

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Sarah Conaway

Head of a Woman

November 17, 2018 – January 12, 2019

Opening reception: Saturday, November 17, 6 PM – 9 PM

I have the head of a woman.
I was attacked.
There were sticks and twine.
I was betrayed.
I am hopeful.
I was put on a pedestal.
I was an insect.
I am the subject and the object.
I was wandering in the desert.
I was cast out.
I looked back.
I was blamed.
I was turned into a pillar of salt.
I am still there.
I was afraid.
There were two images.
A sewing machine hidden under cloth, tied up with string.
We built a tower.
This is a line of poetry.
My body was dead.
My head was dead.
Photography can be like this.
Whose work was this?
Whose language is this?
I was angry.
I cut and was cut into.
I was enraptured.
I was joyous.
I was red and blue.
Make a hand.
Cy Twombly autocorrects to Cut Womanly.
There are other bodies.
There are other landscapes.
Names are important.
Teresa, Georgia, Edith, Ado.
There are other names.

