

# JUDIT REIGL DANCE OF DEATH

September 25<sup>th</sup> through October 20<sup>th</sup> 2018

Exhibition organized by  
Robert Kashey and David Wojciechowski

Catalog by Stephanie Hackett

Essay by Janos Gat

**SHEPHERD  
W & K  
GALLERIES**

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COVER ILLUSTRATION: *Vanitas*, 2016, cat. no. 5

BACK COVER ILLUSTRATION: *Sant'Agata*, 2018, cat. no. 34

GRAPHIC DESIGN: Keith Stout

PHOTOGRAPHY: Andras Bozsó

TECHNICAL NOTES: All measurements are in inches and in centimeters;  
height precedes width. All drawings and paintings are framed. Prices on request.  
All works subject to prior sale.

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# JUDIT REIGL DANCE OF DEATH

Shepherd W & K is proud to present our current exhibition of drawings by Judit Reigl. This is our second exhibition of the artist's work, organized in collaboration with Janos Gat, who, in friendship, coaxed Reigl to produce this body of work, which revisits the 95-year-old artist's earliest memories and meditations on her mortality.

When Janos Gat first proposed the project to us, by coincidence, the *New York Times* had published an article dealing with artists in their twilight years who, having reduced vision, found new ways to see. Judit Reigl's eyesight is failing and *Dance of Death* is produced in a delicate, almost automatic drawing technique. The work is beautiful, haunting, and reflects an accomplished artist working around her physical limitations.

Reigl's works are in many museums and private collections. Most recently, the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris has mounted a survey of her work and she will be included in the Met Breuer's *Epic Abstraction* exhibition in New York City, which opens on November 28, 2018.

RK/DW

## Judit Reigl's *Dance of Death* (to the Diabelli Waltz)

In the course of preparing to write this catalogue essay for the first exhibition of Judit Reigl's most recent drawing series, *Dance of Death*, I re-read my 2016 text, "Judit Reigl: Late Paintings and Drawings."<sup>1</sup> With the benefit of hindsight, I realized that I had found nothing truly "late" in Reigl's "late paintings and drawings," except that they were done by an artist in her ninth decade of life. All *crescendo e no diminuendo*, Reigl's 2008 paintings and 2010 - 2012 drawings radiate power. They are uplifting and lack the reflective, autumnal mood ordinarily associated with late works. They are not crepuscular, and the world doesn't unravel in them. They don't bring the viewer face-to-face with the ultimate void as Reigl's current *Dance of Death* series does, much in the manner of the work that indirectly inspired it: Beethoven's penultimate, seminal opus for the piano, his supreme Dance of Death—*nomen est omen*—the diabolic *Diabelli Variations*. Variations on a mundane but elusive waltz theme! What better allegory for our fleeting life? Summarizing not only his own but virtually all Western music up to the time of its composition, in the *Diabelli Variations* Beethoven equates all existence with what comes after the last measure of the last variation—a drawn-out measure of silence that broke Western music's sound barrier.

Reigl has now passed her ninety-fifth birthday. While she may seem to defy most aspects of aging, her current series of drawings will likely be her last. The reduced size, the faint lines, and the whispering tone of the individual pieces, combined with their self-referential logic as a series, impart to her new work the sense of being indisputably "late." But these delicate drawings, so unlike what Reigl is

widely known for, need an explanation. Because I played a role in the inception of the series and was present while she drew most of it, I am well situated to start the explaining, which I propose to do from a personal point of view. This is the story of two people, a reluctant master and her eager assistant. There is no question of parity. I am the privileged foil in a lopsided dialogue and, at times, the prompter to a dazzling star.

In the summer of 2015, when I first suggested the Diabelli model to Reigl, the thought had come naturally, because she and I often discuss her paintings in musical terms. We are both informed about music, well beyond any formal knowledge of art history. This suits her oeuvre perfectly. In Reigl's view, what she does is not painting as it is commonly understood. Rather, what appears on the canvas arises from a primordial source, the primordial source from which all art—visual and performing—arises. This is not a theory for her, nor a method. Reigl's experience of automatism, which she calls "total automatic writing," would look as if a musician were performing a solo concert for an invisible public while dancing on a canvas-encircled stage and wielding various arcane implements dipped in paint.

There had been only one previous occasion when Reigl actually did consent to work in front of an observer. In January 2010, over a period of two days, she allowed me and a cameraman to film her as she was just embarking on a new series of ink on paper scrolls. Reigl's scrolls are paintings and drawings in equal measure. Accomplished as she is at drawing, Reigl had always considered herself to be a painter, and had never aspired to be a draftsman per se. Nevertheless,

as it became clear to me that Reigl lacked the physical strength to paint in the dynamic way she had favored for more than six decades, I began to implore her to draw. Initially, she may have returned to drawing because I persisted in encouraging her—meaning she graciously allowed me to manipulate her into what she felt like doing but would not acknowledge—but soon it became a routine, and now she enjoys putting lead to paper. Although deeply exhausting, by her own admission these are the best moments of her day. Reigl feels comfortable with me watching her draw. In fact, my presence is required: I contribute to the series by sharpening the occasional pencil and putting a blank sheet of paper in front of her at the right time.

To go back to the beginning: I became Reigl's New York dealer in 2007. We often spoke by phone—she from her studio outside Paris—about potential exhibitions, one of which led to her starting her horizontal ink on paper scroll series, *Unfolding* (2010), which over time evolved into the vertical scrolls of her soaring *Birds* (2012). Then, for a spell, it seemed that the artist had flown away with the last birds she painted. Reigl did not follow the *Birds* with new work. She was sidetracked by one exhibition proposal that went nowhere, and then by another, which was realized amid such bureaucratic strife that it stifled her spirit. In 2013, as she approached her ninetieth birthday, she crossed a physical divide. Unsteady on her feet and not nimble as she was even in her mid-eighties, Reigl no longer could paint while standing, nor could she envision getting down on the floor to work as she had when making her scrolls, sensing that each time she did, it would be harder for her to get up.

By the end of 2013 it became apparent that no more *Birds* would fly. During our phone conversations I could not help noting that the idle Judit Reigl sounded gloomier than the Judit Reigl who

worked. If she cannot paint, I told her, she should try to draw. Each morning of her long adult life, she had risen to tackle concrete tasks. Would she still want to wake up if she had nothing to do? Reigl conceded that she missed lifting and manipulating her canvases, but at ninety years old and having painted for most of those years, she had done enough. Why should she risk doing bad work when she did not even feel like doing any good work?

While I understood Reigl's decision, on each of my subsequent visits I brought drafting papers in various formats that fit her table. To no avail. She explained very patiently that if anyone could coax her into drawing, it would be me, but I should finally get it into my head that she had always worked by deploying her whole body, filling space with motion. She could not miniaturize; nothing good would come out of her being confined to a chair and bending over a piece of paper. Even her introductory graphic works at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Budapest in 1941 were audaciously oversized.<sup>2</sup> The portable little sketchbooks of her Italian years (1947–1948), from which only a few loose pages survived—some to become studies for her 1950s Paris paintings—were filled with drawings done on the fly in the course of her travels. In 1954, while sitting at a worktable to make a series of photo-collages, Reigl did do roughly one hundred automatic drawings, eventual preparatory studies for her *Outburst* paintings (1955 – 1957). Never meant to be shown in public, more than half of them are lost. When I asked about her well-known *Writing After Music* series (1965 – 1966), which she drew on sheets of letter-size paper while listening to the radio, Reigl said that her movements then were restricted by tendinitis following a car accident, not by old age, and that I should think of *Writing After Music* as the glaring exception that proves the rule of her working only large.

In 2014 we were preparing the catalogue of Reigl's retrospective exhibition at the Allen Memorial Art Museum of Oberlin College.

Forgoing the standard artist's biography, I conceived a scheme for her to plot her life on a stack of continuous form paper. Comprising ninety-two drawings—one for each year of her life—figurative or abstract, with two marks extending from each panel to start the next one, this solo *Exquisite Corpse* was to be laid out, comic strip-like, across the odd-numbered pages. At first, Reigl warmed to the idea, but then decided to use scores of old photographs that she had kept in a box. We spent days together, amassing biographic material for the captions that would be printed on the even pages. When I could not fully comprehend what she was describing, Reigl sketched what she meant on a

sheet of paper. The earliest one depicted the stately entrance gate to her family home in Kapuvár, Hungary, crowned by a tripartite window glazed in primary colors. When I asked if she remembered the first subject she drew as a child, Reigl sketched an old-fashioned coffee grinder with a propeller-like handle. That sketch made it into the Oberlin catalogue.

In retrospect, I can identify three elements that combined to spark Reigl's *Dance of Death*. One I had stumbled upon, and had purchased immediately, twenty-five years ago in a Budapest gallery: a Mednyanszky notebook from 1902. (fig. 1) The art student Reigl, rightfully, had worshipped Laszlo Mednyanszky (1852 – 1919), considered the father of Hungarian modernism. Mednyanszky used



fig. 1

many similarly unassuming notebooks over the years, filling them with landscapes he saw and stick figures in quotidian situations he witnessed. This historic, pocket-size marvel was my 2014 Christmas gift to Reigl, along with a slightly larger leather-bound notebook in which she could draw her own daily observations. She leafed through the former but did not touch the latter, though she did test the various pencils I had bought on some scrap paper and found two bulky graphite markers to her liking. On my next visit I brought a dozen markers and a still-larger spiral sketchbook. Reigl drew a straight line on a page, and then, tentatively, a figure. I ended up bringing eleven more spiral books and asked her to start a pictorial diary to cover the whole year, just as Mednyanszky had done in his notebooks, and she herself in the sketchbooks she carried through

Italy in the late 1940s. During the first half of 2015, at the end of each month, Reigl gave me a sketchbook with little scenes drawn mostly from dreams, not from life. As the months went by, she left more and more pages blank; the last book had just one drawing.

The second element was an informal commission for Reigl to do a drawing for my old friend, Paul Wiener. A Paris resident—and for more than four decades my kind host when I am in town—Wiener had seen the spiral books as Reigl finished them. He fell in love with a sketch of the outline of a baby crawling toward an enormous skull. I could not tear out the page with the undeniably compelling vanitas from the book, but promised I would ask Reigl to draw that image again for him, possibly in a larger format. Reigl and Wiener had met only once before, when we had lunch together in a restaurant near her studio with Maurice Goreli, her foremost collector. On that occasion, Wiener had joined us in part because the elderly Goreli could not get around on his own and I cannot drive. After returning Reigl to her studio, we drove to Goreli's home in Versailles, listening on the car radio to Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, which turned out to be the favorite piano composition of all three of us. Goreli said he felt doubly transported by the *Variations* because he had loved the work throughout his life, but had come to truly understand it only in recent years. By the time we arrived in Versailles, I, too, had come to better understand the work, having learned more about the *Diabelli Variations* from Goreli than I ever imagined possible. Beethoven's composition became the third element—the catalyst, really—in the genesis of Reigl's *Dance of Death*.

A few weeks after that memorable ride, I conveyed Wiener's request for a drawing to Reigl. She said she would not repeat the same image but would draw two other versions. First, she sketched a skull wearing a Panama hat next to a man petting a leaping dog. In the second drawing, she merged the man and the dog from the first sketch into

a chimerical creature, which turned out to be interesting enough for Reigl to forget the second skull she had intended to draw. When she had finished, I told Reigl about Goreli's impromptu lecture on the *Diabelli Variations*, and that it seemed she was drawing her variations precisely as Goreli thought Beethoven must have composed his: articulating an initial theme which soon recedes while unleashing a proliferation of related yet dissimilar ideas and forms. I liked the new drawings so much that I begged Reigl to go on. I suggested that she consider Wiener her Diabelli and develop a set of variations on her own vanitas sketch in the manner of Beethoven's treatment of Diabelli's original waltz theme.

The next time I saw Reigl, and after further pleading, she made a dozen skull drawings. Having reached a stage where she cannot see her own pencil marks with any clarity, skulls have become a ready subject for Reigl to draw. In her youth she had drawn many skulls with her eyes closed, so the motions had become automatic. She jokingly told me that her new drawings would constitute the chart of an artist's progressive loss of vision. And of her turn from the visual to the visionary, I added, since many of the new drawings depicted otherworldly creatures. Her skulls are not inanimate: seemingly alive, some of them sport ears, eyes, or sensuous lips.

By the end of 2016, Reigl's drawings, numbering more than two dozen, amounted to a series that belonged to the tradition of Hans Holbein the Younger's *Dance of Death* (1526), and not simply because of the recurrent image of the skull. In both series, the figures, more than merely dancing, energetically wrestle, pull, push, and tug at one another. On a recent visit, I brought Reigl a facsimile edition of the 1538 *Hans Holbeins Totentanz in 49 Bilder*. I had the images scanned and enlarged. Along the bottom of certain pages, we could see tiny dogs and cats, hybrids of the two, and other figments related to reptiles and birds that are akin to Reigl's weird

little creatures and beings. Reigl recalls the enormous impact of seeing the woodcuts in an exhibition, but not these particular hard-to-make-out details, which we both saw for the first time in the blow-ups.<sup>3</sup> I asked her to do her own version of a number of Holbein's terrifying-edifying scenes and to use *Dance of Death* as the title for the entire new series. Reigl replied that considering all the skulls and swirling bodies she was drawing, and how her hand seemed to be reenacting her body's dance-like movements from the years when she painted large canvases, not to mention her age, titled so or not, the series is already her *Dance of Death*.

When Goreli learned of his indirect contribution to this burgeoning series, he commissioned ten variations. On one of them Reigl wrote *Sic transit Gloria mundi*. On a sketch she made for me—a reclining figure—she wrote simply “help,” letting me know that she was too tired to start yet another drawing. Reigl often talked to me while she drew. Drawing refreshes her memory, and her memories arise to become her subjects. Sketching a mound of skulls, Reigl recalled that in the late 1950s, while on a pilgrimage to Grünewald's *Isenheim Altarpiece*, she passed the still-functioning cemetery of the 12<sup>th</sup>-century Church of St. Hilaire in the town of Marville. There she encountered the shocking sight of a grated shed filled with skulls and bracketed by stacks of bones piled against the side walls. The modest shed had been built in 1890 by the cemetery's caretaker to house the remains of the forty thousand medieval dead exhumed to make space for fresh paying customers. Reigl drew numerous views of the ossuary, which also inspired one explicit and numerous implicit skull paintings in her *Weightlessness* series (1965 – 1966). (fig. 2)

Many drawings were done in the half-hour between my calling for a cab to take me back to Paris and the cab's arrival. Reigl told me that as part of the instruction in the Painting Department of the



fig. 2

Academy of Fine Arts, classes were told do one-minute sketches—of models or still lifes—in sessions that could last for hours. Drawing at my request, for a few minutes at a time, Reigl would revert to her art-student self. Reflecting on this further, we came to realize that although the similar challenge may have brought the academic experience to mind, she was returning even more fundamentally to her-



self as a child, and the new drawings charted, more than her going blind, her short-term memory loss. Reigl vividly remembers everything from her childhood and almost nothing from the hours that precede the present moment. Instead of lamenting this condition of dotage, she seizes the opportunity it offers. Reigl always summarized the past while working fully in the present. What she had struggled for throughout her life now comes to her on its own: the absence of inner distraction, the state of absolute freedom, the fluid timelessness that small children and old people experience. Drawing in a single motion, hardly lifting the lead from the paper, not directing her hand, being one with it, Reigl allows her lines to come forth.

When not rendering death's-heads, Reigl draws scenes from her travels in Italy and, often, her earliest childhood memories.<sup>4</sup> The drawings in *Dance of Death* don't look like children's drawings, though they are direct to the same degree. As a child, Reigl recalls, she drew her human figures with their hands spread out or upward. She went on to paint and now to draw them in this pose. In many of the recent drawings, the figures appear to stretch up toward the sky. When I asked her what everyone is reaching for, Reigl said that the figures have no clue as to what they want, but they yearn for the one missing piece that will complete their lives, something just beyond their grasp that will be found only at the very end.

In 1819, Anton Diabelli sent the score of his waltz to a list of composers, asking each to do one variation to be published in a single volume with the intention of raising funds for widows and orphans of the Napoleonic wars. Beethoven, more than merely accepting the benevolent assignment, used the banal theme as the basis of a composition that transformed our understanding of music and the creative process itself. In 2015, I had asked Reigl for a simple gift to a friend and instead received a suite of meditations on life and death. Both Beethoven's and Reigl's variations are inspired and innovative

takes on simple themes which, in a pattern of infinite continuity, recap and expand, and comment on their respective authors' earlier, monumental tours de force. The composer and the artist were each asked for a single variation. Beethoven came up with twenty-three and then, after a hiatus, added another ten. The *Diabelli Variations* is a thoroughly planned and structured composition. The individual variations are worlds apart from each other, but are meant to be heard in a specific order. Listening to the *Variations*, one gets the impression that, had he lived long enough, Beethoven could have composed dozens, even hundreds more. In comparison, Reigl has arrived at two hundred drawings and counting. Comprising all of her latest "late works on paper," Reigl's *Dance of Death*, which began as a straightforward set of variations in the Diabelli mode, has become a non-linear, ever-expanding series.

Deliberate or automatic, both the *Diabelli Variations* and *Dance of Death* are "late works" par excellence, although Beethoven's *Variations*, unlike Reigl's *Dance*, is not the product of old age. The composer was fifty-two years old when he ended the *Variations*, his faculties intact save for the well-known one. But there is such a thing as inner hearing. One of the wonders of the *Diabelli Variations* is Beethoven's ability to extract the loveliest, sometimes ethereal sounds from the piano without having been able to properly hear them. And there is inner vision. One of the wonders of *Dance of Death* is Reigl's ability to mark the paper with the loveliest, sometimes ethereal lines without being able to properly see them. Yet both series celebrate the senses, suggesting a flash of memory, a taste, a color, a touch—the very stuff of human existence—thereby driving home the richness of experience that each of us may savor all too briefly before submitting at the end.

Reigl's continuing series make plain the fact that hearts will beat until they stop, and life goes on until it doesn't. Old age limits her

work only in size and may even enhance it in depth. Her quavering yet still expressive lines seem to describe the ripping sensation she says she experiences as the world loosens its grip and falls away. More than her own loss of force, vision or memory, Reigl's *Dance of Death* charts every pilgrim's progress in leaving this plane of existence. I wish for Reigl to continue her *Dance of Death*, because it animates her and overwhelms me. I am also aware that she would not object if the series came to an end today. She has no issue with mortality and is grateful to have been able to choose the life of a painter. At peace with whatever may or

may not be out there, Reigl says she will neither hasten nor hinder what is written by fate.

Janos Gat  
August 2018

Note: If reading this text makes the reader want to listen to Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations*, I recommend Márta Kurtág's great "late" interpretation. Kurtág studied the work all her life and recorded it at the age of seventy-two.

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<sup>1</sup> Janos Gat, "Judit Reigl: Late Paintings and Drawings / *Unfolding (Phase IV – Anthropomorphism)*, 2008, and *Birds*, 2012," *Judit Reigl: Late Paintings and Drawings*, exh. cat. (Amsterdam: The Merchant House, 2016) pp. 6-9.

<sup>2</sup> In 1941, the freshman Reigl presented István Szönyi (1894 – 1960), her principal instructor at the Academy of Fine Arts, with a pair of life-size renderings of models posing in a sculpture class drawn on large cartoon paper she had taken from the fresco studio. Looking at the perfectly realized drawings, Szönyi said, "You bit off more than you can chew," and then paused. He was famous for these pauses, taken half for effect and half because he kept running out of breath, having lost one of his lungs to tuberculosis. Reigl anxiously waited for Szönyi's typically damning judgement, but he continued, "...and you have succeeded."

<sup>3</sup> Reigl's *Out* series (1993 – 99) includes one painting of a skeleton pulling a body by the hand. (fig. 3) The composition was not inspired by Holbein, however, for Reigl had seen equally horrific scenes on the streets of wartime Budapest. She recalls a pair of twisted, marionette-like, decomposing corpses lying next to a partially eaten horse, and is still haunted by the unearthing of a mass grave, which she witnessed in Klauzál Tér, the main square of the Jewish Ghetto, after the liberation of the city in February 1945.

<sup>4</sup> In many drawings a male figure lies on the ground or stands and lifts up a little girl. During Reigl's third and happiest summer, the last one before her father died, the family spent three weeks together at Lake Balaton. District Attorney Reigl, who did not go in the sun during the year, wore a Panama hat all day. Reigl remembers him lying in the sand, or on the grass, very pale, juggling a ball for her, with a dog or dogs jumping around them. In certain drawings a festive crowd raises a birthday cake, in others a maypole. Reigl was born on the 1<sup>st</sup> of May. After her mother had given birth and Judit was bathed and swaddled, her father brought a gypsy band to serenade them from the street, while villagers erected a maypole in front of the house.

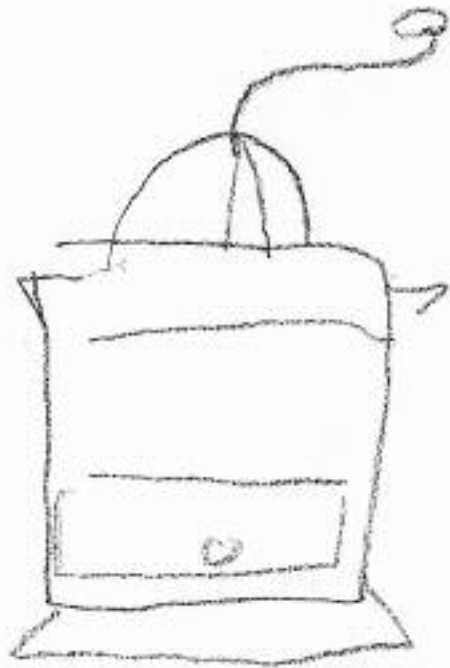


fig. 3

# CATALOG

1. *Coffee Mill*, 2015. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated in graphite lower left: 2015; monogrammed in graphite lower right: JR
2. *Locomotive*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: JR
3. *Sant'Agata*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Monogrammed and dated in graphite lower left: JR. 2018 juin 6; inscribed in graphite lower right: SANTA AGATHA
4. *Sant'Agata*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Inscribed and signed in graphite along lower sheet edge: *Fête de St. Agata [illegible] 5 janvier ou fev 1948 JReigl*
5. *Vanitas*, 2016. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed and dated in graphite lower right: JR 2016
6. *Vanitas*, 2016. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated and monogrammed in graphite lower right: 2016 JR
7. *Vanitas*, 2016. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed and dated in graphite lower left: JR 2016
8. *Vanitas*, 2016. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed and dated in graphite lower right: JR 2016
9. *Vanitas*, 2016. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: JR
10. *Vanitas*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated in graphite lower right: 22 janvier 2008 [sic]
11. *Skull Heap*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated in graphite lower right: 9 mars/2018
12. *Skullscape*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower left: J.R.; dated in graphite lower right: 2008 [sic]
13. *Skullscape*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Signed in graphite lower left: JReigl; inscribed and dated in graphite lower right: [illegible] 2018
14. *Skullscape*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Dated and signed in graphite lower left: 6 juin 2018 J. Reigl
15. *Quartet*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower left: JR
16. *Trio*, 2015. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated and inscribed in graphite lower right: 2 juillet/2015/20
17. *Trio*, 2015. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Dated, monogrammed, and inscribed in graphite lower right: juillet 2015/15 00/JR. OU

18. *Hybrid*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 12 9/16" x 9 1/2" (32 x 24.1 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JM*
19. *Hybrid and Moon*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 12 9/16" x 9 1/2" (32 x 24.1 cm). Dated and inscribed in graphite lower right: *2018/janvier*
20. *Father Daughter Dogs*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
21. *Friends*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower left: *JR*
22. *Reclining Figure*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
23. *Around the Tree*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
24. *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 12 9/16" x 9 1/2" (32 x 24.1 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower left: *JR*; inscribed in graphite along upper sheet edge: *Sic Transit gloria mundi*
25. *Fences*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
26. *Father and Daughter*. Graphite marker on back cover of The Merchant House (Amsterdam) catalogue: *Judit Reigl: Late Paintings & Drawings, January 2017*, no watermark, 13 3/16" x 9 1/2" (33.5 x 24.1 cm)
27. *Family*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm).
28. *Trumpets*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Monogrammed and dated in graphite lower left: *J.R. juin 5 2018*
29. *Tree of Life*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Dated and monogrammed in graphite lower right: *juin 5 2018 JR*
30. *Game*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
31. *Game*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 12 9/16" x 9 1/2" (32 x 24.1 cm).
32. *Lion*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower left: *JR*
33. *Flight*. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 9 1/2" x 12 9/16" (24.1 x 32 cm). Monogrammed in graphite lower right: *JR*
34. *Sant'Agata*, 2018. Graphite marker on medium weight, white wove Canson paper, no watermark, 11 3/4" x 16 9/16" (29.8 x 42.1 cm). Inscribed in graphite lower right: *St Agata*



2015

JR



JK





File <sup>de</sup> 152 Agate (Mentire)

5 jours en 1912.

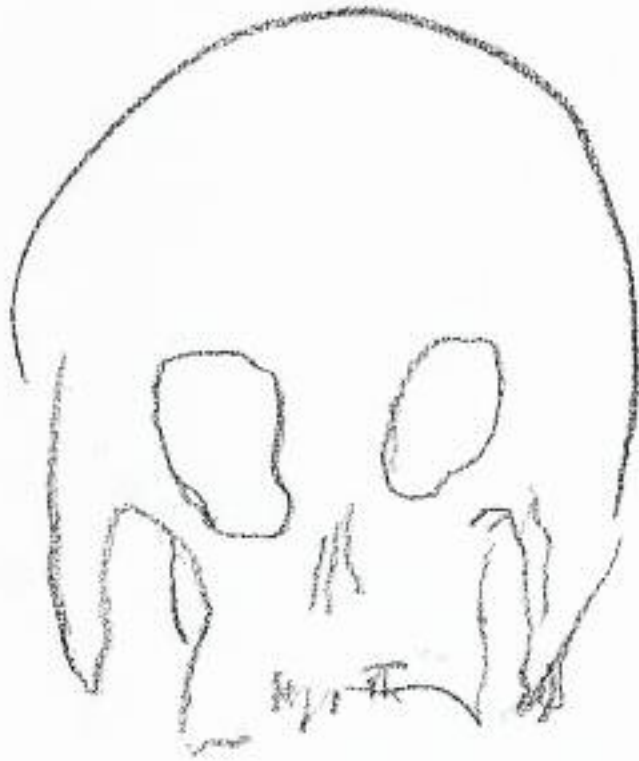
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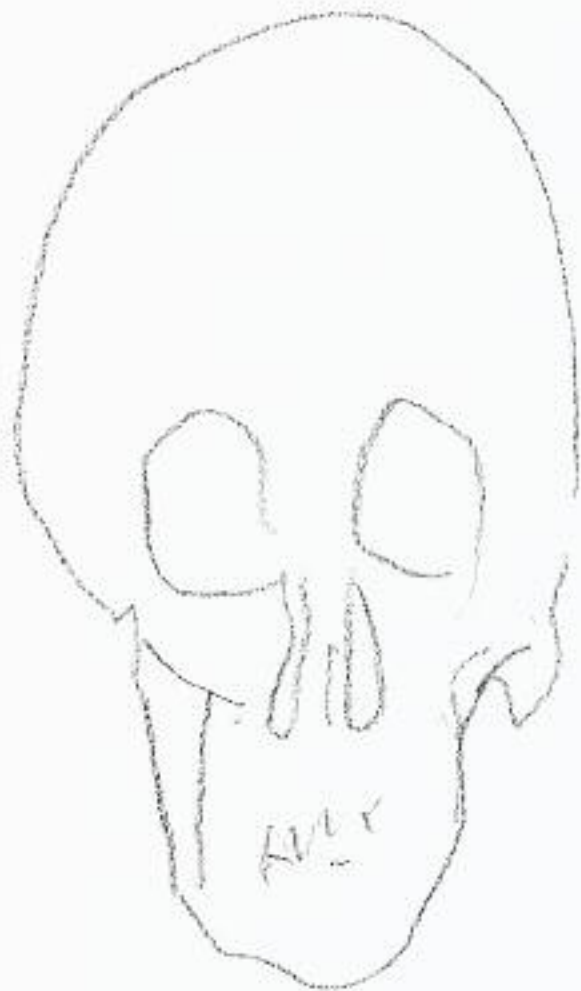
JR - 2016



2016 J/R



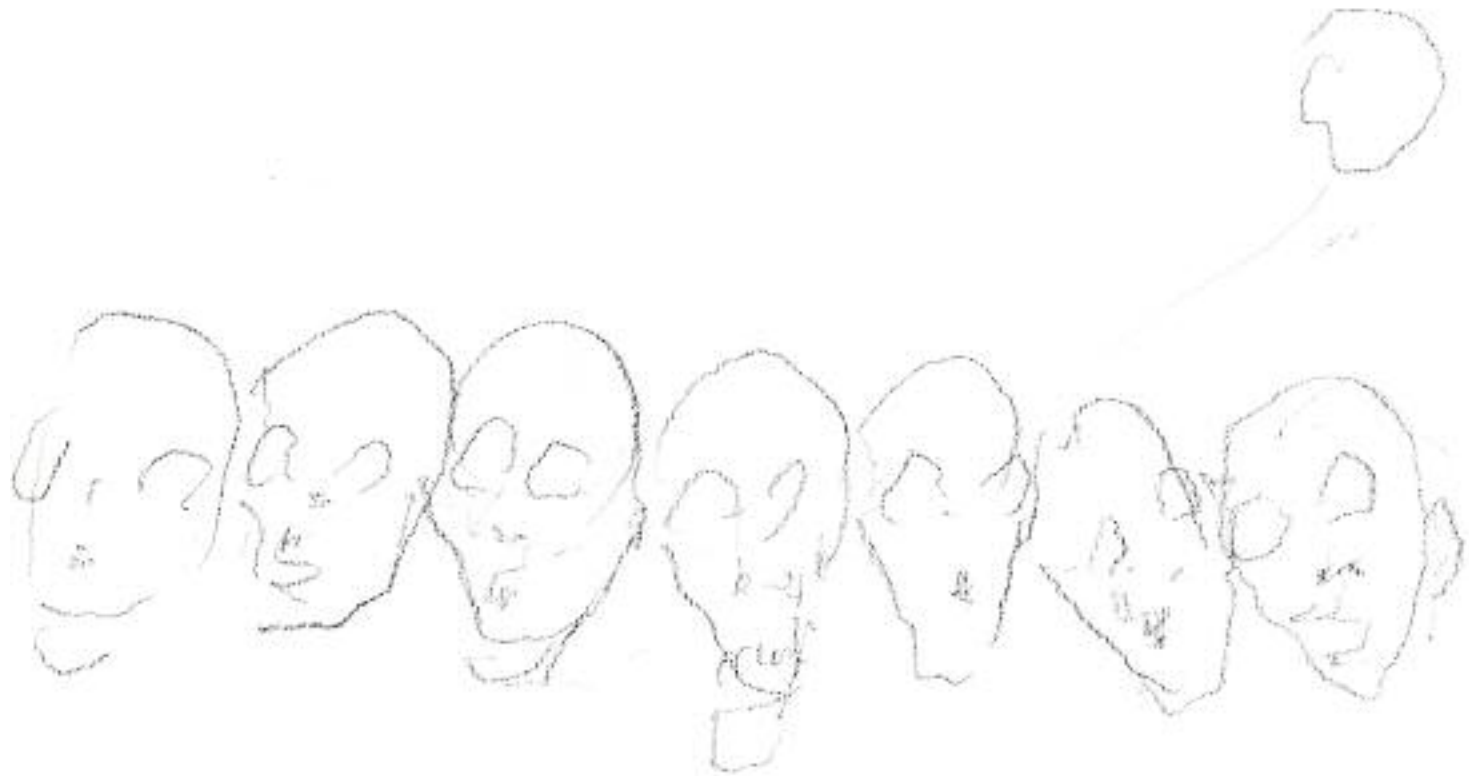
JRM, 2016



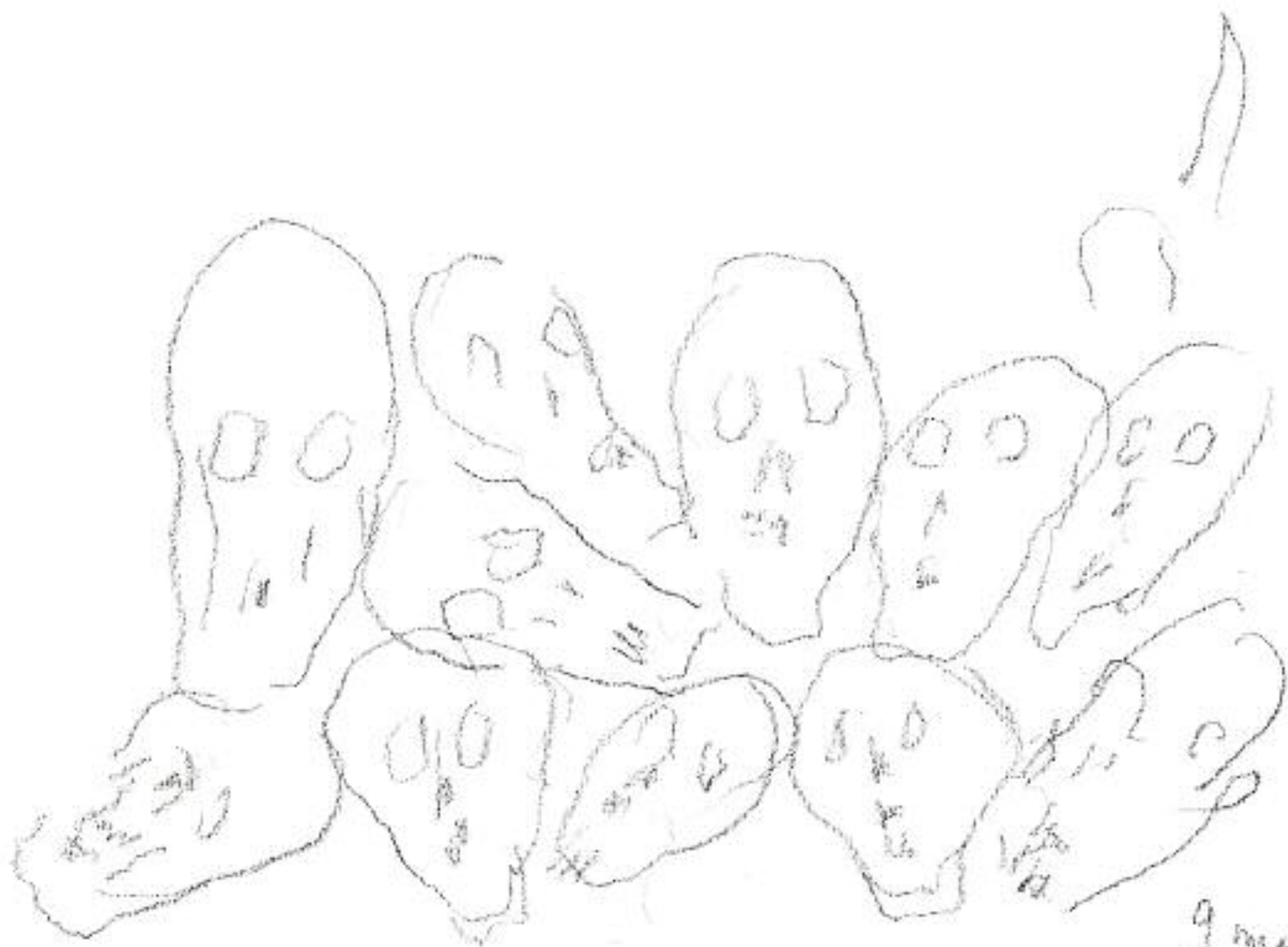
DR. 2016



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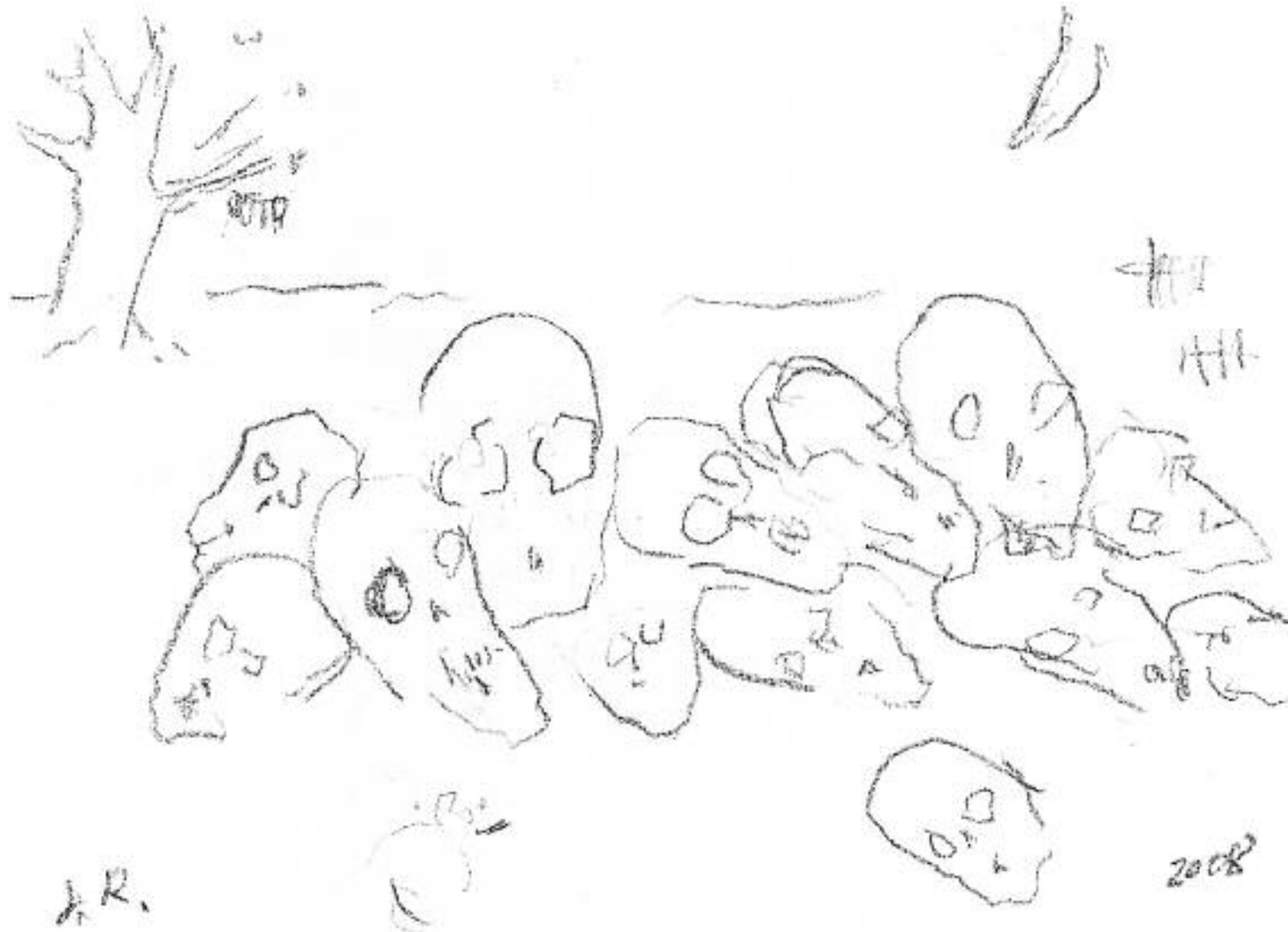


22 May 2008.



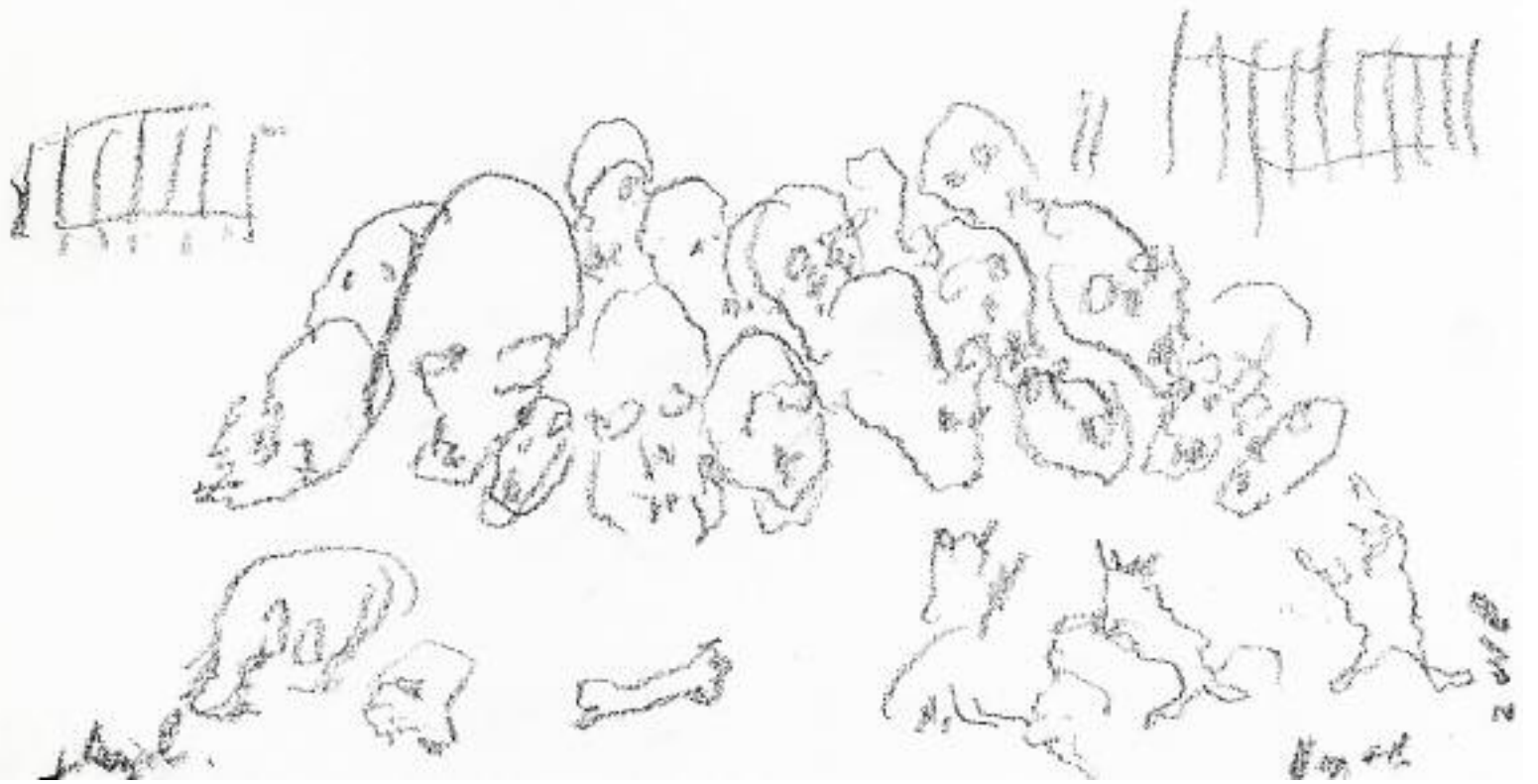
9 marks  
2018



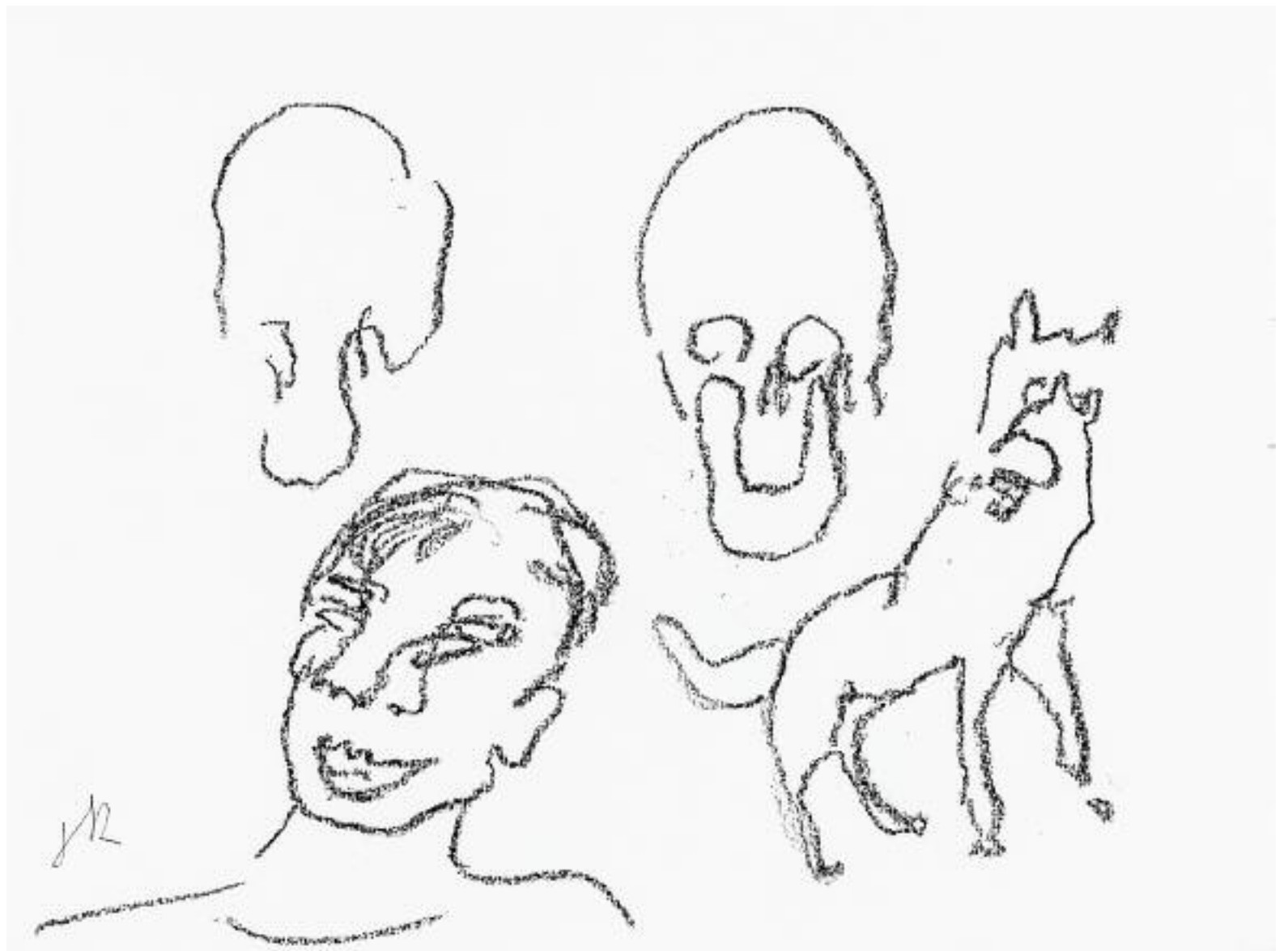


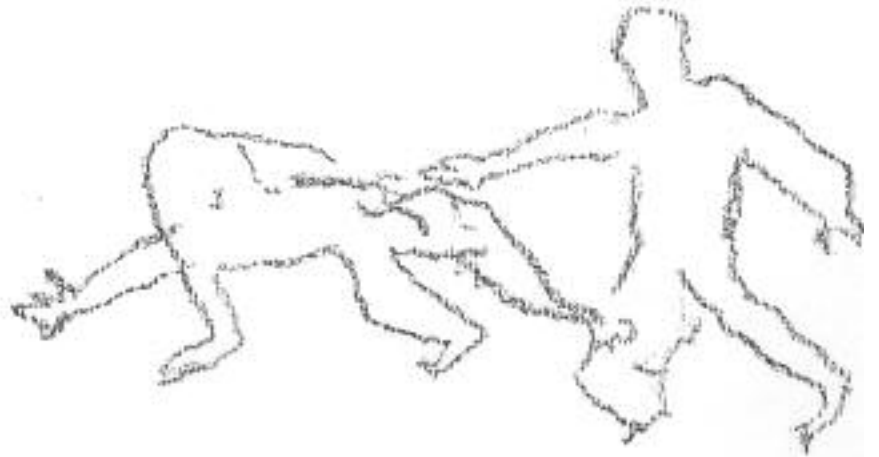
J.R.

2008









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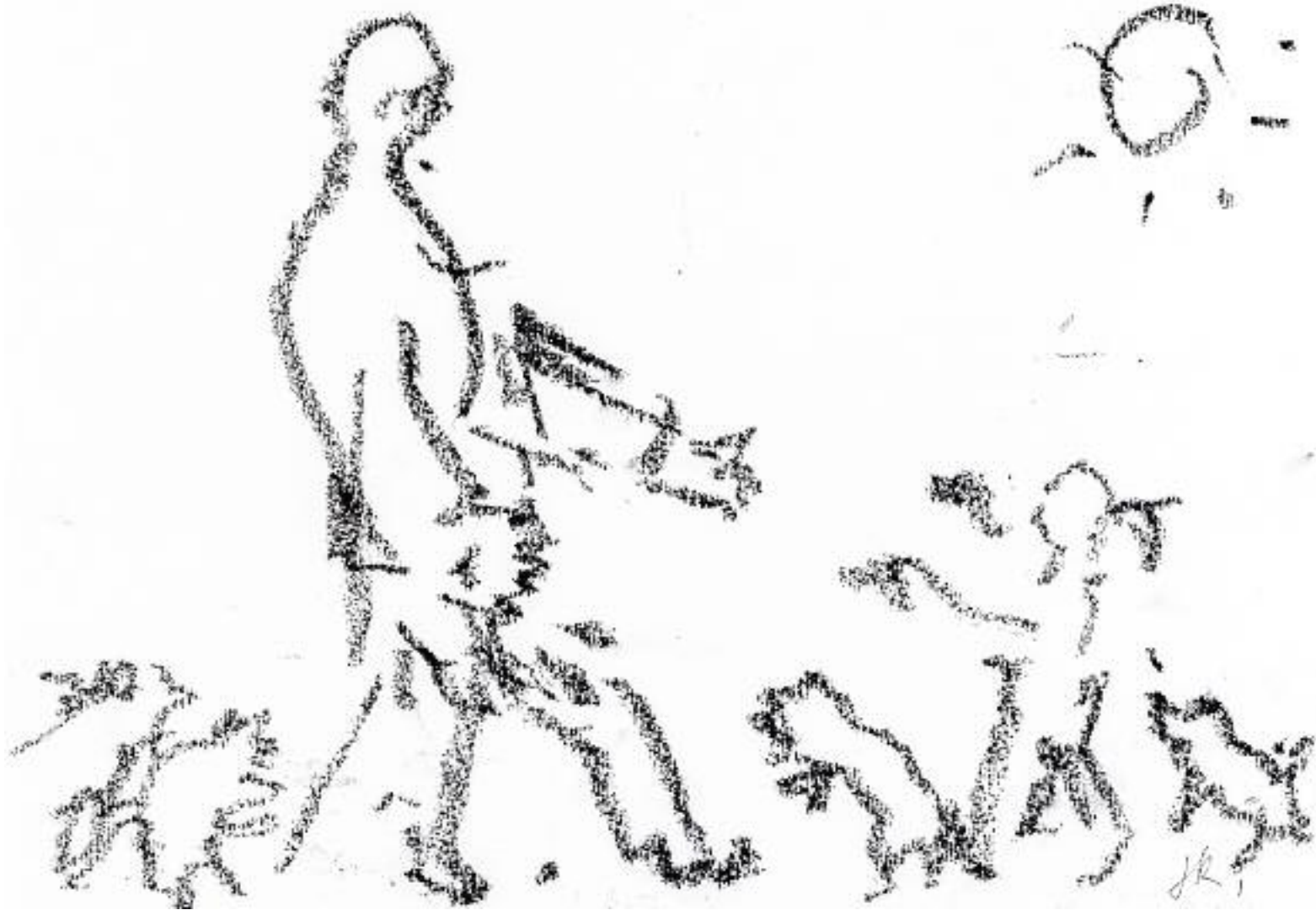
JR. 05.





2015.  
i am not

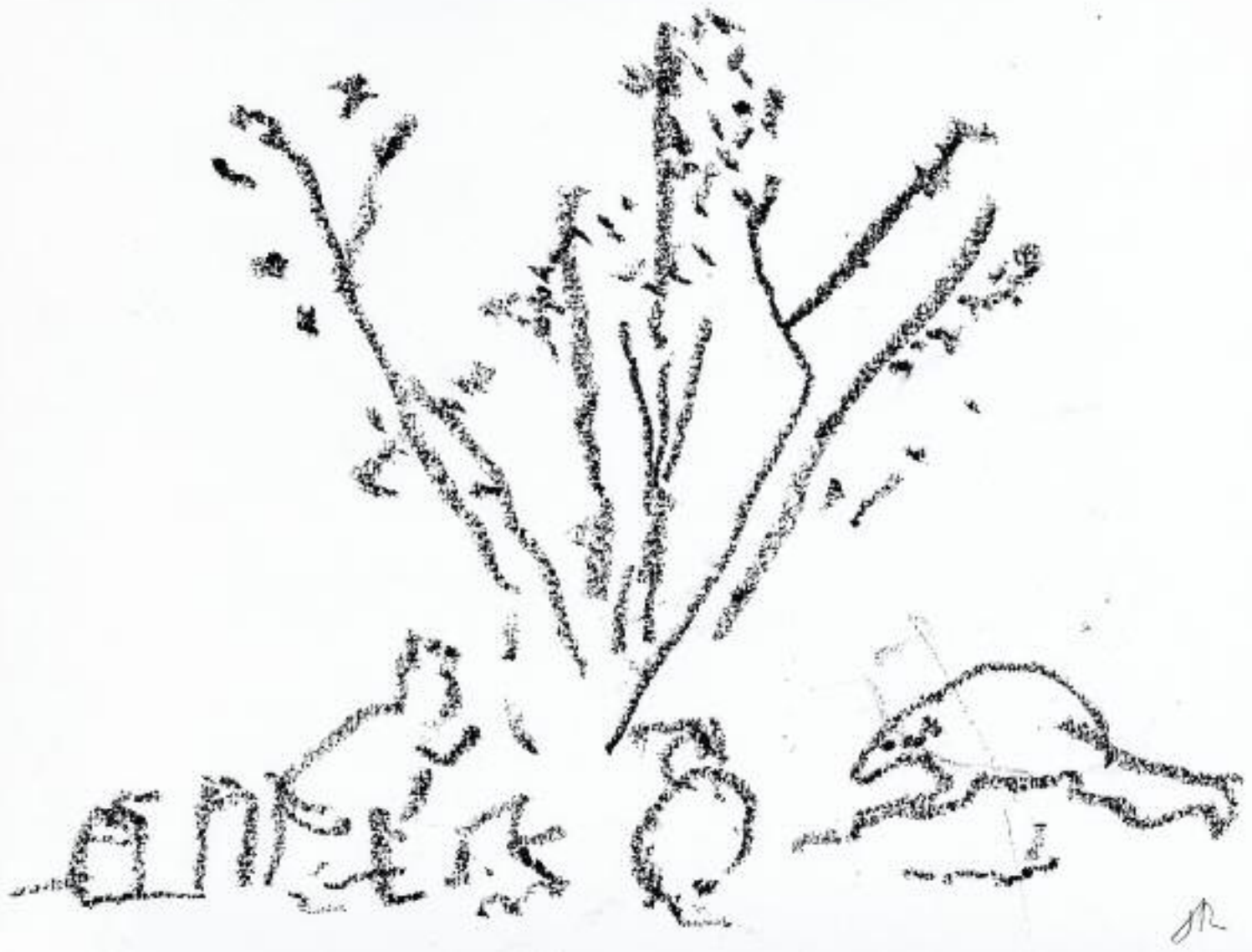


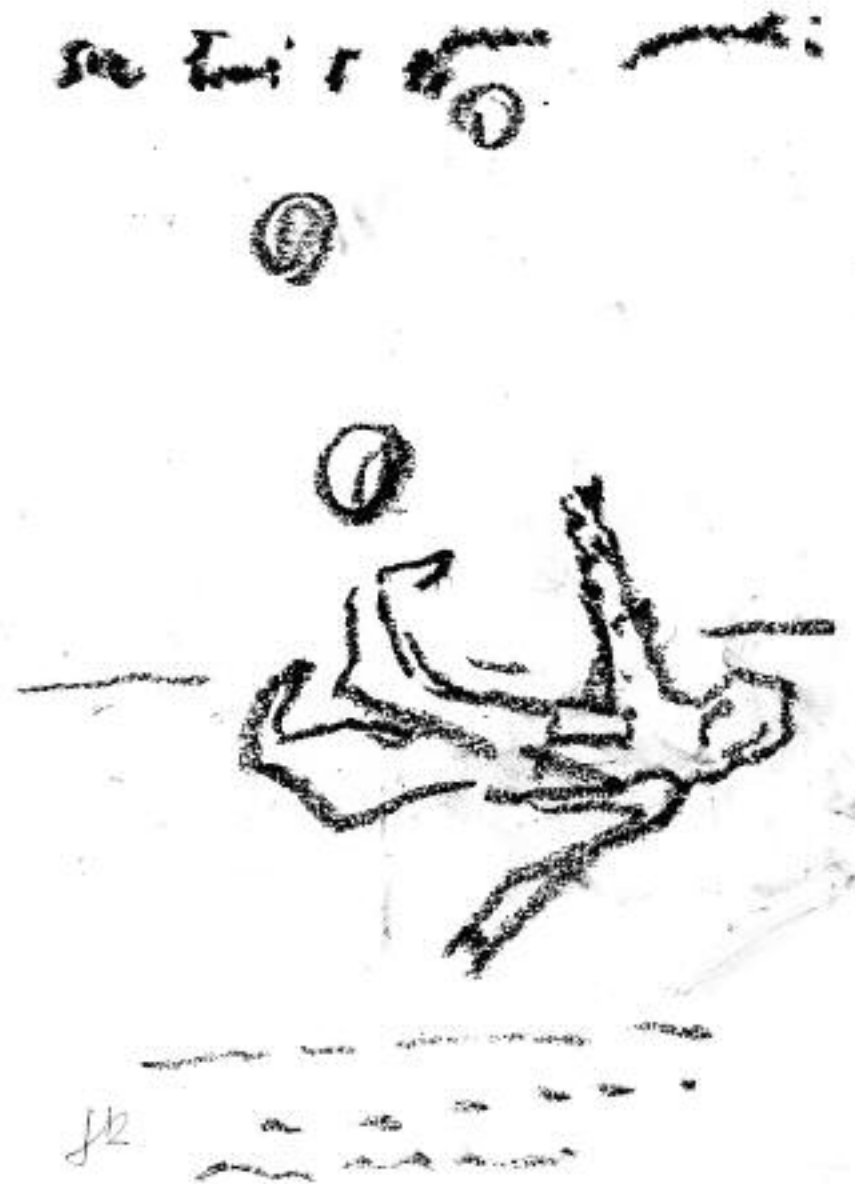




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[www.marchothou.nl](http://www.marchothou.nl)



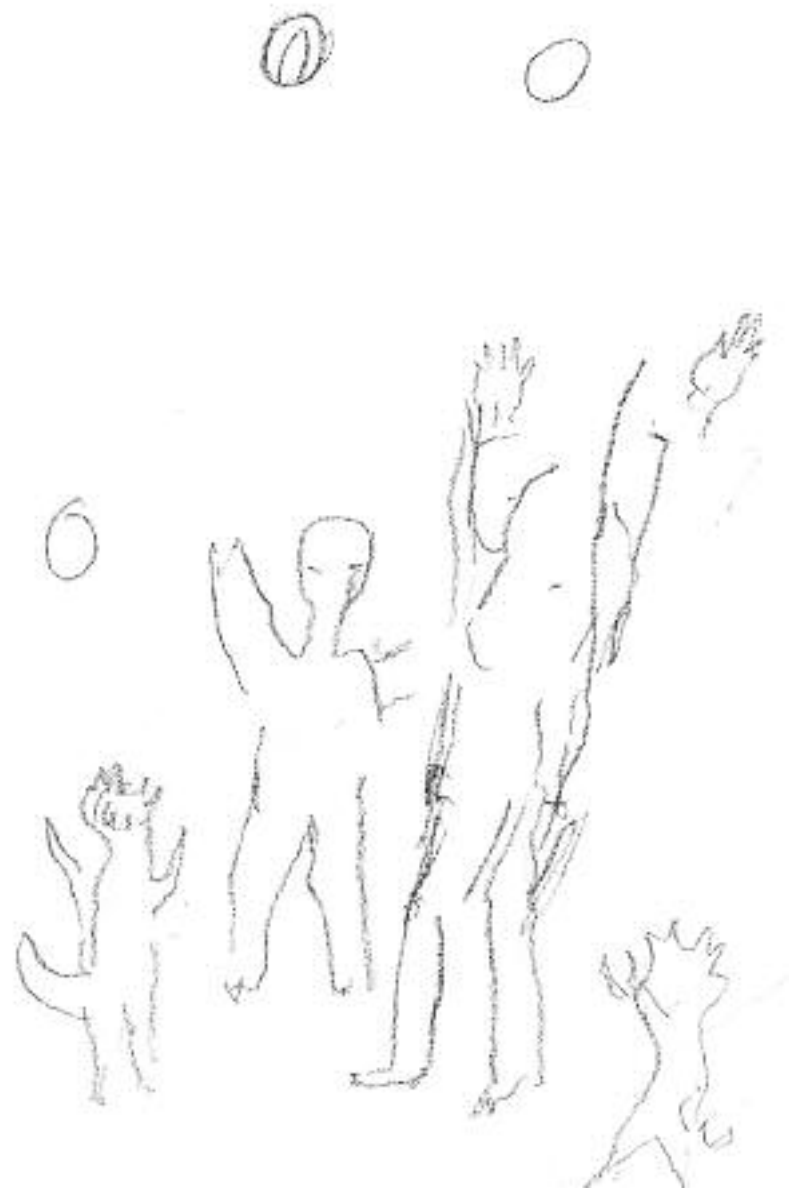


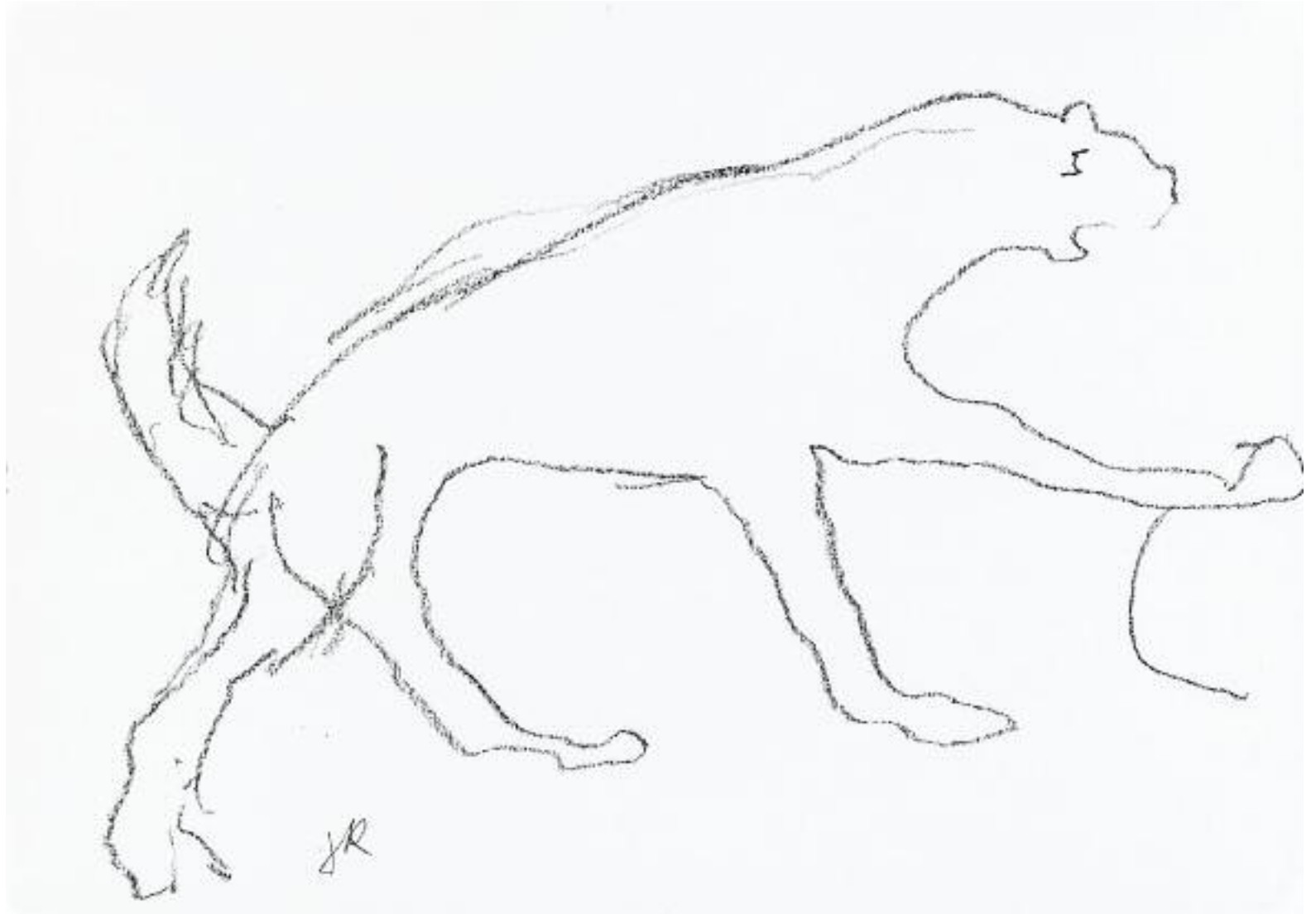


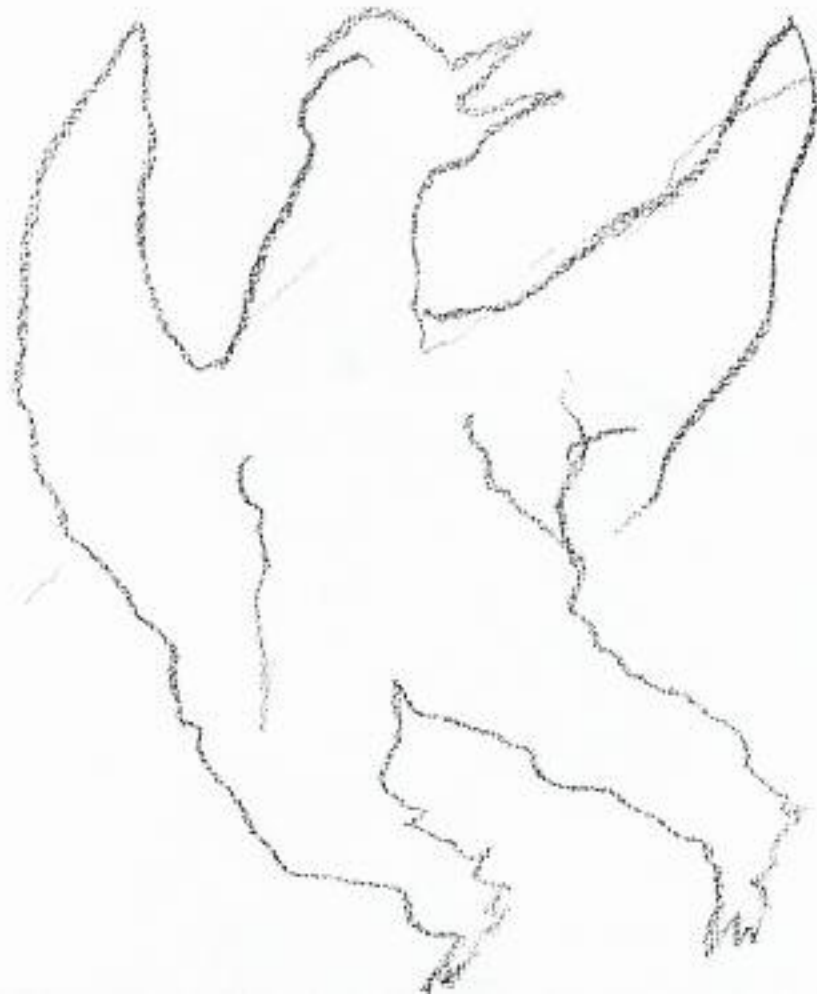












JR.



St . Agata