

The word 'thread' is often used to represent continuity, of an idea, a theme, a life. The simple repetitive action of interlocking threads and joining pieces and sections together to create something whole, repeated among generations, handed down and shared, chronicles the continuum of life. My obsessive relationship to the the making of cloth and lace structures blossomed in my childhood. The drawing of threads, connects me across shared generational labors to the greater multigenerational consciousness of woman-kind who's structures have preserved humanity through the creation of magnificent cloths.

These works of found and newly created lace and crochet structures initiate a visual rebellion investigating the realms of feminism through the lens of artistic exploration that revolves around dismantling preconceived boundaries, challenging the traditional demarcation between craft and fine art. In a society where these distinctions are laden with gender biases, these endeavors, often associated with women's work, have been dismissed as merely functional or decorative while the conventional celebration of 'fine art' has disproportionately favored the creations of the white male artist.

Combining garden variety lace forms and newly created knitted and crocheted structures with gleaming metal leaf and patinated finishes, these artworks suggest the fine art sculptural forms created from cast metal, the antithesis of the ethereal and fragile lace structures born from delicate fingers of the hands of women throughout time. They become dynamic expressions of contradiction, embodying the multifaceted nature of women's work and artistic creation. Using the architecture of the wall, they break free of the constraints of tradition, turn feral and transcend conventional boundaries, inviting the observer into an unfamiliar dimension where the delicate intricacies of lace and crochet unfold, disrupting narratives that have in the past relegated utilitarian creations to the periphery. These undomesticated laces become seductive adorations of long held traditions and the labors of millions of women over millennia.

In their final transition; the alchemical process of lost wax, laces are "lost" immolated in a fire of cremation and transformation. These newly spawned "laces" are the antithesis of delicate structures constructed of fragile spun fibers. They are exquisite, fragile, threaded structures frozen in time, in metal, capturing the perpetual feminine drawing of thread metamorphosed into the immortal. The phoenix from the flame, the metaphor of transformation and re-birth, renewal and immortality; The SHE

