Frances Stark
Intimism
For more than two decades Frances Stark (American, born 1967) has employed an exceptional range of media—essays, poems, drawings, collages, hand-held videos, mural-sized decals, paintings, PowerPoint presentations, performances, an animated movie, single- and multichannel projections, and iPhone photographs—to affirm the confluence of her art and her life. More specifically, Stark examines the working life of an artist as it converges with the non-working life of an artist, and vice versa; the contiguous states of productivity and procrastination; and the often simultaneous sensations of pride and doubt.

Stark’s primary mode is appealingly, even alluringly, confessional, yet her work cannot be pegged as simply autobiographical. The distinction is key. She is blazingly honest—courageous, audacious—in her acts of self-assessment and self-exposure. She is likewise honest in her deployment of the confessional mode to assess and expose art-world pressures as well as the pressures and rhetorical devices of self-presentation more broadly. Further, while Stark calls herself “pathologically open,” her gift for sharing intimate content is part and parcel with her gifts for both formal refinement and manifest theatricality.

Frances Stark: Intimism comprises the first survey of the artist’s video and digital production, from her prescient, lo-fi series Cat Videos to slide shows distilled from her Instagram account, @therealstarkiller. Stark has gained special acclaim as one of the few contemporary artists to use the tools of the digital realm propulsively and interrogatively, revealing how either personal necessity or aimless browsing can become fonts not only of discovery and connection but also of dramaturgy and publicity. Certain of Stark’s non-digital works—on paper, in vinyl—are braided into this presentation, along with an unexpected but vital selection from the Art Institute’s Post-Impressionist holdings. Thus the exhibition juxtaposes so-called “moving” images and texts with “static” ones, taking these terms literally while suggesting more layered meanings.

Moving the viewer physically and metaphorically has proven a significant impetus for Stark. What we know to be the natural lure of the artist’s confessional mode is ever matched by her concerted desire to draw the viewer into varying states of arrest, passage, and attention. Although Intimism is billed as a survey, this show is not ordered by strict chronology. It does remain mindful of narrative, with a beginning, a middle, multiple endpoints, and the occasional detour. Works in which imagery dominates alternate with textual installations. The music that accompanies each time-based piece either delimits it or, drifting outward, links it to others. Eccentric corridor spaces either dead-end into a close encounter with a work or fulfill their purpose as transitional egresses and ingresses. Printed Instagram photographs, extracted from the temporal flow of Stark’s
feed, operate as punctuation marks throughout, occasions for pausing, elaborating, or lingering, like so many commas, dashes, or ellipses. In more than one case, arrows seem to point the way, though not without also seeming to rebut one another; the *Clever/Stupid Pirouettes*, ten large paired drawings, feature a distinctly polar ambigram: the same set of shapely characters, when reversed, effects the opposite message. These contradictory word-arrows are signposts that both taunt and self-mock, but that also serve to orient us with remarkable precision. In keeping, a brochure like this one might constitute a vade mecum—a handy, step-by-step guide—and yet within the exhibition visitors will find instances of indication meaningfully coupled with, when not flatly outnumbered by, instances of intimation.

**XXI-CENTURY ART**

The first work one glimpses upon entering the spaces of *Intimism* is not by Stark at all. Spotlit at the end of a dim corridor leading away from the exhibition's front entrance, the petite, gilt-framed canvas *Madame Vallotton and Her Niece, Germaine Aghion* dates to 1899 and was painted by Félix Vallotton (French, born Switzerland, 1865–1925). Vallotton was associated with a type of painting called *Intimism*, known for small, jewellike domestic scenes inhabited by immediate family and close friends. This Vallotton work typically appears among its contemporaries in the Art Institute’s European painting and sculpture galleries and is considered among the best-loved Intimist works in the museum’s collection.

As “-isms” go, *Intimism* is a fairly self-evident one. Notions of intimacy and intensity are legibly embedded within the word itself and within the pictures it tends to designate: intimate spaces occupied by intimates. However, the term can also be applied beyond its original art-historical purview and is reinvigorated by Stark’s practice. On the one hand, Stark foregrounds her own relationship to art history, to the making of art as a “communion with the dead”; in this regard she frequently looks to Vallotton, among others before and since.³ On the other hand, the possibilities of communion in the present moment remain just as crucial—never more so than in her fifteen years of video and digital work, through which she invests with a palpable urgency her apprehensions of (and about) privacy.
In a 2013 interview Stark describes Intimist interiors by Vallotton and his peer Édouard Vuillard as “immediate almost Zen-like index[es] of the presence of the moment,” to which she adds, “In a world so drowning in imagery of the fake, I want to make a claim for the banal, for the immediate.”

Stark has also made particular reference to the most open-ended element in Chicago’s Vallotton, isolating it as an emblem of sorts: one hundred years later, at the turn of the twenty-first century, she sketched the soft, huddled form of destructive-productive baby Germaine, who adds her blank but vivid scatter of torn paper to the muted pattern of the room’s rug. Stark then printed the fragment on the endpapers of her first book, *The Architect and the Housewife* (1999). In that volume of five fluid personal essays, she tendered a correspondence between the lived domestic interior and philosophical as well as psychological interiority. (The book—which includes multiple sketches after Vallotton—anchors a companion Stark installation in the museum’s Ryerson and Burnham Libraries.) Vallotton’s painting is anachronistic in this exhibition context, to be sure, but Stark’s longstanding fascination with it brings us up to date—or, to 1999, a year of firsts for the artist.

**LIVING ROOMS**

Stark wrote *The Architect and the Housewife* at the same time that she began her first moving-image work, the endearing and notably pre-YouTube series *Cat Videos* (1999–2002). During this period she worked from home, a circumstance that posed, in her words, “the dilemma of having a couch in my studio.”

From this couch, Stark both accentuated and circumscribed her own apparent idleness by capturing dozy clips of her two cats, roaming and at rest. Just as the cats were recorded organically, so was the ambient sound: each short video is titled according to the song or radio program that happens to be humming in the background, and these “found” sound tracks provide a makeshift scaffolding for what is otherwise purposefully uncomposed.

Made several years later, *This Is Not Exactly a Cat Video: w/ David Bowie’s ‘Starman’* (2007) tracks Stark’s young son and his friend variously crouching and dancing on a rumpled bed before an Apple laptop, which plays footage of Bowie as his glittering 1970s persona Ziggy Stardust. Our pleasure at this private, passing scene derives from the extraordinary intenness of the central tow-headed boy, whom we see mostly from the back. Like Vallotton’s blond baby, he hunches away from us, but he is attuned to a computer rather than to a flurry of paper; the benign, heavy-lidded gaze of the baby’s aunt is replaced by that of a mother’s discreetly attentive viewfinder, and so by our gaze as well. Meanwhile, it is vintage Bowie who faces outward from within the silver MacBook frame, performing.

In *Structures That Fit My Opening (and other parts considered in relation to their whole)* (2006) the artist is actor rather than observer, delivering a first-person, text-based monologue at once melancholy and droll. As Stark’s first PowerPoint work, it plays here where it originated, on an actual MacBook. Pithy, well-paced text slides are intercut by several snapshots of her toes or knees pulled up behind the same laptop on which Bowie appears in the later video; Stark is tucked onto the same bed, too. In these still frames we catch only partial glimpses of the screen she faces as she writes, peruses, loiters. Live performances (and the rare social-media selfie) aside, Stark’s face does not appear in her work. “Pathologically open” she may be, in text form most of all, yet visually she prefers synecdoche, avatars, or cartoons—mechanisms of partial or latent figuration that support an openness perhaps barred by conventional portraiture. By these mechanisms Stark enables viewers to embody her literal
position, to project themselves into or onto her field of activity, and to identify the alliance between papery sheet and bright screen across her means of production. Where in the PowerPoint work we see the tops of Stark’s toes or knees, in later Instagram work we see manicured fingertips holding or pointing. In many non-digital works we see exhibitionist chorus girls or preening peacocks, both understood to be winking stand-ins for Stark herself, or else for the generic, capital-A “Artist.” We also see elegantly limned black contours, figures filled in by nothing so much as blank paper. At most we see Stark photographed from the back, in the posture of close, almost devotional pursuit.

VIDEOPHONY

Five years on, Stark had moved from depicting her physical living spaces (and her penumbral presence within them) to mining the virtual environments of disembodied online interaction. She locates one reason for this shift in her obsession, at the time, with the concept of “videophony” introduced in David Foster Wallace’s novel *Infinite Jest*, citing a passage in which he describes the waxing and waning of technologies of face-to-face communication. Stark’s first work in this vein dates to 2011—a widely celebrated, feature-length digital animation, *My Best Thing*, made on a free, now-defunct Internet software called Xtranormal, which allowed users to build a sequence of scenes with avatars, voices, and backgrounds of their choosing. Against an undifferentiated field of fluorescent green, a toy-like female figure clad in a fig-leaf bikini engages in dialogues with two different male figures, first a similarly fig-leaved character named Marcello and then a nameless youth in white Y-fronts. The two men are based on people Stark met online, initially for cybersex; her relationships with each subsequently grew to include discursive conversation about work, books, films, music, and each other. *My Best Thing* is explicit and thoughtful, hilarious and plaintive. It also renders fact indistinguishable from fiction: Stark did not redeploy her online chats wholesale, but rather edited, shaped, and fine-tuned them into a bewitching, episodic narrative.

In the following year, Stark abandoned visual avatars and digitized voices in favor of the steady flash of solitary lines of text, propelled by swelling music. The single-channel work *Nothing Is Enough* (2012) backs its dialogue with a piano solo composed by one of the men depicted in *My Best Thing*. The three-channel *Osservate, leggete con me* [Look, read along with me] (2012) presents nine distinct dialogues against a wordless version of the aria from Mozart’s opera *Don Giovanni* in which Leporello lists the more than two thousand women his master counts as conquests. These installations are spare, but considered; for *Osservate, leggete con me* Stark stipulates an L-shaped white sofa and, despite the dimness required for the projection of white text, white walls as well. She had a specific room in mind, a domestic space at once real and remote; the all-white, conspicuously art-less (though surely artful) bedroom of Kanye West.
Stark’s most recent digital installation seems to expand whatever room it occupies. The bottom half of its projection wall is a checkerboard of black-and-white parallelograms and full-color pictures, receding in perspective as if on a grand tiled floor. The upper edge of this tiling is also treated as a horizon line, at one point a spotlight-sun rising dramatically from it. As it happens, the work, *Bobby Jesus’s Alma Mater b/w Reading the Book of David and/or Paying Attention Is Free* (2013), derives from neither a domestic scene nor a virtual correspondence but rather from the outdoors, so to speak—a chance, in-person encounter at a local skate park frequented by the artist’s son. There Stark met a man known as Mr. Martin, and through him her eventual “muse,” Bobby Jesus. The projected lines of text that pulse and scroll above the marked horizon are inspired by Stark’s conversations with Bobby in her studio and borrow lyrics by DJ Quik, Prince, the Fall, and the Beatles (the high-volume instrumental track is by DJ Quik).

*Bobby Jesus’s Alma Mater* is lush and insistent—baroque compared with the installations Stark had created during the preceding two years. The wittily floor-like projection wall includes a complex array of personal snapshots and commercial and art-historical imagery, for which viewers are provided a meticulous key; Stark supplies further aids in the form of five folded posters printed with a rich log of thoughts and quotations that underscore themes of revaluation and education. While at work on *Bobby Jesus* in 2013, Stark felt herself newly embattled as an educator, and newly inspired to advocate for artists as educators and for how artists are educated. It bears repeating that this work gleans content from in-person rather than online interactions. Yet, across these different installations, the impulses that prompt cybersexual engagement are not displaced by so much as they are conflated with the motives and motifs of a pedagogical relationship (the literal Latin translation of “alma mater” is “bounteous mother”).

Taken together, Stark’s projected works raise critical, overlapping questions. How does happenstance (read also “procrastination,” “the dilatory,” “the daily”) come to mean? How do our habits of intimacy and self-revelation—as well as the forming or forcing of new ones—alley us with others? How might we manage for ourselves the boundaries between private and public, intimate and collective, or should we dispense with these boundaries altogether? Does the way in which we cross paths with another person (on the page, online, or “IRL”) matter, or only what transpires? How do we know which is the more radical or the more utopian view in the face of technology’s increasingly global reach, the recognition of our relative solipsism or a resolute faith in connectivity?

**INSTA-**

Partway through 2012 Stark joined the online photo-sharing platform Instagram, persuaded to do so by one of her gallerists but soon absorbed by its continuous vertical stream of images, captions, and responses; its systems of visual and textual shorthand; its seeming capacity for community formation; and the opportunities it offers for self-documentation and falsification. At the time of printing, Stark has posted around 2,500 photographs on Instagram, charting her progress in a thick binder of printed thumbnail grids, the linear feed transformed into lattice or matrix. She now draws on this binder to produce object-like framed prints from the ephemeral “originals” and short, slide show–like movies, which function as ruminative re-groupings of photographs previously taken, as well as presented, only in the order of coincidence.

Stark herself has noted a harshness in the tone of both *Bobby Jesus’s Alma Mater* and her latest Instagram movies, a tone instituted partly through keen pacing and a driving rhythm. Indeed, aural and visual pulse and rhyme are of prime importance to all of Stark’s video and digital works. She conceives of the new Instagram movies, however, as
a uniquely raw, knowing form of visual poetry—“rapping” with images—the stakes of which are high. A writer herself, and an artist immersed in emerging (sometimes short-lived) modes of communication, Stark senses “that the fate of the poet or intellectual is an uncertain one.” Her corresponding definition of poetry is crucially as well as historically expansive: the etymological root of poem is the ancient Greek verb for “to make.” Despite being rigorously composed, whether as individual images or slide by slide, Stark’s Instagram works corroborate the uncertainty that both haunts and guides today’s “poets.” While the prefix Insta- implies immediacy, type it into an online dictionary field and it’s not “instant” that pops up as the most sought-after word but “instability.” One of Stark’s non-digital works is relevant at this juncture as well. The vinyl for Non-Electrical Telephony and/or Lovers’ Telephone (2010) can be printed at any scale and stretched across any continuous configuration of surfaces; in Intimism it spans four galleries. By these two tin cans linked via their promising arc of string, we are put in mind of an old-fashioned, childhood technology in which playmates extend a homemade contraption between bedroom windows in their neighboring houses, whispering back and forth, turning physical distance into the sensation of absolute proximity. But this, too, is a technology for disembodied communication, even if—or especially because—the feeling is of being murmured to, of having an intimate at one’s very ear. And we all know that games of telephone can lead to riotous forms of miscommunication.

KATE NESIN
ASSOCIATE CURATOR
DEPARTMENT OF CONTEMPORARY ART

NOTES
1 Stark uses this phrase in the last chapter of My Best Thing (2011); by way of counter (or else explanation), she also calls herself an “attention whore” in this section of the work.
2 The irresistible line “Oh cool it’s XXI century art” comes from chapter 10 of My Best Thing (2011), typed by the artist’s second male interlocutor.
8 Stark has also used the shorthand “B/W” in multiple works; it stands for “backed with,” which she explains in “recto/verso” terms thus: “[i]t refers to the b-side or flipside of vinyl
single releases, the A-side being the projected hit, the b-side being the potentially less palatable material that wouldn't be able to reach a wide audience without the slicker vehicle of the A-side. ‘Frances Stark, artist’s statement for #Clever/Stupid (Galerie Buchholz, 2014), http://www.galeriebuchholz.de/exhibitions/frances-stark-kln-2014/.


11 Lauren Berlant’s important anthology Intimacy yields precisely this language: “Intimacy . . . proposes a question of scale that links the instability of individual lives to the trajectories of the collective.” Lauren Berlant, “Intimacy: A Special Issue,” in Intimacy, ed. Lauren Berlant (University of Chicago Press, 2000), p. 3. The word instability will recur in closing below as well.

12 Stark made these remarks about harsh tone, “rapping,” and the poet’s fate in e-mail correspondence with the author, Mar. 22, 2015.

FRANCES STARK
BIOGRAPHY/EDUCATION
Born Newport Beach, California, 1967
Lives and works in Los Angeles
Studied at San Francisco State University (BA, 1991); Art Center College of Design, Pasadena, California (MFA, 1999)

SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS AND PERFORMANCES
2015
Sorry for the Wait, greengrassi, London
Intimism, Art Institute of Chicago

2014
#Clever/Stupid, Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Cologne
Look, Read Along with Me, Hayward Gallery, London

2012
Osvature, leggete con me, Gavin Brown’s Enterprise, New York

2011
Other Parts Considered in relation to Their Whole, Perfroma 11, New York
The Whole of All the Parts as well as the Parts of All the Parts, Mills College Art Museum, Oakland
I’ve Had It and a Half, Hammer Museum, Los Angeles

2010
This Could Become a Gimick [sic] or an Honest Articulation of the Workings of the Mind, MIT List Visual Arts Center, Cambridge, Massachusetts

I’ve Had It! And I’ve Also Had It!, Wheeler Opera House, Aspen, Colorado

2009
But What of Frances Stark, Standing by Itself, a Naked Name, Bare as a Ghost to Whom One Would Like to Lend a Sheet?, Nottingham Contemporary; Center for Contemporary Art, Glasgow

2008
The New Vision, Portikus, Frankfurt
A Torment of Follies, Secession, Vienna

2007
The Full of Frances Stark, Van Abbemuseum, Eindhoven, Netherlands

2006
Structures That Fit My Opening (and other parts considered in relation to their whole), Glassell School of Art, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

2004
Bless This Mess, greengrassi, London
Ich suche nach meine Frances Stark Seite, Kunstverein, Munich

1999
What Part of Now Don’t You Understand, China Art Objects Galleries, Los Angeles

1996
W is for Werther, Studio 246, Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin

1993
Slugh (It Off) b/w Purple Prose, MFA Gallery, Art Center College of Art and Design, Pasadena

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS
2015
Come as You Are: Art of the 1990s, Montclair Art Museum, Montclair, New Jersey; Telfair Museums, Savannah, Georgia; University of Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor

2013
The Cat Show, White Columns, New York
Frances Stark, Julia Stoschek Collection, Düsseldorf
White Petals Surround Your Yellow Heart, Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia

2012
Infinite Jest, Hebbel am Ufer, Berlin

2011
ILLUMInations, 54th International Art Exhibition, La Biennale Di Venezia, Venice

2010
The Artist’s Museum, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles

2009
For the Blind Man in the Dark Room Looking for the Black Cat That Isn’t There, Contemporary Art Museum, Saint Louis; Institute of Contemporary Arts, London
And Possibly but Not Certainly, Mark Leckey and Frances Stark, Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Berlin

2000

1999

1998

1997

1996

1995

1994

1993
Texts by the Artist

The Architect and the Housewife.
“For Nobody Knows Himself, if He Is Only Himself and Not Also Another One at the Same Time.” Afterall 6 (Autumn/Winter 2002), pp. 64–69.

Texts about the Artist

WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION

**Cat Video**, 1999–2002
Video (VHS), transferred to digital, color, sound; 47:13 min. loop
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

*This Is Not Exactly a Cat Video: w/ David Browie’s “Starman,”* 2007
Video (VHS), transferred to digital, color, sound; 10:09 min. loop
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

**Structures That Fit My Opening (and other parts considered in relation to their whole),** 2006
PowerPoint presentation on laptop; 25:00 min. loop
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

**Pull,** 2009
Collage on paper; 41 x 29 cm (16 x 11 in.) (framed)
Collection Daniel Buchholz and Christopher Müller, Cologne

**Non-Electrical Telephony and/or Lover/ Telephone,** 2010
Vinyl and paint on wall; installation variable
Courtesy the artist

**Detumescence and/or Its Opposite (from Torment of Follies),** 2011
Three components of vinyl and paint on wall; installation variable
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

possibly but not certainly** Mark Leckey and Frances Stark (re-formatted to fit your occasion),** 2011
PowerPoint presentation on laptop; 15:00 min. loop
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

**Nothing Is Enough,** 2012
Single-channel digital video projection, black and white, sound; 14:00 min. loop
Courtesy Gavin Brown’s Enterprise, New York

**Oversate, leggete con me,** 2012
Three-channel digital video projection, black and white, sound; 29:34 min. loop
Courtesy Gavin Brown’s Enterprise, New York

Bobby Jesus’s Alma Mater b/w Read- ing the Book of David and/or Paying Attention Is Free, 2013
Multichannel projection with sound, vinyl text, and take-away ink-jet print on paper posters; 7:20 min. loop
Courtesy Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, and Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago

**Figure/Ground, Reclining Model,** 2014
Sumi ink, ink-jet print on rice paper on canvas; 45.8 x 91.5 cm (18 x 36 in.)
Private collection, courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/Cologne

**What Goes On @threatsartkiller,** 2014
Digital slide show, color, sound; 4:56 min. loop
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

**Clever/Stupid Pirouette,** 2014
Five works; Sumi ink on Arches paper with inlay; each 158 x 115 cm (62 x 45 in.)
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Berlin/ Cologne

**Clever/Stupid Pirouette,** 2014
Five works; Sumi ink on Arches paper with inlay, vacuum sealed on aluminum and wood; each 147.5 x 96.6 x 2.9 cm (58 x 38 x 1 in.)
Courtesy Galerie Buchholz, Cologne/Berlin

**Poets on the Pyre,** 2015
Four-channel video, color, sound; 4:48 min. loop
Courtesy the artist

*From @threatsartkiller, 2014 – 15*
59 archival ink-jet prints; each 43.8 x 43.8 cm (7 x 7 in.)
Courtesy Frank Masi, Los Angeles; Gavin Brown’s Enterprise, New York; greengrassi, London; and the artist

**Félix Édouard Vallotton,** 1865–1925
French, born Switzerland

**Madame Vallotton and Her Niece, Germaine Aghion,** 1899
Oil on artist’s board; 49.2 x 51.3 cm (19 ⅜ x 20 ⅜ in.)
The Art Institute of Chicago, bequest of Mrs. Clive Runnells, 1977.606

OPENING

**THURSDAY, MAY 21**
5:00–8:00 p.m.
Exhibition Preview
Abbott Galleries (182–184)
Donna and Howard Stone Gallery (186)
Ryerson and Burnham Libraries

6:00 p.m.
Frances Stark in conversation with curator Kate Nesin
Nichols Trustees Suite
7:00 p.m.
Opening Reception
Bluhm Family Terrace

SCREENINGS

**THURSDAY, JUNE 11**
**THURSDAY, AUGUST 27**
6 p.m.
Digital video, color, sound; 59:16 min.
Courtesy greengrassi, London
Price Auditorium

GALLERY TALKS

**FRIDAY, MAY 29**
12:00 p.m.
Associate Curator Kate Nesin
Griffin Court

**TUESDAY, AUGUST 18**
12:00 p.m.
Curatorial Assistant Robyn Farrell
Griffin Court

THANKS


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Front cover: From @therealstarkiller (detail), 2015. Back cover: Bobby Jesus’s Alma Mater b/w Reading the Book of David and/or Paying Attention Is Free (detail), 2013.

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