

13-8-1993

Dear Sean!

I hear you reduce your contribution to 2 sculptures.

Please: This will be a very good show with many big projects by interesting artists. There is a lot of space. So please, keep to your old decision! You should at least have the chance to do 3 sculptures (if everything works well). Why don't you prepare 3 armatures? Three is the magic number, not two.

Find enclosed two proofs of clay. Please send a note, which one would be best. Yours Stephen



Massachusetts Higher Education Assistance Corporation  
330 Stuart Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02116  
(617) 426-9434

SEAN H LANDERS  
253A E HOUSTON ST AP  
T FLR 3RD  
NEW YORK NY 10002

DATE: 09/16/91

SSNO: 031-58-3405

DEAR SEAN H LANDERS:

The U.S. Department of Education (ED) holds the following defaulted student loan(s) which it intends to collect by offset against any Federal income tax refund which you may be entitled to receive during 1992. This loan was guaranteed by the Massachusetts Higher Education Assistance Corporation, a guarantee agency participating in the Guaranteed Student Loan Program. ED has reimbursed the Massachusetts Higher Education Assistance Corporation for its payments on this loan. ED's claim against you is based on that payment to the Massachusetts Higher Education Assistance Corporation. Please read the attached Notice of Proposed Offset of Federal Income Tax Refund for an explanation of your rights and the manner in which you must exercise them to avoid offset. Any in-person hearings will be held in Boston (See enclosed Notice).

Guarantee Agency records show the following information on these loans. Additional information on these loans may be found in records maintained by the Guarantee Agency. See enclosed Notice for instructions on how to request additional information on these loans.

Original default amount: \$20998.80

Total Amount Owed through Date of Loan Statement and Assigned to ED: \$23648.85

To pay this debt in full, send check or money order to:

Massachusetts Higher Education  
Berkeley Place at 330 Stuart St.  
Boston, MA 02116

For further information call: In-State 1-800-648-6550  
Out-State 1-800-343-2120

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Please detach and return with remittance

Landers, Sean H.  
031-58-3405  
408712016

Total amount owed: \$23648.85

9-24-91

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

\$23,648.85 IS MY TOTAL AMOUNT OWED AND BELIEVE ME I ~~W~~ WOULD <sup>BE</sup> DELIGHTED ~~TO~~ REMIT AT ONCE. AN IMMEDIATE REMITTANCE WOULD MEAN MANY THINGS TO ME. FIRST, IT WOULD MEAN THAT I WAS FINANCIALLY SOLVENT. SECONDLY, IT WOULD ABSOLVE MY GUILT IN BEING A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE S. AND L. CRISIS. THIRDLY, IT WOULD BEGIN TO REPAIR A SEEMINGLY IRRETRIEVABLY DAMAGED CREDIT RATING. FOURTH, IN THE CLIMATE OF TODAY'S DEBT SOCIETY, I'D FEEL A DEEP INNER PEACE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I'D BE A PREFERRED CITIZEN RATHER THAN A REGRETTED ONE. PLEASE EXCEPT MY SINCEREST APOLOGY THAT THE GLIMMER <sup>M</sup> OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY DOES NOT SHINE FROM ME. THAT I AM NOT IN FACT AN EXAMPLE OF OUR SOCIETIES PERFECTLY FORMED YOUNG ADULTS. THAT I AM NOT A SOURCE OF PRIDE TO MY DEAR COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS AND TO THIS GREAT NATION. DEAR GOD HEAR THE SORROW IN MY VOICE WHEN I CRY OUT THE TRUTH: I AM A LIABILITY!

I WRITE TO YOU TODAY TO MAKE A PROMISE TO YOU. ALTHOUGH THE DEBT TO YOU DOES NOT HANG A LONG ABOVE MY HEAD: IT KEEPS COMPANY <sup>WITH</sup> A \$7,000.00 DOLLAR N.D.S.L. AND THREE DEFAULTED CREDIT CARDS TOTALING AT ROUGHLY \$33,000.00 DOLLARS. I PRO

TO REMIT IMMEDIATELY ONCE I ACQUIRE THE NECESSARY RESOURCES. THIS IS NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE IT IS MY SANE AND LEVEL HEADED PROJECTION THAT SUCH AN ACT WILL BE POSSIBLE WITHIN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS.

SOMETIME AGO WHEN I USED TO TALK WITH YOUR REPRESENTATIVES, I TOLD THEM THEN THAT PAYING MY DEBTS WOULD COME AS A VERY GREAT PLEASURE TO ME AS SOON AS SUCH FUNDS BECAME AVAILABLE. THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION TO WHOMEVER THIS MAY CONCERN, IS THAT I AM AN ARTIST. BEFORE YOU ROLL YOUR EYES AND DISPATCH THIS CORRESPONDENCE TO YOUR WASTE BASKET CONSIDER THIS. I MOVED TO NEW YORK CITY FROM NEW HAVEN WHERE I ATTENDED YALE SCHOOL OF ART WHERE I INCURRED \$17,000.00 OF MY DEBT, ~~AT~~ FIVE YEARS AGO ALMOST TO THE DAY. DURING THAT TIME I'VE BEEN STRUGGLING WITH THE FEVER OF A DROWNING MAN TO SUCCEED AT THIS SEEMINGLY FOOLISH OCCUPATION. MY LUCK BEGAN TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER IN 1989. (AS INDICATED ON MY BIO. WHICH HAS BEEN INCLUDED IN THIS PARCEL) I WAS AT THAT TIME ABLE TO DETACH MYSELF FROM THE DREADED TRADE OF CARPENTRY TO WHICH I HAD OWED MY SUSTENANCE <sup>IN</sup> YEARS PRIOR. IT SEEMED AS IF GOD LIKED ME, I WAS MAKING A SOLID LIVING OFF OF MY ART WORK. I OFTEN GIGGLED TO MYSELF IN EXCITEMENT AND THANKED OUR CREATOR FOR THE <sup>ASSUMED</sup> HI

BENEVOLENCE. INDEED IF THE CLIMATE OF THE ART WORLD HELD, PAYMENTS TO YOU MAY ALREADY HAVE BEEN FORTHCOMING. UNFORTUNATELY, AS YOU KNOW ON AUGUST 2, 1990, SADAM HUSSEIN INVADED HIS NEIGHBORING KUWAIT. THIS NOT ONLY SET OUR ECONOMY INTO ITS INEVITABLE TAIL SPIN BUT IT ALSO TURNED THE ART MARKET UPSIDE DOWN.

STILL I STAND BEFORE YOU NOT WITHOUT OPTIMISM. FORTUNATELY FOR ME MY ART WORK TOOK A DECISIVE CHANGE BEFORE THE RESSION HIT. THIS CHANGE (SOMETHING YOU ARE EXPERIENCING AN EXAMPLE OF ON THESE VERY PAGES) QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY HAPPENED TO BE IN LINE WITH RECENT TRENDS IN THIS UNPREDICTABLE ART WORLD. BELIEVE ME I HAVE NO ASSPIRATIONS TO BE "TRENDY", THE FACT IS THINGS CAN GO ONES WAY ONE MOMENT AND NOT THE NEXT. I THINK WE ALL UNDERSTAND THAT. UNFORTUNATLY THOUGH FOR ME, AN OTHER RECENT TREND IN THE ART WORLD IS A NEW CONSERVATIVESM ON THE PART OF COLLECTORS, AND A BEAIENT ABSENCE OF SPECULATORS. THE RESULT FOR ME IS A BUSY SHOWING SCHEDULE WITH PLENTY OF LITTURATURE AND VIRTUALLY NO MONEY AT ALL. IT IS ACTUALLY A FACT THAT I CAN NOT EVEN AFFORD THE STUDIO RENT TO MAKE THE ART WORK FOR MY EXHIBITIONS SCHEDULED THIS SEASON. IN FACT MY COCAIN DEALING LANDLORD HAS PRODUCED

HIS GUN TO ME TO INFLUENCE MY DESIRE TO PAY HIM. ON OCTOBER 1, 1991 I'LL OWE HIM \$4,800.00. MEANWHILE, WITH A ONE MAN SHOW OPENING IN CHICAGO OCTOBER 4, 1991 I CAN NOT AFFORD THE TIME TO EVEN TAKE UP MY TRUSTY TOOL BELT, AND CARPENTERS MY WAY TO SOLVENCY.

DEAR FREINDS I DO NOT MEAN TO DEPRESS <sup>you</sup> OR TO MAKE MY PROBLEMS YOURS. I AM A HAPPY MAN. I LOVE MY LIFE, AND HOPE ALWAYS TO PROUDLY CALL MYSELF AN ARTIST. I AM ALSO A GOOD MAN. A MAN WITH SOLID BELIEFS. I BELIEVE THAT I OWE YOU A GREAT SUM OF MONEY. I ALSO BELIEVE THAT I WILL PAY YOU ONE DAY. BUT FOR NOW PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT I AM SIMPLY UNABLE TO DO SO.

SINCERELY

SEAN M. LANDERS

031-05-3405

408712016

Andrea Rosen Gallery

130 Prince St New York 10012

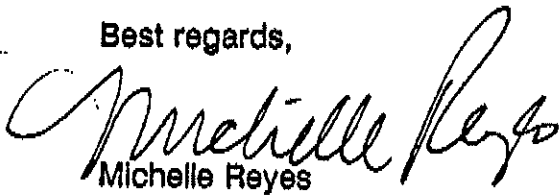
date: August 17, 1993  
to: Stephan Schmidt-Wulffen, Kunstverein in Hamburg  
fax: 4940-322-159  
from: Michelle Reyes  
pages: 2

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Dear Stephan:

Thank you for the clay samples. Sean did not like either one - he needs red! It would probably be best to arrange to send the clay over from New York. What do you think of that? Also, regarding your letter, he will be sending three armatures, not two. We have been speaking with the trucker in New York (Crozier). I believe they are picking up the armatures and clay on the 23rd. Sean will be bringing the tools he needs with to Hamburg.

Best regards,



Michelle Reyes



## Locked in Hambourgh's Kunstverien!

9-28-92, HAMBURGH, SOME NAZI TYPE LOCKED ME IN THE KUNSTVERIEN WHICH WAS UNDERGOING CONSTRUCTION AT THE TIME. APARENTLY HE THOUGHT I WAS A TURK OR SOMETHING. I DON'T SPEAK GERMAN, HE DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH. ~~SO~~ I COULD SEE HIM THROUGH A WINDOW SO I ASKED HIM TO UNLOCK THE DOOR HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND BUT WAS SCREAMING AT ME (I ASSUME OBSENIITIES) I TRIED TO REMEMBER SOME GERMAN FROM A COURSE I TOOK IN COLLEGE. SO I PUT MY HEAD OUT THE WINDOW AGAIN AND SCREAMED "ICH BIN KUNSTLER!" HE DIDN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND. I GESTURED TOWARD THE BUILDING IN WHICH I WAS LOCKED IN AND SAID, "KUNSTVERIEN, RICHTICH?" HE SAID "JA, KUNSTVERIEN"



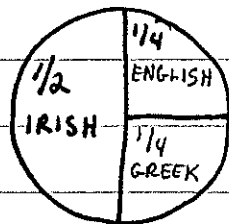
THEN I ~~SAID~~ POINTED AT MYSELF AND SAID  
"AMERICANER, KÜNSTLER", "ICH BIN KÜNSTLER"  
AGAIN ~~HE~~ HE SHOUTED OBSENIITIES AND MADE  
SUGGESTIVE HAND GESTURES. THIS WENT ON FOR HOURS,  
IT WAS BECOMING DARK OUT, MY PLANE FOR NEW YORK  
WAS TO LEAVE AT 7:00 AM THE NEXT DAY. TO JUMP  
WOULD BE 6 METERS DOWN, CLOSE ENOUGH TO  
MAYBE MAKE IT BUT MOST LIKELY I'D SPRAKE OR  
BREAK AN ANKLE OR LEG. I SNAPPED THIS PHOTO  
WITH MY REMOTE CONTROL, KNOWING THAT THIS  
SITUATION WOULD SOMEHOW PROVE FORTUITOUS.  
STILL YOU CAN SEE THAT I'M PRETTY BUMMED OUT.  
ANYWAY I BEGAN TO TRY AND KICK THE DOORS DOWN,  
I WAS KICKING THEM FOR ABOUT TEN MINUETTES  
AND THE HINGES WERE COMEING LOSE, THE JERK  
WAS SITTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOORS AND  
MUST OF RECOGNISED THAT THEY WERE ABOUT  
TO BREAK, SO HE FINALLY ~~WAS~~ UNCHAINED THE  
DOORS AND LET ME OUT AS HE JESTERED WILDLY  
AT THE BENT HINGES ON THE DOORS. I BENT  
OVER HIM AND TRIED A LAST TIME, I MUST  
HAVE LOOKED LIKE A MANIAC BECAUSE I WAS  
SO ANGRY AND MY HEART WAS POUNDING FROM  
EXERTING MYSELF ON THE DOORS, "ICH BIN  
AMERICANER KÜNSTLER". THEN LIKE CLOUDS  
PARTING HE UNDERSTOOD MY BAD ACCENT, AND  
HIS FACE SOFTEND AS IF HE KNEW HE WAS IN

TROUBLE, I THOUGHT OF THE ONLY GERMAN INSULT I KNEW AND YELLED IT AT HIM "SWINE HUND!" AND THEN TOLD HIM TO "FUCK OFF." AS I STORMED BACK TO THE KÜNSTVERBAND OFFICE I FELT TORN APART BY SEVERAL RAGING EMOTIONS. FIRST, I HAD TO REALISE THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I HAD BEEN DISCRIMINATED <sup>AGAINST</sup> AND PUNISHED FOR MY LOOKS (DARK HAIR, DARK EYES). IN AMERICA I'M SEEN AS A WHITEY AND THAT'S IT. I GUESS IN GERMANY THERE ARE LEVELS OF WHITENESS. AND I DIDN'T MEET THIS ASSHOLE'S STANDARDS. IF THIS WASN'T ENOUGH I HAD TO CONFRONT ~~MY OWN~~ THE POSSIBILITY OF MY OWN RACISM. WAS I ANGRY AND HURT ~~BE~~ ONLY BECAUSE I WAS LOCKED IN THE ~~RE~~ CONSTRUCTION SITE OR WAS I ANGRY BECAUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I REALISED I DIDN'T MEET GERMAN STANDARDS OF WHITENESS. THIS BUMMED ME OUT SO BAD. I'D NEVER QUESTIONED MY WHITENESS BEFORE, MY HERITAGE IS ALL EUROPEAN, I ASSUMED IT MEANT I WAS WHITE. BUT APPARENTLY TO GERMANS I'M NOT AS WHITE AS THEY THINK THEY ARE. IT DIDN'T MATTER TO ME WHAT THE GERMANS THOUGHT, IT MATTERED TO ME THAT I CARED. IT MATTERED TO ME THAT I WORRIED HOW WHITE I WAS FOR A WHILE. I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS A GOOD LIBERAL DEMOCRAT, THAT I SAW NO DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE FROM THEIR SKIN COLOR OR

HAIR COLOR. BUT HERE I WAS WALKING DOWN SOME UGLY GERMAN STREET FEELING LIKE "RUBBISH" IN SOCIETY, AND UNTIL THIS MOMENT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I MYSELF BELIEVED IN "RUBBISH" IN SOCIETY. I WAS NOW TERRIFIED THAT I WAS AS BAD AS THE SWINE WHO LOCKED ME IN THE DAM MUSEUM IN THE FIRST PLACE. FOR THE REST OF THAT NIGHT I WALKED AROUND HAMBURGH THINKING THAT ALL THE GERMANS WHO PASSED ME ON THE STREET THOUGHT OF ME AS SOME DARKLEY PIGMENTED RUFF RAFF FROM THE SOUTH. I TRIED TO WALK AS ASSERTIVE AND WAS.P.Y AS POSSIBLE, I TRIED TO MAKE A FACE THAT I THOUGHT BROUGHT OUT MY IRISH AND ENGLISH FEATURES. I TRIED TO APPEAR LIKE I WAS, SOMEONE WHO IS BETTER EDUCATED THAN ANYONE AROUND ME BUT STILL I FELT LIKE A POLITICAL REFUGEE FROM THE MIDDLE EAST SLOPING OFF THE GENEROSITY OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT. I THOUGHT ABOUT IT AND IN FACT I WAS IN HAMBURGH ON GERMAN FUNDS, THEY WERE ACTUALLY PAYING FOR ME TO BE THERE AND STILL I FELT UNWANTED. I WENT INTO A PUB OR BIER HALL, WHATEVER YOU CALL IT AND GOT A BIG GLASS OF BIER, I WAS SUCKING IT DOWN LIKE MOTHER'S MILK, THE PLACE SEEMED FILLED WITH YOUNG COLLEGE TYPES. I SEARCHED THE CROWD FOR EYES AS DARK AS MINE, I FOUND NONE, NONE

WITH DARK HAIR ETHER. I FELT HORRIBLY CONSPICUOUS, I WONDERED DOES THIS MATTER TO THEM THAT I LOOK SEMI-GREEK, IS BEING PART GREEK BAD HERE? I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, I REALISED I HAD HAD ONE BAD EXPERIENCE FROM SOME ASSHOLE AND IT HAD DRIVEN ME COMPLETELY PARANOID. I WAS PROBABLY AS CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF INSANITY AS I'VE EVER BEEN. I WAS CONVINCED THAT EVERYONE IN THE PLACE SAW ME AS AN IMPERFECTION, DIRTYING THEIR CITY WITH MY PRESENCE. I TRIED TO IMAGINE ALL OF THE GERMANS I KNOW IN THE ART WORLD. NONE OF THEM HAD EVER MADE ME FEEL WIERD OR ALIEN. I TRIED TO SEE HOW RIDDICULOUS I WAS BEING, I WAS COMPLETELY OVER REACTING. I HAD JUST BEEN PRESUMING THAT GERMANS WOULD HATE ME WHICH IS A STERIO TYPING OF GERMANS. THESE PEOPLE HAVE BORN THE RESENTMENT OF THE WESTERN WORLD FOR NEARLY A CENTURY. PERHAPS THAT GUY DIDN'T LOCK ME IN THE MUSEUM, PERHAPS HIS WILD HAND JESTERING AND SHOUTING WERE NOT OBSENIETIES AND PERHAPS HE WAS TELLING ME TO GO AROUND TO AN ALTERNATE EXIT. PERHAPS ALL OF MY FEELINGS WERE SELF GENERATED ~~AND~~ BORN OUT OF A MISUNDERSTANDING. AFTER ALL, IF I HAD THE COMON COURTOUSY TO LEARN A LITTLE MORE GERMAN BEFORE TRAVELING THERE I'D HAVE BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MAN WAS SAYING AND

INSTEAD OF SIMPLY SCREAMING "ICH BIN KÜNSTLER" I'D HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EXPLAIN LESS CRYPTICLY MY SITUATION. INDEED, PERHAPS I WASN'T DISCRIMINATED AGAINST FOR BEING ANYTHING OTHER THAN STUPID. AND PERHAPS I'M SO PREJUDICED AGAINST AN INFAMOUS GERMAN STEREO TYPE THAT I WAS TOO WILLING TO JUMP TO MY INITIAL CONCLUSION. IN ALL HONESTY I'VE NEVER MET A GERMAN WHO WAS HOSTILE TO ME OTHER THAN THIS GUY AT THE KÜNSTVERIEN. PERHAPS MY MISADVENTURE IN HAMBURGH PROVED TO SHOW ME MY OWN FEAR OF MY SWARTZ. I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW. ~~██████████~~



100% AMERICAN

Sean Landers  
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