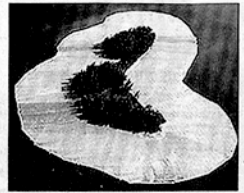


visual arts

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Now that's a handy wrap
Conceptual artist Christo once packaged 10 Florida islands in pink polypropylene fabric.



▶ **JUST LIKE HIS HAIR:** The interior of Andy Warhol's famed Factory on East 47th Street was silver.

D.K.'s hot sheet

In Paris, Pablo Picasso's "Nature Morte a la Charlotte" has vanished. The painting, valued at \$3 million, was stolen from a warehouse owned by the Pompidou Center. It was last seen there Jan. 12. The 1924 painting is owned by the Fine Arts Museum of Nancy in eastern France. For the full story, go to: www.cnn.com/2004/WORLD/europe/05/19/france.missing.picasso.ap/.

Harrell Fletcher, the Oregon artist who was selected for the 2004 Whitney Biennial, has a show in New York at Christine Burgin Gallery in Chelsea. The show has been written up in Artforum.com, the Web site version of the art world's headiest magazine, Artforum. For the review, check out www.artforum.com/picks/place=New%20York.

You have through Saturday to see exhibits by two Portland art veterans at the Laura Russo Gallery. Sherrie Wolf infuses heroic landscapes and portraits with the details and colorful sumptuousness of her acclaimed still life painting. Judith Poxson Fawkes is one of the best tapestry artists in the region, and in this new series of works, she shows why, weaving shapes of luminous color. Laura Russo Gallery is at 805 N.W. 21st Ave.



Sherrie Wolf's "Floral Arrangement After Bierstadt," an oil on canvas, is at the Laura Russo Gallery.

'Girlie' and the cost of beauty

By HARVEST HENDERSON
SPECIAL TO THE OREGONIAN

In her lauded 1991 book, "The Beauty Myth," author Naomi Wolf wrote that the term "Beauty" is a currency system like the gold standard, and in the modern age in the West it is the last, best belief system that keeps male dominance intact.

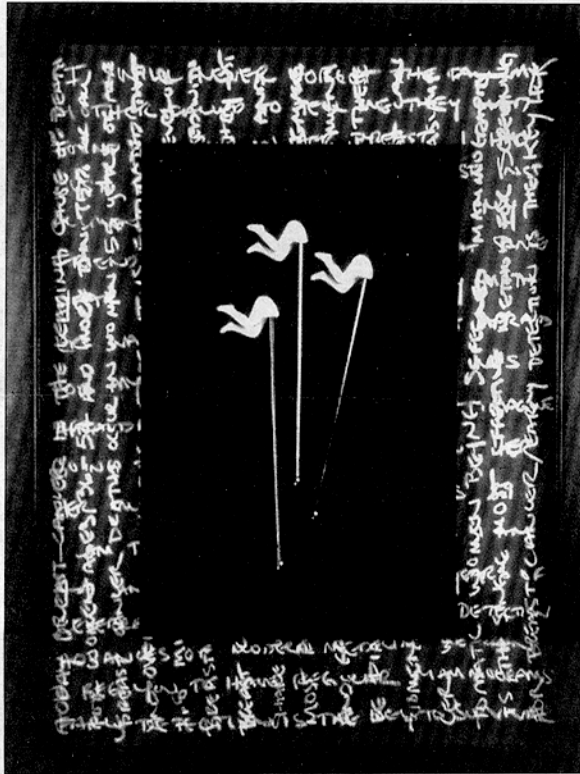
Wolf asserted that impossible beauty standards harm women by focusing their energies on physical appearance instead of real goals, and breaking them into an assembly line of desirable pieces — chest, belly, face, legs — rather than whole people.

That assembly line is on display this month at the Alysia Duckler Gallery, in an exhibit titled "Girlie" by Oregon artist Heidi Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick has photographed objects with skewed representations of women and presented the film positives in hinged, decorated shadowbox frames and on small sculptural pieces. Each photo is simple and almost antiseptically pristine: a centered object against a black backdrop, mug shots of perpetrators in the depiction of women as both ornamental and utilitarian.

Kirkpatrick, whose work has long dealt with women's issues, says the "Girlie" show "was brought up when I lost a good friend who was quite young and beautiful. She had breast cancer, and she knew it. We bartended together at a topless club in Dallas — a very surreal experience in itself — and that affected her fear and self-image. The doctors wanted to remove her breast, but she didn't want them to. She didn't want to be disfigured."

Kirkpatrick's friend eventually underwent a mastectomy, but it was too late to halt the cancer. As Kirkpatrick sees it, she sacrificed her life to the fear of becoming unattractive to other people in a society that demands physical perfection.

"Women are seen like the parts



review

Works by
Heidi Kirkpatrick

Where: Alysia Duckler
Gallery, 1236 N.W. Hoyt St.

Admission: Free

Closes: Saturday

Heidi Kirkpatrick's "Cocktail Stirrers" from her "Girlie" show.

are more important than the whole," says Kirkpatrick, and the images in "Girlie" are her articles of evidence. "Girlie: Bottle Opener" shows a disembodied leg with a slot cut out near the garter line to open beers. "Girlie: Salt & Pepper II" features a blond bombshell whose oversized breasts have holes around the nipples to dispense salt and pepper.

In "Girlie: Screwdriver," a pin-up figure in a strapless bathing suit stands stiffly with her arms behind her head, her absurdly long legs leading to a flathead screwdriver where her feet should be. The paint of her smiling eyes has been worn off, leaving fright-

ening black holes of little expression.

All of the objects represented in "Girlie" were found or purchased, from the kitschy souvenir pen that predictably removes the lingerie of the model inside when upended, to the worn children's blocks whose faces Kirkpatrick has replaced with sliced and diced images of women's bodies, speaking to the insidiousness with which the beauty myth surrounds its victims from the earliest stages of cognizance.

In the end, "Girlie" is an angry and wistful show, unable to restore new life to the women silently injured every day in what

Kirkpatrick calls our "bigger-better-faster, cuter-longer-stronger society." Each work calls on the viewers to own their participation in a society where images of women as tools and fantasies are merely comic souvenirs. If her delivery comes off as a tad heavy-handed, that's because the work in "Girlie" is as straightforward and conflicted as Kirkpatrick herself. "I'm not sure exactly what it is I'm saying to women," she says. "But I'm screaming it."

Reconsidering what she has just said, Kirkpatrick hits on what she wants her work to say: "You need to realize what you're worth. You're worth fighting for — and you're worth being happy."