

JAMES FUENTES LLC
35 ST. JAMES PLACE NYC 10038
P 212.577.1201 F 212.577.1202
WWW.JAMESFUENTES.COM
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AGATHE SNOW

*No Need To Worry, the Apocalypse Has Already Happened...
when it couldn't get any worse, it just got a little better*

March 11th – April 21st 2007
HOURS Wed. – Sat. 12 PM – 6 PM



AGATHE SNOW

TITLE: Lily

YEAR: 2007

ITEMS LOCATED: Paper, sand, soil, stone, plastic, electronic circuit and gold

DIMENSIONS: 7" h x 12" w x 12" d

REMARKS: This leftover is dedicated to "Lily", more women, more modern, more sacrifice and eventually more redemption. Because life had decided, had developed in a way where we could be together and it felt like we should. Muse or Excuse. Beautiful in any country, she had walked up to me and said "Somehow, you don't strike me as the innocent type, you'd think I hadn't met people like you before. I smell you, killing is a way of life". As if, I had never even addressed her. Let's get "tabloid", with the face of an angel, the body of a seductress, the eyes of the devil we can be sure that she'll be around for years to come. O. She had posed nude for a tasteful Marilyn Monroe like spread. She even got to participate in steamy hot sex scene with the secret agent. Neither dress, nor manners fooled her in the least. She got married, divorced and then dated a tobacco executive. That's when she became eager to show off her softer more mature look. And although you may not recognize her name, she had one of those faces that is almost impossible to forget. At any rate a profound impression. Accordingly the reader assumes full responsibility for the use of the materials contained herein. Why? Why not? Just another unguided forum. Blinders. It's sadness first and then offered relief. How does it feel? We're not children anymore. The Brat is dead. People should get a permit to have children. One day all children realize that all parents are weak, that they should just pull the trigger. When all they should have said was we won't let any other go, we don't want to lose you just yet, maybe I just give a fuck. Do you really only grow up the day you kill someone?

James Fuentes LLC is proud to announce that Agathe Snow's first solo exhibition *No Need To Worry, the Apocalypse Has Already Happened... when it couldn't get any worse, it just got a little better* has been extended until April 21st. Snow interweaves an elaborate narrative into the premise of this exhibition—the island of Manhattan is flooded and after the waters recede, the artist takes refuge in a beached whale, which was her first sculpture that encompasses the interior of the gallery. Working out of the gallery she has created sculptures that evoke both the narrative and the idiosyncrasies of the neighborhood, incorporating materials and artifacts found in the area surrounding the gallery that have been washed up on the shores of Manhattan after the flood. The raw resources that make up her new sculptures are carefully chosen yet they reveal a remarkably liberating material process.