

MARK

SCHLESINGER

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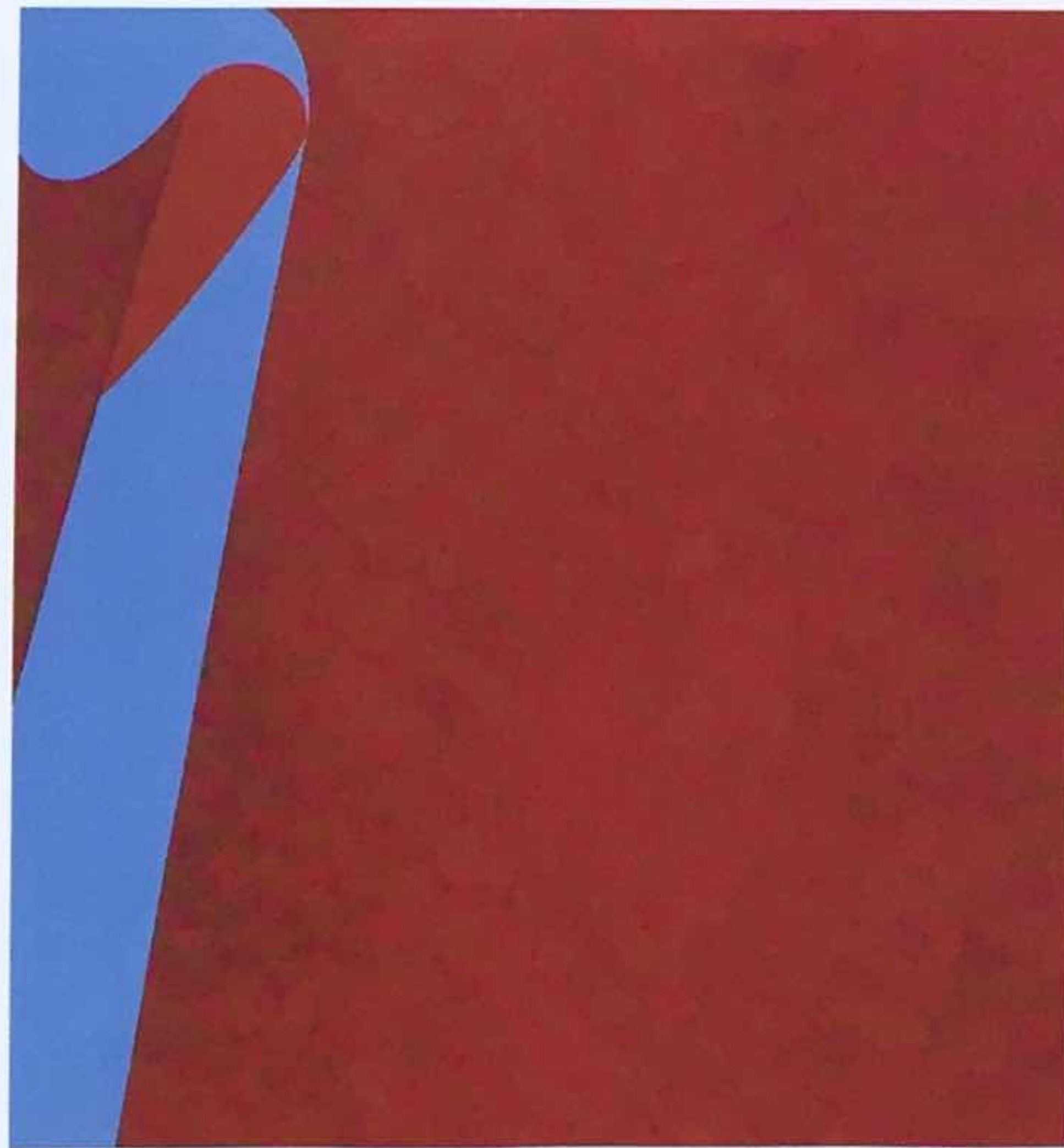
PAINTINGS 1993

THE LIPTON/OWENS COMPANY
NEW YORK

FIFTY FOR MARK SCHLESINGER

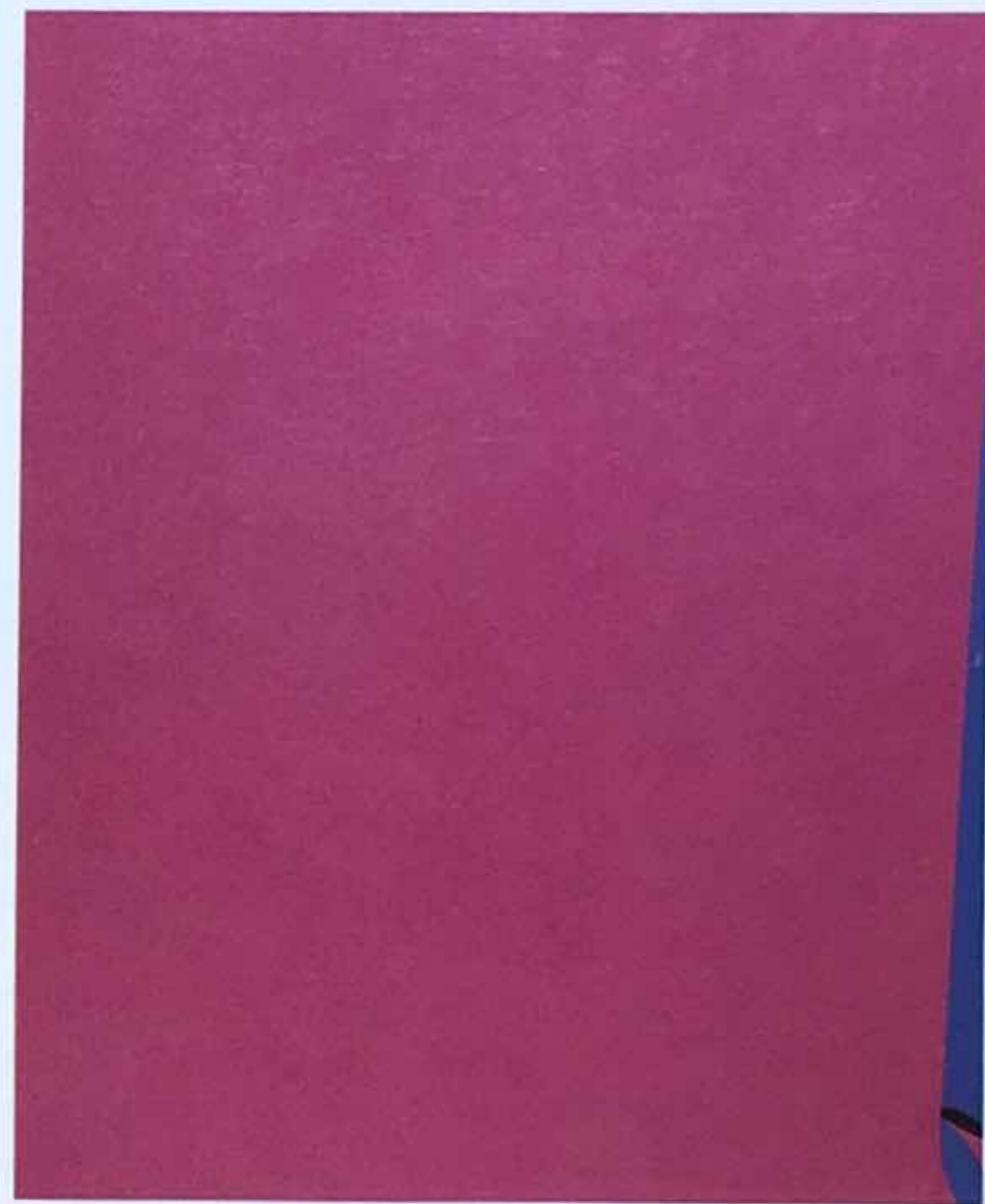
by John Yau

Why must things be a color we can name? Or colors be in things we can hold and touch? What is this place where colors meet? What is the thickness of a color you cannot touch? What takes its place when it is gone? Is it a place or a thing you see? What is this place or thing doing now that you are in or near it? Can one thing (or place) be another and still be itself? Where are you now that you are here, before and inside? Can you be there and here? Have you ever seen all the sides of the air you touch? What pushes you back, as well as pulls you toward? Is there a drumming other than the heart inside your body? Does this music reach the surface where your eyes are unable to settle? Why do you want to see stillness? Have you ever been that stillness you want to see? What kind of stillness is found inside a cloud? Where does one see this cloud? What happens to you when you run out of nouns and verbs? Are you afraid of adverbs? of the between that never lets go? What fills the space between always and never? Have you ever been there? What or where occurs after this after? Before this before? Underneath and above this under? How can a place have boundaries? Where do the words of that place end and other worlds begin? Describe that or any world because it is unlike any other? Describe the others? Where do you begin this this and why? Can a color fold behind a color, like a cloud sliding in back of the sky? Why a cloud and not something else? Why the sky? Must you see something when you see a color? A circle? A section of a circle? Can this section be itself, and not part of something else? Is there always a something else? Can you complete the circumference of something that eludes description? What folds back on itself without altering its direction? What are perfect forms?



"HERE AND THERE", 77" X 71", OIL/LINEN, 1993

Might all meetings be of mouths and more? Might there be a way to speak of this thing you see before you? Might you not also be speaking of and pointing to yourself, one of the many you are or think yourself to be? What things are you? What things might you want to be? At what point do they become the things you are? Can words point to the apparent? Is the apparent that which cannot be pointed to? Is the apparent all there is? What is this between you have reached? Might this not be about something more than the physical and visual limits each one of them defines? When was the last time another mouth was this close? Can this between embrace you and itself and more? What more is there that words cannot reach? Why must you reach a place or thing? Why must either of them be an event you can arrive at again? Why must words play more than a part? Why must part of the words you use be solid? What happens to the words you see through? The ones between you and what you are seeing? What happens to those thoughts you cannot name? Where is the then in the there you are seeing? Can you see before and after the words fill the space between here and there? Is the there there or here? Can one be in two places at once? What are these places that place you, like a bridge between now and now? Is there a now you are looking for? Can colors show you more than you want to see? Do you believe this thing exists outside of you? Are you afraid that there is no place between you and this, that this this is there and you are here? What is it that you want to see and why? Can seeing be this thing you want to see and nothing else? Can seeing be this thing you did not know you wanted to see? Can seeing be wanting to see again because you have only started to see the there in front of you? Can that there, its folded colors, also be here? changeless and changing? If not between, then where?



"BEFORE WHAT", 94" X 76", OIL/LINEN, 1993

PAINTING'S (S)PACE

by David Pagel

The basics of painting go on parade in Mark Schlesinger's contradiction-riddled images. Across the precisely painted surfaces and razor-sharp contours of his exuberant scrutinies of paint's possibilities, color struts its sumptuous stuff, line ricochets around like a championship drill team, and shape flagrantly displays the eccentric yet rigorous discipline of a seasoned libertine. Space boomerangs in and out of the picture-plane. Sometimes asserting its presence as a robust, volumetric form, it swiftly balloons into Brobdingnagian proportions. At other times, it tactfully withdraws into the illusionistic distance, where it drifts through the air like a scent, or seems to casually hum background harmonies for the emphatic, theatrical rhythms spotlighted by the paintings' flashy, compositional features and bold, eye-grabbing incidents.

Texture, too, primps, preens, and poses as it's put through the paces of formalist painting. It alternatively disappears into the super-smooth flatness of impenetrable perfection, or—in the manner of a fingerprint or snowflake—stands out in inimitable, one-of-a-kind singularity by articulating an unmappable cartography of inhuman skin. Saturated fields of countless puckers and minuscule pinches, repeated wrinkles, scrunched folds, puffy bags, buried discolorations, built-up calluses, uneven abrasions, slight sags, faded bruises, odd marks, cracked scabs, and painful rips constitute dense, complex membranes that are at once infinitesimally detailed and infinitely expansive. Utterly anonymous, their colorful, all-over touches accumulate to make paintings that are perversely intimate.



"IN IT", 42" X 62", OIL/LINEN, 1993

Time, too, enters these pictures, more than doubling their dynamics by means of indirection and surreptitiousness. Although this essential component of painting rarely receives as much critical attention as its more literal or visible aspects, duration nevertheless plays a pivotal role in the drama that unfolds in Schlesinger's potently focused abstractions. An analogy with organic growth aptly conveys their time-bearing characteristics. If these works were fruits, they would hang heavily on their branches and vines. Succulent, juicy, and ripe-for-the-picking, they would occupy the moment that immediately precedes the snapping of their stems, their fall to earth, and their incipient rotting. As oils-on-linen, however, Schlesinger's paintings suspend -- indefinitely -- the thin slice-of-time just prior to the fall.

They defer the actual arrival of decline, decay, and putrescence, but nevertheless trigger a panoply of emotional responses to these imagined occurrences, evoking reactions to natural processes that have not actually transpired, but still reverberate and echo, all the more powerfully, in the mind's-eye. This abstract, uninhabitable, two-dimensional territory is far more intimate and extreme than anything painting is capable of representing. Without the material restraints of the medium, the open-ended shifts and identity-altering transformations that take place in the imagination grip us more firmly and shake us more deeply than any of abstract painting's celebrated figure-ground reversals, which seem, by contrast, to be merely pictorial. Like eerie premonitions or tantalizing intrigues whispered into the ear of someone with a hyperactive imagination (or tendency toward paranoia), Schlesinger's pictures of nothing in particular elicit an exciting (though sometimes paralyzing) abundance of the unrestrained associations, uncontrollable fears, overblown projections, and fantasized extravagances that almost always accompany the imagined possibility of real loss.

His paintings deliver effects severed from causes. They open up an indeterminate space in time, allowing a myriad of possible paths to be freely followed, while preserving the equal and opposite possibility: that we may retrace our steps, causing the whole trip to disappear, like a dream, or perhaps, like a nightmare, to linger a little longer in memory.

The apparent control, restraint and reserve of Schlesinger's art is duplicitous, in an unconventional sense. Unlike society, where manners and decorum mask hidden desires, manipulations, and power relations, his paintings hide nothing behind their



"WHAT IS WHAT", 102" X 108", OIL/LINEN, 1993

bright, sexy surfaces. The visual logic they outline and operate within shares little with that which determines the significance of packages (which wait to be unwrapped) or curtains (which demand to be thrown back) or doors (which invite us to open them) or people (who bury their tortured souls deep within their bodies, perhaps only for their analysts to see).



"WITHIN AND OUT", 48" X 64", OIL/LINEN, 1993

Schlesinger's abstract images don't play games of hide-and-seek, nor do they tease us with the promise of a narrative saga of concealment and revelation, in which the truth is always on the verge of being disclosed but never gets shown.

On the contrary, his electrifying paintings stamp themselves out in space in a split-second. They snap into sharp focus in your eyes before your mind has a chance to make sense of their off-balance, out-of-whack compositions. Then, as a little time passes, their appearances -- or your experiences of them -- change. Like time-released pharmaceuticals, previously overlooked details float into the foreground. Precise tonal

variations vibrate slightly as they seem to saturate your eyes with a dense mix of hair-splitting values, contradictory temperatures, various levels of wetness, and differing degrees of dryness. Straight lines merge with curved ones, as well as the edges of the picture-plane, warping the flat space of idealized geometry into a continually twisting realm of contorted flip-flops, wild, roller-coaster reversals, and the slow-motion, mutant fluidity of Lava-Lamps. Simple planes of textured color seem to abut one another in high-impact collisions, yet, simultaneously, to be as far apart as planets in the solar system.

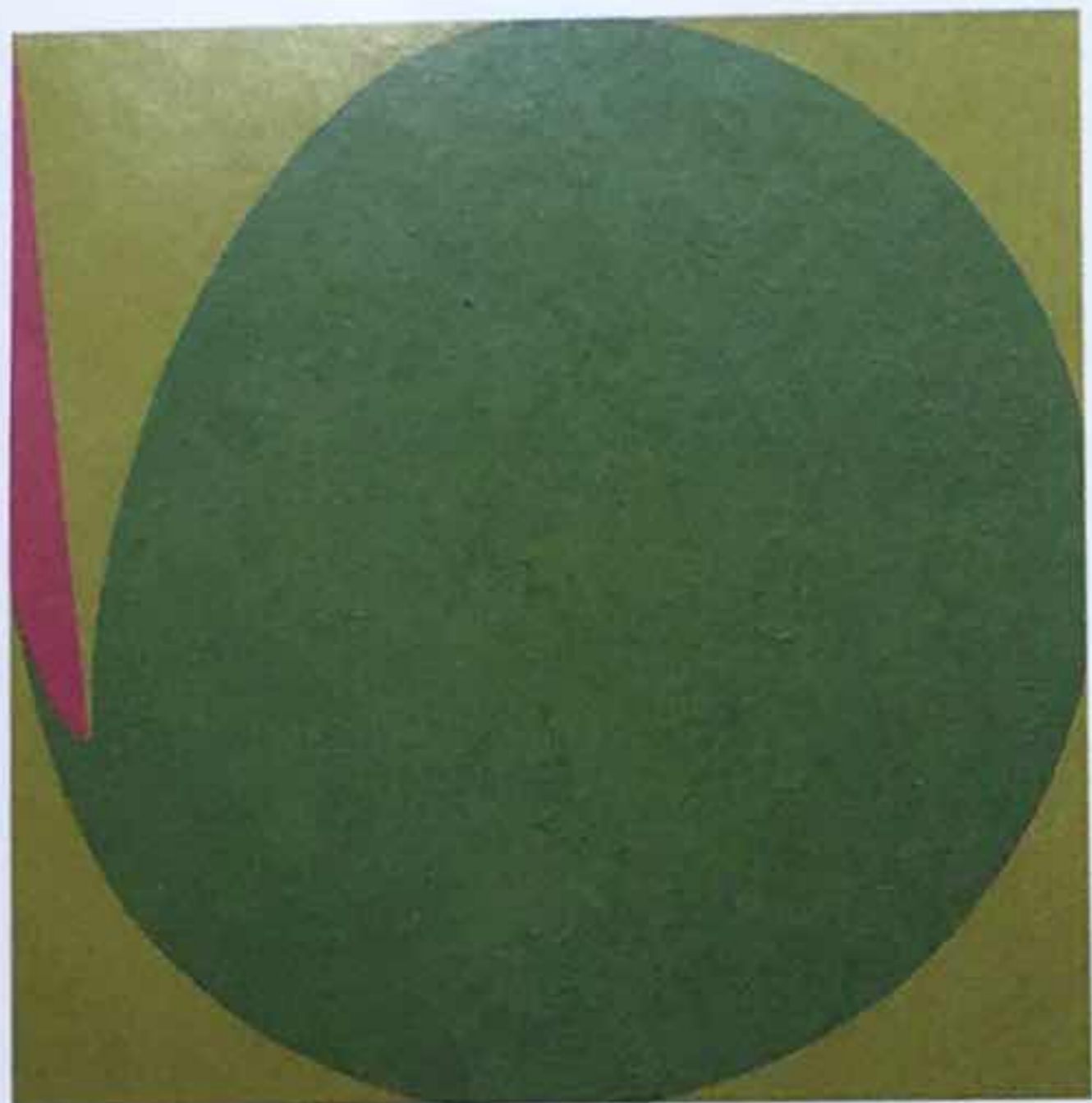
All (and more) of these experiences transpire without the logical links that ordinarily accompany narration. To stand before one of Schlessinger's paintings is to stand in a space where narrative suspense cannot get a foot-hold. Here, you never get toyed with or manipulated as images artfully set you up for future incidents that are only promised or suggested but never fully present. Expectation and anticipation do not even play secondary roles. Schlessinger's blissfully self-contained paintings don't even seduce you with their ravishing sensuality because they reject such carrot-and-stick behavior. Their pleasures are wholly of the moment, yet hardly frozen in time. Filling the present with a multiplicitous melange of sensations, their gorgeous surfaces require and reward a thorough immersion in this thin slice of time. Capable of sustaining one's intense concentration, they invite the possibility of self-loss that comes with this extremely focused mode of attention. They also, however, generously re-pay casual perusal. Their large-scale fields of excessive detail and unanticipated incident let us take them in in a state of distraction, allowing us to let down our guard, or to let the control of consciousness temporarily dissipate.



WHAT OF IT", 62" X 44", OIL/LINEN, 1993

Schlesinger's paintings do away with narration by making its causal connections feel crude and inconsequential. Slipping into the space between inattention and thoughtlessness, they spark peripheral thinking: a style of oblique, free-flowing-association in which the mind is simultaneously receptive to external suggestions and inner intuitions. Making it impossible to disentangle impressions from expressions, involuntary associations from directed insights, and purposeful scrutiny from flights of fantasy, his art lets us get lost in the gap where the past is indistinguishable from the future, and both are absorbed in the unpredictability of the present. Schlesinger's resplendent abstractions keep us coming back to this moment because they let us know that the present is only interesting when it's different -- when its totality is part of something bigger and its autonomy isn't about defensively standing apart, but diving more deeply into specifics and peculiarities, splintered phenomena that do not unfold into pre-established stories, but fragment into experiences of passing plenitude, at once partial and whole.

Although the traditional psychoanalytic dynamic of attraction and repulsion captures something of the uncanny, multi-directional pull Schlesinger's paintings exert, this double-edged notion misses the nuance of their oddity. His three-part abstractions circumnavigate Freud's dualistic model of ambivalence that would trace complex emotions back to past traumas, where all types of intensity supposedly originate. Instead, Schlesinger's images more playfully embrace mutation. Rather than hunting down the causes of eccentricity -- even freakishness -- in the past, their keyed-up colors and ambiguous textures seek to accentuate and generate these characteristics in the present. Beautiful colors, that are stunning in themselves,



"DURING IT", 36" X 36", OIL/LINEN, 1993

are juxtaposed with unlikely complements and perverse accents, the curious combinations of which are slightly tasteless, in any conventional sense. In his magnetic art, beauty mutates into an edgy orchestration of vibrant, visual dissonance. Always off-balance, Schlesinger's exploits as a masterfully demented colorist continually undermine his facility with mixed pigments. His paintings embody a refined sense of ambivalence that cannot be accounted for with the either/or choices provided by binary models of desire. The refinement of his work resides in its sophisticated and subtle undoing of the differences that separate bad taste from good, and allure from aversion.

Schlesinger's tactile extravaganzas flip, sort of schizophrenically, between being one thing and something else. Although they tempt you to run your fingers over their sensuous surfaces, they also demonstrate that acting out this fantasy is far less interesting than allowing it to play out in your imagination. After all, fingertips, in contrast to eyeballs, are blind to the nuances of color -- its tones, hues, shades, and temperatures-- and are also much less vulnerable, despite their myriad nerve endings and sensitivity, to actual or imagined contacts with foreign substances.

Tactility, Schlesinger's silent abstractions seem to scream, is not an effective substitute for, nor adequate model of, visual experience. Tracing optical phenomena back to their basis in the stuff of the world violently reduces what actually takes place when we look at images, particularly paintings, and especially abstractions. Reserving the surfaces of this art for eyesight alone cannot be dismissed as a reactionary attempt to re-establish an outdated version of Idealism. Paying attention to the insights sight elicits has nothing to do with the desire to smuggle mysticism or essentialism or good old-time religion back into art, much less to suggest that this profoundly secular activity should segue toward some sort of transcendence. Schlesinger's painstaking scrutiny of painting's materials thus departs from popular versions of materialism that are more hysterical than historical. His analysis of the medium simply insists that the physical (and mental) distance that is intrinsic to vision be acknowledged and explored -- and not eliminated because, unlike the reassuring substances of the world, it is untouchable, difficult to discern, and more difficult to articulate. Playing out of, and building upon the real space that exists between (and within) objects, eyes, and minds, his work suggests

that painting's repeated death throughout this century is partially due to an entrenched American hostility toward intangibility, and is a reflection of our deep discomfort with, or suspicion of, anything more slippery, ambiguous, and individualistic than concrete facts, brute reality, shared experience, and immediate certainty: static concepts. Schlesinger's labile images strive to undo.

His art expands out of the disjuncture between clear experiences and the doubt that dogs them, raising irrepressible questions about their accuracy and authenticity. The warping and torquing planes of highly charged colors that move in one direction and then double back -- only to repeat the circuit -- create complicated twists that make Mobius strips look simple and not very intriguing. In contrast to his last body of work, in which tiny nodules of color dangled like drips of liquid from pointed peninsulas or pudendums, Schlesinger's new paintings side-step the suggestion that pleasure is that little extra something that sometimes comes our way unexpectedly. Bolder, more solidly integrated, and swifter in pace, his new body of work takes its pleasures head on. With devilish ambidexterity, these androgynous images raise the stakes of Schlesinger's pointedly purposeless endeavor, turning what was formerly marginal and excessive inside-out rather than upside-down. In his substantial abstractions, satisfaction never derives from rejection, refusal, or critique, but from abandoning oneself to a seriously playful romp in a space

where nothing is wholly itself, if this simply means not being something else. His paintings are deconstructive if by this one means that they're not concerned to dismantle ideas and practices as a wrecking crew would, but compelled to complicate the relationship between aggression and passivity, mastery and its loss, so that we might get taken, simultaneously, down to earth and out of our minds, back to our bodies, but with the feeling that we've never inhabited them so fully.

In Schlesinger's crisp paintings of unsentimental clarity, the old terms of American Formalism are neither derided with the snideness of know-it-all adolescence, nor dressed up with the equally empty-minded respect of mannerist rehashings. His deceptively simple images shimmy into the amorphous space between events and our memories of them. With focus and abandon, his pictures of nothing but paint (and the time it takes to see it) tweak our perceptual machinery so pleasurably and effectively that distortions in vision get carried over into shifts in thinking. In Schlesinger's art, the radical self-scrutiny that drove a peculiar strand of American Modernism along its relentless, inward-turning spiral explodes into an outward thrusting and unabashedly theatrical celebration of display. Abstract painting's narcissistic quest for its essence mutates into shameless exhibitionism, where what you see is what you see, but never only that, and the self is never simply itself, or most so only when it's in the middle of becoming something else.

Installation

The Lipton-Owens Company

New York, New York

March 5-April 16, 1994

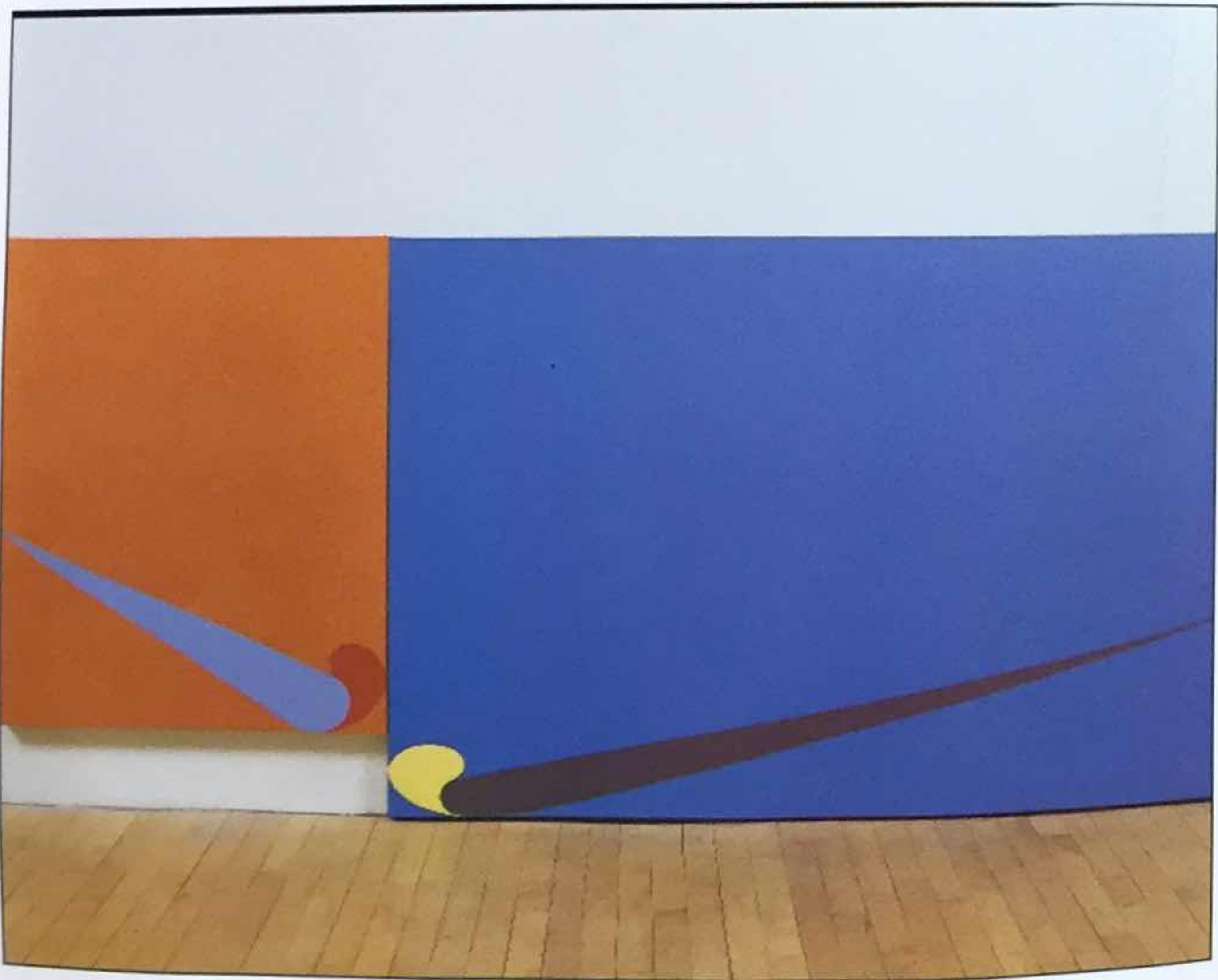


"Before What"
1993
Ol auf Leinwand
oil on linen
238.8x193cm
94x76"



"Over In Too"
1993
Ol auf Leinwand
oil on linen
106.9x233.7cm
42x92" (diptych)

"During It"
1993
Ol auf Leinwand
oil on linen
91.4x91.4cm
36x36"



"Here And There"
1993
Ol auf Leinwand
oil on linen
195.6x180.3cm
77x71"

ONE -PERSON EXHIBITIONS

- 1994 The Lipton/Owens Company, New York, Paintings, 1993, March 5-April 16, Illustrated in catalogue.
- 1991 Amy Lipton Gallery, New York, Paintings, October 12-November 9.
- 1984 St. Peter's Church, New York, Paintings By Mark Schlesinger, July 16-September 16.
- 1981 Acquavella Contemporary Art, Inc., New York, November 5-30.
- 1979 Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York, June 9-30.

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 1994 Sue Spaid Gallery, Los Angeles, Sour Ball Paintings, February 2-March 3.
- 1993 Fawbush Gallery, New York, BOMB Magazine Benefit, curated by Saul Ostrow and Betsy Sussler, December 16-20.
- Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, 30th Anniversary Drawing Exhibition, December 9-January 8, 1994.
- Amy Lipton Gallery, Chicago International Art Exhibition, Chicago, Illinois, May 6-10.
- White Columns Gallery, New York, Benefit Exhibition, curated by Bill Arning, March 6-24.
- 1992 Amy Lipton Gallery, New York, Image/Abstraction, December 11-January 16, 1993.
- Amy Lipton Gallery, New York, There is a Light That Never Goes Out, curated by Terry R. Myers, January 4-February 1.
- Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Los Angeles, California, January 3-31.
- 1991 Andre Emmerich Gallery, New York, Abstract Painting: The 90's, curated by Barbara Rose, December 19-January 25, 1992.
- Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Los Angeles, California, The Lick of the Eye, curated by David Pagel, July 20-September 12.
- Trenkman Gallery, New York, Just Painting, curated by Saul Ostrow, June 27-July 30.

- 1990 Cummings Arts Center, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut, Fluid Geometry, curated by Stephen Westfall, November 7-December 14, Illustrated in catalogue.
- Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Los Angeles, California, The Ends of Paintings: The Edges Of Abstraction, curated by David Pagel, September 11-October 6, Illustrated in catalogue.
- 1989 Rutgers Barclay Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Summer.
- Nina Freudenheim Gallery, Buffalo, New York, Small Paintings, March 25-April 19.
- The Institute of Art, Flint, Michigan, Four Painters, curated by John Yau, January 22-February 26, Illustrated in catalogue.
- 1988 Ruth Siegel Gallery, New York, June 29-July 29.
- Nina Freudenheim Gallery, Buffalo, New York, Five Painters, April 23-May 24.
- Nina Freudenheim Gallery, Buffalo, New York, Works on Paper, January 3-31.
- 1987 Michael H. Lord Gallery, Chicago Navy Pier, May.
- 1986 Michael H. Lord Gallery, Chicago Navy Pier, May.
- Galleria Carini, Florence, Italy, January, Illustrated in catalogue.
- 1985 Michael H. Lord Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October.
- Fabian Carlsson Gallery, London, England, More Than Meets the Eye, 9 Painters From New York, August 7-September 14.
- Michael H. Lord Gallery, Chicago Navy Pier, May.
- Drew University, New Jersey, The Nancy Graves Collection, February 8-March 8.
- 1984 One Penn Plaza, New York, Luxe, Calme, et Volupte, Curated by John Yau, October 1-January 11, 1985.
- Acquavella Contemporary Art, Inc., New York, September 17-October 27.
- Sutton Gallery, New York, From A to Z, April.

- New York Studio School, New York, Drawing With Respect to Painting, Curated by David Reed, February 24-March 28, Artist's statements in catalogue.
- 1982 National Museum of Greece, Athens, Paintings From the Houston Museum, September-October, Illustrated in catalogue.
- 1981 Acquavella Contemporary Art, Inc., New York, Paper Works, September 8-30.
- 1980 Nina Freudenheim Gallery, Buffalo, New York, Drawing Show, January.
- Leo Castelli Gallery, New York, Drawings, December.
- Loch Haven Art Center, Orlando, Florida, November.
- Toni Birckhead Gallery, Cincinnati, Ohio, November.
- Gallery 700, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, The Continuing Tradition of American Abstraction, curated by Donna Harkavy and Holden Luntz, November, Illustrated in catalogue.
- Acquavella Contemporary Art, Inc., New York, Works on Paper, September.
- Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York, January.
- 1979-1982 Grey Art Gallery, New York University, New York, American Painting: The Eighties, Curated by Barbara Rose, September-October, 1979, Illustrated with artist's statements in catalogue. Also shown at:
- Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston, October-November, 1979;
- Musee des Beaux Arts, Nantes, France, February-March, 1980;
- The American Center, Paris, April-May, 1980;
- Helsingen Taidetelo, Helsinki, Finland, August 27-September 15, 1980;
- Neue Galerie Sammlung Ludwig, Aachen, Germany, September 27-October 20, 1980;
- Museum Moderner Kunst, Vienna, Austria, November, 1980-January, 1981;
- Tel Aviv Museum, Tel Aviv, Israel, February 4-April 5, 1981;
- National Gallery, Budapest, Hungary, September 2-27, 1981;

- Galleria Studio, Warsaw, Poland, October 5-31, 1981;
- Pinacoteca Provinciale, Bari, Italy, November 7-29, 1981;
- Teatro del Salcone, Genoa, Italy, December, 1981-January, 1982;
- Palacio de la Virreina, Barcelona, Spain, February-March, 1982;
- Calouste Galbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, Portugal, April-May, 1982;
- Galeria de la Caixa, Madrid, Spain, June-July, 1982.
- 1979 Janie C. Lee Gallery, Houston, The New American Painting, October-November.
- Monique Knowlton Gallery, New York, July.
- Acquavella Contemporary Art, Inc., New York, Peter Robbie, Mark Schlesinger, Catherine Warren, June-August.
- Nabisco World Headquarters, New Jersey, May.
- Harold Reed Gallery, New York, New York, New Talent, 1979, April 5-21, Illustrated in catalogue.

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- 1993 Vivien Raynor, "Color Relationships in Valhalla, Family Ties in White Plains", The Sunday New York Times, November 7, p. 28.
- 1992 Jeffrey Schaire, "Notes from the Editor- 'Against the Emptiness'", Art & Antiques, March, p. 10.
- Shirly Kaneda and Saul Ostrow, "Mark Schlesinger", Lapiz, February, p. 68, Illustrated.
- Brooks Adams, "Mark Schlesinger at Amy Lipton", Art in America, February, pp. 113-4, Illustrated.
- Marek Bartelik, Sztuki Plastyczne, Nowojorska Kronika Kulturalna, Nowy Dziennik, January 25-6, p.7, Illustrated.
- John Yau, "Mark Schlesinger", Artforum, January, p. 106, Illustrated.
- David Pagel, "Mark Schlesinger", Arts Magazine, January, p. 67, Illustrated.
- 1991 Lisa Liebman, The New Yorker, November 11, p. 16.
- Alisa Tager, "Colors", Lapiz, October, pp. 62-5, Illustrated.

- 1990 Carol Volk, "Openings-'On the Edge'", Art & Antiques, October, p. 24, Illustrated.
- Patrick Pacheco, "The New Faith In Painting", Art and Antiques, May, pp. 56-69, 96-7, Illustrated.
- David Pagel, "The Ends Of Paintings: The Edges Of Abstraction", Artspace, January/February, pp. 42-49, Illustrated.
- William Zimmer, "Fluid Geometry: Six Painters Offer Expressionistic Shapes", The Sunday New York Times, December, 9.
- Susan Kandel, "L.A. in Review", Arts Magazine, December, p. 109, Illustrated.
- Peter Frank, LA Weekly, September 19.
- Stephen Westfall, Fluid Geometry (exhibition catalogue, illustrated). New London, Connecticut: Connecticut College.
- David Pagel, The Ends Of Paintings: The Edges Of Abstraction (exhibition catalogue, illustrated). Los Angeles, California: Shoshana Wayne Gallery.
- 1989 Gail Graham, "Artists bring diversity to DeWaters", The Flint Journal, January 29, p. G-5.
- Karyn D. Collins, "These artists keep painting from drying up", The Flint Journal, January 22, p. G-1.
- John Yau, Four Painters (exhibition catalogue, illustrated). Flint, Michigan: The Institute of Art.
- 1988 Barbara Rose, Autocritique, Essays on Art and Anti-Art, 1963-1987. New York: Weidenfeld And Nicolson, New York.
- Richard Huntington, "It pays to take abstractionism seriously", Buffalo News, May 6, p. 24.

- 1987 John Yau, Norman Bluhm: Works on Paper, 1947-87 (exhibition catalogue). Clinton, New York: Hamilton College.
- 1985 Richard Hertz, ed. Theories of Contemporary Art. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, p. 71.
- Monica Bohm-Duchen, "Nine Painters From New York", Flash Art, October/November, p. 56.
- Douglas C. McGill, "For Artists, New Paths To Success", The New York Times, April 11.
- Sara Lynn Henry, The Graves Donation (exhibition catalogue). New Jersey: Drew University Press.
- Michael Brenson, "Luxe, Calme, et Volupte", The New York Times, January 4.
- 1984 Ellen Lee Klein, "Group Show At Acquavella", Arts Magazine, December, p. 35.
- John Russell, The New York Times, August 10.
- 1982 Janice Oresman, Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, Inc. Art Collection. New York: Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, Inc.
- 1981 Susan Putterman, "Mark Schlesinger", Arts Magazine, November, p. 3, Illustrated.
- Hilton Kramer, The New York Times, November 20.
- 1980 Florence Isaacs, Prime Time, December, p. 49, Illustrated.
- James Auer, "Manhattan Modern", Milwaukee Journal, December 7.
- Dean Jensen, Milwaukee Sentinel, November 28.
- Donna Harkavy and Holden Luntz, The Continuing Tradition of American Abstraction (Exhibition catalogue, Illustrated). Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Gallery 700.
- Jacques Michel, "La Peinture Reconnue", Le Monde, April 23.

- Nina Ffrench-Frazier, Art International, December.
- Mimi Crossley, Houston Post, November 2, p. 16E. Illustrated.
- Hal Foster, "A Tournament of Roses", Artforum, November.
- Donna Tennant, "Technique Preoccupies Painters in Lee Show", Houston Chronical, October 12.
- Gerrit Henry, "New Talent", Artnews, October, pp. 122-23. Adix, September, Illustrated with artist's statement.
- John Perreault, SoHo Weekly News, September 27, p. 59, Illustrated.
- Hilton Kramer, "Neo-Modernists- A Sense of Deja Vu", The Sunday New York Times, September 23.
- Barbara Rose, American Painting: The Eighties (exhibition catalogue, illustrated). New York; The Grey Art Gallery, NYU.
- Madelaine Burnside, "Mark Schlesinger", Arts Magazine, September, Illustrated.
- ArtWorld, Summer, Illustrated.
- Carter Ratcliff, New York, New Talent, 1979 (exhibition catalogue, illustrated) New York: Harold Reed Gallery.

SELECTED PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

- Drew University Museum, Nancy Graves Collection, New Jersey
- Houston Museum Of Fine Art, Houston, Texas
- Israel Museum Of Art, Jerusalem
- Kameyama Museum, Tokyo, Japan
- McNay Art Institute, San Antonio, Texas
- The New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York
- European Fine Art Foundation, Geneva Switzerland
- The Foundation For Contemporary Performance Arts, New York
- The Amerada Hess Corporation, New York
- California Mart, Los Angeles
- Chase Manhattan Bank, New York
- Chemical Bank, New York
- First City Capital Corporation, New York
- Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, New York
- Owens Corning Fiberglas, Toledo, Ohio
- Prudential Insurance, Newark, New Jersey
- University Of Texas Health Center, Dallas, Texas
- Vesti Corporation, Boston, Massachusetts