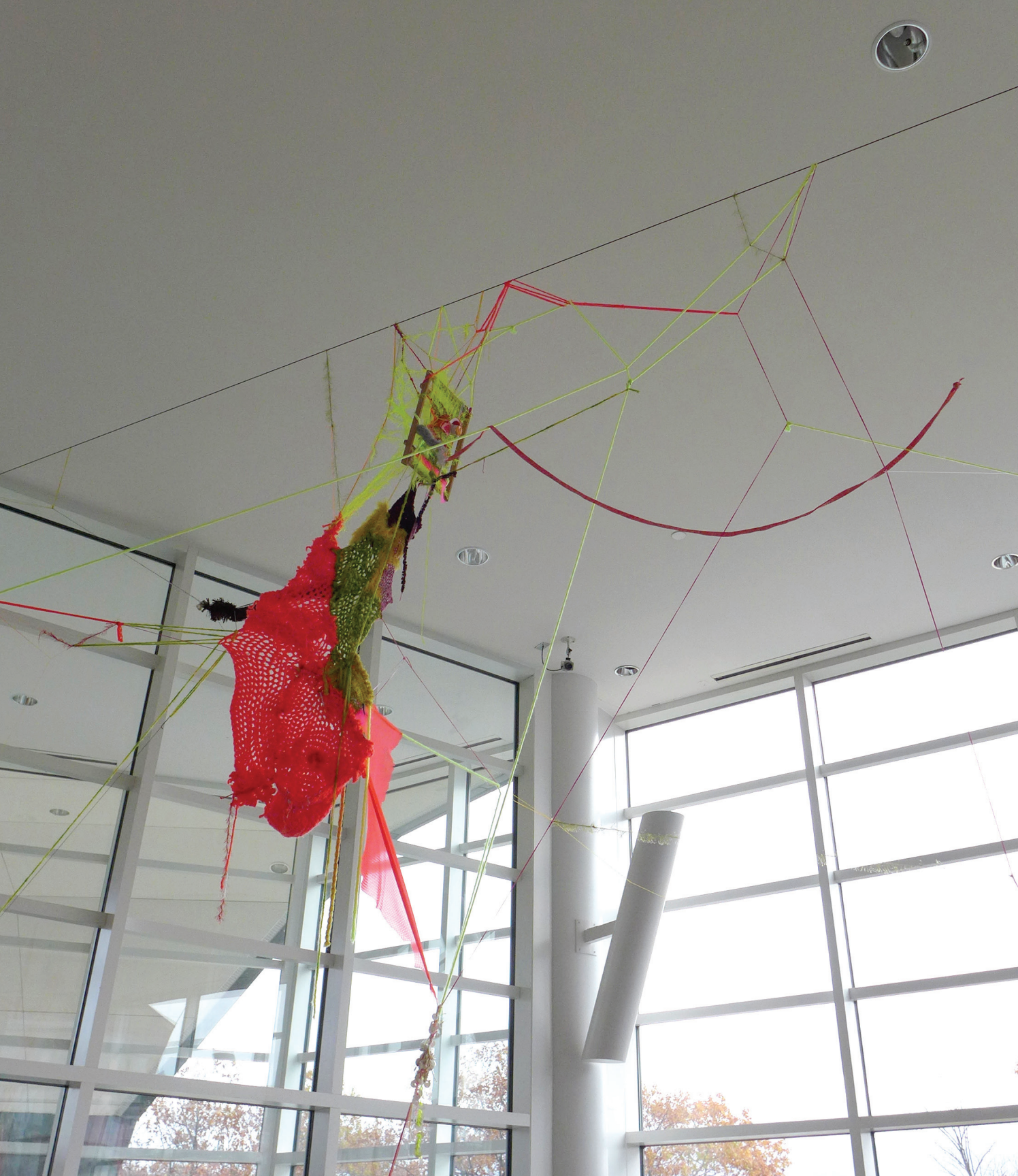


SARAH HEWITT

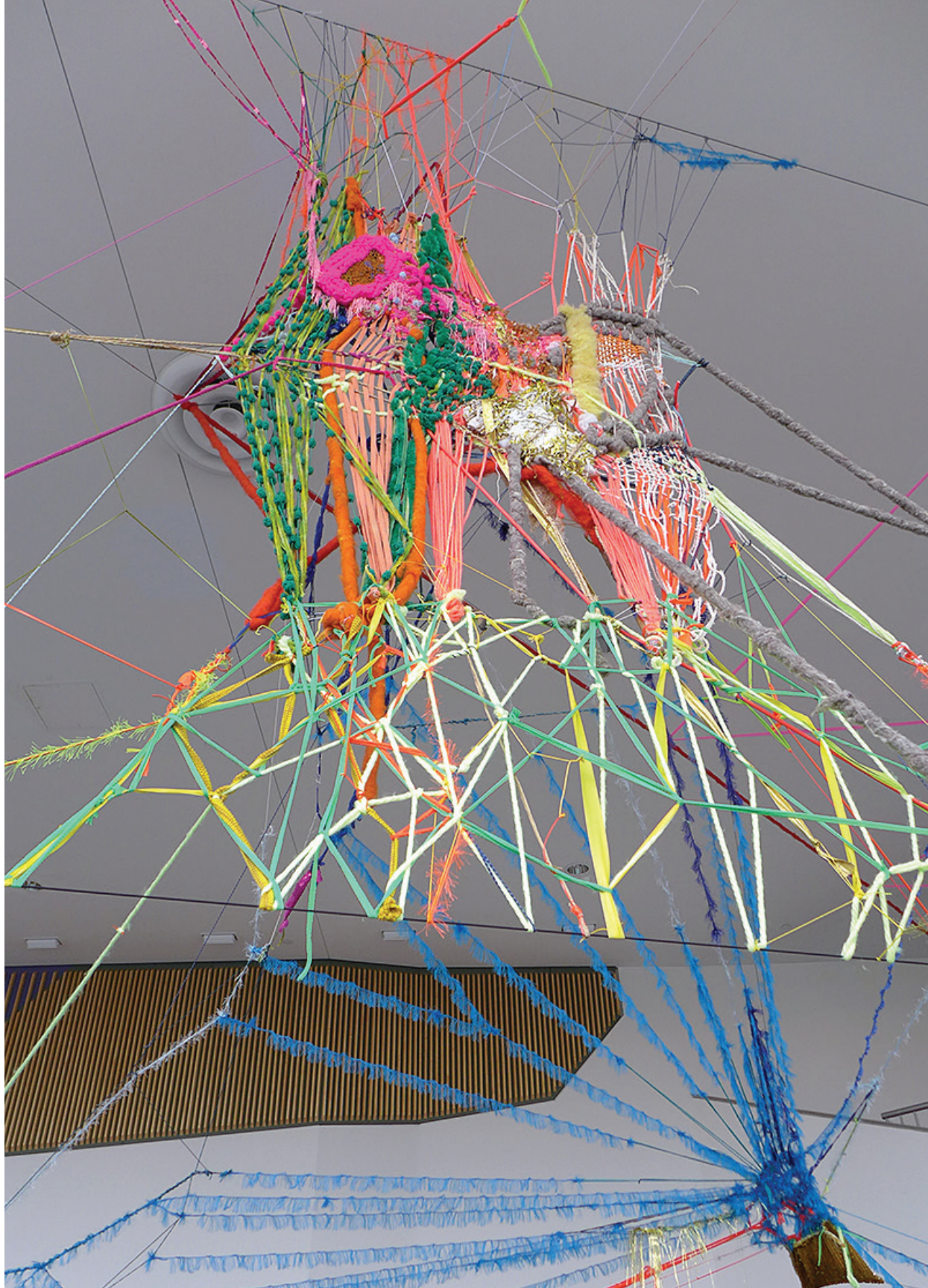




RED AS A ROOSTER, 2016,
10' 3" x 33' x 25' 10", Woven,
crocheted and stitched yarns,
fringe, lap loom, packing tape
dispenser, medicine bottle
containing dirt from Maine.

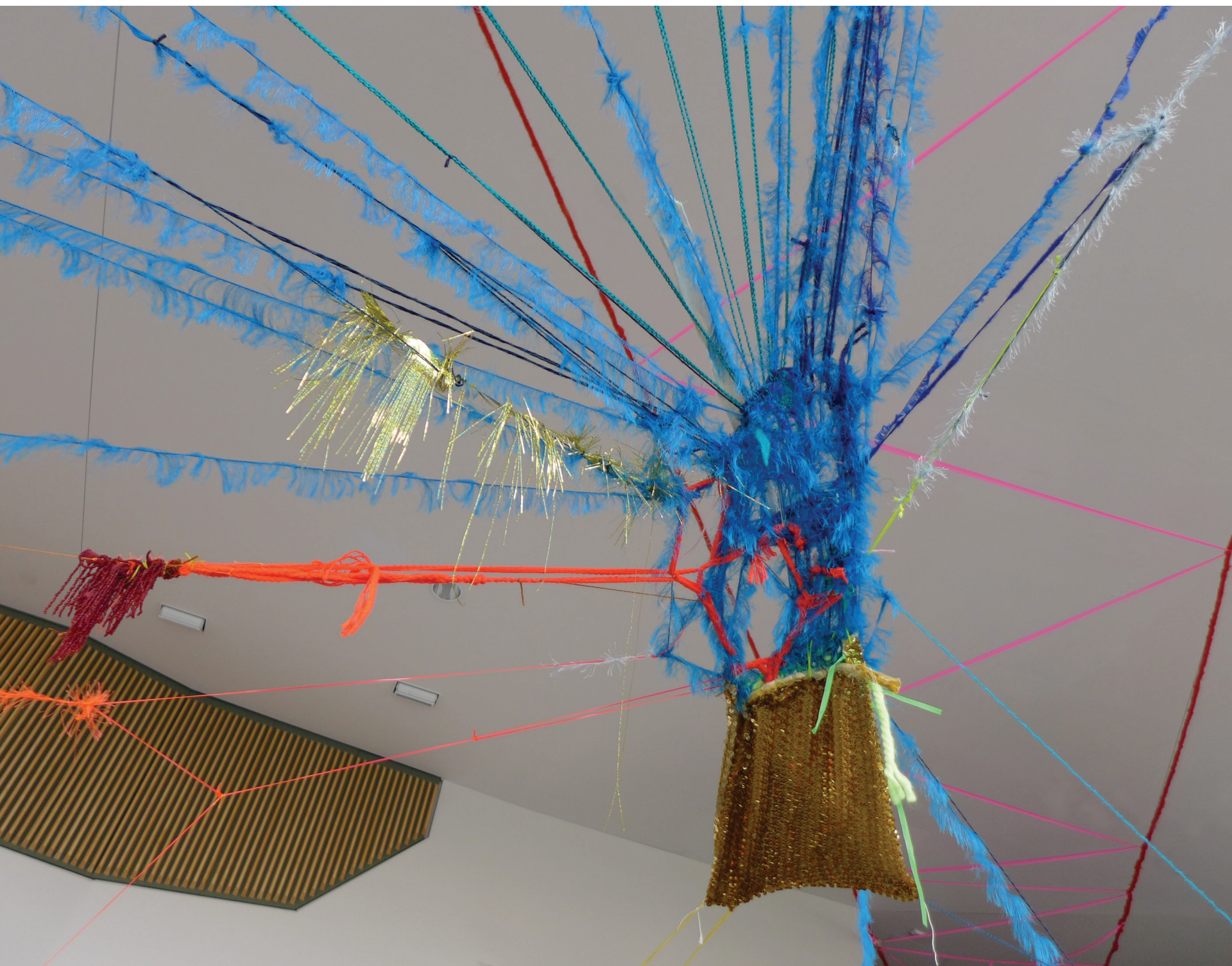
*SHE VOWS, 2016, , 11' 3" x 16' x 22' 2",
Woven, crocheted, drawn yarns, rope,
rubber tubing, wood and clay.*

*BLUE MENACE, 2016,
5' 7" x 30' 5" x 9' 6", Woven and stitched
yarn, mylar streamers and muslin.*











...so not a goddess...

is a woven installation at the Rozsa Center for the Performing Arts at Michigan Technological University, Houghton, Michigan.

Curated by Lisa Gordillo.

Installed October 21-26, 2016

On view from October 26, 2016 - May 3, 2017

Generous Assistance from Lisa Gordillo, George Hommowum, Terri Frew, Hannah Fisher, Cambry Wade, and Wyatt Hurst.

Many thanks to Michigan Technological University for this opportunity and their generous support.

Full installation:

19' 3" x 44' 6" x 63' 7"

Woven, crocheted, stitched and drawn flag tape, twine, yarns, cable, fabric, paillettes, sequins, tube top, beaded trims, leather trims, latex tubing, pompoms, tinsel, lap loom, tape dispenser, medicine bottle with dirt from Maine, dirt packages, crystal pull, found wood, clay, lambskin, ceramics, shackles.

Red as a Rooster, 2016, installed at the Rozsa Center for the Performing Arts, 10' 3" x 33' x 25' 10", Woven, crocheted and stitched yarns, fringe, lap loom, packing tape dispenser, medicine bottle containing dirt from Maine.

Blue Menace, 2016, installed at the Rozsa Center for the Performing Arts, 5' 7" x 30' 5" x 9' 6", Woven and stitched yarn, mylar streamers and muslin.

She Vows, 2016, installed at the Rozsa Center for the Performing Arts, 11' 3" x 16' x 22' 2", Woven, crocheted, drawn yarns, rope, rubber tubing, wood and clay.

She vows

To make plastic art

Redefine plastic art

To make you love plastic art

To make you bow to her craft

Redefine craft

To weave

To weave your mind

To weave your mind into confusion

To drag you into the sacred without your consent

Weaving is the sacred, the tradition, the craft, and know-how passed from generations. It creates the cloth that protects, seduces and honors. Let it be the value, the commodity it has always been. Let how weaving functions, how it is installed within a space, how it fractures—let that be profane.

Hundreds of intersections and textile connections come together and sing, but the tune is not a hymn. I am not looking to create a spectacle for fun or frivolity. This is crafting a new fabric in a manner that is complicated, as complicated and fragile as our contemporary moments.