

Sean Landers

October / December 2015



THE WHY,
THE WHERE,
THE WHEN,
AND THE
NEVER
ENDING
WHAT FOR

USE IT NOW,
HOW TIME FLOWS,
THROUGH A
PERSON

FIRST FILLING
THEM WITH
LIFE AND STRENGTH

THEN IT CHANGES
DIRECTION
AND BEGINS
TO DRAIN
THOSE
THINGS
FROM THEM

ACCEPTING
THIS REALITY
IS THE ONLY
FRUIT OF
MATURITY

JELLYFISH
DRIFT IN
TIME,
EQUALLY
UNAWARE
OF IN WHAT
WE FLOAT



WITHOUT
ME

BOTH STREN
AND MOTIVATION
TO PERSEVERE

"THE WOODS
ARE LOVELY
DARK AND
DEEP" R.E.

BUT I
HAVE
PROMISES
TO KEEP"

THE GOAL IS
TO BE TAKEN
FOR GRANTED.

LIKE A BIG
STONE OR A
BODY OF WATER,
SOMETHING THAT
WILL BE

THE ONLY
SPACE
S TO
MATTER

AND
THIS ART
JUST A
BACKGROUND
WHERE
NOTHING
DOES.

MINDS OF
GIANTS
BODIES
OF ANTS
WE GOT A
SQUIRREL
IN MY
PANTS

WHERE
THERE IS
NO SMOKE

THERE IS
STILL
COULD BE
FIRE

IGNORANCE
MAY NOT
BE BLISS
BUT IT DOES
HAVE
AESTHETIC
PROPERTIES

NOT SEEING
THE FOREST
THROUGH
THE TREES
MAY NOT
BE SO BAD
AFTER ALL



IN CONSEC-
UTIVE THOUGHTS
ONE CAN
OPINE BOTH
LIFE'S BREVITY
AND ITS
SEASONS



"AND MILES TO
GO BEFORE
I SLEEP

AND MILES TO
GO BEFORE
I SLEEP" R.E.

Sean Landers

–

October / December 2015

Red Deer, 2015
Oil on linen
172.7 x 132.1 cm
68 x 52 in



Elk, 2015
Oil on linen
165.1 x 127 cm
65 x 50 in





(previous page)
Juvenile Caribou, 2015
Oil on linen
121.9 x 162.6 cm
48 x 64 in

Musk Ox, 2015
Oil on linen
172.7 x 132.1 cm
68 x 52 in



Prong Horn, 2015
Oil on linen
165.1 x 127 cm
65 x 50 in



Big Horn Sheep, 2015
Oil on linen
162.6 x 121.9 cm
64 x 48 in





(previous page)
Afterglow, 2015
Oil on linen
152.4 x 198.1 cm
60 x 78 in

Afterglow

"What's so amazing that keeps us stargazing and what do we think we might see?
Someday we'll find it." – K. the Frog.

Art is little solace but it is solace.

Bang Bang, you're... still alive?

Sustain.

Afterglow.

Are you OK man? Yes I'm fine. Why so morbid then? Because death is the seed of all great art. OK sure, but you'll still be dead right?

The Siren song of self-expression luring young sailors away from the bucolic acres of youth only to founder upon the rocky shoals of urban blight and nameless obscurity.

I saw you there in that room, were you writing something? Was it this?

I believe in the mark that lasts forever. I believe it's necessary for humanity to cherish marks that endure. These marks show us that we are all united across time. This is important for not losing sight of who and what we are. What are we again?

Poetic intro.

Early Years. Embarrassing content equals artistic gratification.

Adolescence. Proliferating ideas constituting foundation for life's work.

Middle years. Proving self to self. Moving from extemporaneous thought to orchestrated.

Late years. Making sense of it. Drawing conclusions.

Poetic outro.

When a series nears its end it feels like a death. I don't want to move on. I want to stay with you and brush the falling snowflakes off of your face.

Wormhole – Patiner / Me now – A warping of time and space true of only gravity and art.

"Have you been half asleep? And have you heard voices? I've heard them calling my name; is this the sweet sound that called the young sailors? The voice might be one and the same." – K. the Frog.

I put life into this now watch it grow old. 4Ever young. Are you a child? Yes. Don't go, don't leave me.

If sad music = writing, is joy antithetical to art making? No, I'm happiest when I'm sad and saddest when happy.

"Round, like a circle in a spiral. Like a wheel within a wheel. Like a snowball down a mountain, or a carnival balloon. Like a carousel that's turning running rings around the moon. Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its face. And the word is like an apple whirling silently in space. Like the circles that you find in the windmills of your mind." – Legrand + Bergman ².

Dawn breaks upon the sea. A frail vessel slips across alee.

Creative freedom, the carrot – insignificance and misery the stick.

So much to carry. Limping across the finish line. So much left to do.

Weeping at your still hollow chest.

So long old chum.



ANOTHER
MELANCHOLIC
REFLECTION
SAVED BY
HUMOUR

RINSE,
REPEAT

STOPPING
BY WOODS
ON A
SNOWY
EVENING"
R.F.

BOYHOOD
MANHOOD
DEATHHOOD



"KEEPS
ON
SLIPPIN'
SLIPPIN'
..."

WHOSE
WOODS ARE
THESE I
THINK I
KNOW
HIS HOUSE
IS IN THE
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THOUGH

WE WILL NOT
SEE ME HERE
TO WATCH
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SNOW."

MY LITTLE
HORSE MUST
THINK IT
OVER TO
STOP WITH-
OUT A FARM
HOUSE NEAR
BETWEEN
WOODS AND
FROZEN LAKE
THE DARKEST
EVENING OF
THE YEAR."
R.F.



IT WOULD
BE GOOD TO
BE IMMORTAL
ON TWO CONDITIONS:
ONE, TO KEEP THE
BODY OF A THIRTY
YEAR OLD.

TWO,
THAT YOU CONTINUE
TO GAIN INTELLIGENCE,
EXPERIENCE AND
KNOWLEDGE

THIRD CONDITION,
THAT YOU WILL
NOT BE PREDISPOSED
TOWARD DEPRESSION
AND BE ABLE TO RECOVER
FROM THE ENDLESS
LOSS OF LOVE

SECOND THOUGHT
IT WOULD NOT
BE GOOD TO BE
IMMORTAL.



IT LET
NOT ATTEMPT
THAT

BUT IT'S JUST
A RESPIRE THAT
THE SUN WILL
ONE DAY
WASH AWAY

OH
FUCK IT

I WANT
TO LIVE
FOREVER

NO I
DON'T



USES IT NOW,
HOW TIME FLOWS,
THROUGH A
PERSON.

FIRST FILLING
THEM WITH
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THEN IT CHANGES
DIRECTION
AND BEGINS
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ACCEPTING
THIS REALITY
IS THE ONLY
FRUIT OF
MATURITY

JELLYFISH
DRIFT IN
TIME,
EQUALLY
UNWARE
OF IN WHAT
WE FLOAT



CARRY
ON



WITHOUT
ME

BEAUTY IS
SOON SEEN
AND DESTROYED
TO PASS BY

THE WOODS
ARE LOVELY
BUT THEY
ARE DEAD

THE GOAL IS
TO BE TAKEN
FOR GRANTED

LIKE A BIG
STONE OR A
BODY OF WATER,
SOMETHING THAT
WILL ALWAYS
BE



WHERE
THERE IS
NO SHADOW

THERE
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CAN BE
FIRE

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MAY NOT
BE BLISS
BUT IT DOES
HAVE
SOMEWHAT OF
THE QUALITIES

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THE WHY,
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IN CONSEC-
UTIVE THOUGHTS
ONE CAN
OPIE BOTH
LIFE'S SWEET
AND ITS
BETTERNESS



"AND MILES TO
GO BEFORE
I SLEEP

AND MILES TO
GO BEFORE
I SLEEP"
R.F.

(previous page)
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, 2015
Oil on linen
152.4 x 198.1 cm
60 x 78 in

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Another melancholic reflection saved by humour. Rinse, repeat.

"Stopping by woods on a snowy evening" – R.F.

Boyhood, manhood, deathhood.

Time. "Keeps on slippin', slippin', slippin..."

"Whose woods are these I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me here to watch his woods fill up with snow. My little horse must think it queer to stop without a farmhouse near between woods and frozen lake the darkest evening of the year." – R.F.

I want to live forever / No I don't.

It would be good to be immortal on two conditions:

One, to keep the body of a thirty year old.

Two, that you continue to gain intelligence, experience and knowledge.

Third condition, that you will not be predisposed toward depression and be able to recover from the endless loss of love. Second thought it would not be good to be immortal. I'll let art attempt that. But art's just a residue that the sun will one day wash away. Oh fuck it.

"He gives his harness bells a shake to ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep of easy wind and downy flake." – R.F.

Carry on / Without me.

I see it now, how time flows, through a person. First filling them with life and strength. Then it changes direction and begins to drain those things from them. Accepting this reality is the only fruit of maturity.

Jellyfish adrift in time, equally unaware of in what we float.

Beauty is both siren and motivation to persevere. "The woods are lovely dark and deep," – R.F. "But I have promises to keep."

The goal is to be taken for granted. Like a big stone or a body of water, something that is and always will be.

The only solace is to matter. And this amidst a backdrop where nothing does.

Minds of giants bodies of ants – I've got a squirrel in my pants.

Near light. Where there is no smoke there still can be fire.

Ignorance may not be bliss but it does have anesthetic properties.

Not seeing the forest through the trees may not be so bad after all.

The why, the where, the when, and the never ending what for.

Fyrsta.

In consecutive thoughts one can opine both life's brevity and it's ceaselessness.

Film credits.

"And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sleep." – R.F.



FEATH
IS IN
EVERY
GOODBYE
L. COHEN

THE DESIRE
OF THE
PRODIGES
IT
BYRON

WILLING
LONG FOR
THE FORTNIGHT
WHY DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE
THEMSELVES
WILL RAIN
SUNDAY
AFTERNOON
L. COHEN

CONTENT OF
ART
SO CHEER UP,
THERE IS SOMETHING
FAR WORSE
IN STORE



AS TIME
MOVES ON
MOST EVERYTHING
BECOMES
BURIED

FIRST YOU'RE
THE NEW GUY,
THEN YOU'RE
THE ESTABLISH-
MENT AND THEN
YOU'RE FORGOTTEN



THE BEST WE
CAN HOPE FOR

TO BE SURROUNDED
BY BUTTERFLIES
AS WE ROT



JUST KIDDING
NO I'M NOT
YES I AM

NEOSTALGIA IS
AN ENEMY
NO I'M NOT

BUT SOMETIMES
IT'S TOO WONDERFUL
TO LOOK AWAY
FROM
L. COHEN

IT'S A
GLIMPSE
THAT GRABS
US A
STARE AND
EVEN FULLY
INTO AN
OBSESSION

IT'S A THING
FOR WHICH
GAINING
EQUALS
LOSING

WHERE
ADVANCEMENT
IS
DISADVANTAGE
AND
WINNING
ABOUT IT
ONLY MAKES
IT MORE
LOSS

THE SWING
GRACE IS
THAT THE ONE
ALTERNATIVE
IS MUCH MORE
GRACE

SO CHEER UP!

IN A YOUNG
PERSON'S EYES.
IT ENVELOPS
YOU QUICKLY
AFTER THAT
AND IT NEVER
LETS GO



THE THREE
STAGES OF LIFE:

1. I'M A JOKE?
2. I'M A JOKE!
3. I'M A JOKE.

1. IS ABOUT FILLING UP,
LEARNING IS BEAUTIFUL
2. IS ABOUT EMPTYING,
TEACHING IS BEAUTIFUL
3. IS ABOUT ACCEPTANCE,
LIFE IS MEANINGLESS



JUST KIDDING
NO I'M NOT

WE LAUGHED
AND WE CRIED
AND WE
LAUGHED
AGAIN
L. COHEN



MY MASCARA
IS RUNNING
AND

"I'VE GOT BLISTERS
ON MY FINGERS"
G.H.

80% DUMMY
20% GENIUS
LUCKILY
THE DUMMY
HAS FAR
LESS MASS



IS
UNDEFATIGABLE
AND POSSESSES
A CERTAIN
CHARM

WHICH IS
APPARENTLY
NOT
OBSERVABLE
BY EVERYONE

IN BARREL
APPROACHING
THE FALLS



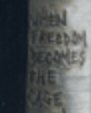
I AM INSANE
I KNOW IT
AND I USE IT



THERE IS
ALWAYS
ANOTHER
UNTIL
THERE
ISN'T
AND THEN
IT WILL
REMAIN
ON THE
WALL
ABOVE

DEATH LOOKS
INTO LIFE'S
EYES AND
FALLS IN
LOVE

LIFE LOOKS
INTO DEATH'S
EYES AND
SEES AN
ASSHOLE
IN MID-LIFE
CRISIS



WHEN FREEDOM
BECOMES
THE CAGE
AND THE
CAGE
BECOMES
FREEDOM

AND ONCE
AGAIN,
WHY NOT
THERE SO
MANY SONGS
ABOUT
RAINBOWS
AND
WHAT IS
ON THE
OTHER
SIDE

(previous page)
Joke? Joke! Joke., 2015
Oil on linen
137.2 x 182.9 cm
54 x 72 in

Joke? Joke! Joke.

"Death is in every goodbye." – A. Sexton.

"The desire of life prolongs it." – Byron.

"Millions long for immortality who don't know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon." – S. Ertz.

Ageing is the penultimate content of art.

So cheer up, there is something far worse in store.

Everything.

As time moves on most everything becomes buried.

First you're the new guy, then you're the establishment and then you're forgotten.

The best we can hope for? To be surrounded by butterflies as we rot.

Just kidding. No I'm not. Yes I am. No I'm not.

Nostalgia is an enemy. But sometimes it's too wonderful to look away from – Schlock.

It's a glimpse that grows into a stare and eventually into an obsession. It's a thing for which gaining equals losing. Where advancement is disadvantageous and whining about it only makes it miserable. The saving grace is that the one alternative is much more grim. So cheer up!

The first time you see it it's in a young person's eyes. It envelops you quickly after that and it never lets go.

The three stages of life:

1. I'm a joke?

2. I'm a joke!

3. I'm a joke.

1. Is about filling up, learning is beautiful.

2. Is about emptying, teaching is beautiful.

3. Is about acceptance, life is meaningless.

Just kidding. No I'm not. Yes I am. No I'm not. Yes I am.

My mascara is running and "I've got blisters on my fingers." – G.H.

We laughed and we cried and we laughed again. – L. Cohen

80% dummy 20% genius.

Luckily the dummy has far less mass is indefatigable and possesses a certain charm, which is apparently not observable by everyone.

In barrel approaching the falls.

I am insane. I know it and I use it.

There is always another until there isn't and there it will remain on the wall above.

Death looks into life's eyes and falls in love. Life looks into death's eyes and sees an asshole in mid-life crisis.

When freedom becomes the cage and the cage becomes freedom.

And once again, why are there so many songs about rainbows and what is on the other side.

Biography

Sean Landers was born in 1962 in Palmer, Massachusetts, USA. He received a BFA in 1984 from the Philadelphia College of Art and an MFA from Yale University School of Art in 1986.

His first solo exhibition, "Art, Life and God," opened in 1990 at Postmasters in New York, where he first exhibited a semiautobiographical quasi-screenplay as art, along with wet terra-cotta sculptures housed in plastic bags. Solo exhibitions soon followed at Andrea Rosen Gallery in New York in 1992 and 1993, incorporating video along with terra-cotta sculptures and handwritten stream-of-consciousness text drawings. With a marked shift in materials, the next solo exhibitions were comprised of large-scale handwritten stream-of-consciousness oil paintings and cast sculptures, as seen at White Cube in London, Bruno Brunet Fine Arts in Berlin, and Regen Projects Los Angeles in 1994, and in 1995 at Andrea Rosen Gallery in New York, as well as Galerie Jennifer Flay in Paris. Group exhibitions in which this type of work could be seen were "I, Myself and Others" at Le Magasin in Grenoble in 1992, "Backstage" at the Kunstverein in Hamburg and the Venice Biennale, both in 1993, "Young Americans" at the Saatchi Collection in London in 1996, and "Heart, Mind, Body, Soul: American Art in the 1990s" at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York in 1997.

In 1996, Landers began to use imagery to represent the stream-of-consciousness writing that had been his previous hallmark. Clowns in peril in nature, colonial revelers, and chimpanzees were most often portrayed and featured in shows at Rebecca Camhi Gallery in Athens, Stuart Regen Projects in Los Angeles, and Studio Guenzani in Milan. Landers's entire "A Midnight Modern Conversation" series, painted in 1996 and inspired by a William Hogarth painting, was included in "Wunderbar" at the Kunstverein in Hamburg in 1996.

Solo exhibitions in which Magritte's *Periode Vache* informed the work were held from 1998 to 2003 at Crown Gallery in Brussels, Taka Ishii Gallery in Tokyo, Andrea Rosen Gallery, Contemporary Fine Arts in Berlin, and greengrassi in London.

In 2004, Landers began to incorporate the written word back into his work until 2011's "Around the World Alone" exhibition at Friedrich Petzel Gallery, in which a sailor-clown once again made an appearance, embodying interior thought. Tartan-clad animal paintings from 2009 and new paintings of shelved books bearing highly-edited texts on their spines

were first shown together at a solo exhibition at greengrassi in 2012. That same year, in a solo exhibition at Galerie Rodolphe Janssen in Brussels, Landers's sailor-clown resurfaced, this time in a snow globe on a shelf in each library painting.

"Moby Dick (Merrilees)", the large-scale painting commissioned for the 2013 edition of "Unlimited" in Basel, became a new starting point for Landers with respect to Magritte's *Periode Vache*. This painting embodies Landers's continued pursuit of artistic freedom, necessary to make a work of art that remains relevant throughout time. The paintings shown at Petzel Gallery in 2014 and Galerie Rodolphe Janssen in 2015 are direct descendants of this giant tartan whale.

Major survey exhibitions of Landers's work have been presented at Kunsthalle Zürich (2004) and the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis (2010). Monographs were published by JRP|Ringier to accompany the exhibitions.

Work by the artist has been included in numerous museum group exhibitions, most recently in 2015 at the Deichtorhallen Hamburg in "Picasso in Contemporary Art," and at the Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus, OH, in "After Picasso: 80 Contemporary Artists." His work has also been seen in 2013 at the New Museum in "NYC 1993: Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star," and at the Drawing Center in "Drawing Time, Reading Time," both in New York. His work has been presented in exhibitions at MoMA PS1, New York; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art, North Adams; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Contemporary Arts Museum Houston; Serpentine Gallery, London; Saatchi Gallery, London; and the Venice Biennale, Athens Biennale, and Berlin Biennale.

His work is represented in numerous major museums as well as other public and private collections, including the Brooklyn Museum of Art, New York; Denver Art Museum; Fundación Jumex, Mexico City; Henry Art Gallery, Seattle; Los Angeles County Museum of Art; Sammlung Goetz, Munich; Sammlung Hoffmann, Berlin; Seattle Art Museum; Tate Modern, London; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

Landers lives and works in New York City.

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for all images

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BY WOODS
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BOYHOOD
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SECOND THOUGHT
IT WOULD NOT
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IMMORTAL.

IT LET
ART ATTEMPT
THAT

BUT ART IS JUST
A RESIDUE THAT
THE SUN WILL

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