

# DAZZLED

AN ISSUE OF REINVENTION

MADONNA  
WORLD EXCLUSIVE  
INTERVIEW AND SHOOT

+ A 70 PAGE  
STYLE TRIBUTE  
THAT WILL  
KNOCK YOU OUT

READY FOR  
ANYTHING

9 770961 970124  
VOL. 2 ISSUE #60 APRIL 2008  
UK £3.85 US \$10.99 CAN \$11.99 MADE IN THE UK  
PHOTOGRAPHY STEVEN KLEIN



## AGATHE SNOW

### HARD AT WORK AND PLAY WITH THE RISING QUEEN OF THE NEW YORK ART SCENE

In London's Fortescue Avenue gallery, Agathe Snow is sitting on the floor surrounded by cloth and foam stuffing. Fervently restless, constantly making things, and darting between rooms, she exudes a palpable nervous energy. "I take up a lot of space," she laughs. "I'm the kind of person that comes into a room and fills it."

Snow makes art that could only have come out of the chaos of the Lower East Side – messy, cluttered, overwhelming and vibrant, it's almost as if she condenses the kinetic energy of New York. Hers is the latest name to make it big amongst the Big Apple's tribe of young hedonists – her (soon to be ex) husband Dash Snow, and friends Dan Colen, Ryan McGinley, and Nate Lowman all cross the line between high art and street hustle. After all, each of them were known faces long before they even started making anything – here is where life, hype and art all begin to blur.

Snow's work grew out of performances including "renegade restaurants", ritualistic art processions, and gruelling dance marathons... she once peeled onions for 24 hours solid. "It was all about getting your body to exhaustion, to the point when you just can't think anymore," she explains. "You're beyond the machine – I love that. I think when you're in a safe environment, it's an amazingly liberating feeling."

While her friends started becoming seriously big art news, she held off from creating commercially viable work. Then, when she was encouraged to create some pieces for a show at Basel, she panicked. "I didn't really know what I was saying," she admits. "As long as I was doing performance or cooking on the streets, it was okay – I was

used to facing the world as me. My little things going on in someone's living room... She stopped making work completely for three years – until March 2007, to be precise. "I wasn't ready," she says. "They were ready. Sometimes I would get these moments of super-jealousy – 'Why are they in all the magazines and I'm not?' But I had to be ready. I had to be sure that the content was good." Her first solo show was at ex-Deitch Projects director James Fuentes's gallery in Chinatown in New York – it was based around the narrative of a Manhattan destroyed by flood where nothing was left but whalebones and floating debris. It was like some twisted vision of Noah's Ark.

Things have speeded up for Snow over the last eight months. She was invited to take part in the Whitney Biennale – a serious coup for a young artist. Her show at Peres Projects in Berlin blew up – *I Don't Know But I've Been Told*, *Eskimo Pussy is Mighty Cold* included giant concrete monsters embedded with flashing disco lights and tape decks blasting out industrial techno. "It was the revenge of nature, but it's not even revenge or destruction," she observes. "Nature's such a rebel, a renegade. Nature's going to do whatever the fuck it wants to do."

As well as using found materials, Snow uses found people. She finds kids – largely from outside the art world – to help make her work, like some crazy, creative pied piper. The same thing applied to her NYC art friends ("beautiful geniuses", she calls them) – "I kind of found them all. I was the shepherd." She talks excitedly about the creative influence they all have on each other – using the same materials, bouncing ideas between each



Above: *Four (Centre cross with spider)*, 2008 (detail); courtesy Peres Projects.  
 Right, top to bottom: *The Tools Of The Trade* 2008; installation view (left to right): *Tools of the Trade*; *Shipping Tycoon*; *Live Stockexchange*, 2008; *Father..... Odoupoufos*, 2008; *The Mother Flagship*, 2008; courtesy Johnathan Viner Gallery

other. She creates her work surrounded by people – "It's insane. We're partying and everyone's sitting there making something. We don't go to bars and clubs, we're at home making things. My place is big. There's always two or three people making something in the corner."

She is currently divorcing Dash Snow, one of New York's hottest artists. "Me and Dash together were a force to be reckoned with," she recalls. "Super-creative. It lasted a long time... nine years. We were together for two years before that. He was 15. When we met, he was on the street... we both were. I had no fucking clue who he was... not that he did. We literally had nothing." She stops, breaks open a bottle of red wine, then returns to stuffing her sculptures.

At the London opening, these stuffed assemblages sat alongside an "attitude work out video" that featured sexy girls in Jane Fonda-esque leotards and hiking boots, displaying the correct attitudes for say, meeting Jesus.

Snow celebrated her birthday that night with a bottle of vodka, some cake, and freshly-dyed neon hair. There's an air of excess around her, and things look to get more crazy as the year progresses. "I've just recently started calling myself an artist and it's a big step," she says. "I'm living. I am something." FRANCESCA GAYN / PHOTOGRAPHY SABETTE PRUTHIER

At Peres Projects, Los Angeles, from April 4 to May 3, [www.peresprojects.com](http://www.peresprojects.com)  
 Whitney Biennale, until June 1 in New York, [whitney.org](http://whitney.org)