

*You will not find anyone nicer than Bob Clark.*

*In the racetrack world, he is 'Mr. Clark', probably the top racehorse painter in the Western Hemisphere. In the art community, he is 'Bobo', authority on all things life-of-working-artist. He is, hands-down, the expert on the business side of being an artist. He is also an encyclopedic compendium of Thoroughbred racing, as well as being a go-to man on any subject concerning art history, theory, and technique.*

*His work is meticulous; he strives for exact representation. He is old-school--a photo-realist who never traces or uses a projector. His portraits hang everywhere there are racehorses: the US, Great Britain, Dubai, Saudi Arabia. During racing season, he paints in the paddock area of all the large racetracks, or at tuxedo meet-and-greets for equine charities. He is, somehow, the completely approachable 'Bobo' and the uber-respected 'Mr. Clark' all at the same time.*

*Artist, sportsman, and perfectionist, he often finds himself in the role of artist's advocate--as well as advocate for Art itself.*

*He does with ease what not many could do; he can take the pressure of having racing fans, equine experts, and millionaire horse owners watch over his shoulder as he paints.*

*And he breathes Thoroughbred.*

*Can't get much better than that.*

I was born in Paris, Tennessee. My dad was in the Navy. Both my parents were from Paris, and I'm not real sure if my Dad just happened to be on leave when I was born or how it happened to work out that way, but the rest of my brothers and sisters are born all over the country, from Maryland to California.

I lived in San Diego until my dad retired from the military around 1970, when we moved to a 200 acre farm outside of Henry, TN. The sign said Pop. 178, and Henry was 7 miles from our house. So, I kind of went from the city to the sticks (or twigs in my case). From living in a mobile home with hundreds of them jammed together in park, to a farm where we couldn't see another house in any direction.

The big selling point about leaving CA was that we could have horses on the farm. Even as a city kid, I already had three favorite things: sports, art, and horses. Going to the country was a huge change, and really was a tough ad-

**Right:** *Ghostzapper*; collection of Frank Stronach.  
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# PERFECT STORM

## the paintings of Robert Clark

interview by Lyne Raff











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## Know your talents and see the blessing in them.

justment from having more friends than I knew what to do with to spending the whole day throwing the baseball against the brick chimney and drawing horses.

My parents were great, but they were a little slow about coming up with that horse they promised. After being on the farm for a year or so, I took matters into my own hands and when another boy at school said something about having to get rid of their horse, I walked two miles to his house. He handed me the lead line and I walked the horse home. That night my father came home and laughed, telling me that it wasn't a horse. Not a horse? Sure it was, I was looking at it. Nope, it was a pony, a Shetland Pony whose only purpose in life was to terrorize small boys—which is why he came so cheap and why the other boy's father said 'a deal is a deal!'

For the next eight years we always had a "horse" on the farm. We were able to trade the pony for another horse that was less determined to kill me. Then another horse less determined to run away with me. Then another horse that might let us catch him. Fortunately,

ly, the drawings I did of horses were not the angles I most often saw of them: from underneath, behind as they ran away, or from prone on the gravel road.

Somehow I lived to make it to high school where I played baseball, football, and wrestled. During the summers there was plenty of hay to be hauled and even some tobacco to cut, but I figured I could make more money in less time actually selling the landscapes I painted of the old fallen-down barns in the area. I had hoped to play either baseball or football on schol-

arship in college, but a kidney operation the week after graduation wiped that dream out. Lucky for me the grades and SAT test scores seemed to fall on me from heaven, and I was awarded the Wilkens Scholarship by the University of the South at Sewanee, TN. It was the only school I had visited, but without a scholarship it wasn't going to happen. It happened.

Sewanee was known for its Academics, but as a Division III school it was going to be perfect to play both baseball and football, maybe even wrestle. On orientation day I was wandering through the science building looking for anyone. As luck would have it the art department was doing their orientation in the science building. Not sure why, but I ended up meeting Dr. Ed Carlos, who was the head of the art department and the best artist I had ever met. I had no intention of taking an art class at Sewanee. But I explained that I had painted for several years, so if I did take Art, I had no interest in taking Art Appreciation or the other prerequisites. After reviewing my portfolio, he waved all the beginning classes, and I started my



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incoming freshman semester in a painting class with juniors and seniors. By the end of my freshman year I was granted a one man show by a gallery in the Chattanooga area. It was the first time a student had earned such an honor.

I took drawing every semester and most of the time it was with live models. We learned to draw whatever we saw. There were a lot of exercises to train the eye and to coordinate it with our hands. We did so many strange drawing exercises, but by the time I left Sewanee I could pretty well duplicate anything I saw. Drawing from memory became something I stayed away from. My live eye was always better than my memory, and my hand trusted my eye completely. The one thing I learned was art wasn't about subject matter, but "subject doesn't matter".

During this time my concentration was on landscapes with my greatest influence, after Dr. Carlos, being an artist he introduced me to William Turner. He was a British artist of the 19th Century, whose

wild skies and use of color would precede the Impressionists by fifty years. Carlos and I would paint watercolors from the edge of cliffs just off the mountain top campus. After graduation I continued to paint these live watercolors. I've painted over 10,000 landscapes.

I gave up my scholarship after two years and moved to Florida to follow the lady who would become the first former Mrs. Clark. I ended up getting my Fine Arts degree from Florida Atlantic in Boca Raton. The school was convenient, which isn't the

best reason to pick a school. The two years at FAU were quite an adjustment from my previous old-school approach to drawing and painting that emphasized draftsmanship. FAU was seeded in contemporary art with the emphasis on Abstract Expressionism, and it only took one day to learn that if I was going to survive with that faculty, I had to paint like them. In retrospect it was perfect for what I needed to complete my skill set. I learned how to put the paint on with a wide array of techniques. I'd never worked in layers or even heard the word scumbling before FAU. At FAU, if you didn't scumble, life wasn't worth living.

What I did learn was more about paint than I ever imaged. I became



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**Opposite, top:** *Street Sense*; collection of Carl & Wanda Nafzger. **Bottom:** *Balance*; collection John & Jerry Amerman. **Above:** *Barbaro*; collection of Roy & Gretchen Jackson. **Left:** *Showing Up*; collection of Barclay Tagg. All work copyright the artist.

aware of transparency, opacity, and texture, and how these could be combined with...what else? Scumbling! There was one common element between the lessons of Sewanee and FAU: "Subject doesn't matter".

It was during the period at FAU that I saw for the first time the pastels of my future mother-in-law, a graduate of the American Academy of Art in Chicago. I had never seen better pastels in my life, and almost every one of them was of a horse. For a kid who had grown up painting horses, but didn't dare do it in college for fear of bad things happening, it was great to see pieces featuring horses and artwork that was well executed--with a masterful touch by every standard I had been taught in terms of craftsmanship and the handling of the medium. It wasn't paint, but the way the pastels were applied was as exciting as the image produced.

Seeing those pastels gave me the inspiration to tell the academic world to screw off. I had entered shows all through college with a variety of paintings that would have been right at home in the most Avant-Garde of magazines; being accepted in every show and usually picking up awards each time. But finally I was liberated to paint what I wanted to paint. If it's true that subject doesn't matter, then no one should have a problem with what I paint...as long as I paint it well.

After graduation I moved to Ocala, Florida with my wife to run a little Arabian horse farm. Let's face it, if a kid wants to paint horses all of his life and then sees his first Arabian, the sight of that Arabian is both a reward and further motivation. We lived in Ocala for two years in the middle of Thoroughbred farms. I was encouraged to paint Thoroughbreds, but to my eye the Arabian was beauty queen of horses, why paint Thoroughbreds?

During this time I tried my hand at selling my artwork. I loaded a bunch of pieces into a horse trailer and drove to Kentucky to the Arabian Nationals in Louisville. My Thoroughbred neighbors suggested that while I was in KY, I should at least go by Lexington and see the horse farms.

Two events happened on this trip. First, I couldn't give my art away. It was the cheapest at the show and to my pretty well-trained eye, it was as good as anything there. I just assumed the artwork was so good that people would hand me money and elect me governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. Wrong, but at least it didn't hurt as much as the Shetland Pony--well maybe it did, but in a different way.

The second thing that happened on this trip was that I did go by Lexington. Even that was an adventure. It started with me calling Claiborne Farm (that's who my Thoroughbred friends said was the best farm). The manager quickly informed this 22 year old kid that they don't show artists the horses. So, scratch Claiborne off the list, we'll just drive around Lexington. Lost in the middle of nowhere I happened to go by an entrance that said Claiborne Farm. My not yet ex-wife encouraged me to go in anyhow, just to show them my portfolio. Being naïve, why not?

I met with the manager and told him I was the guy he told not to come over; not always a great way to start a conversation. The manager was John Sosby, he was a big, stout-looking man that could have snapped me like a twig. He patiently studied the portfolio of Arabian artwork, all the while I walked around the office looking at several prints by Richard Stone Reeves who had been my idol since I was kid. Mr. Sosby called me over and asked me if I knew of Richard Stone Reeves. I stammered out some blabber of hero worship, which is when I was floored to hear him say, "You work is already better." Too stunned for words, Mr. Sosby called in a few of his men and we went to the barns to "Show Mr. Clark the horses." I do believe it was the first time in my life I was called Mr. Clark.

I wasn't a Thoroughbred artist, I was a kid who watched the Triple Crown races between baseball games. But I knew the names of a few



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*Above: Well Armed; collection of Bill & Susan Casner. Copyright Robert Clark.*



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of horses, like the first horse they brought out: Secretariat.

He was a big round horse. I knew who he was but it was a cold rainy day, and he was just not in the mood for this interruption. The big red horse stood there, and I tried to look like I had an idea what I was doing as I snapped away with my little Instamatic camera. I remember thinking, "This is the greatest race horse ever, what am I doing here?"

Secretariat was just the start of the parade. He was followed by Riva Ridge, Tom Rolfe, Nijinsky, Spectacular Bid, Mr. Prospector, Conquistador Cielo, and Danzig. When I finished bothering these incredible stallions, Mr. Sosby recommended that I

make one more stop down the road to see a couple of other horses, and sent me to Spendthrift Farm, where I was able to see Seattle Slew and Affirmed. Just that quickly the artist that couldn't give away his art in Louisville was given red carpet treatment to see three US Triple Crown winners and one European Triple Crown winner. Then, it was back to Louisville to claim my unsold art, and slither out of town.

When I got back to Florida I had to make a decision based upon the results of my trip to Kentucky. I had to get a job. One of the guys I played softball with was a stockbroker and he was always telling me I should be a stockbroker. I was good at math, and since he was no rocket scientist,

I figured anybody could do it. After about a year of begging, the manager of the Ocala Merrill Lynch office said, "You're hired". The training program lasted about four months back then, with the last month being spent in New York.

I poured myself into the job, and when I got back from New York I learned that my almost ex-wife had slipped away to Europe with a horse trainer.

On that note, it was time for a change of scenery. I transferred to a Merrill Lynch office in Miami. As I started the new job, I sat down and did something I learned from my high school football coach. I wrote out my goals in the form of a 10 year plan, with the culmination being to return as a Equine Artist after making my fortune in the stock market. Naïve should have been my middle name.

After a couple of months in Miami, Merrill hired a senior broker from another firm, and selected me to partner with him. He knew the business and I would supply the sweat labor, which was mostly telephone calling. Imagine that--a kid who can't give his art away (a profession I was formally trained to do) now expected to get people to give him money to invest; is the irony apparent?

My partner was the best sales person I have ever known and he completely changed my misconception of selling from 'making people buy what you have', to instead finding out from each individual who they are, what they want, what they don't want, and helping them to get it.

Selling and marketing became fun and success as a broker was pretty good. We started writing a newspaper column in the Florida Keys and then syndicated it out to almost forty other newspapers and magazines. I learned how to think outside the box and also how to put the client ahead of the firm and my own wants, which in the long run led to even greater success, and the referrals poured in. Business was so good that the 10 year plan was about to get lost in the money I was making. Then the market crashed in 1987, but that was a minor event compared to what happened the following



Monday.

On October 26, 1987, a client walked into the office and shot the office manager and his broker, killing the manager and paralyzing his broker, before killing himself. The client was on FBI witness relocation and no one had any idea. I've always been amazed how that story was out of the newspapers in less than two days.

This tragedy crystallized in my mind that in my heart I was an artist, and this job was only a part of my 10 year plan. My partner and I accepted a job to manage an office with Paine Webber in Melbourne, FL. To the month, ten years after starting to work as a stockbroker, I quit Paine Webber, and pulled out a canvas I had been saving for ten years.

One other thing happened while I lived in Miami, that in some ways *is* that "perfect storm" of three unrelated things coming together all at once. As I mentioned my interest since childhood was sports, art, and horses. While living in Miami one of my other softball buddies was a professional handicapper, and he took me to see my first horse race at Hialeah. He knew I liked horses because I had Arabian artwork all over my house, those same pieces I couldn't give away in Kentucky. It was the first time for me that horses and sports were one and the same.

The perfect storm: Thoroughbred racing. It scratches all my itches...it was horses, it was sports, and eventually it would be my art. While I was still a stockbroker I became a walking encyclopedia of horse racing, reading everything I could get my hands on. In Arabians you learn the importance of breeding and an eye for conformation. I took that knowledge, combined it with my artist's skills, and rubbed them together until a fire started.

When I walked away from the brokerage job I took with me an arsenal of marketing skills, which was the missing link I needed to go from making art that I couldn't give away to helping people know what they want in a painting and then helping them get it. I've directed a lot of business to other artists over the years, but in the long run



**Above:** *Azeri*; collection of Michael & Lenora Paulson. **Opposite:** *Premium Tap*; collection of Dave Whelihan. All work copyright the artist.

that was what was best for all concerned.

I took a bit of a different route to get back to being a studio artist after leaving the brokerage career. I had gotten involved with the local museum and was placed on the board of directors. It was an interesting time as the museum was going through the accreditation process, so it was a first-hand experience to see the legal requirements that had to be met and the balancing act of politics in the arts. While serving the museum as a board member I was also an instructor in their art school, teaching

a course I designed called SKILLS (for Sight, Kolor, Intensity, Line, Light). The class size outgrew the space at the museum. One of my favorite tricks was teaching students to see local color the way the French Impressionists did. It was a great parlor trick that had people convinced I was psychic until I taught them to see the subtle colors of reflected light.

At the same time I was operating my own art gallery in Melbourne called Dragon Point Gallery. My concentration was on the local art scene, which ended up getting



me elected as the president of the local art guild (couldn't you just stick a sign on my back that says "kick me"), putting me in a unique situation of serving on the museum board and heading up the artist organization (Please, Kick Me!). During this time I was refereeing skirmishes between artists and shaking my head at the politics with the museum, while not painting enough of my own work. But I was still able to get out to paint my sunrise watercolors over the ocean, never missing a day for seven years (including a few tropical storms even when the barrier island I live on was supposed to be evacuated).

She had seen the episode I hosted and she asked if she could produce the show, line up guests and do the off camera work. It was the only way I would do a second show. It worked great; within a few weeks it was obvious that the show was hitting primarily on the arts. We changed the format of the show and the name to FOCUS. I went on to host the show for five years, filming more than 200 episodes. During that time I interviewed artists, sculptors, actors, painters, photographers, dancers, musicians, and promoted countless charity events involving the arts. FOCUS still airs on PBS after 17 years, and I'm proud to know that

somebody, clothes somebody, or provides medical care to somebody that might have gone without, that is a wonderful scenario for art. With that being said, the artist is all too often abused by the organizations that call on them. Why should artists always be expected to give their work away for nothing except the promise of "exposure"--isn't exposure what kills the man lost in the desert? In a time that puts great emphasis on creativity, frankly putting paint on a canvas is not a highly creative activity--the fine art world too often chooses shock value over skill. Being able to use art to positively affect the community while providing meaningful benefits back to the artists for their generosity is a *true* test of creativity.

I never take the business of being an artist for granted nor do I complain about it. My years as a financial consultant taught me the concepts of marketing, networking, client development, referral gathering, and how to organize campaigns. I've also learned to respect the process of selling, not to dread it or think negatively about it. I specialized in high end sales, which requires a consultative approach in working with people.

Sure, I paint horses; but at the end of the day my job is to make people happy. The best chance of that happening is when we communicate.

For me, painting came to me in a couple stages. My first set of Acrylic tubes was a Christmas present from my grandmother when I was 11. I guess the family figured I was ready to move up to serious paint from the kids' watercolors I used all the time.

I did have an important experience when I was taking guitar lessons. I was practicing an hour or so every day, and each week I'd go to the lesson and there'd be no improvement. Then the teacher said something that hit me right between the eyes. "You can practice every day for the rest of your life and you'll never be as good as me; just like I can paint every day for the rest of my life and I'll never be as good as you."

That rattles around in my head still to this day; know your talents and see the blessing in them.

My first artistic influence was my professor in college, Dr. Ed Carlos, who became my best friend and with whom I have



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Shortly after opening my gallery I was a guest on a local television program that emphasized local history, and my paintings of local landmarks made for a nice topic. A few weeks later I was called by the lady who hosted the show. She informed me that she was retiring for health reasons and wanted me to take over as the host of the history show. I figured why not do one episode? I did a show featuring two support people from Kennedy Space Center. It was going to be a one-and-done proposition for me. However, I received a phone call from a lady named Monia Howes, who was a huge supporter of the arts in the area.

I played a role in jump-starting one of the best media outlets for the arts.

This experience put me in a situation to be proactive with numerous fundraisers. I was also in the Rotary Club, and spearheaded a new calendar fundraiser featuring the artwork of local artists. We raised money from entries to be juried for the calendar (I was smart enough to insist that none of my art be used in the calendar); then the club sold a few thousand calendars as one of their most successful projects. It's been this variety of experiences that have given me multiple points of reference in the art world. If in the process, your art feeds



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*Top:* Invasor; collection of Sheikh Hamdan Bin Rashid Al Maktoum. *Above:* Saint Liam; collection of William Warren. *Opposite:* Lucarno; collection of George Strawbridge. All work copyright the artist.





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## All I want to do is paint Thoroughbreds.

stayed in contact for the past 30 years. For all the natural talent that I had, he pushed me to work hard at developing each component of my skill set. The most measurable improvement was developing the drawing skills, but the most important attribute was instilling the mentality of an artist into a lifestyle—you are an artist 24 hours a day, every day, forever.

No matter what you do, being an artist is not a job you go to, it's a state of mind that keeps the eyes open, and keeps the mind fully engaged in the quest to find the best way to let what goes in my eye flow out through my hand.

Having painted plein air literally thousands of times means being able to work fast, which is second nature to me. Painting sky scenes for years requires the ability to completely change the painting while working. With early influences of William Turner and the Impressionists, it's no wonder that I can fly by the seat of my paints responding with a "see it, paint it" approach. I see all those fast paintings and landscape watercolors much the same as the thou-

sands of gesture drawings from college. It was the stepping stone to something more substantial still to come.

In the study of art history, how equine art fits in is very eye-opening. For centuries, as artists would come out of their training either in academic environments or apprenticeship with master artists, the best artists would be designated the royal court artist, to paint for the King and his family. These artists would spend their lives doing portraits. There was a hierarchy of what type of artists they would become based upon their talent level. Artists who were designated as equine artists to paint for the King's court were generally inferior to the portrait artists down through history. These first equine artists were good, but not the best in all the land. Many of these court painters did not or would not have chosen horses as their subject matter if allowed to choose what to paint.

Today, artists have much more liberty in choosing what subject they want to paint. But, are many of the top art students coming out of school painting horses because that is all they ever wanted to paint? Probably not—but I'd like to think that I have the necessary talent to paint portraits for the King, but have chosen to paint the King's horse instead.

There is another difference now in the training of most artists who work realistically—there are fine art programs, and commercial art programs.

In a commercial art program, the train-

ing is about developing a skill set to specifically produce work that is quick and as realistic as possible, using any tools possible to jump directly to the end result. Every commercial art program teaches the student how to project a photograph onto paper or canvas, and then proceed to cover the surface. Once the paper is covered, the work is finished. This is a pragmatic approach to meeting deadlines.

A fine art program is geared to developing a creative product as the end result. Realism is often taboo in many fine art programs with the preference for art that's new, which could mean splashed, thrown, dripped, and anything else that screams "new". Of course, people have been dribbling paint since Louis Armstrong was tinkering with jazz. Each of these schools of art education have their merits and their drawbacks.

From a fairly contemporary equine art perspective, there are those who come from a commercial art background who work with a quick, single layer of paint, over a projected line drawing; these would include the likes of Fred Stone. Those that come out of a Fine Art background use the technique of building paint layers with increasing detail and paint density to create a rich, luminous quality—like Richard Stone Reeves, who often worked in a fashion similar to the French Impressionists.

In terms of technique I would classify myself in this category, but I'd be more comparable to the Dutch School of Rembrandt, that worked wet paint over dry layers to create a glow as colors show through the layers of glazed paint.

This is a profession. I have no tolerance for cheaters. I've been shocked to find that artists are printing photographs on canvas and painting over them, calling them originals and selling them for outrageous prices. These people only have one thing lower than their talent—their ethics. They enter shows and get accepted in artist societies based upon this fake art. There is nothing wrong with selling a cubic zirconium, but you will go to jail if you sell it as a real diamond. Why no one has ever stepped in and put their foot down (on the back of the necks of these people) I can't understand.

It's a fraud, but many collectors have been deceived and have no idea, while these artists continue to frequent the homes and race tracks that they've ripped off.

I don't seem to have time for "other interests". I love to paint, I love horses, I love horse racing and between those three things—and being where those things converge—is a full time labor of love. I travel





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**Above:** *Roses In May*; collection of Shigeyuki Okada. **Opposite:** *Indygo Shiner*, collection of Frank & Jane Lyon. All work copyright the artist.

a lot, but if I'm at home, then I'm in the studio painting. All I want to do is paint Thoroughbreds, and fortunately with a bit leg work to keep the pipeline full, I'm able to do just that.

I've realized it was always a part of my life. At a high school reunion I was approached by a class mate who asked, "Do you know what I always remember about you from school?" In that moment I thought about all the sports I played, being the class president, and honor student; but I was surprised when she continued, "You were always sitting around drawing horses...So Bob, what do you do now?" Without hesitation I answered, "I sit around and draw horses."

I painted *Invasor* for Sheikh Hamdan of Dubai. What made this meaningful is that I had tried for years to paint horses for his brother Sheikh Mohammed, but was told by his farm manager that the Arabs don't

paint their horses, they only do photographs. The fact that *Invasor* hangs in the palace in Dubai is very satisfying. I have a letter from the Sheikh raving about the painting, which means more to me than any award I've ever won.

I do love the painting of *Lear's Princess* too, for sentimental reasons. She raced for West Point Thoroughbred, and one of the partners that owned her lived just a mile from me. Clyde Haugen and I got to be racing buddies, getting together to watch races together and getting together with his family at the track. Clyde fought cancer for over 20 years and was a great inspiration to many people fighting the disease. Clyde and I had a gentleman's agreement that I would paint all his Grade 1 winners. When *Lear's Princess* won her Grade 1 at Belmont, Clyde called me from the winner's circle and told me to get the paints out. Clyde died less than a year later, but I

know he loved that painting. So, I guess I love that painting for him now.

I painted *Roses In May* twice, but in neither case did the painting end up with the person that was supposed to get it. The first time I let the painting go into a show in Louisville during the Kentucky Derby in 2005. On Friday night before the Derby, I see Ken Ramsey in a restaurant in Louisville. I introduced myself and he told me he had seen the painting in the show. After a few minutes he agreed to buy the painting. When the show was over, I was informed that the *Roses In May* painting had sold. I assumed it was Mr. Ramsey and was told that a family member did buy the painting for him, but the organizer would not give me the buyer's name. I didn't want to ruin what might have been a surprise, so I stayed quiet only to learn several months later that Mr. Ramsey didn't get the painting. He went by to buy the





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*Above: Lear's Princess; collection of Doris Haugen. Copyright Robert Clark.*

painting but it was already sold. Of course, in his mind I had reneged on the deal; but I had no knowledge of any of these events. So, somewhere out there is a painting of Roses In May that I did, but I have no idea where or who owns it.

The second time I painted Roses In May, it was for Denzel Brendemuehl, who had owned him as a yearling. I had met Shigeyuki Okada, whose Big Red Farm in Japan stands the horse now. He asked to buy the painting, but I told him I could not do that and copied the email to Denzel-who very quickly called me and encour-

aged me to sell it to him. Danzel got a print of the painting, and an invitation to visit the farm in Japan.

I like looking at a finished painting still on the easel, and feeling that I've made it to the best of my abilities. Fortunately, it seems that every painting I do today is better than the last one. I look at what I do today and wonder if they could possibly be any better...then I paint another one and push the bar a little higher. It's pushing the bar higher than I ever imaged it going that makes me feel good.

I've been very fortunate to have

painted at most of the major race tracks in North America...but the rest of the world is still out there.

The joy of my life now is my two daughters. Nichole will be a freshman at the University of South Florida and is on the cheerleading squad; Courtney is 14 and is amazing in her own right.

I feel as if I have spent my life paying my dues to develop my skills, and earning the knowledge required to turn artistic talent into a thriving business career.

On that note, all I want to do is continue to paint the greatest Thoroughbred race horses of this generation.

Time will tell if I've done it well in terms of historical standards.

~interview by Lyne Raff

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*Paintings photographed by James Clark.  
Photograph of Bob courtesy Matt Wooley,  
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*Left: Bob inside the paddock area of a racetrack, working on his painting 'Dream Empress'. Photo courtesy Matt Wooley, EquiSport Photos, [www.equisportphotos.com](http://www.equisportphotos.com)*