canvas. The first draft of this release suggested that this show was about some sort of Marcusean recuperation of strip-mined cultural phenomena, and the possibility that certain symbols—the Black Flag logo, the American Flag, The *Anarchy* circle—**A**—were magical, and thus far more prone to being swallowed by big business. Sad, right? Yes, sad. *The Artist's Way* suggests a few daily practices of pure selfishness, as a way to reanimate moribund creativity—awaken the inner child beaten down by habit + the myriad exigencies and diversions of modern life. *Creativity lives in paradox: serious art is born from serious play.* Wake up to coffee and journaling! Take yourself on an *artist's date!* *Perhaps to this art show!* Sammak *blames his loneliness on the Iraq War*, and who can blame him? ***I see my place in American Waste / Facing choices I can't take.*** What the ill-fated first draft may have neglected to focus on was just how terrible it is to make a painting, to be an artist in the current moment...the sheer immiseration of art as we stare down the barrel. Not to mention the dubiousness of more paintings on canvas. Gah! ***I want to live / I wish I was dead. When we move out on faith into the act of creation, the universe is able to advance.*** Yeah! What Julia said! Who else is going to do the work of carefully digesting all this traumatic cultural experience into durable art objects? Who else is thinking about what it all means? *We meditate to discover our own identity, our right place in the scheme of the universe.* The unifying principle of these paintings is their past lives as tee-shirt graphics—or, the means with which we signal *who we are* and *what we stand for* via the smallest format possible (our bodies), because, notwithstanding the spreading of malign forces that should smother our wee creative flames, ***it feels good to say what I want.*** Then perhaps buying—and wearing—a tee shirt—in public—can serve as one's like-wee resistance against imperialism, mind control, and the ever-expanding frontiers of networked capital. ***We are tired of your abuse / Try and stop us but it's no use! There is just this dream, this feeling, this urge, this desire. There is seldom any real proof, but the dream lives on.***