

It's hard to be a prince without a castle. It's a way of life. That's the narrative but besides that there is no narrative, just a continuum. There's no opposition but a dialogue between time, space and light; a meeting of times, of materials, a hierarchy of materials, a taste, an esthetic.

In "Contemporary", a sculpture verging on the medium of the installation, we deal with a modern representation-approach to the classical Greek actionist rendition. It's done more as an excuse/ a stylistic exercise more than a subject matter. It's part of the continuum, it touches the archetypal, the universal. New version of the same old thing, some materials change other stick but it's always the same.

It's has no end, no beginning but timing in its title, in its idea, its use of modern equipment. The only changing element is that of the RVB light spectrum developing on a loop, just like the days in a week or the hours in a day . Once again it's a modern interpretation/ realization/ break down, this time of Light as colors in its most decomposed constituents, in all its artificiality.

At first glance, or simply by instinct you insist of decomposing the piece, as it seems to be comprised of three parts again broke down. But then one realizes that one should resist the temptation and focus more on the continuum and on the idea of "that on which it rests", a multitude of pedestals, of pillars hold the piece together and all the other creations thereafter. It deals with the monumental and celebration. And as such all becomes one. Just as in "Invasion", irradiant sculptures of colored ice on pedestal Iceland. These seemingly foreign objects literally invade a landscape called Iceland. On the other hand, as soon as Iceland, as material, as noble material, as opposed to base material colored ice shape is touched by this alien element it becomes pedestal and so part of "Invasion" and thus a new object, a new dimension in and of itself. Living and breathing on its own, on a clever idea, living on wording, again; colored ice because Iceland, invasion as becoming. Since Iceland then Ice will live and hold through, live continuum, live universal. It makes noble the man-made materials. All is very concerned with materials, no opposition in esthetic but in the making, all become equal at the point of installing. Once the object is done, once it happens the hierarchy of materials doesn't apply anymore.

Appropriation is also a favored tool, as a way to keep all in the continuum, as is the case of "Brutalism in Progress", presented in the form of a video or a succession of stills. A surprised encounter with a foundation fulfilling all esthetic dreams, an aborted project seating in a landscape in seeming opposition, offering the possibility of discovery to all that encounter it by chance. And then the landscape accepts the invader as one of its brood.

It spells: a dream palace for a modern prince without a castle with a very precise, modern esthetic.

There is poetry in everything when you run by chance on your dream.

And then "Concrete Castle" makes complete concrete sense, Concrete as the material of modernism.

A virtual castle equipped with one of a kind sculpture like furniture inhabited by a group of beautified, idealized, fantastic individuals. No time, just modernity. No beginning, no end.

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With all, we deal with the concepts of stillness and movement; not as opposites but as stillness as a kind of movement and a kind of change as such only in concept but not in actuality. Marble, Plastic and Human, as materials stay still, only color and light change. But they do so on repeat. Ultimately all movement makes noise and all stillness makes color.

Just as in “Supa Roll Show Star”, a theramin concert repeated every day of a year for a ever changing single spectator. We propose the leftover of that performance, sound on a CD and image on VHS tape; to be played simultaneously in complete darkness. Darkness consumes and hides change.

A conviction, strict rules, taste, esthetics, wording and choice of materials make evolution impossible, make erosion impossible, or at least in concept.

Time is of no importance, age doesn't apply, man is kept forever, as such, in the Art Work.

It had to be that and that's it, constraint, direction, so unnatural, nothing left to chance. Directive makes monument. The truth lies in foundation. Monumental. Menu mental. Menu action. Menu spectacle.

We're talking about forever, about routine, about the understood, about the understated, about the innate, about all as a thing, as a universe, as a breathing, a living organism, in and of itself. A consciousness. No end, but timing. Getting closer and closer to truth. All stable, no matter what , it will keep on being the same, no erosion possible. Talks about history and change in the possibility of stillness and continuum without change. Anti-nature. Against nature. Coincidence. Bizarre twist of events. It all remains the same. Sur natural. Non-natural: challenging Balance and Gravity
Real, actuality, true, true blue, true green, but fake.

Only possible imaging of the real, the ever changing and never accommodating. It just is. This didn't have to be but now it is. And forever could be, no intervals, limitless extension.

Man involved in a game of trust, in role-playing, no thought, just action of stillness.

Agathe Snow