

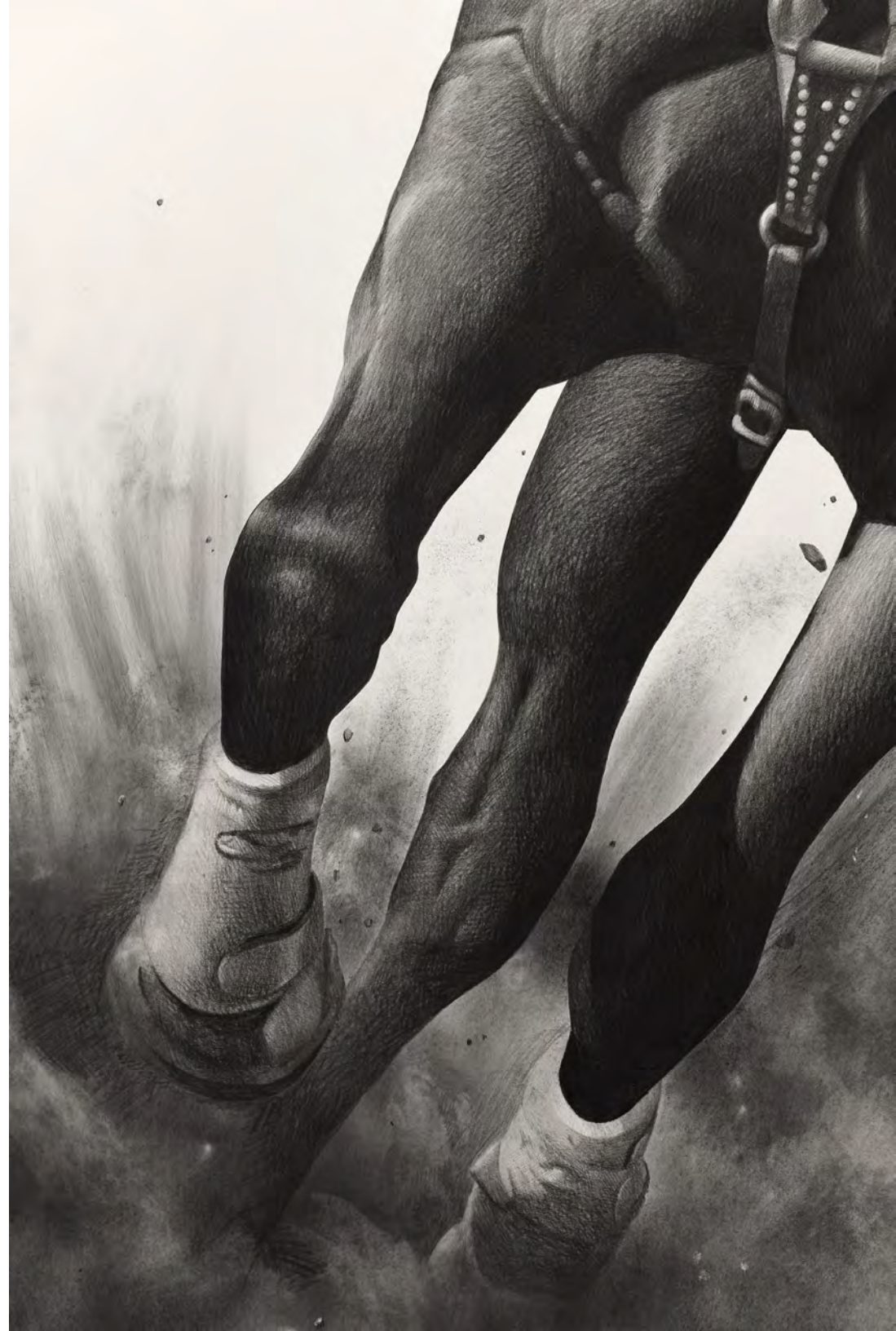
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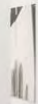
Lora Reynolds
Gallery

KARL HAENDEL

Love and Capital

3.30 - 6.1.24







These days you get what you deserve...
The world is a stage...
The people are the players...
The show must go on...
The curtain falls...
The lights go out...
The show is over...
The audience is gone...
The stage is empty...
The world is a stage...
The people are the players...
The show must go on...
The curtain falls...
The lights go out...
The show is over...
The audience is gone...
The stage is empty...





Handwritten text on a small white card mounted on the wall near the door.



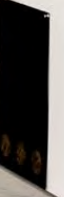


Three days ago I cried. Two days ago I expressed my needs. Most of last year I felt abandoned. Last night I was generous and it made me feel good. Two weeks ago I swam laps in a cold pool and observed how my skin felt. This morning I served french fries and asked how they were doing. Last Tuesday I went to my therapist. I am month I was scared people would stop having my art and I would end up poor and homeless. This afternoon I thought I had all I needed. On Tuesday night I pressed my body against the body of somebody I was far and sent a prayer. This afternoon I thought of the names of men who go to war. Last Sunday I looked at my daughter and felt profound love. Two days ago I looked in a mirror. This afternoon I weighed myself and felt pleased. Last month I made a bad financial decision and felt stupid. This morning I prayed. This afternoon I read my bible up a hill until my legs hurt and my lungs burned. On Wednesday I missed my mother and thought I would trade everything to live far from her once more. Yesterday I negotiated with somebody I care for who was feeling pain. An hour ago I thought I was a good person and that people like me. Yesterday I felt abandoned and second guessed myself. Last night I took a call from a friend and offered them reassurance. Most of last week I slept poorly. Very late last night I felt content. Last Saturday I paid for a dinner I thought I have not enjoyed after. On Thursday I put my hands on my chest and confirmed myself because I was scared. On Monday I had a conversation about love. A few days ago I remembered just how I made somebody laugh. A minute ago I thought about my ex and felt relieved. A minute after I thought about my daughter and smiled.



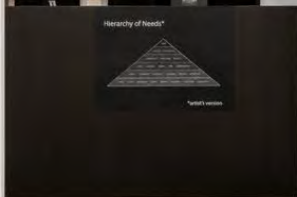


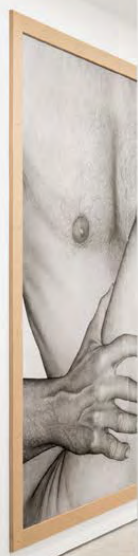
115e





Three days ago I cried. Two days ago I expressed my needs. Most of last year I felt abandoned. Last night I was generous and it made me feel good. Two weeks ago I swam laps in a cold pool and observed how my skin felt. This morning I teased friends and asked how they were doing. Last Tuesday I went to my therapist. Last month I was scared people would stop buying my art and I would end up poor and homeless. This afternoon I thought I had all I needed. On Tuesday night I pressed my body against the body of somebody I love for and felt whole. This morning I meditated. Last night I got excited for something in the future. Yesterday before sunset I lit two candles and said a prayer. This afternoon I thought of the screams of men who go to war. Last Sunday I looked at my daughter and felt profound love. Two days ago I interacted to a friend. This afternoon I weighed myself and felt pouchy. Last month I made a bad financial decision and felt stupid. This morning I prayed. This afternoon I read my hike up a hill until my legs hurt and my lungs burned. On Wednesday I missed my mother and thought I would trade everything to have her hug me once more. Yesterday I empathized with somebody I care for who was feeling pain. An hour ago I thought I was a good person and that people like me. Yesterday I felt ashamed and second guessed myself. Last night I took a call from a friend and offered them reassurance. Most of last week I slept poorly. Very late last night I felt content. Last Saturday I paid for a dinner I shouldn't have and regretted it after. On Thursday I put my hands on my chest and comforted myself because I was scared. On Monday I had a conversation about God. Two days ago I masturbated. Just now I made somebody laugh. A few minutes ago I thought about my ex and felt unloved. A minute after I thought about my daughter and smiled.





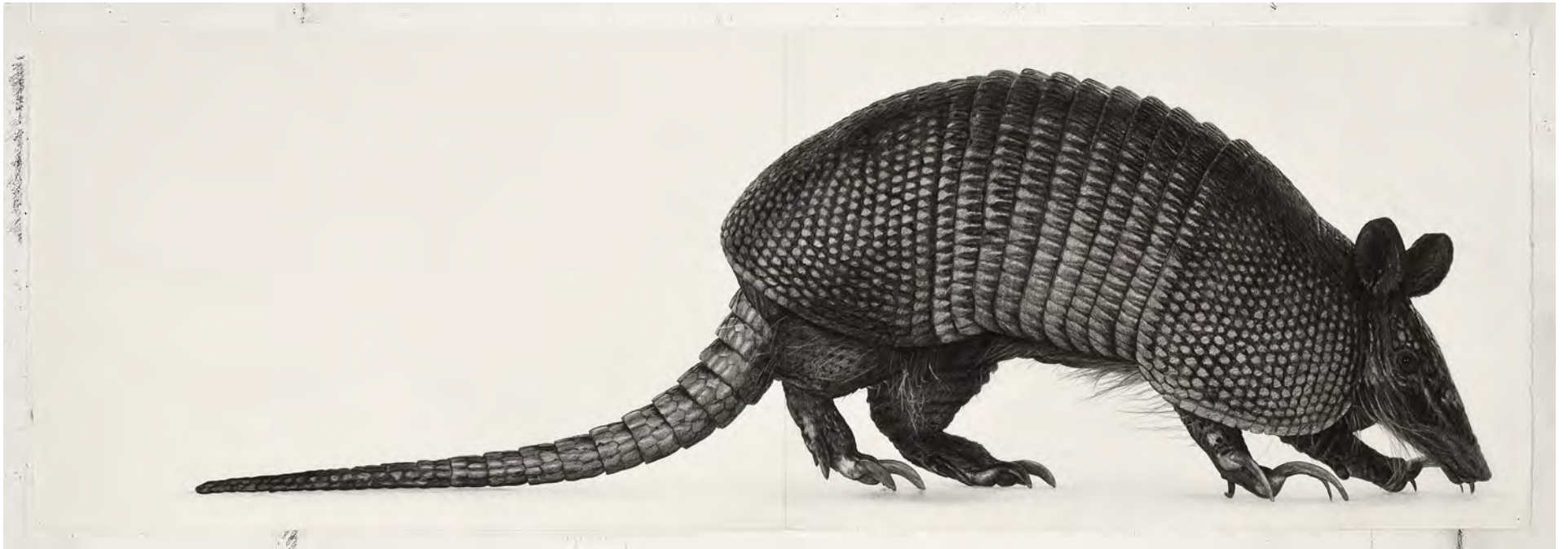


previous page:

KARL HAENDEL

As of Yet Not Titled 4, 2023

pencil and ink on paper
51½" x 72"



KARL HAENDEL

Armadillo, 2024

pencil on paper
15" x 44"

Three days ago I cried. Two days ago I expressed my needs. Most of last year I felt abandoned. Last night I was generous and it made me feel good. Two weeks ago I swam laps in a cold pool and observed how my skin felt. This morning I texted friends and asked how they were doing. Last Tuesday I went to my therapist. Last month I was scared people would stop buying my art and I would end up poor and homeless. This afternoon I thought I had all I needed. On Tuesday night I pressed my body against the body of somebody I care for and felt whole. This morning I meditated. Last night I got excited for something in the future. Yesterday before sunset I lit two candles and said a prayer. This afternoon I thought of the trauma of men who go to war. Last Sunday I looked at my daughter and felt profound love. Two days ago I listened to a friend. This afternoon I weighed myself and felt paunchy. Last month I made a bad financial decision and felt stupid. This morning I prayed. This afternoon I road my bike up a hill until my legs hurt and my lungs burned. On Wednesday I missed my mother and thought I would trade everything to have her hug me once more. Yesterday I empathized with somebody I care for who was feeling pain. An hour ago I thought I was a good person and that people like me. Yesterday I felt ashamed and second guessed myself. Last night I took a call from a friend and offered them reassurance. Most of last week I slept poorly. Very late last night I felt content. Last Saturday I paid for a dinner I shouldn't have and regretted it after. On Thursday I put my hands on my chest and comforted myself because I was scared. On Monday I had a conversation about God. Two days ago I masturbated. Just now I made somebody laugh. A few minutes ago I thought about my ex and felt unloved. A minute after I thought about my daughter and smiled.

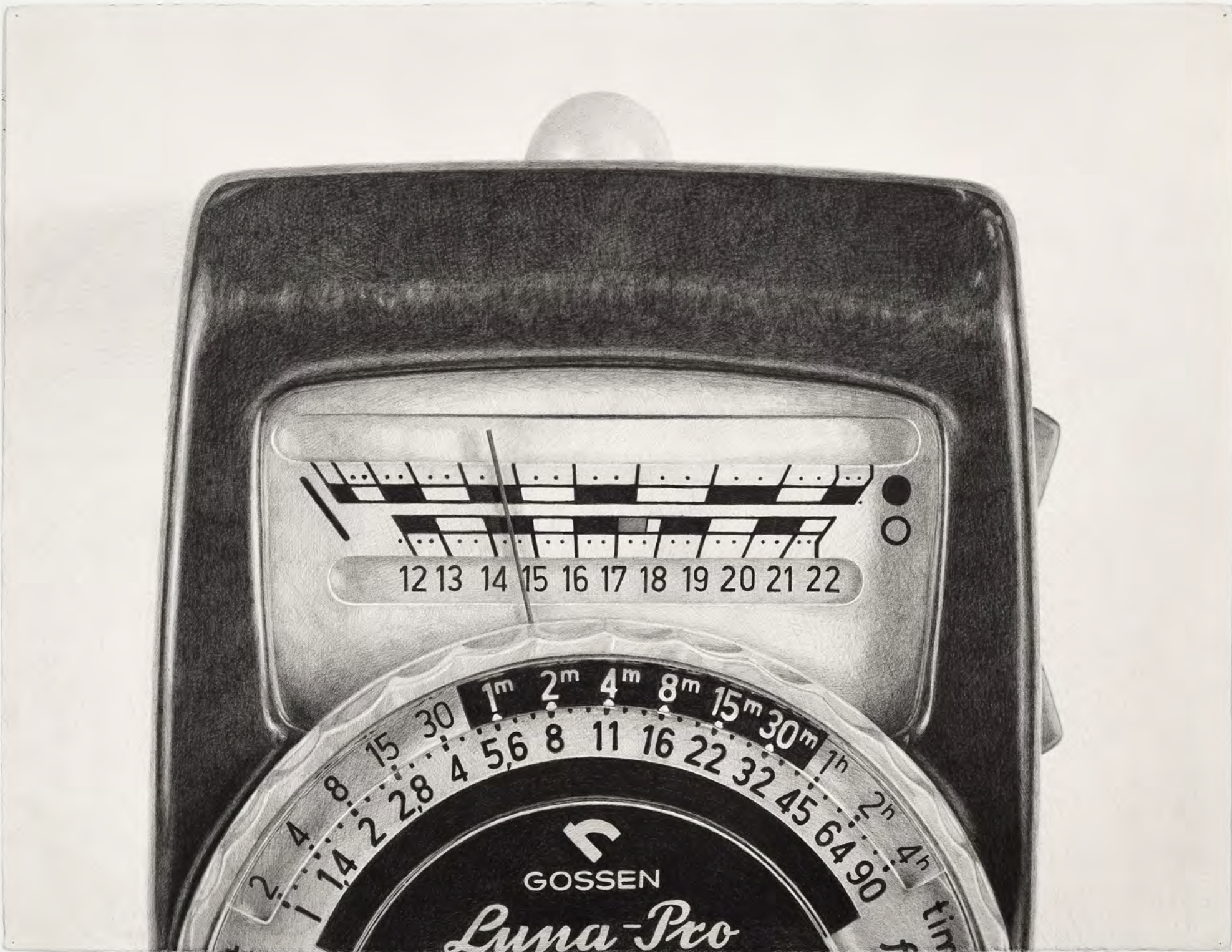
KARL HAENDEL

Three Days Ago I Cried
(white on black), 2023

pencil and enamel on paper
53½" x 44¾"



001936 1922



12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

1^m 2^m 4^m 8^m 15^m 30^m 1^h 2^h 4^h 90
30 15 8 4 2 1
14 2 2.8 4 5.6 8 11 16 22 32 45 64 90
tim

GOSSEN

Luna-Pro



previous pages:

KARL HAENDEL

Covid Auto-Orgy, 2020

pencil on paper
102" x 153½"

KARL HAENDEL

My Dad's Light Meter #2, 2012

pencil on paper
22" x 30"

KARL HAENDEL

Yet to Be Titled, 2022

pencil on paper
40" x 26"



KARL HAENDEL

*My Daughter Lighting
Shabbos Candles, 2022*

pencil on paper
51½" x 44"

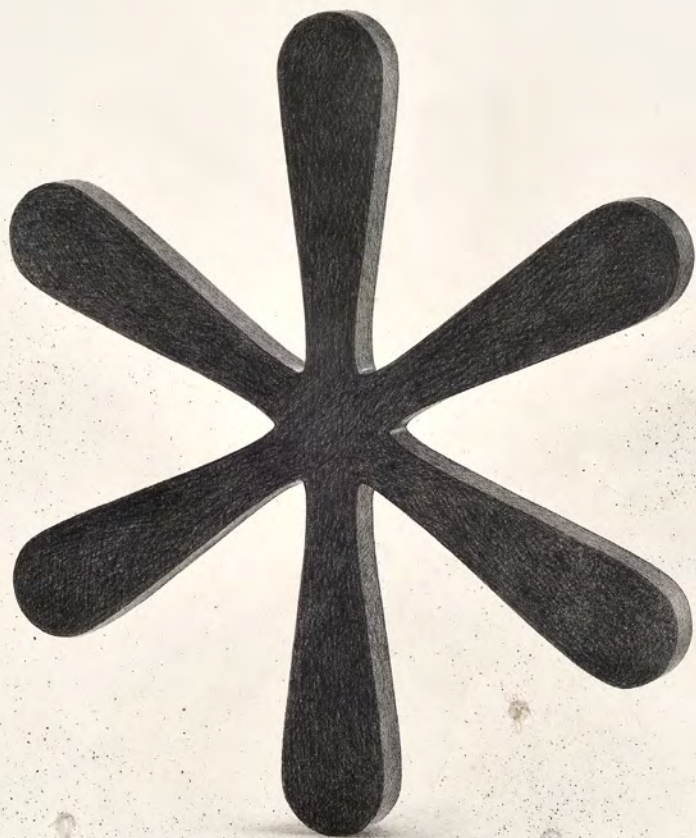


KARL HAENDEL

Rodeo 14, 2024

pencil on paper
103" x 81"

Sed to Black



KARL HAENDEL

*Asterisk Annotated by
My Father, 2019*

pencil and gunpowder on paper
30" x 22"



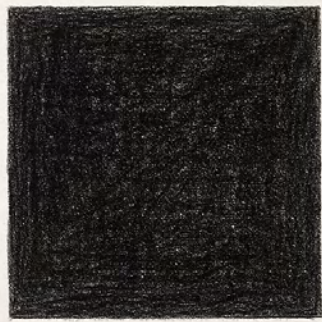
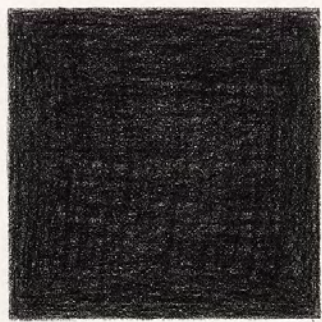
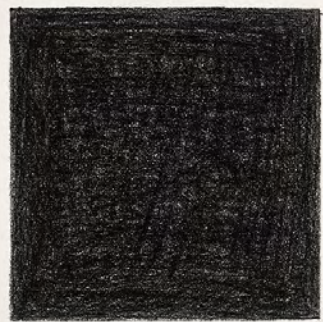
KARL HAENDEL
Pencil Stubs #7, 2009
pencil on paper
41" x 26"



KARL HAENDEL

Hamsa 2, 2023

pencil on paper
53" x 45"



Life is but an
accumulation
of contradictions
and compromises.



previous page:
KARL HAENDEL
Ellipsis 8, 2024
pencil on paper
11 "x 15"

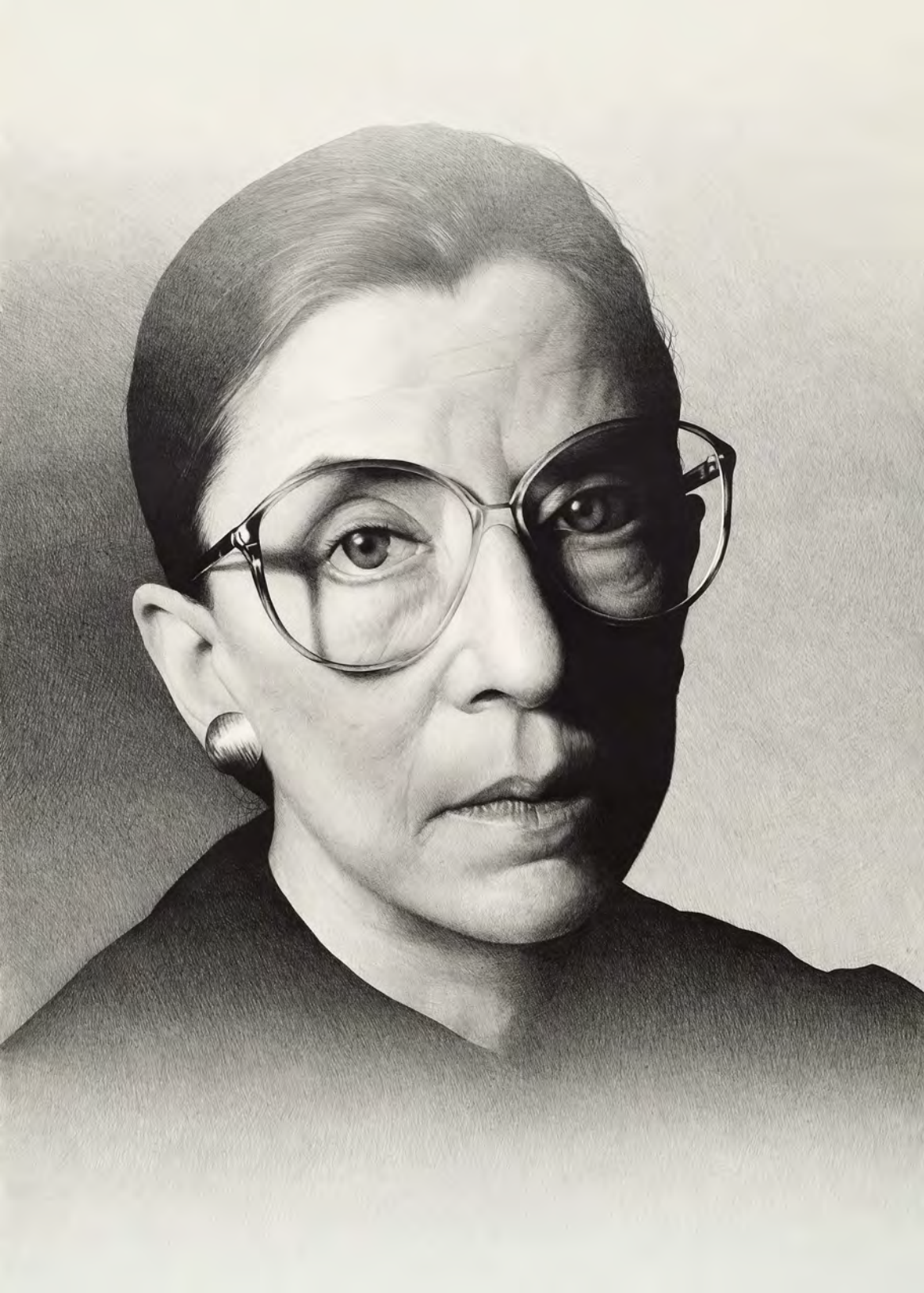
KARL HAENDEL
Life is but an accumulation..., 2023
pencil and ink on paper
40" x 26"



KARL HAENDEL

Arm Sausage 2, 2016

pencil on paper
30" x 22"



KARL HAENDEL

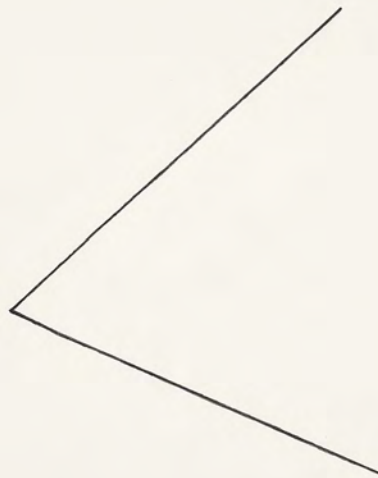
RBG (mirrored), 2022

pencil on paper
63" x 45"

I want to love you,
but I just can't right now.



I feel so sad, empty and
incomplete, like a triangle
missing a side.



Yes, I am a two sided
triangle.

previous pages:

KARL HAENDEL

*I want to love you but
I just can't right now., 2022*

pencil on paper
15" x 22"

KARL HAENDEL

Obfuscated Mouse 3, 2021

pencil on paper
11" x 15"

KARL HAENDEL

Two Sided Triangle, 2022

pencil on paper
22" x 15"



KARL HAENDEL

Ellipsis 6, 2024

pencil on paper
15" x 11"



KARL HAENDEL

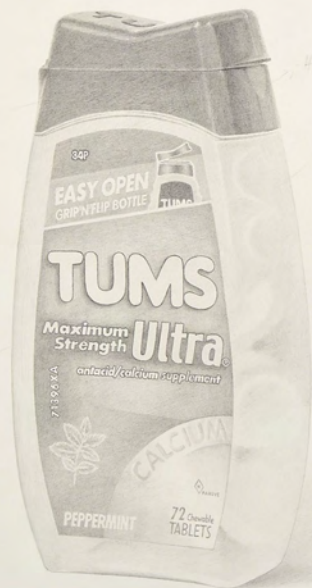
*Drawing of Houston Flood
Annotated by My Daughter, 2024*

pencil and ink on paper
52" x 40"

Dead Bee 2



DEBT
Kendrick



leave blank
1 1/2

previous page:

KARL HAENDEL

Dead Bee, 2022

pencil on paper
22" x 30"

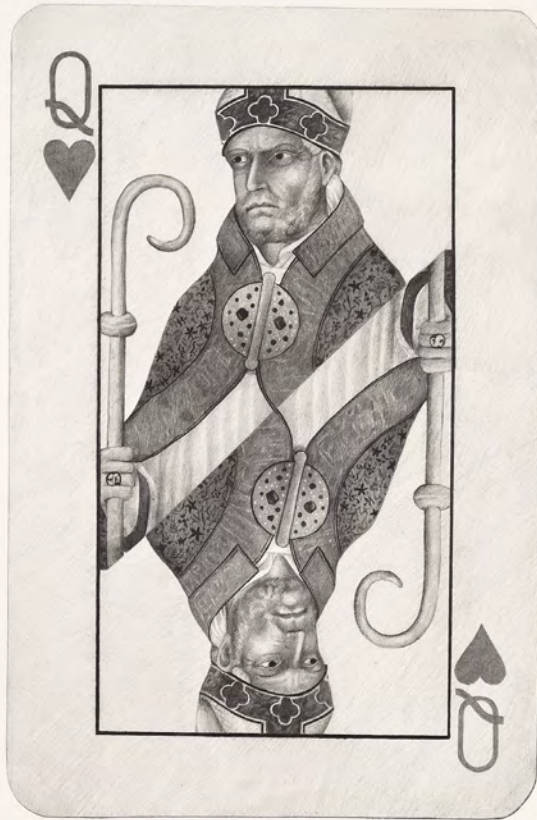
KARL HAENDEL

(Light to Medium) Heartburn Relief, 2017

pencil on paper
30" x 22"



"And when did you first realize you weren't like other precipitation?"



previous page:

KARL HAENDEL

*New Yorker Cartoon
Drawing #41, 2019*

pencil on paper
15" x 22"

KARL HAENDEL

*St. Augustine as the Queen
of Hearts, 2021*

pencil on paper
30" x 22"



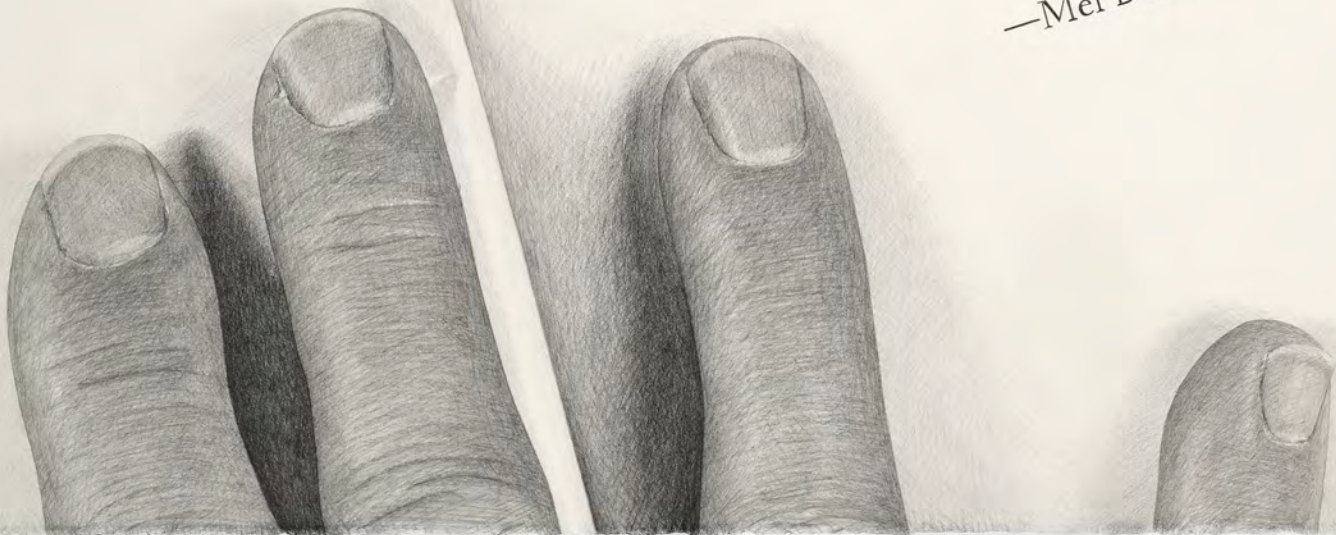
KARL HAENDEL

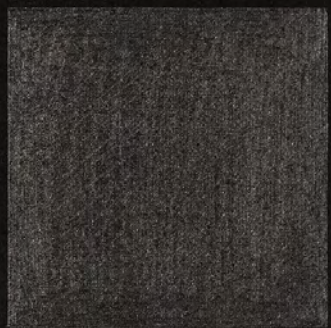
Texas State Capitol, 2024

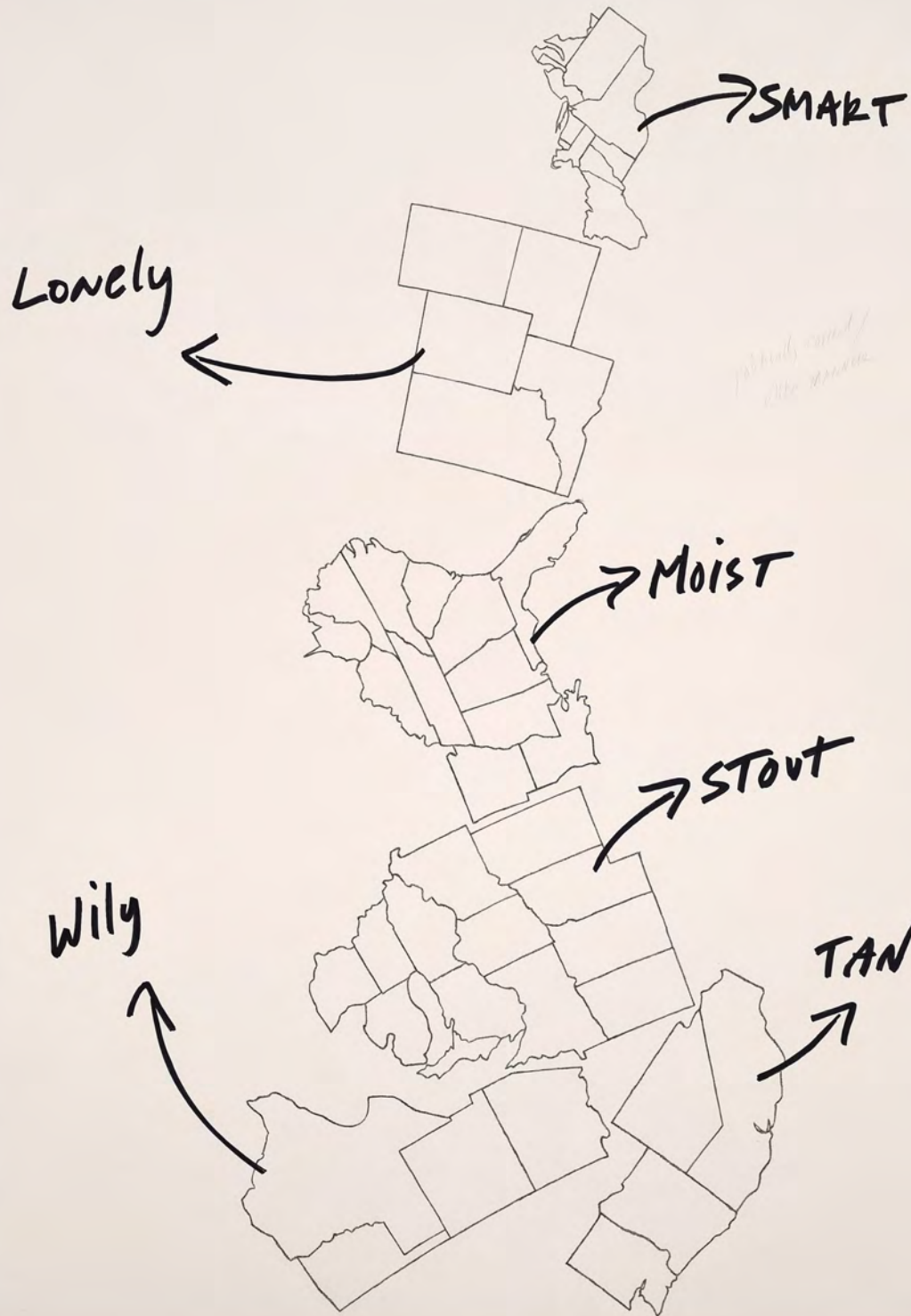
pencil and ink on paper
51" x 51"

Could be worse. Could be raining.

—Mel Brooks







previous page:

KARL HAENDEL

Epigraph 1 ("Let's Never Talk about This Again" by Sara Faith Alterman), 2023

pencil on paper
26" x 40"

KARL HAENDEL

Ellipsis 7, 2024

pencil on paper
11" x 15"

KARL HAENDEL

Regional Differences, 2022

pencil and ink on paper
30" x 22"



KARL HAENDEL

Rubber Bands #9, 2011

pencil on paper
65¼" x 45"



KARL HAENDEL

Karl-O-Gram #1, 2009

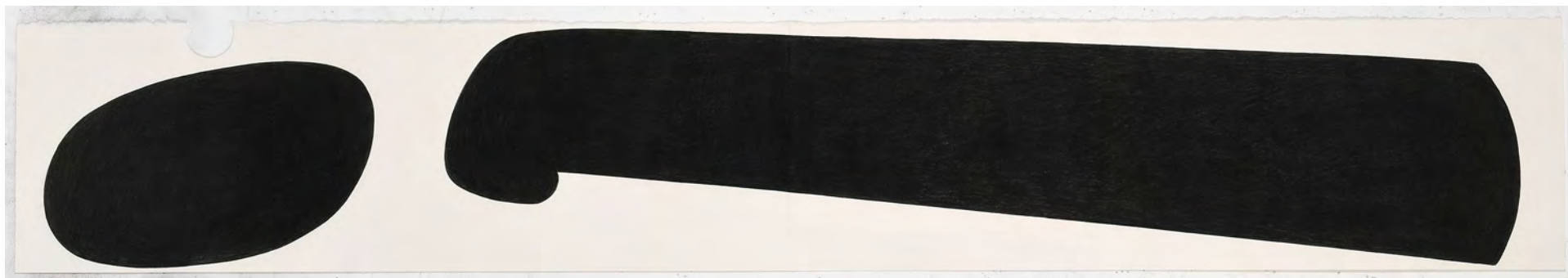
pencil on paper
30" x 22"

I am sorry. I have jumped on bandwagons. I have worn trauma as political fashion. I have pointed fingers at you without pointing a finger at myself. I have tacitly supported political leaders that have committed atrocities. I have conflated citizens with their governments. I have been more interested in winning arguments than winning peace. I have had hatred for people I have never met. I have paraded as a victim. I have retreated to the comfort of similar company instead of recognizing our common humanity. I have prioritized my pain over yours. I have used you as an expedient vessel for my anger. I have instrumentalized suffering. I have demanded an apology as a precursor to my contrition. I have conceded nothing out of fear of losing everything. I have been simultaneously self-righteous and closed-minded. I have made complexities simple. I have exactly tallied your misdeeds without glancing at my own. I have become hardened and inflexible. I have been more concerned with being on the right side of an issue than solving the issue. I have called for your immediate action rather than making changes that are personally uncomfortable. I have succumbed to desires that made me complicit in your exploitation. I have practiced my morality selectively. I have repeatedly done the same thing while pretending to act differently. I have not paused before reacting. I have wanted an enemy and cast you in that role. I have worried foremost about what others thought of me. I have spoken on topics outside of my purview. I have contradicted myself. I have echoed simple slogans. I have enjoyed my outrage. I have willingly surrendered to algorithms that determine my daily disposition.

KARL HAENDEL

*I have willingly surrendered
to algorithms...*, 2023

pencil on paper
53" x 45"



KARL HAENDEL

9th Fallen Exclamation Point,
2023

pencil on paper
13" x 80"



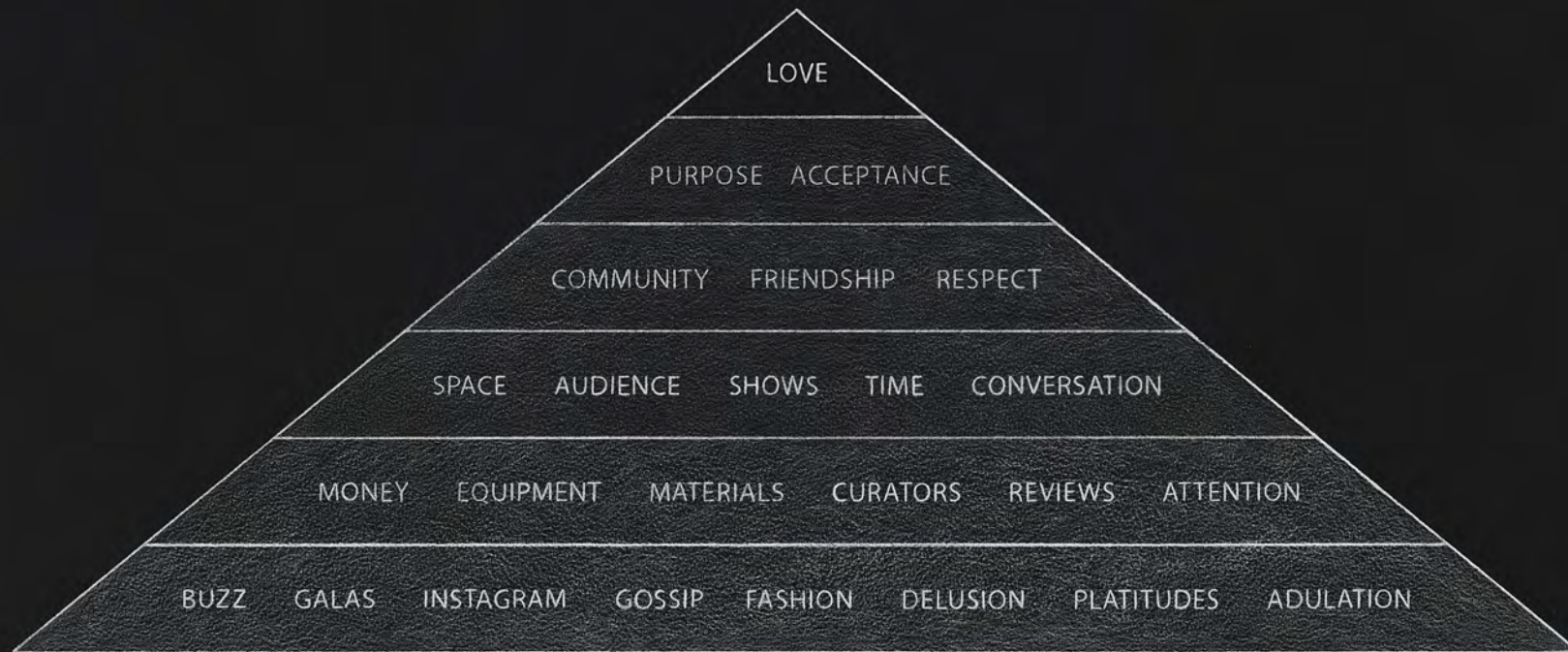
KARL HAENDEL

*Holding the Hand of My
Inner Child, 2024*

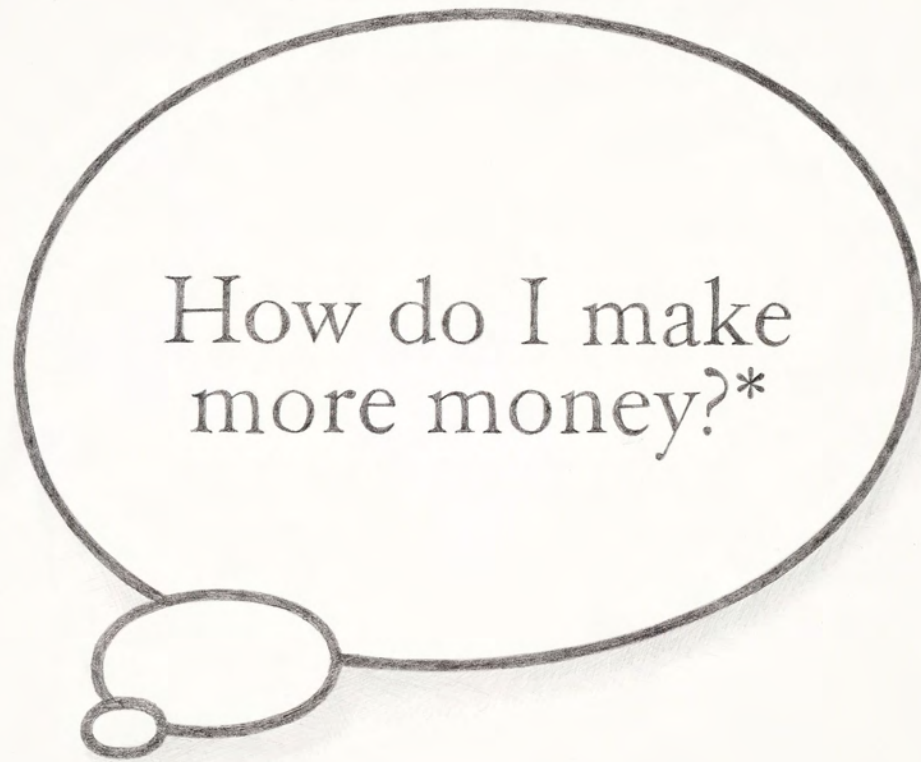
pencil on paper
108" x 84"

Just a serified boy in a
sans-serif world 😞.

Hierarchy of Needs*



*artist's version



How do I make
more money?*

*And accept my own complicity.

previous pages:

KARL HAENDEL

*Just a serified boy
in a sans-serif world, 2021*

pencil on paper
15" x 22"

KARL HAENDEL

Hierarchy of Needs, 2024

pencil and chalk on paper
22" x 30"

KARL HAENDEL

*How do I make more money?
(And accept my own
complicity), 2021*

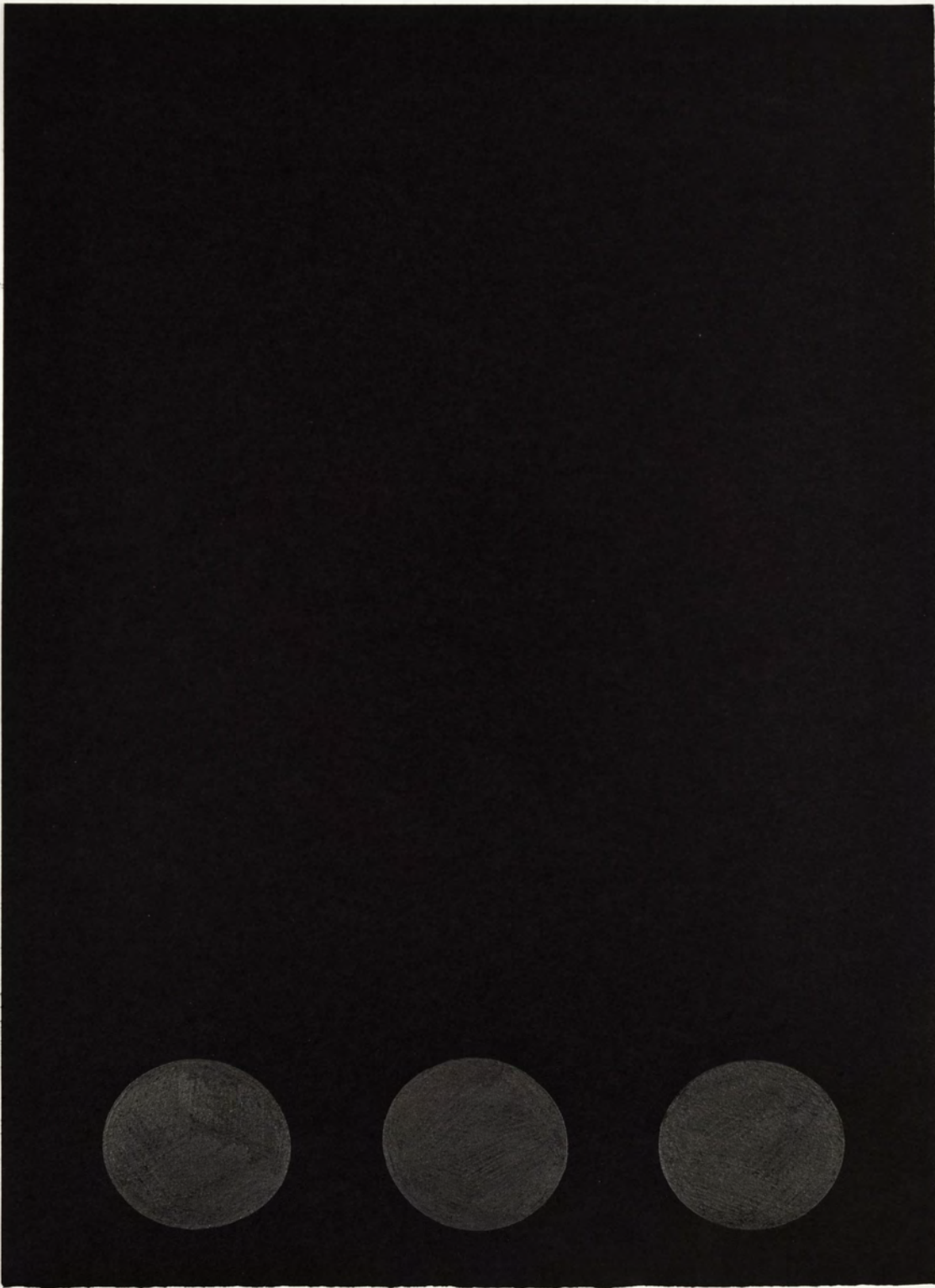
pencil on paper
15" x 11"



KARL HAENDEL

Snake with Watch, 2024

pencil and ink on paper
108" x 26"



KARL HAENDEL

Ellipsis 11, 2024

pencil on paper
22" x 15"



KARL HAENDEL

4th Question Mark, 2024

pencil on paper
60" x 44"

KARL HAENDEL

Love and Capital

March 30 – June 1, 2024

Lora Reynolds is pleased to announce *Love and Capital*, an exhibition of graphite drawings (that sometimes include ink) by Karl Haendel—the artist’s first show at the gallery.

“Don’t be selfish—don’t be a schmuck—be a mensch.” So goes Karl Haendel’s self-castigating mantra that animates both his work and daily life. “I never actually get there, but the attempt is the point. I just try to stay on the path.”

Haendel’s drawings—sometimes modestly scaled, often gigantic, installed unconventionally (high, low, salon style and solo, across corners, snaking onto the ceiling)—are mostly rendered in a striking photorealistic style. They play with a wide range of imagery: from medieval suits of armor, big cats and dead bees, human hands, oversized scribbles, introspective and deeply vulnerable texts, embodied punctuation, portraits of famous politicians, barrel-racing girls on horseback, all manner of cartoons, to aerial views of flooded neighborhoods and the rotunda at the Texas State Capitol. (He wants to make work that’s approachable from many angles, that’s as thin on pretension as possible, that you don’t need advanced degrees to engage with.) Haendel’s drawings look inward, to probe at his most intimate fears and insecurities, as well as outward, toward the many contradictions that frame our cultural/political/historical realities. All the while, he is asking himself: How do I put more good into the world than bad? Give more than I take? Show compassion for both the people I know and those I don’t? Feel my feelings fully and take responsibility for my failures? Minimize my carbon footprint? (Cringing after reading about himself in the first draft of this text, he countered, “I think it’s a bit hyperbolic in regard to my decency. I can be quite indecent, I assure you.”) Haendel’s

project is a reconsideration of American masculinity—an exchange of outdated and destructive stereotypes for a more nuanced alternative: an empathetic, feminist, inclusive, anti-macho, occasionally cheeky, invariably sincere framework for living a life.

If you call Haendel when he is at the studio, and if you listen closely enough, you can usually hear the faint whisk-whisk-whisk of a pencil in the background; he does not stop drawing to pick up the phone. He is always working—in part because his compulsively productive Jewish dad would shame teenage Karl if he tried to sleep in on a weekend, but also because his drawings are long on labor intensiveness: “Sometimes I think the medium for my work on a checklist should read ‘time and pencil on paper.’” Toiling is how Haendel shows care; whatever he does, he’s all in. He recounts the logistics of how he makes his work as such:

During one of my frequent in-studio generative time-wasting sessions when I always seem to read shit that upsets me, I come across an image I think has potential. Bring it into Photoshop and experiment with it—collaging, deleting, cropping, inverting, mirroring, etc. Print it out. Photograph it with slide film. Drive halfway across LA to the photo lab for processing. The slide ends up with lots of others in a tiny box next to my light table. Pick one when it’s time to start a new drawing. Staple up a big sheet of roll paper, drop the slide into a projector, and draw the outline of the image as it’s projected. Flip the overhead lights on and off, going back and forth between the projection and the print I’m holding to guide me. Listen to audiobooks from the LAPL. Don’t use Audible. Tax dollars in all likelihood already bought that book for the local library.

Whether he finds the source image for a drawing or, as is more common, shoots it himself (he began his art training as a photographer), he is interested in the *thing* in the image, the content, and what it has to say about how the world is—or how it could be.

Haendel's series of barrel racers are more than eight feet tall, with teenage girl and horse both frozen in a grimace of exertion as they fly through their cloverleaf-shaped course in pursuit of glory and honor. This body of work arose after the artist visited the 19th-century wing of American art at the Denver Art Museum, which overflows with paintings and sculptures of cowboys. He was surprised by how taken he was with all the Remingtons, Russells, and Millers, especially considering their problematic approach to representation. If women were ever included in those antiquated images, they were supporting characters. Haendel did not need to invent a new rodeo event to recast women as champions, he just opened his eyes—professional barrel racing is exclusively a women's sport. So he rented a telephoto lens, drove out to a ranch hosting a qualifying event for the Women's Professional Rodeo Association, and asked attending parents and their daughters if he could take pictures of them competing. Haendel was hugely impressed by the young amateurs he watched and photographed that day—they rode fast, hard, with great skill, and zero discernible fear.

"I ask no favor for my sex. All I ask of our brethren is that they take their feet off our necks," demanded Ruth Bader Ginsburg, quoting Sarah Grimké (the mother of the women's suffrage movement) at her first oral argument in front of the Court. In Haendel's portrait of the feminist icon

RBG, the top and bottom of the drawing fall off to paper white in a smooth gradient, as if she is fading away. Should she have stepped down? Will the setback of *Dobbs* be temporary? Will the arc of the moral universe indeed bend back toward justice? However inspirational or contentious her image might be, Haendel sees in Ginsburg an idealized Jewish mother figure. "On Wednesday I missed my mother and thought I would trade everything to have her hug me once more," he confesses in another drawing, titled *Three Days Ago I Cried (white on black)*.

Today, Haendel has his own parenting to do. His daughter Hazel is ten years old; sometimes she collaborates with her dad in the studio and the result ends up in an exhibition like this one, as in *Drawing of Houston Flood Annotated by My Daughter*. Haendel found an image of Hurricane Harvey's aftermath on a news site during one of his "frequent in-studio generative time-wasting sessions." It depicts a highway interchange that seems to rise out of a lake, an 18-wheeler halfway submerged, downtown visible in the distance. When the initial graphite drawing was complete, Haendel sprayed it with fixative, gave his daughter a fistful of Sharpies, and asked her to draw whatever she wanted on top of his bleak tableau. She obliged with a Loch Ness Monster or two, a tall ship with cannons, a flock of concerned birds, a blimp towing a banner advertisement for sandwiches, and a swarm of cartoon stick figures—armed with floaties and pool noodles, dilly-dallying on their phones, casually dropping a fishing line from the stranded tractor-trailer's roof. The playful innocence of Hazel's doodles collide with a Category 4 hurricane that dumped 60 inches of rain, killed more than 100 people, and caused

\$125 billion of damage. “Hazel doesn’t know it yet—right now it’s just play in the water—but she is screwed,” Haendel says. “My daughter’s generation and all who follow will have to deal with the climate catastrophe caused by my generation and those before me.” The drawing captures the cognitive dissonance between Hazel’s current worldview and her father’s—a superimposition equally jarring as being made to giggle through the apocalypse.

What is there to do about the state we find ourselves in? For Haendel, he tries to look it square in the eye. Talks about it. Finds space to laugh. Claims responsibility for his complicity. Makes drawings. And when a show is ready, he rolls them up as tightly as he can, puts them in as small a tube as they will fit, and ships them to the gallery as slowly and economically as possible. He staples or pins most of his drawings directly to the wall. Some of the biggest ones he “frames” by screwing strips of MDF into the sheetrock around the drawing’s edges. These are strategies he developed in grad school, when his framing budget was nonexistent. He continues the practice today because he realized being able to roll up his drawings when they are not being shown makes shipping and storing them easier on the planet (and everyone’s budgets)—by taking up less space, using less fuel, emitting fewer hydrocarbons—which is one small way he checks his ego at the door and minimizes his impact on the environment. Haendel acknowledges that his actions, on their own—what he chooses to draw, how he connects with his daughter, the guys he helps stay sober, his solar panels, the meals he cooks for his artist friends—will never be enough to make much of a difference. But if everyone does just a little bit...

Karl Haendel was born in 1976 in New York and lives and works in Los Angeles. He will be the subject of solo museum exhibitions at the Kimball Art Center (Park City) later this year and the Frederick R. Weisman Museum of Art (Los Angeles) in 2025. He has had solo shows at Human Resources (Los Angeles), Locust Projects (Miami), Museo de Arte de El Salvador, Museum of Contemporary Art (Los Angeles), and Utah Museum of Contemporary Art (Salt Lake City). He has been included in the Biennial of the Americas (2015), Whitney Biennial (2014), Biennale de Lyon (2013), Prospect New Orleans (2011), and California Biennial (2008, 2004). His work can be found in the collections of the Art Gallery of Ontario (Toronto), Astrup Fearnley Museum of Modern Art (Oslo), Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College (New York), Colección Jumex (Mexico City), Collection Lambert (Avignon), Deutsche Bank Collection (Frankfurt), Fogg Art Museum (Cambridge), Hammer Museum (Los Angeles), Henry Art Gallery (Seattle), Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Kunsthalle Bielefeld, Museum of Contemporary Art (Los Angeles), Museum of Modern Art (New York), Pérez Art Museum (Miami), Rubell Family Collection (Miami), Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (New York), Walker Art Center (Minneapolis), and Whitney Museum of American Art (New York).





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Gallery

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