



White birds
by Ann Collier



Boarding party
by Deborah Robinson



Board walk
by Deborah Robinson



Where have all the flowers gone?
by Anne Dyer
Bobbin lace in assorted dyed yarns and tatting with stranded cotton, wire and rolled and flat fragments of the dreaded IACS stretched between welding rods.



Waistcoat
by Ann Collier



Undone
by Joan Davis



Tyre tracks
by Gail Baxter



Stubble field
by Ann Wheeler



Turning straw to gold
 by Carol Quarini

All farming involves turning straw or other farm products into gold or money but doing so can also represent genetic engineering, the modern side of farming. It suggests fairy tales and sorcery and indeed genetic engineering is the alchemy of our age. The lace depicts DNA, chromosomes and the cell cycle - the heart of the organism where the magic of turning straw into gold takes place.



Tuber to spud
 by Gill Bird

Travelling past a potato plantation several times a week last year I was challenged to express this vision in lace. The 4x1 smoky Perspex was left over from previous work. After moulding plastic to make ridges and furrows - what lace? A three dimensional piece was essential. I used Torchon and Bedfordshire lace techniques with hand-dyed threads, hand-made felt, beads and wire with needlelace to finish.



Spiders in a barn
 by Anne Dyer



Skirt

by Joan Davis

For 'Lace in a Barn' I was inspired by the lace-like waste produced by the carding machine at a mill. The materials used include woollen fleece and yarn, hand-spun cotton thread, cotton fabric, waste linen, synthetic thread and paper.



Sea bale

by Susan Bradshaw



Sample 1

by Ann Wheeler



September silage

by Gail Baxter



Natural straw bale 1

by Susan Bradshaw



Hidden
by Gil Dye

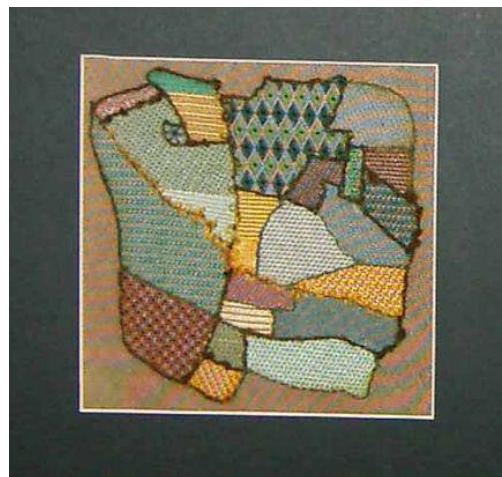
Joint work with Derek Earnshaw, part of the 2001 Onetree project



Granny pink bale
by Susan Bradshaw



Flower Pin
by Susan Bradshaw



Fields
by Margaret Clark



Spiders in a barn
by Anne Dyer



Fields of gold
by Kitty Mason

Driving every fortnight to teach lace in Fife, I travel by ripening fields of wheat and barley watching them turn gold as the summer progresses. This evokes childhood memories of Scotland, travelling through the ripening fields and the Tentsmuir Forest to reach the most fabulous sandy beach at Kinshaldy. It was always hot and sunny in those days!



Border zone
by Deborah Robinson



Cambridge surprise major
by Gil Dye



Board game
by Deborah Robinson