



Where
is
your
rupture?

Marlene McCarty

Where is your rupture?

SI/NY – The Swiss Institute, New York

September 10 - November 1, 1998

This publication accompanies the exhibition
Where is your rupture?
curated by Liz Kotz and Annette Schindler and
organized by SI/NY – The Swiss Institute, N.Y.

Where is your rupture?
has been made possible, in part,
by the generous donations of
Karin and Peter Schindler,
The Elizabeth Firestone Graham Foundation
Pro Helvetia, the Arts Council of Switzerland
and Swissair.

Copyright © 1998
by the artists, the authors and
SI/NY – The Swiss Institute
495 Broadway #3
New York, NY 10012
p: 212.925.2035
f: 212.925.2040
swissins@dti.net

ISBN: 1-884692-06-0

EDITORS
Liz Kotz
Annette Schindler

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Jasmine Gartner
Gareth James

DESIGN
Pascale Willi, x-height

PRINTING
Becotte & Gershwin, Inc.

FRONT COVER
Marlene McCarty, *Marlene Olive - June 21, 1976*, detail
1995-97, Graphite on paper

BACK COVER
Photo of Marlene McCarty at 16
taken by her mother, Phyllis McCarty, summer 1973

Marlene McCarty

by Liz Kotz

Marlene McCarty first encountered Marlene Olive in a true crime novel. The girl's story and her image stayed with McCarty: something about this young woman who, in the middle of such a seemingly common teenage rebellion, had suddenly taken such a drastic act. Something about this "moment of tragedy," of violence; there is no resolution to this moment, no going back.

McCarty wondered "if there were other girls like her;" other girls who had found themselves in a perhaps similar moment where adolescent desire, envy, rebellion and rage boiled over, striking out at those closest to them, at those who seemed to stand in the way. Over time, she found information about a number of young women who had killed – their mothers, or in a few cases, a guardian or other adult who had taken care of them. And in a few cases, she found the reverse, young women who had been killed by their mothers or by those closest to them.

The stories were all tangled up. Sometimes the young women were wanting to be much more grown-up and independent than was allowed; other times, they were resisting the expectations of adulthood. Jealousies and resentments between mothers and daughters running in all directions, competition, over-identification: somehow in each case exploding into violence. The burgeoning, disruptive forces of sexuality and desire seemed always at the core.

In a photo, Marlene's face is rounded, girlish, her features soft and still somewhat childlike. But her eyes stare out with an intensity that, at least in retrospect, reads as both threat and longing. She's a cool girl; she looks the way a rebellious teen girl might want to look. This picture stayed with McCarty, she kept returning to it. Marlene's story stayed with her as well. Finally, after a number of years, she started a series of drawings, which began with the image of Marlene Olive.

Each of the drawings starts with a photograph, an image taken from some sort of public record, usually a newspaper story. Using as much information as was available from the image – usually just a head shot – McCarty would construct a body for each girl, drawing on what she knew of the girl's age, build, posture, clothes. She tried to make the faces as real as possible, tried to stay as close as possible to her sources. But from there, she would begin to invent, to fantasize, to concoct images that somehow carried some of the girls' stories with them. She began to draw in nipples, pubic hair, the outline of a female sex. Showing through the girls' clothes, these signs of sexuality disrupt the realism of the image, push it into another territory, of fantasy and perhaps allegory.

McCarty initially experimented with photographic means of reproducing some of these images – silkscreen, reprography – before concluding that "they had to be drawings." Made laboriously with pencil and ball-point pen on paper, each image is big, larger than life size. Drawing on such a scale entails enormous intimacy with the image, as the artist's hand retraces, over and over, each minute bit of surface area. Each figure emerges slowly, gradually, through an accretion of tiny marks. The process is almost seismographic, this tracing of body through direct physical connection with the surface. It requires a great deal of time, and enormous willpower, to produce a figure on this scale with such modest means. Something of this intensely empathetic, durational, *bodily* engagement promotes a merging of maker and subject, of viewer and image, that can be profoundly unsettling.

In analyses of Andy Warhol's films of the 1960s, commentators have noted how, through his use of extreme duration and a slightly slowed-down projection speed, Warhol inaugurated a "corporeal cinema" that not only represented bodies on screen but addressed itself to the spectatorial body in a visceral and unprecedented way. The time of making and the time of watching take on a force which gives a perhaps otherwise banal filmed image an unexpected emotional weight and pathos. While it may seem like a stretch to analogize from the duration of film to that of a drawn image, I think that Marlene McCarty's drawings act in the same way. Through their accretion of marks, they transcribe for us the intensity of the artist's engagement with these figures. The reduced color scheme – pencil gray, ball-point pen blue – partially abstracts them, gives them a slightly photographic or diagrammatic quality, even while sticking to illusion. Each figure is rendered with an intense particularity, even while it also becomes part of a series, part of a generality.

Some people are uncomfortable with the "liberties" McCarty has taken with these figures, the way that she sexualizes them, fictionalizes them, alters them in very aggressive ways, all while staying as close as possible to the reality of the source. While the titles (each of which consists of a name and date) anchor the figures in the real, McCarty has clearly invested her own desires and fantasies into these images: through both the sexualization of the figures and the durational intensity of the drawing procedure, McCarty has put *herself* into these images, and something about that "co-presence," I think, unsettles people. And, of course, the convolution of death and sexuality that these images represent unsettles people as well.

In recent years, the artworld has seen any number of images of supposedly "outrageous" or grotesque female figures, most of which at bottom function as relatively empty vehicles of exchange ("shock," "transgression," "decadence," and so forth) between artist and collector (John Currin's or Lisa Yuskavage's recent paintings, for instance, would be only two instances of this). What makes so many of these images so easy and ultimately so acceptable, I think, is that they don't demand any real engagement from the viewer: female extremity, especially in a grotesque form, is offered up as a spectacle in passing to a viewer constructed as stable, secure, perhaps voyeuristic, but certainly not the least bit threatened or disturbed.

These figures clearly demand a very different kind of exchange. They're not "cute," not domesticated, and they can't be easily absorbed back into a domestic scale or setting. Instead, they are massive, both awkward and seductive, and at times difficult to look at. Through their scale, they confront us with a force, with a claim to be taken seriously. They demand a monumental engagement from viewers, demand that we absorb into them. They demand a public forum for states of female desire, distress and extremity still mocked or dismissed in the culture. And they're not presented as "heroes," or simply as "victims," in a way which would make the viewer's position secure and clearly defined. But these figures are icons of a sort, icons for forces not so easy to name or recognize. They demand that we confront in ourselves the very longing, repression and enormous pathos that we find in them, that we find in ourselves this brink of tragedy for which there is no simple resolution.

Marlene McCarty

Where is your rupture?

Marlene McCarty

by **Annette Schindler**

The first confrontation with Marlene McCarty's girls seems straightforward: graphite pencil and ball-point drawings on paper present young women in different poses – some of them seem shy, some cheerful, some coquettish, some pensive; some are dressed casually, others dolled-up sexily; Despite their obvious differences, they all adhere to the range of expressions we expect of adolescence, with its playful and outgoing qualities, its deep despair, its longing to match the idols and rebel against the standards – in these girls, we recognize the profound contradictions between wanting to participate, to be full and serious members of a challenging society whilst at the same time possessing an all-too-clear understanding of the impossibility of actually arriving there: a perilous presentiment of the violent alienation imposed by the conflicting demands of a larger social world which both beckons and threatens.

Their sex shines through their clothes – the nipples of their breasts, their vaginas – and make clear, that these drawings are not mere representations. The drawing itself appears rather traditional and academic, employing standards of anatomic correctness, carefully worked out details, thoroughly hatched volumes, etc. It is this very ambition of being a “good” drawing that at the same time seems to fill them with strain, with an anxiety resulting from the knowledge that even the finest and most accomplished drawing technique will never be able to reach the figure it is trying to depict.

The drawings' titles assign female names and dates to each of the girls, giving them a specific historical individuality. With their names, we receive the information that each of them experienced a tragic history linked to their adolescence and the process of their sexualization. The stories accompanying the drawings depict turbulent, but still average lives leading to fatal tragedy.

Most of us share these experiences of the often painful processes of socialization taking place during puberty: aspiring to independence, we confront the rebellious relationships with parents, who represent the “grown-up” one is required to become, and the social normalcy one doesn't want to give in to without resistance. Leaving childhood behind, we are confronted by the growing pressure of socially appropriate demarcations between the genders, by the expectations of society toward the individual in terms of their sexual differentiation. This process of separation of the mother and the child is painful, and marked by violent loss, for both parties: the child – as Jacques Lacan puts it – being urged by the “name of the father” to abandon its first and most intimate object of love, the mother, the mother losing the love of her child and her socially most respected function, the nurturing of children.

For the girls represented in Marlene McCarty's drawings, this conflict-ridden process escalated at a certain point in their lives: each of them wound up either killing or being killed by their parent or guardian. Yet none of these murders can be considered psychotic. Each of the girls found herself enmeshed in quite common situations of conflict, most often competitions between lovers and parents, or other resentments and jealousies. Nothing extraordinary, simply the everyday conflicts set into play by processes of identity-construction shaping each individual – and thereby provoking the widespread frustration of never quite being able to fulfill the requirements of society sublimated in one's own desires and wishes.

Choosing puberty to talk about a quite general discomfort with the sexualization-demands of our society, choosing spectacular, criminalized, individualized ‘cases’ and monumentalizing them to talk about social structures which affect each and every one of us every day, McCarty seems to both mimic and incorporate juvenile strategies of exaggeration as an artistic practice. I describe it as a practice because the works go beyond representation and reflection: as observers, we find ourselves objects of the sexualization of our own gaze by the way McCarty shows us the sexuality of the bodies of these girls. Confronting them, we find ourselves in a situation of conflict: the voyeuristic gaze we are forced to assume implicates us in the maintenance of the social structures responsible for the fatal dramas of the girls. From there, these drawings impose other decisions on the observer: will he or she become an accomplice, acknowledging the dissent from socially inflicted gender-standards? And will this criminalize the viewer as well? Will she or he condemn the figures, affirming law and order, but restrain the reflective potential of the artwork, to the confines of its rational narrative? Will he or she stay outside, remain neutral and analytical from an untouched and distant point of view, losing the compelling, urging and angry quality of the work?



Martene McCarty, Martene Olive - June 21, 1976,
1925-71, graphite on paper,
96 x 60 (approximate)



Marlene McCarty, Sherry Ilene Windt - Oct. 16, 1975.
1995-97. Graphite and ballpoint pen on paper.
105" x 51" (approximate)



Marlene McCarty, Theresa Bickerstaff - Aug. 28, 1980.
1995-98, Graphite and ball-point pen on paper.
100.5" x 51" (approximate)

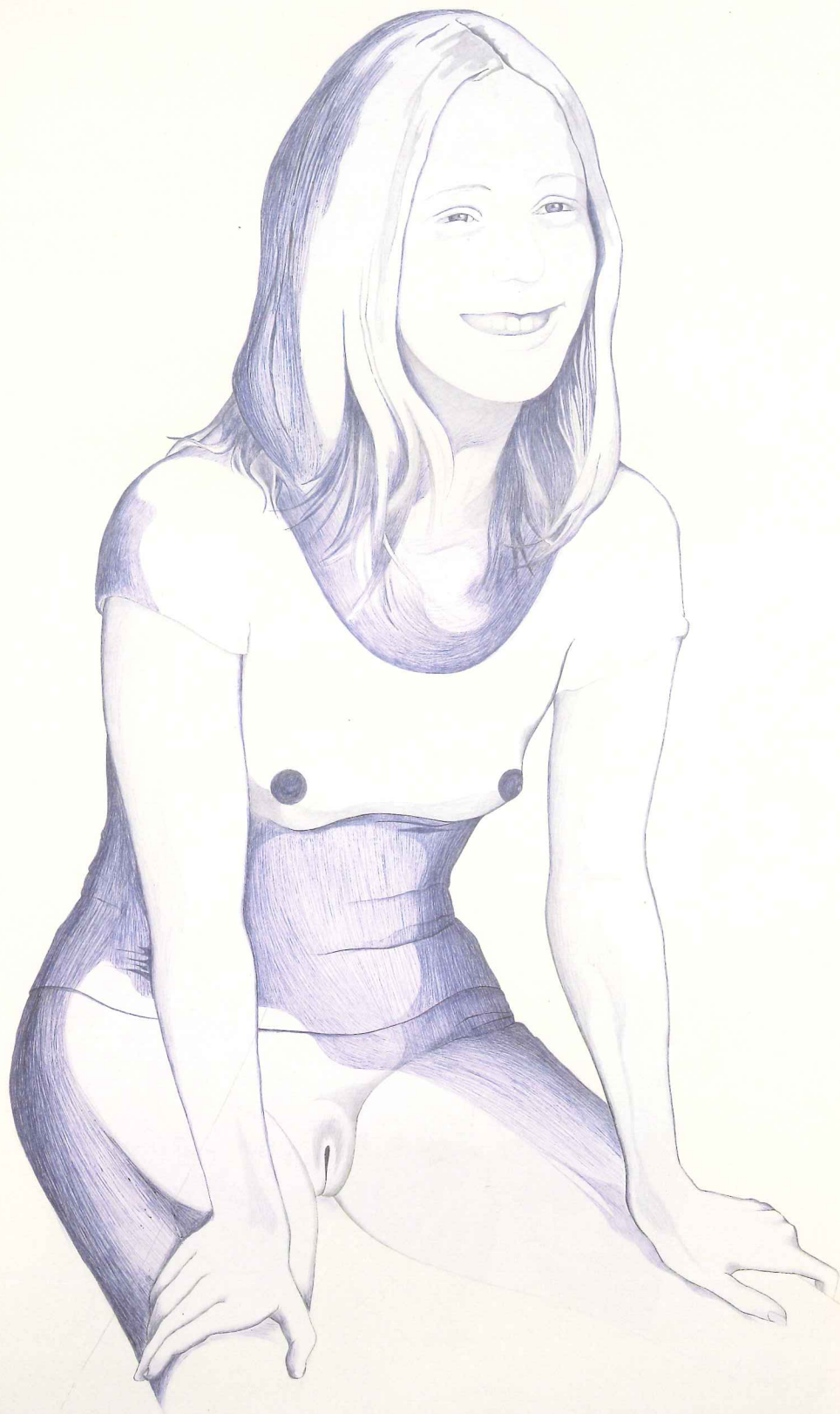


Marlene McCarty, *Karin Aparo* - Aug. 5, 1987,
1995-98, Graphite and ball-point pen on paper,
92" x 51" (approximate)



Marlene McCarty, *Pamela Knuckles* - Nov. 30, 1984,
1995-97. Graphite on paper,
96" x 55" (approximate)

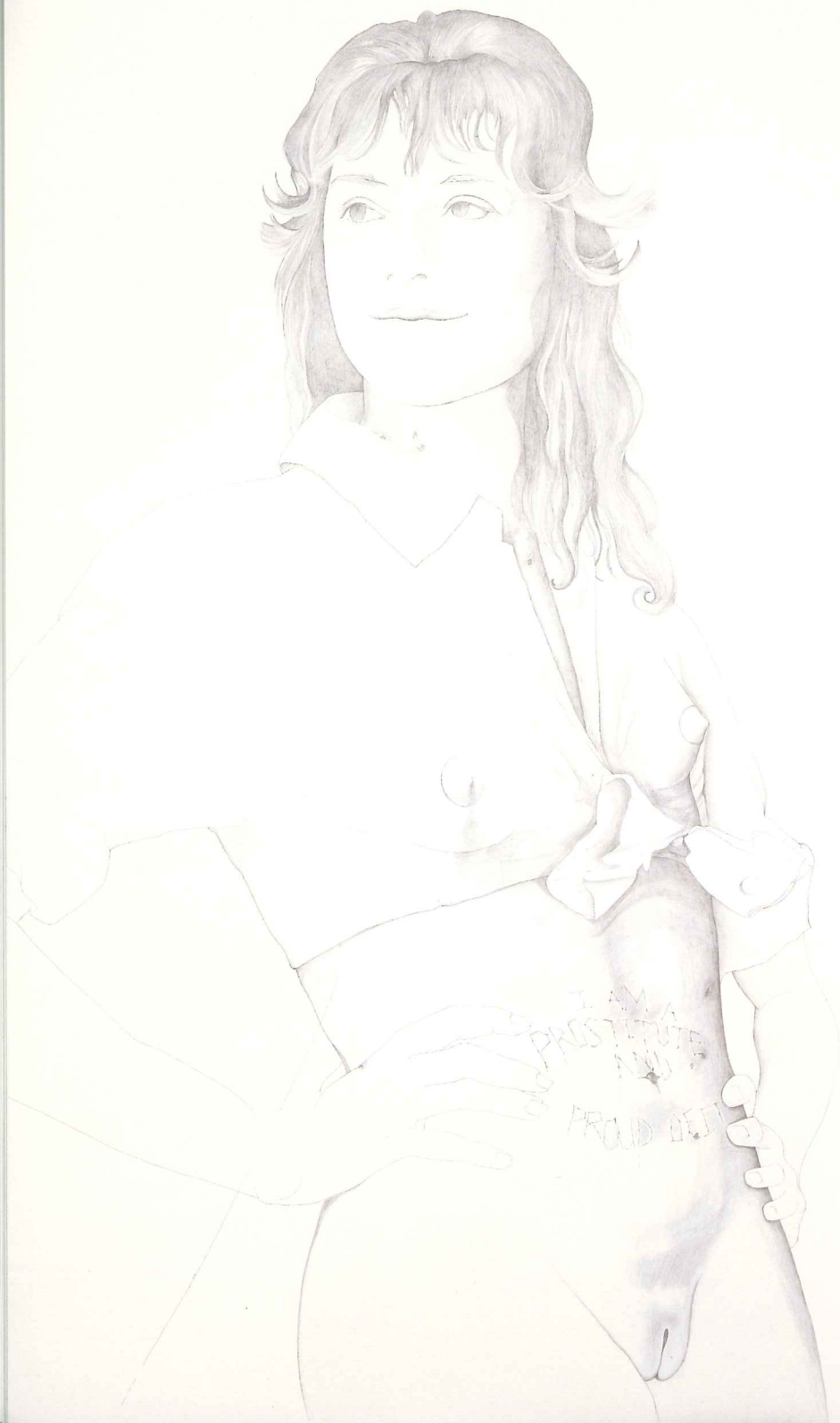
Marlene McCarty, Laura Rakowski - May 12, 1983.
1995-98, Graphite and ball-point pen on paper.
92" x 51" (approximate)





Marlene McCarty, Barbara and Jennaliph Mullens - Sept. 26, 1992.
1995-98. Graphite and ball-point pen on paper.
92" x 55" (approximate)

Marlene McCarty, Sylvia Likens - October, 1965.
1995-97. Granite on paper,
96" x 55" (approximate)



Marlene Olive wrote poetry. She dreamed of being a prostitute or a model. She toyed with the occult and tried to convince her friends that she was a witch. She liked David Bowie, platform shoes, hip hugger jeans, and lots of makeup. Her mother did not. Her mother kept the curtains in their upper middle-class neighborhood shut tight. Her mother spent a lot of time in bed. Her mother called her a slut. Her father adored her. He ran his own struggling business, but his most important job was peacemaker between Marlene and her mother.

Marlene had been a chubby, well protected child brought up in private schools until her parents moved to Marin County. Freed from school uniforms, she found herself to be a young woman that attracted the other sex. She liked that. Her mother didn't. Her new found sexuality yielded power and control. She liked her boyfriend Chuck because he would do anything for her. Chuck was a minor drug dealer. He liked coke and pot and he generously shared with Marlene. Marlene began to test the boundaries. She stayed out at night. She stole things. She was caught and taken into detention. At home, curfews became stricter and stricter in an effort to exert some parental control. Finally she was grounded. She secretly met and talked to her boyfriend. One night her father was out. Her boyfriend snuck into the house. Marlene took a hammer and bashed her mother's head in while she was sleeping. To the teenagers' surprise Marlene's father came home. Chuck turned and shot Marlene's father dead. The teenagers burned the bodies in a deer-pit deep in the forest. Marlene eventually told a girlfriend she had killed her mother. The police were notified.

Sherry Ilene Windt was born in 1959. Her parents divorced when she was a tiny baby. She lived with her mother in a fancy apartment complex in Bethesda, Maryland. They were very close and Sherry's mother treated her more like a best friend than a daughter. Sherry was a brilliant student at an exclusive private high school. She had artistic aspirations. She attended group therapy sessions for a few months but dropped out because her mother objected. Marjorie Windt was apparently against therapy.

Marjorie was a successful advertising and public relations director for a large department store. On October 16, 1975 she was invited to an embassy party. Sherry was sixteen years old. She helped her mother get ready. When Marjorie returned late that evening, she had a messy hangover. Her daughter had to care for her and clean her up.

Sherry Windt stabbed her mother many times with a three inch paring knife. Afterwards she cleaned the knife. She called the father of a friend of hers and asked him to come over. Then she called the Washington Post and gave them information for her mother's obituary. When the police arrived she told them her mother had committed suicide. Later she said she had absolutely no recollection of what had happened. A psychiatrist testified that she was in a trance-like "dissociative state" - cut off from reality - when she killed her mother.

Sherry's case was transferred to the juvenile court system. She spent about one year in jail.

Teresa Bickerstaff was a troubled teen. By the time she was thirteen she was already hooked on drugs. When she was fourteen, she ran away from home. She hitchhiked across the country, having sex with truck drivers in exchange for food and rides. When she finally returned to her home in Harrisville Township, Ohio, she entered a drug re-habilitation program. There she met twenty-one year old Scooter Davis, a black high school drop-out. Her parents, Donna and Fred Bickerstaff did not approve of the romance, and at one point her father chased Scooter off their property.

On August 28, 1980, a fire raged through the Bickerstaff family home. Teresa was seventeen. By the time firemen arrived, Donna Bickerstaff and her two sons, thirteen-year-old Fred and fourteen-year-old Kenneth, were charred beyond recognition. Fred Bickerstaff was at work at the time. He told the police that Teresa was in the house when he left, but they could find no trace of her. One of the family's cars, a yellow Datsun, was missing. The authorities became concerned when an autopsy revealed that the victims had in fact died of gunshot and stab wounds - not fire.

Teresa and Scooter were picked up as they tried to cross the Canadian border. Within one hour Teresa confessed to killing her mother and two brothers and Scooter confessed to starting the fire to cover up the murders. Teresa said that on the night of the murders she was planning to leave home. Scooter arrived at 2am to pick her up. For some reason they loaded her father's .357 Ruger to take with them. As Teresa was packing her clothes, her mother awakened and called to her. Teresa said, "I don't know what happened. She just went off, and I went off, and the gun went off." Her brother Kenneth began yelling when he heard the shot and Teresa went into his room and shot him. Fred Jr. came running at her with a pillow, calling his sister a bitch and a whore. She shot him, too. Then Teresa shot both boys a second time. She said Fred continued to moan. "They weren't dying and it was tripping me out." As they left the house, Scooter threw a match into a can of gas. Teresa was found guilty of murder. She was sentenced to a life term for the murder of her mother and twin fifteen-years-to-life terms for the murder of her brothers.

Karin Aparo was an excellent student and a talented violinist. Her mother, Joyce Aparo, was a social worker. They lived in a wealthy condo development in Hartford.

On August 5, 1987, Joyce Aparo's body was found under a highway overpass sixty-five miles from her home. She was wearing a nightgown and had been strangled with a pair of pantyhose. The police initially suspected kidnapping. Eventually, Karin's 19-year-old boyfriend, Dennis, was arrested and charged with murder.

Dennis said that his love for Karin went beyond obsession and that he was incapable of not doing her bidding. He said it was as if she had him under some sort of spell. He said, "There is nothing I wouldn't do for her - that I loved her is an understatement." Karin admitted that she had once put ground-up tranquilizers in a sandwich she made for her mother one year before the murder. Joyce Aparo had rejected the sandwich because it tasted bitter. She also admitted that she had a secret signal planned with Dennis, who lived right across the street: when she flicked her lights, he should come over and kill her mother. Karin said this was all fantasy and she never believed it would actually occur. Karin testified that her mother slapped her and often embarrassed her publicly. She claimed that her mother indicated that Karin was actually the illegitimate daughter of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Hartford. She said that her mother refused to let her attend church services. However, Karin maintained that Dennis acted alone.

Karin was cleared on the charge of accessory to murder. The jury deadlocked on the second count - that she had conspired to commit the crime. A mistrial was declared.

Pamela Knuckles' mother Nancy Knuckles was a registered nurse and single parent who worked two jobs to take care of herself and her children. She was forty years old. Nancy converted to Seventh Day Adventism around the time her marriage to Robert Knuckles disintegrated. Nancy left the marriage with three children all under the age of eight. She rebuilt her life based on church doctrine. Nancy had no tolerance for TV, movies, rock music, dancing or alcohol. Sugar and meat were also forbidden. Strict timetables were created for household chores, homework, and bible study. Timers were set. If schedules were not adhered to, severe punishment would ensue. Nancy believed punishment would make her children spiritually pure. Whippings were preceded by prayer. In special cases she would stuff her children into laundry bags, tie their hands behind their backs and lock the bag in the closet until she thought ample time had passed. Nancy was continually disappointed by her children.

When Pamela was fourteen she was big enough to firmly resist her mother's punishments. She openly rebelled. She went to movies, watched TV, and ate what she liked. She smoked, drank and dated. She wore heavy make-up, tight jeans and high heels. In November 1984, when Pamela was seventeen, Nancy was feeling the strain of living with three unruly teenagers. Neighbors were used to a steady stream of longhaired boys and noisy young girls trailing in and out of the house at all hours. Nancy would lock herself in her room to get away from them all. One afternoon, Nancy was preparing to leave her house to begin her shift at the Health Oasis, a vegetarian restaurant. She had one hand on the doorknob and a bag of aprons in the other when Pamela looped a garotte around her mother's neck from behind and pulled. Nancy lurched. Pamela pulled harder. "Die Bitch, die Bitch!" she screamed. Nancy slumped to the floor while Pamela yanked on the braided twine. Nancy's body twitched but she wouldn't die. Pamela looked desperately at her boyfriend, Dennis, who was standing a few feet away. He jumped in and grabbed both ends of the garotte and pulled. Pamela's brother Bart came into the room. He felt his mother's pulse. He yelled to his sisters to bring him their mother's stethoscope. He pressed the stethoscope to her chest and said, "Well, she won't die." He got a white plastic garbage bag from the kitchen. He pulled it over her head and tied it in the back. After a few more minutes he listened for a heartbeat. His mother was dead. She never loosened her grip on that bag of aprons.

Later Pamela said she was in a dreamlike state as she strangled her mother.

Laura Rakowski lived in Florida with her mother, Sandra Rakowski. Her father was a truck driver and lived nearby. When Laura was fourteen years old her father discovered her mother's body. Sandra Rakowski was lying on the floor of her garage, behind the open trunk of her car. Her feet were bound and her body was wrapped with cord. The police said the killer probably intended to put the 185-pound body in the vehicle and dump it somewhere but was unable to lift it.

Laura was the primary suspect. She fled on her bicycle. It took the police four days before they finally found her in an abandoned house.

Laura told the police that on the day of the murder her mother beat her with a yardstick because she dropped a soda bottle. Afterwards Laura took her mother's gun from the glove compartment of the family car. She shot her mother in the forehead while she was sleeping.

Laura Rakowski was sentenced to five years in state custody. That was the maximum term allowed for a juvenile.

Barbara Mullens was Carolyn Mullens' daughter from a previous marriage and **Jennaleigh** was Marvin Mullens' daughter from a previous marriage. Carolyn and Marvin were each shot eight times in the head with a .22 caliber rifle. The stepsisters reported the killing from their grandparents' house about a half mile away. They told the police they had run there after hearing their parents argue with an intruder. Later, both girls confessed to the crime. They were charged with first degree murder. The charges were upgraded to capital murder. A juvenile court judge reduced the charge against Jennaleigh to first-degree murder. During the hearing, Barbara massaged a tissue between her fingers and pulled a ring off and on. Jennaleigh rocked back and forth and fiddled with her hair.

Sylvia Likens and her younger sister Jenny were left in the care of Gertrude Baniszewski while their parents went to work at the summer state fairs. Sylvia was sixteen years old. Gertrude became convinced that Sylvia was a slut and was sleeping with boys. She beat Sylvia for minor offenses. Sylvia once picked up an old tennis shoe in a vacant lot and Gertrude beat her for stealing. She was also beaten for eating a hamburger her older brother bought for her. Gertrude encouraged her seven other children and the boys in the neighborhood to taunt Sylvia and abuse her. They tied her up and beat her with curtain rods. They burned her and scalded her. They constantly accused her of having sex. As the summer wore on, the torture grew worse until finally Sylvia had to be confined to the basement.

On October 26, 1965, Sylvia's body was found in Gertrude's basement. She was lying on a urine-soaked mattress. She was covered with cigarette burns. The words "I am a prostitute and proud of it" were carved on her abdomen. The police said she had been imprisoned for a week without food or water. Gertrude showed the police letters that Sylvia had written detailing her slut-tish behavior. Later the police discovered that Gertrude had forced Sylvia to write the letters.

The police estimate that as many as twenty five neighborhood residents saw Sylvia being beaten at one time or another. No one ever contacted the authorities.

Marlene McCarty

Born 1957 in Lexington, Kentucky; lives and works in New York City

EDUCATION

1975-77 Attended University of Cincinnati, College of Design, Architecture, and Art, Cincinnati, Ohio
1978-83 Schule für Gestaltung Basel, Switzerland
Member of Gran Fury and co-founder of Bureau

ONE PERSON EXHIBITIONS

1991 Metro Pictures, New York
1992 Mund Verkehr: In die Hose gegangen, Marlene McCarty, Neue Gesellschaft für Bildende Kunst Berlin, Germany (ex.cat.)
1993 Metro Pictures, New York

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

1990 White Room, White Columns, New York
Selections 50, The Drawing Center, New York
Shut Up, You Shut Up, Wessel O'Connor Gallery, New York
Aperto, 1990 Venice Biennale, Gran Fury contribution

1991 John Lindell/Marlene McCarty, Simon Watson Gallery, New York
Something Pithier or More Psychological, Simon Watson Gallery, New York
Someone or Somebody, Meyers/Bloom Gallery, Los Angeles
1991 Biennial Exhibition, Group Material: AIDS Timeline Installation, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York (ex.cat.)

1992 How It Is, Tony Shafrazi Gallery, New York
Between the Sheets, P.P.O.W., New York
Object Choice, Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, Buffalo (ex.cat.)
Seven Rooms, Seven Curators, PS 1, New York
Dissent Difference and the Body Politic, Portland Museum of Art; Otis School of Art, Los Angeles

1993 Four Walls Project: Small Talk, Postmasters Gallery, New York
Intransit, New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York
1920. The Subtlety of Subversion. The Continuity of Intervention, Exit Art, New York
The Art of Self-Defense and Revenge, Momenta Art, New York
Theme AIDS, Henie Onstad Art Center, Hovikodden, Norway (ex.cat.)
Regarding Masculinity, Arthur Roger Gallery, New Orleans
Open Air, Bremen, Germany (ex.cat.)

1994 Don't Look Now, Thread Waxing Space, New York
Bad Girls West, UCLA Wight Art Gallery, Los Angeles
The Use of Pleasure, Terrain, San Francisco (ex.cat.)
Die Neunziger, Wiener Secession, Vienna, Austria (catalogue Martin Prinzhorn)
New Voices 94, Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College (ex.cat.)
Cocido y Crudo, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain (ex.cat.)

1995 In a Different Light, University art Museum, Berkeley
Word for Word, The Art Gallery, Beaver College, Glenside

1996 Sexual Politics: Judy Chicago's Dinner Party and Feminists in Art History, UCLA Armand Hammer Gallery, Los Angeles
Real Fake, Neuberger Museum of Art, Purchase College State University of New York
Mixing Messages, The Cooper Hewitt Museum, New York (ex.cat.)
And She Told Two Friends, An International Exhibit of Graphic Design by Women, Chicago (ex.cat.)

1998 Portrait – Human Figure, Galerie Peter Kilchman, Zurich, Switzerland
Wahlverwandtschaften, Art + Appenzell, Appenzell, Switzerland

AWARDS AND FELLOWSHIPS

1993 Eidgenössisches Kunststipendium – Freie Kunst (Switzerland)

SELECTED PUBLICATIONS

1992 Stefan Götz, American Artists in their New York Studios, Daco Verlag Günter Bläse
1993 Dissent Difference and the Body Politic, Portland Art Museum (ex.cat.)
1994 Cocido Y Crudo, essays by Dan Cameron et al., Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, Madrid, Spain (ex.cat.)
Martin Prinzhorn, Die Neunzieger/The Nineties, Wiener Secession, Vienna, Cantz Verlag
1997 Liz McQuiston, Suffragettes to She-Devils, Phaidon Press, London, pgs.150, 151, 154, 158, 162

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- 1990 Elizabeth Hess, "Gutter Politics," *The Village Voice*, July 3
 Roberta Smith, "The Group Show as Crystal Ball," *The New York Times*, July 6
- 1991 Paul Taylor, "Interview with Marlene McCarty," *Interview*, April, p.28
 Nancy Jones, "Getting Graphic," *New York Woman*, April, p.16
 "Going on About Town," *The New Yorker*, April 29, pp.16-17
 Jan Avigkos, "Marlene McCarty at Metro Pictures," *Flash Art*, October, pp.139-140
 Laura Cottingham, "Marlene McCarty at Metro Pictures," *Flash Art*, October, pp.139-140
 Gretchen Faust, "New York in Review: Marlene McCarty," *Arts*, September, pp.78-80
 "John Lindell/Marlene McCarty," essay by Laura Cottingham, *Simon Watson Gallery*, New York (ex.brochure)
- 1992 Elizabeth Hess, "Between the Sheets," at P.P.O.W., *The Village Voice*, May 12, p.91
Tip Magazin, No. 13, Berlin, p.96
 "Mund Verkehr: In die Hosen gegangen", Marlene McCarty, essays by Laura Cottingham, "Playing Around," and Tom Kalin, "She Wanted Her Own Mouth, Teeth Intact," *NGBK Berlin*, Germany (ex.brochure)
 "Object Choice," *Hallwalls*, Buffalo, (ex.cat.)
- 1993 Pamela Hammond, "Marlene McCarty, Linda Cathcart Gallery," *Artnews*, February, p.121
 Michael Rock, "The I.D. Forty," *I.D. Magazine*, January/February, pp.48-49
 Elizabeth Hess, "Twisted Sisters," *The Village Voice*, March 17, p.86
 J. Abbott Miller, "Word Art," *Eye*, November, pp.34-47
 Roberta Smith, "Marlene McCarty, Metro Pictures," *The New York Times*, March 19, p.C22
 Andrew Perchuk, "Marlene McCarty at Metro Pictures," *Artforum*, March, pp.104-105
 Maud Lavin, "Marlene McCarty at Metro Pictures," *Art in America*, July
 Claudia Acklin, "Soziale Avantgarde, weiblich," *Tagesanzeiger*, Zurich, Switzerland
 Andrea Codrington, "The Writing on the Wall," *Elle*, December, p.59 (illus.)
 Catriona Moore, "Cunts with Attitude: Acting out in the Gallery," *Art and Text*, September, #46, pp.34-37 (illus.)
 "Hose runter für die Kunst," *Der Spiegel*, #46, p.283 (illus.)
- 1994 Maud Lavin, "What's so Bad about 'Bad Girl' Art?," *Ms.*, March/April, pp.80-83
Thema: AIDS, Karl Ernst Osthaus-Museum, Hagen, Germany (ex.cat.)
 Renate Puvogel, "Kein Platz in Bremen," *Kunstforum*, March-June (illus.)
 Barry Schwabsky, "Confessions of a Male Gaze: The Sublime, The Beautiful, The Gender of Painting," *New Art Examiner*, November, p.21 (illus.)
 Douglas Utter, "New Voices," (review), *New Art Examiner*, November, p.48
 "Contemporary Lesbian Artists, Selected Works," *Art Papers*, November-December (illus.)
- 1995 Robert Atkins, "Very Queer Indeed," *The Village Voice*, January 31, p.69 (illus.)
In A Different Light, edited by Nayland Blake, Lawrence Rinder, Amy Scholder, San Francisco: City Lights Books, published with the University Art Museum, Berkley, California
- 1996 *Real Fake*, Neuberger Museum of Art (ex.brochure)
And She Told Two Friends, An International Exhibit of Graphic Design by Women. Essays by Andrea Codrington, Kali Nikitas, Denise Gonzales Crisp, published by Michael Mendelson Books, 1996 (ex.cat.)
- 1998 *FACTS*, Switzerland, No. 15, "Mordskunst," April 9, p.153

LECTURES

- 1991 Yale University, Department of Graphic Design
 AIGA National Conference, Chicago (Gran Fury)
 Rhode Island School of Design, Visiting Artist Series
 New York University, Fine Arts Graduate Studies
- 1992 Otis Parsons, Los Angeles, Visiting Artist
- 1993 Houston Museum of Fine Arts, The Glassel School, Visiting Artists
 Harvard University, Roos Lecture Series (Bureau)
 Cooper Union, Visiting Artist Lecture Series
 The New School, "Pop and Porn," Panel Discussion
- 1994 The Whitney Museum of American Art, Minimalism: Panel Discussion
 Cooper Union, Dialogues Series
- 1995 Princeton University, School of Architecture, Lecture Series (Bureau)
- 1996 Cooper Union, Visiting Artist Lecture Series
 Yale University, Graduate School of Art, Visiting Artist Series
 Cooper Hewitt, National Design Museum, *Mixing Messages*: Symposium
- 1997 The Art Institute of Chicago, Visiting Artist Lecture Series
 AIGA National Conference, New Orleans

