JULIE HEFFERNAN: EVERYTHING THAT RISES

University Art Museum, University at Albany, State University of New York

JULIE HEFFERNAN
Julie Heffernan

COVER:
Self-Portrait as Agnostic II, 2003
Oil on canvas, 68 x 55 inches
Collection of Mark and Helene Connolly

FRONTISPICE:
Self-Portrait as Dead Meat (detail), 2005
Oil on canvas, 81 x 62 inches
Private collection

BACK COVER:
Self-Portrait with Holes in My Head (detail), 2006
Oil on canvas, 57 x 57 inches
Private collection
Julie Heffernan

Everything That Rises

Janet Riker

Essays by A.S. Byatt and David Humphrey
Lenders

Anonymous Lenders
Rea Bennett and James Kaufman
Mark and Helene Connolly
Sohaiba Ephraim
Suanne and Kirk Flato
Geoff Files
A. Lushing
Mint Museum of Art
Charlotte, North Carolina
New Britain Museum of American Art
New Britain, Connecticut
P·P·O·W Gallery, New York
Robert Kidd Gallery
Birmingham, Michigan
Weatherspoon Art Museum
University of North Carolina at Greensboro

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Having followed Julie Heffernan’s work for over a decade, I am delighted to have the opportunity to present *Everything That Rises*, an exhibition that spans her career from some of her earliest accomplishments to her most recent. It is a body of work that continues to engage, delight, and confound, making children of us all and filling even the most sophisticated viewer with wonder. Like the favorite tales of our youth, her paintings take us to forbidden lands and realities beyond our own imaginings—at one moment a slightly skewed dress-up day, and at another a glimpse of apocalyptic horror.

The worlds she depicts exist somewhere between the real and the imagined. Borrowing settings, costumes, and elements of extravagant décor from Baroque and Rococo masters, Heffernan melds the genres of still life, portraiture, and landscape in her monumental canvases. But these are not expansive monuments to human endeavor; they are instead intimate doorways to mysterious passions. More often than not, her figures are impassive, operatic in their grandeur but not in expression or gesture. A range of female personae from mother to temptress encompass a searching exploration of sexual identity and gender, along with a complex weaving of art historical references and personal narrative. But unlike much of contemporary figuration, there is no irony, nostalgia, or savvy “wink-wink.” Her most recent paintings abandon the solitary figure for a glorious abundance of flora and fauna that has been a part of her artistic vocabulary for so long and that now serves as a portal to intricates scenes of mayhem or lovemaking. Here, as in earlier paintings, in works that are undeniably beautiful, she challenges our stereotypes and basic assumptions about physical beauty.

And so we are left to speculate about her figures, to wonder why her exquisitely domed cities are burning, to contemplate the outcome of pitched battles, to make sense of sparkling orbs of colored light falling from trees, headaddresses, and chandeliers. While we speculate on what all this means, I suspect that Julie Heffernan’s interest is in the empathetic connection she has established with her viewers—that vague, imperfect, less-than-conscious bond that draws us into her distinctly feminine spaces and provokes psychological states of interiority. We enter a world where nothing is simple—whether figures stare out at us attired in the most elaborate costumes or unabashedly naked, whether nature appears at its most contrived or as primeval archetype—a world where the smallest human gesture or the overripe lushness of a single piece of fruit can lure us toward

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**Introduction**

Janet Riker

**Self-Portrait as Wunderkammer, 2003**

Oil on canvas

82 x 58 inches

Collection of Mint Museum of Art, Charlotte, North Carolina. Museum Purchase: Exchange Funds from the Gifts of Mrs. John White Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Bridges, Mrs. Addison Reese, The Mint Museum Auxiliary, Dr. and Mrs. George T. Mims, and Harry and Mary Dalton, 2004.39
Paintings 2003 – 2006

Self-Portrait with Holes in My Head, 2006
Oil on canvas
67 x 57 inches
Private collection
Self-Portrait with Bird in My Fingers, 2005
Oil on canvas
67 x 57 inches
Self-Portrait as Stone Woman, 2003
Oil on canvas
56 x 60 inches
Collection of Geoff Isles
Self-Portrait as Fery Landscape, 2005
Oil on canvas
72 x 67 inches
Courtesy of P.P.O.W Gallery, New York
Self-Portrait as Gorgeous Tumor III, 2005
Oil on canvas
84 x 60 inches
Collection of Bea Bennett and James Kaufman
...a concentrated moment of visual density
where the paint embodies focus and speaks to a
deeper intentionality, where we enter the mind
through the eyeballs of the artist... —J.H.
I

t’s harvest time in many Julie Heffernan paintings. Grand cornucopias of edible bounty pile up around solitary protagonists while fires tint the autumnal mood. These ultra-fecund landscapes and smoldering Old World interiors speak of things long ago or far away, but with such vivid urgency as to draw them within arm’s reach. The practice of painting, for some, has passed into a very late season in which historic recollection is the only yield. But Heffernan’s work acknowledges no such limitation as she moves with vigorous ease between technically challenging historic modes of depiction and elaborate flights of imagination.

Heffernan’s sitters seem the possessors of colorful secrets that could be revealed with attentive close looking. She titles most of her works “Self-Portrait”, augmented variously with “as Netherworld”, “as Demi-God”, “as Great Scout Leader.” or “as Soft Target”. But we can’t automatically assume that Heffernan is talking about herself. The women in her pictures present an impassive demeanor calmly adapted to their extraordinary circumstances, while the iconographically thick surroundings seem to speak effusively of longings and anxieties. Heffernan paints the interpenetration of these composed surrogate-selves and their worlds, infusing them with a vitality that seems to acknowledge off-frame entanglements and inner compulsions. The paintings are almost diagrams of how unruly emotions and powerful sensations are wrapped in a seamlessly enveloping consciousness. They are pictures of a volatile subjectivity arguing with an accomplished self-possession. Heffernan’s selves multiply, radiate, and metastasize into all types of objects.
In some paintings, such as Self-Portrait as Stone Woman [figs. 4, 18], our heroine’s body is nearly atomized. She comes apart iconographically within the disciplined terms of briskly applied paint, as though the brush was trying to keep up with rapidly unfolding phenomena. Heffernan builds her fictional picture-spaces in the traditional role of a hired master whose task is to celebrate someone who matters, like a goddess or a wealthy patron. Corollas fuzz and sparkle to crown these sovereign, unfazed subjects enveloped by bewildering circumstances.

Heffernan assumes more roles in the paintings than is indicated by the simple “as” in her titles. In addition to being the portrait subject and artist, she plays the commissioner of the portrait, the gardener, the architect, the wardrobe designer, and the interior decorator, as well as the

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painter of the other works hanging on interior walls. Imperial fanciness and fanatically elaborated passages of paint give her subtly shifting voice a manic authority. Who is this apparent traditionalist and slyly reserved exhibitionist to herself but a set of extravagant others? She accepts the venerable challenge of passionately inhabiting a subject while maintaining a detached perspective. Skill is employed to focus the painter’s explosively hyperactive sensibility, while the conventionalized formats of landscape, portrait, or still life anchor her ardent assertions of problematic and ecstatic subjecthood. The self in her work is staged as an operation, something performed in acts of dressing up or make-believe, not singular but rather an animate congestion, a nimbus of brushstrokes masquerading as butterflies or birds caged within the picture-object’s four sides. The container is another Heffernan stand-in, this time bearing her signature, as when we say, “I have a great Heffernan in my collection!” The paintings invite us to travel through circuitously interconnected regions for the adventure of going to an unfamiliar place and meeting an appealing stranger.

Her undressing is also a costume, suggesting a sexuality up for grabs. Nakedness, though, is partial; genitals are never depicted. Instead they are extravagantly displaced and refigured everywhere. In Self-Portrait as Radiant Host [fig. 11], a striped lizard noses a sliced peach in the zone where her vagina would be if it were not hidden behind an oversized pile-up of fruit. Numerous streams flow suggestively in and out of geologic orifices in the background landscape. The outdoors is anatomical, irrigated by abundant associations with bodily fluids and nether parts. The grand binarism of above and below the waist is invoked as Heffernan metaphorically lifts her skirts to reveal magic and a playful dread of uncontainable forces, while above, the sky, ceiling, or trees act the role of mind. Heffernan’s spaces, whether indoors or out, are corporeal. She carves deep picture-cavities that bloom and fizz with proliferating resemblances and analogies. The painting’s imagery has the layered quality of a rebus or encrypted joke in which the punch line might be “vulva.” The secret subject is everywhere and nowhere, constituted of many parts, variously inflamed, soggy, or gushing. The female sex organ becomes a burning city, a pile of iridescent wild game, flowers, fruit, streams, volcanoes, and mountain gorges.

Heffernan’s work conjures the past as a fictional place fabricated by means of a hands-on study of the historic archive and a practiced imagination relaxed about blurring the difference. The past becomes an effect of the present. Iconographic references to older works are happily unreliable as they paraphrase, mime, or burlesque familiar types. Her majestic interiors are filled with ersatz masterworks. These depicted paintings refer to types that we can’t specifically identify but that possess a credible sense of pedigree. Her work flaunts a guilty delight in luxurious stuff and dazzling painting effects while mourning the loss of our ability to possess

Self-Portrait as Radiant Host, 2000
Oil on canvas
82 x 83 inches
Collection of Alicia and Tim Mullen

Self-Portrait as Quarry, 2000
Oil on canvas
70 x 68 inches
Private collection
either that wealth or an innocently un-self-conscious exercise of those effects. The old-fashioned look of a Heffernan painting is both homage to the masters and an outrageous bid to conscript their schemas and effects—originally developed to serve religion or secular power—into her own psycho-poetic service. She employs the nuanced theatrics of European painting to make an allegory of contemporary consciousness.

Heffernan’s treatment of female protagonists under conditions of mutation and transformation cause the mid-twentieth-century paintings of Leonor Fini, Remedios Varo, Leonora Carrington and Dorothea Tanning to look like precursors. Heffernan’s paintings can echo the lonely lyricism often found in their work, but hers are augmented by a robust engagement with the Old Masters and contemporary gender studies. Her spontaneous inventiveness and hyper-elaborated iconography cast her as the overachieving great-granddaughter to that first generation of female Surrealists.

In *Self-Portrait as Agnostic II* ([figs. 13, 14]), the amount of time it must have taken to articulate the dense surface contrasts with the fleetiness of flying birds, licking flames, and swarming butterflies paradoxically frozen in the now-dry paint. The straight lines of the room’s architecture become woozy when reflected in the antique mirror, just as the miniature city rising above a floor-length skirt in the center of the picture is distorted by a fire enveloping it. By means of an array of rhyming forms, *Self-Portrait as Agnostic II* reflects upon painting’s character as a transformational aperture to other worlds: the mirror, the reflected doorway, the fireplace, curtains, and other paintings in the room bracket the whole image. In a later version, one of those paintings, hung close to the room’s ceiling, reflexively depicts a woman undergoing brain surgery, suggesting that the work’s theme is mind and the uncertainty of knowledge.

Heffernan conjures nature and history as slightly exotic, grand, and vividly unreal. In her world, they are ambivalent forces that both threaten the subject’s autonomy and give power. The conventions of pastoral, romance, historic fantasy, and magical realism are well suited to Heffernan’s vision because they pass off demented artifice as something natural. Those idioms are discursive positions from which Heffernan can posit a hallucinatory past and assert the power of fiction to overwhelm perception; memory and imagination are like an unruly forest encroaching on a corporeal field. Perhaps Heffernan’s work spells out an alternative theory of cancer, in which too much history causes uncontrolled, self-consuming growth. But in her case, the terminus is not death but an ecstasy of frozen potential.
Self-Portrait as Agnus II, 2003
Oil on canvas
68 x 55 inches
Collection of Mark and Helene Connolly
Self-Portrait as Everything That Rises, 2003
Oil on canvas
78 x 82 inches
Collection of the New Britain Museum of American Art,
Self-Portrait as Netherworld, 2004
Oil on canvas
60 x 52 inches
Collection of Suzanne and Kirk Flatow
Empathy is, at its core, imagination. —J.H.
Two of Julie Heffernan’s paintings are named for two stories I wrote, which she was asked to respond to in The New Yorker. These stories are “A Thing in the Forest” and “The Stone Woman.” I am afraid of illustrations—my imagination is visual, and I think in clear images, which I don’t usually want to see made solid. When I saw the images Heffernan had made, I felt an uncanny excitement. I could never have imagined them, but I recognised them. The paintings understood the stories, but they existed in their own right in an imaginative universe that was connected to mine in a complicated way. One aspect of this is the simultaneous need to explore excess and to be very precise about it. My written forest was too thick, too dense, and the Thing was an agglomeration of dead things turned into a Worm. My stone woman was very slowly petrified alive, and her petrification was described with an overabundance of beautiful mineral nouns and adjectives, from phantom quartz to labradorite to fire opals. I recognised Heffernan’s women encrusted with roses or standing in showers of lit baubles and glitter. They were paintings of the power and danger of making up an imagined world, perilous as the enchantress’s Earthly Paradise, full of unearthly light and colour.

Many of Heffernan’s paintings are self-portraits, naked, inserted into an imaginary setting, at once still and solitary, airless and full of atmosphere. The repeated self-portraits—partly because they are repeated so often—have nothing to do with narcissism, I think, and although—as in Self-Portrait with World Spilling Forth—they are clearly to do with sexuality, I don’t think they are games with Freudian or Jungian symbols. They are too calmly blatant for that. The presence in these works is the artist imagining a world. She stands there. She does not look at us, nor does she attempt to seduce. She simply is, and her presence is a magnet that causes things to fly into sumptuous orders—a skirt of full roses, a garment made of brilliant plumes and leaves, a flock of circling birds, an explosion of flame that doesn’t consume. The things in the painted world settle on the figure at the centre as a swarm of bees thickens on a branch. In Self-Portrait as Wunderkabinett [fig. 1], the single figure is multiplied, as in a hall of mirrors—many versions of it stand under an extravagant chandelier, like dancing princesses in a story, and the walls of the Cabinet are covered with copies of earlier self-portraits, as in
seventeenth-century paintings of art galleries.

What exactly is Heffernan doing with this meticulous recreation of earlier styles and images—mostly seventeenth-century, from the time I think of as the beginning of post-Christianity, when painters took a scientific and aesthetic interest in things for their own sake: the shape of a landscape, the form of a flower, the way light falls on bright things, the human body naked and not part of an emblematic religious story? Women in painted gardens in the past before this past were either the virtuous Virgin or the sinful Eve—or maybe a classical goddess, Venus or Artemis. Romanticism was described (by T.E. Hulme) as “spilt religion,” and Heffernan’s paintings are full of things which signify spiritual or moral things but are overflowing, cut loose from what they used to mean. Most marked of these, perhaps, are the paintings with doves descending, or with tongues of fire. The doves are neither the dove of inspiration, which is the Holy Ghost, nor Venus’s usual accompanying doves—and indeed they are often incorporated into wheeling flocks containing gaudier or more sinister birds, owls and jays. The fire is not the fire of Whitson tide that illuminated the Apostles, nor the fire of martyrdom, real or symbolic. A significant painting is *Self-Portrait as Agnostic* [figs. 13, 14], in which the skirted figure stands before a stone hearth resembling the hearth from which the arrested express train rushes in Magritte’s *Time Transfixed*. There is no fire in the hearth; it is cold, and over it is a dark mirror reflecting a dark mirror. The upper part of the body of this self-portrait is not flesh but a tiny sacred city, with domes and temples in flames. Heffernan had a Catholic upbringing, and thinks partly in Catholic imagery. Is the fire one of the living spirit, or one that will destroy the citadel? It burns and does not consume, arrested like Magritte’s rushing train.

There is something dark in Heffernan’s imagination that comes out in extravagant titles and pictures. I like *Self-Portrait as Gorgeous Tumor* [figs. 6, 8], which is one of the most seductively lovely of her bedizened creatures, a cautious-faced woman over-armed with a too-wide skirt of ripe fruits and a mounting extravagant headdress like a chandelier with droplets of crystals shimmering and shining. Below the fruit the skirt becomes incandescent flaming lights, like jewels on fire. It is a controlled image of the excess she delights in. It is also about the art of painting—the light catching not on modern plate glass and sheen of plastic, but on ancient cut glass and self-igniting balls of fire. I also like *Self-Portrait as Dirty Princess* [figs. 10, 19], where the figure is thickly encrusted and overwhelmed—not, as one might expect, with sexual pornography, but with death: over-ripe fruits, the meticulously painted creatures from innumerable still lifes of dead game, hung fowl and hares, and below them dead fish and the weird forms of dead cuttlefish whose tentacles form the ribbons at the rim of the too-solid gown. And here the blue lights, so beautiful, might be putrescence. It may
be an image of our plundering of our planet, or a response to the original hunters’ delight in the kill. Or there is Self-Portrait as Netherworld [figs. 16, 17], where the lake of fire might be Milton’s or Dante’s lake of fire. There is no human figure, though the chandelier and its cut glass persist, and the large white flying birds seem like sinister demons or harpies.

Some of her images of clearings in woods, or vistas through woods towards distant mountains, do have a sense of Paradise Lost—and it is possible to feel that the skills and the intense vision of the painters of the original worlds, of which these are modern ghosts, are indeed Paradise Lost. Self-Portrait as Great Scout Leader [fig. 27] shows the painter as a serious small boy surrounded by tiny animals—farmyard pigs and cows, but also an anachronistic panda—both the imperial explorer collecting a menagerie and Adam in Eden naming the animals. The naked boy wears a complicated red hat, which is worn by Van Eyck in what is thought to be one of the earliest self-portraits, painted with newly-invented mirrors. The mysterious Self-Portrait as Infantas at the Well [fig. 21] shows the childish figure as both boy and girl, the two halves of the perfect hermaphrodite under a garden arch of golden fruit like those in Brueghel’s paradieses. Even the paintings like this, where there are two figures, suggest an intense and thoughtful solitude. The two figures in Self-Portrait as Thing in the Forest [fig. 30] are struggling to occupy the same dress. (Two was one too many in my story, too.)

My first adult aesthetic enthusiasm was for seventeenth-century English religious poetry, Milton and the metaphysicals, looking back to a symbolic Christian universe where every sensual thing was merely a symbol of an eternal spiritual truth and forwards to a scientific universe where Man was not the centre, and perhaps things’ only significance was their nature and what they meant to humans. I began, never finished, and am still working through a thesis on Paradise Gardens and Gardens of Temptation, like the Bower of Bliss in Spenser’s Faerie Queene.

I think Heffernan and I are both post-modern imaginations looking back to that ambiguous and ambivalent time.  

Heffernan’s paintings remind me irresistibly of Andrew Marvell’s great poem “The Garden,” where the solitary soul, in an “amorous” and “lovely green” world, is almost importuned by fruits:

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hand themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Insnaired with flowers I fall on grass.

Marvell has an image of the soul sitting like a silver bird in the boughs, where it “waves in its plumes the various light.” I imagined somehow that Julie Heffernan, in her Self-Portrait with Various Tails [fig. 24], was alluding to this sensuous garden. She says no, the echo was not intended. But I find the wit and plenty of English seventeenth-century poetry in her paintings, alongside the wit and plenty of the paintings of the period. The Lady in Milton’s Comus resists the enchanter who offers her excess and delight, with wonderful images of what will happen if Nature is not put to use—Nature will be

...strangled with her waste fertility
The earth cumbered and the wing’d air darked with plumes...
The sea o’erfraught would swell and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep
And so bestud with stars that they below
Would grow inured to light and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

Comus is the son of Circe the enchantress. What he offers the sage and virginal Lady, in the grove where he finds her, is neither classical perfection nor Christian sobriety but a dangerous, tempting, uncontrolled too much. He has all the best lines and all the best arguments. Like his mother, he turns men into animals. In our Darwinian time, we know we are, as King Lear discovered we were, poor bare forked animals. But we still have our
Self-Portrait as Gourmand, 1994
Oil on canvas
58 x 72 inches
Collection of A. Lushing

[OVERLEAF] DETAIL
Self-Portrait as Gourmand, 1994
25, 26
Self-Portrait as Great Scout Leader, 1998
Oil on canvas
74 x 61 1/2 inches
Collection of Sabina Ephraim
Self-Portrait as Mother/Child, 1997
Oil on canvas
74 x 60 inches
Private collection.
Self-Portrait as Infanta Maria Teresa Dreaming
Madame de Sade, 1999
Oil on canvas
68 x 58 inches
Private collection
Self-Portrait as Thing in the Forest II, 2002
Oil on canvas
80 x 78 ¼ inches
Courtesy of Robert Kidd Gallery,
Birmingham, Michigan
Self-Portrait as Stone Woman, 2003
Oil on canvas
56 x 60 inches
Collection of Geoff Isles

Self-Portrait as Wunderkabinett, 2003
Oil on canvas
82 x 58 inches
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72 x 67 inches
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84 x 60 inches
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Self-Portrait as Dead Meat, 2005
Oil on canvas
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Oil on canvas
84 x 60 inches
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Self-Portrait with Birds in My Fingers, 2005
Oil on canvas
67 x 57 inches
Collection of Weatherspoon Art Museum, University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Museum Purchase with funds from the Benefactors Fund, 2005

Self-Portrait as Netherworld, 2004
Oil on canvas
60 x 52 inches
Collection of Suzanne and Kirk Flatow

Self-Portrait as Agnus Dei, 2003
Oil on canvas
68 x 56 inches
Collection of Mark and Helene Connolly

Self-Portrait as Everything That Rises, 2003
Oil on canvas
78 x 82 inches

Self-Portrait as Stone Woman, 2003
Oil on canvas
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* Denotes work not included in the exhibition at the Weatherspoon Art Museum.

1981 B.F.A., University of California at Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz, California
1985 M.F.A., Yale University School of Art, New Haven, Connecticut

SELECTED ONE-PERSON EXHIBITIONS

Heaven and Hell, P·P·O·W Gallery, New York
Lisa Sette Gallery, Scottsdale, Arizona

Robert Kidd Gallery, Birmingham, Michigan

2004 John Michael Kohler Art Center, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Mint Museum of Art, Charlotte, North Carolina
Peter Miller Gallery, Chicago
Paul Kopelnik Gallery, Los Angeles

2003 P·P·O·W Gallery, New York
New Paintings, Littlejohn Contemporary, New York
Herter Art Gallery, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts

2002 Linda Durham Gallery, Galisteo, New Mexico

2001 P·P·O·W Gallery and Littlejohn Contemporary, New York
Peter Miller Gallery, Chicago

1999 Alcott Gallery, Hanes Art Center, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2006 New Old Masters, National Museum, Gdansk, Poland

2005 Social Insecurity, Catharine Clark Gallery, San Francisco
High Drama: Eugene Berman and the Theater of the Melancholic Sublime, Georgia Museum of Art, Athens, Georgia; traveling to: McNay Art Museum, San Antonio, Texas, and Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California

Paint on Metal, Tucson Museum of Art, Tucson, Arizona

2004 Me, Myself and I, Schmidt Center Gallery, Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, Florida
About Painting, Tang Teaching Museum and Art Gallery, Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York
Trouble in Paradise, Van Brunt Gallery, Beacon, New York
Earthly Delights, Sandra and David Bakalar Gallery, Massachusetts College of Art, Boston

179th Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Art, National Academy Museum, New York
Enchantment, Wave Hill, Bronx, New York
2004  Exquisite Corpse: Rules for an Unruly Project, Bowdoin College Museum of Art, Brunswick, Maine

2003  Women and Self-Representation in Contemporary Art, Palmer Museum, Penn State University, State College, Pennsylvania

Woman on Woman, White Box Gallery, New York


2002  Masquerade. John Michael Kohler Art Center, Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Anderson Ranch Arts Center, Snowmass Village, Colorado

Social Landscape, P.P.O.W Gallery, New York

Collecting Contemporary Art: A Community Dialogue, Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

American Academy Inaugural Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, The American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York

Revina Wittertsema University Galleries, University of Illinois, Normal, Illinois and Wake Forest University Fine Arts Gallery, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

2001  Of Dreams and Dreamers, Carl Hammer Gallery, Chicago

Yale University School of Art Alumni Show, Hiscombe T. Green, Jr. Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut

2000  Snapshot, Contemporary Museum, Baltimore, Maryland; traveling to: Aldrich Museum of Contemporary Art, Ridgefield, Connecticut

The Swamp on the Edge of Eden, Anderson Ranch Arts Center, Snowmass Village, Colorado

Realism in the 1990's, Richmond, Virginia

Collecting Contemporary Art: A Community Dialogue, Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

American Art Today: Fantasies and Curiosities, Yale University School of Art Alumni Show, Hiscombe T. Green, Jr. Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut

1996  New York Foundation for the Arts: individual artists' grant

1995  National Endowment for the Arts: individual fellowship grant

1987  Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S.1: artist-in-residence and studio grant

1986  Fulbright-Hayes grant to West Berlin

SELECTED AWARDS AND FELLOWSHIPS


1996  New York Foundation for the Arts: individual artists' grant

1995  National Endowment for the Arts: individual fellowship grant

1987  Institute for Art and Urban Resources, P.S.1: artist-in-residence and studio grant

1986  Fulbright-Hayes grant to West Berlin


James, Jamie: "Julie Heffernan," The New Yorker, April 12, 1999.


Self-Portrait as Lone and the Men, 2006
Oil on canvas
81 x 60 inches
Courtesy of P·P·O·W Gallery, New York
No exhibition and catalogue take form without the determined effort of countless individuals. I am grateful to so many for their hard work, support and generous spirit.

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J.R.

Acknowledgements

Self-Portrait as Harem Scarem, 2006
Oil on canvas
56 x 66 inches
Collection of Hakan Karamahmutoglu

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