Fibrecraft in New Zealand

Some social and economic aspects

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The following is the text of a talk given in the seminar series on 5 May 1993, the week before the New Zealand Spinning Weaving and Woolcraft's Festival was held on the campus of Victoria University of Wellington.

Above: Kathleen Low concentrating, Victoria University of Wellington, May 1993. Photo: Les Maiden.

Fibrecraft is a broad term for the twisting or pounding of fibres into useful or decorative articles. It's as old as humanity – to gather whatever animal or vegetable materials are at hand to make clothing and armour, harness, food baskets, animal traps, shelters, and sailors' needs, and so forth. Decoration and originality follow. These help make endurable the tedious time this all takes, and they are the only way the craftsperson can claim to be more than a slave and a cipher. In New Zealand two main streams exist – the Maori one based on flax and the European one based on wool. Neither of them is any longer driven by necessity. The wool based one never was a necessity with us. Its late and untidy beginnings were due to the Industrial Revolution, which left the peasant skills to wither away. When they were reborn, it was as chosen tasks of middle-class leisure. I think the Scandinavians were the first to experience and articulate this formula.

These handcrafts had been low-caste skills, pretty servile. So no higher caste rushed to adopt them when leisure came. And in 19th-century New Zealand, even those above subsistence level were a long time finding any leisure. The few who had servants enough to provide it mostly chose to cultivate lady-like skills. Spinning and weaving had no place in the drawing-room. Embroidery has always had upper-class status, likewise fine crochet and tatting.

One type of embroidery is needlework on a canvas grid, which is often called tapestry. This is incorrect. Tapestry is weaving, not needlework. It requires equipment and concentration which is not very adaptable to drawing-room use. The difference is a matter of technique, not of aesthetics. After all Picasso himself painted designs onto the canvas Alice B. Toklas used for her needlework.

Drawing-room pursuits are graceful and they don't often produce anything of vital use. If ladies chose to knit they would make elegant movements which showed off the beauty of arms and wrist and fingers – and slowed down their output to about half that of people who knit for real. The latter keep fingertips and wool and stitches all in a close clutch below elbow level, minimising the movements. This way it's almost invisible, you can knit under the desk while gazing at the teacher. Best of all you can knit while you read. The Bishop of Leicester's recent history of knitting has a shrewd study of how grace descended upon 19th-century knitting techniques.

The genteel accomplishments were what ladies might becomingly do, if they weren't giving delight by the other permissible female art, tinkling the piano. The picture is very different from that given by Homer, where the top women are portrayed as spinners and weavers. We have Penelope, of course, but also Helen of Troy, Andromache

and Arete. Homer understood the whole setup, its techniques and its hierarchies and its deceits. But the scholars commenting have often written such nonsense that it's plain they've grown up in that long fibrecraft vacuum which follows an industrial revolution. They have not seen a loom in use. A prime example of this is Tennyson in 'The Lady of Shalott'.

Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror crack'd from side to side.

The web doesn't fly out and float wide when the mechanism busts. It would be better if it did, rather than fall into a soggy tangle on the floor, which is what does happen. But although Tennyson didn't know about looms, he was versed in Homer very young, lucky chap, and 'The Lady of Shalott' is the offspring of Homeric scenes. The lady herself, of course, is suggested by Penelope, who must keep on weaving because something awful will happen as soon as she stops. Tennyson's lady is weaving scenes of action, just as Helen of Troy in *Iliad 6* is weaving scenes from the war around her. The sudden shock which changes all is an echo of the moment when Andromache at her loom knows from the wailing outside that Hector has been killed – her shuttle falls and Homer here uses a verb which elsewhere he uses only in the fierce action of battle. As for the end of Tennyson's poem, there's a scene in the *Iliad* where Priam takes Helen to the city wall, and she identifies the Greek leaders for him. The Trojan men nearby gaze at last on this woman who's bringing doom to them all – she's not usually abroad – but seeing her they understand why she's being fought over. By now you can guess what they said. They said 'She has a lovely face'.

In most textile handweaving it takes about six spinners to keep one weaver going. That was the pattern in the pre-Industrial days. In a run of cloth, members of the spinning team have to produce identical yarn, and each has to be consistent with herself through all the days and nights of the job. It's drudgery.

We have still living in Auckland a 96 year-old spinner from Scotland, what the novelist Robertson Davies would call a cultural fossil. Her family was in bondage to Harris Tweed when it remained hand-done and desirable even after the Industrial Revolution. She and four sisters spun, the mother wove, then took it to the trader who ran it over a glass table lit from underneath. Provided there was no unevenness anywhere, he would pay her 2/6 per yard. This was the only living they knew. When she emigrated in 1935 she didn't want to bring a wheel or ever see one again. Her mother made her, saying 'You never know, dearie'. She tucked it away and did nothing until the unexpected efflorescence of spinning here when World War II began. Then she was discovered, being one of the few who could teach the crowds who suddenly wanted to learn to make jerseys for men at sea and prisoners of war. Made of unscoured wool, these were valuably weatherproof. Thousands of wheels were made, and although they were put aside in the 1950s, most of us retained enough technique to resume later. It was decades before this lovely Scots spinner grew used to being so prominent, so loved and admired.

Another cultural fossil, also born in the last century, was a Latvian from a small farm. She was a student in Petrograd when Lenin's train came in, she came on here to join her father who'd already left, tired of political trouble. Lise was a wonderful performer, always ready to be part of the teaching and demonstrations which had to be turned on. She died only last year. We have these two on a video for our clubs because everyone has still much to learn from them.

The tidal wave of wartime spinning was unrelated to weaving, which still had no base. The odd handweaver who arrived here early found no point in going on with the craft. My great-grandfather came to the far north in 1835, a trained handweaver from a family which had run a cottage industry. He came as an Anglican missionary and stayed that way, became fluent in Maori, but was never ordained because he wasn't educated, had no Latin or Greek. The most he could do here for handcraft was to build a wheel to help the Maori spin the flax they were using to make ropes, but it didn't take on. Later in the century sporadic attempts were made to start cottage industries, as for instance by Blick of Nelson, but these always perished with their founder.

The first movement which prevailed and made a national framework for advance, began in this century between the two wars and was initiated by amateurs – mainly women – who were linked by a strong aesthetic affinity. In no sense were they part of Victorian ornament and knick-knack – rather the total, environmental aesthetic as of William Morris or the Bauhaus. There was a strong nucleus in Hawke's Bay around Amy Hutchinson of Rissington. Among others were Katherine Phillips (later Katherine Blows) of Tadmor, Adela Scholefield of Wellington, Dr Mary Barkas of Thames, and Perrine Moncrieff of Nelson. She and her retired soldier husband lived in the former Governor's house and she used the gun turret as a woolcraft meeting place. She had a fine Swedish loom. Over her mantelpiece was Millais' working study of his well known picture *The Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh*. The boy Raleigh sitting on the beach was Perrine's father and the artist was her grandfather. Perrine herself was the driving force behind the foundation of Tasman National Park.

What bound these and their like was the art of plant-dyeing. People weren't mobile then, and a couple of

Opposite: Curtain for Auckland City Art Gallery commissioned from Ilse von Randow, c1958.

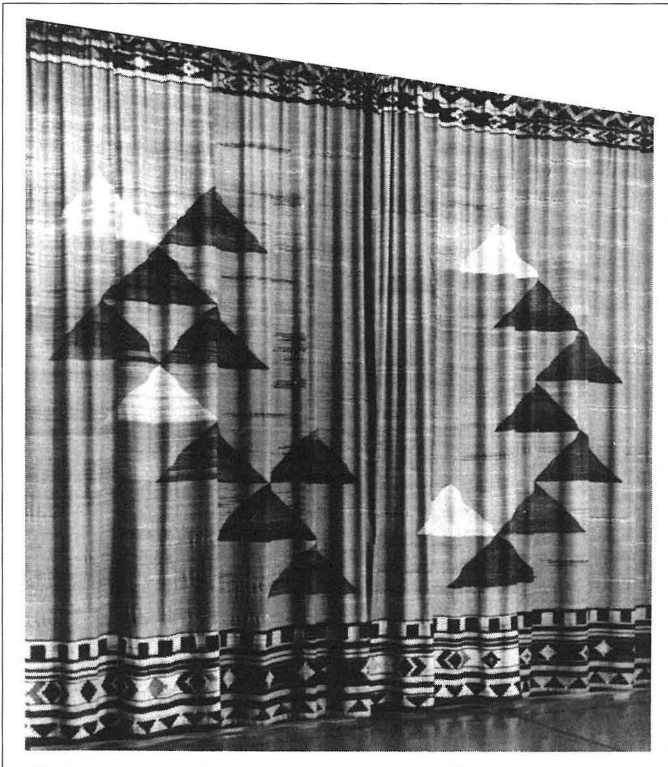
weaving and spinning guilds formed in the 1930s lapsed through lack of enough members in any one area, but plant-dyeing samples and the recipes could be swapped by post. And they were. Amy Hutchinson's early booklet on plant dyes has run through many printings and her samples are in the Hawke's Bay Museum at Napier.

When Dr Brian Shorland spoke to us here he mentioned B.C. Aston – Scientist to the Department of Agriculture – who was once his boss and ruled by waving a stick. Aston's articles have been holy writ to our plant dyers. During World War I it was found that the Germans had almost a monopoly of khaki dye and the hunt was on for a substitute. Aston worked on coprosmas. Most coprosmas will give khaki, but the *Coprosma grandifolia* will give many other colours too. It's much stronger than madder and one doesn't have to kill the plant to get it, only take slivers of the bark. It's so strong and so versatile that if this country had been discovered before inorganic dyes, the theory is that north of about Nelson most of it would have been a coprosma farm.

In weaving itself, one enterprise of the 1920s left progeny: the two Mulvany sisters went overseas to take the full course at the London School of Weaving. Back here they set up a studio, and among other commissions had one for soft furnishings of the Catholic Bishop's residence in Auckland. A pupil was Florence Akins, later lecturer at CUC's School of Art. In 1946 she was invited to include weaving in her syllabus. It became a major option, and produced a group of well-grounded weavers who have been a main prop of the NZSWWS since it was formed in the 1960s.

The first club to survive was the Auckland Handweavers' Guild of 1953. Its journals had subscribers throughout the country, and by 1958 it was running national exhibitions in the Auckland Museum, whose staff expertly fostered weaving. The Guild had also the presence of Ilse von Randow, a German artist weaver, and a refugee from the Chinese troubles of 1948. She had been running a workroom for Paton and Baldwin's Shanghai factory, supervising and designing the samples for 100 male handweavers. She adjusted to slogging it out alone here. The Auckland City Art Gallery invited her to put her loom in the Gallery, to make a huge pair of wool curtains to close the Mackelvie room off visually from the area below. These were a great success, and when the Art Gallery was rebuilt they were moved on to the Museum.

At a less conspicuous level, some weaving was kept alive by occupational therapists. They and some of their long-term hospital pupils could help with basic tuition when the new demand arose. Later the mental hospital looms were sold off as therapy changed.



The Eastbourne spinners continued after the war, now making jerseys for an orphanage in Scotland. Other groups went into recess. But gradually group spinning returned because it's an easy and useful form of sociability. Spinning is quickly learned up to a point, it's cheap to do, and may be carried on while talking. In fact, given the right company, there's no better conversation – and no better listening – than that indulged in while hands are peacefully engaged this way.

Weaving is another matter. It needs solitude and space. One must keep the warp to an even tension, which means hearing its tautness as if it were a stringed instrument. Mistakes are hard to correct. The equipment and materials are usually costly. The work is noisy and is out of place in city apartments – as the Hungarians found when their farms were collectivised by the Russians, and the displaced rural families soon doubled the population of Budapest, but their handweaving ceased.

When people began visiting with their wheels, a team sport evolved in some ar-

eas, particularly in Hawke's Bay – that of making fleece-to-garment articles. A few spinners with wheels and knitting needles would start off with a pile of fleece on the floor. Or without the wheels by what is now known as Kiwicraft. The latter is an old practice of the Maori fleeceos known as warahipi. The raw wool was rolled on the thigh, then knitted unwashed on No. 8 fencing wire, or manuka twigs rubbed smooth. The resulting garment is not only warm and tough, but gentle, more like an embrace.

Wairoa's first wool week, held in 1967, included fleece-to-garment demonstrations in shop windows, beginning with shearing the sheep. In 1968 the Hawke's Bay Farmers' Co-operative offered a trophy for teams of six who would knit to a specified pattern – in public, in the township's picture theatre, the Gaiety. Those first-rate Wairoa spinners nutted out a pattern to be adhered to, points to be given for speed plus accuracy in conformation to pattern. Ten teams turned up, and the winner was the only one from the South Island, from Westland. A Willow Flat team won the Kiwicraft.

I was invited to go to Wairoa to help assess those jerseys and was about to decline. I'd been to Hawke's Bay only once – in a performing trio to a Royal A & P show at Hastings – and found it a socially chill and cast-ridden affair, unlike the jostling, laughing ease we'd found at Horowhenua, for instance, where we did hour and hour about with Godfrey Bowen and Graham Kerr. But a young Wellington spinner, who'd done the smalls in a drama group, urged me to go, saying, 'Once you get north of Napier you're back in New Zealand again'. And so it was – the beginning of the most New Zealand affair I ever had the luck to be in. Rural, urban and township in working partnerships, leading to long-term domesticated friendships.

Early the next year, 1969, Gisborne borrowed Wairoa's Wool Week, fleece-to-garment contests, management and all. The competitions manager was Colin Southey of Wairoa, local sheep and wool advisor for the Department of Agriculture. Fifteen teams arrived from all over including the Woolly West Coasters who won again. I didn't get to Gisborne, and the way I heard it down here was that the ones coming back through Wairoa stopped in the main street and formed a national inclusive woolcrafts society.

It wasn't quite like that. They agreed to reassemble at Wairoa on 5 July. All saw a need for national rules for fleece-to-garment contests if records were to be claimed, and all wished for more cohesion between New Zealand's scattered woolcraft activities. Invitations went out from the Mayor to many distant groups. Thirty sent delegates and more than that number of individual spinners turned up also. They elected a national council, representing both islands. Eric Powdrell, farmer of Wairoa and Resident Director of the Hawke's Bay Farmers' Co-operative, was chosen as President, and the Mayor, who chaired the meeting, became its Patron. This was the birthday of the NZSWWS.

The next vital moment was when the Auckland Guild's president (Jenny Poore) and editor (Jean Timlin) came to Wairoa early in 1970, enrolled their guild and offered their journal, *The Web*, as the new body's mouthpiece, which it became in 1971. Eric Powdrell remained national president until 1975, when other duties obliged him to resign, and up to then the intensely capable secretariat remained with him. We were fostered by Wairoa and its community until we were ready to go places, first to Whakatane, but by 1972 everyone was at Invercargill where a local group under Pamela Hall-Jones had prepared a full-scale festival during which the Society passed the rules for its incorporation. She set the

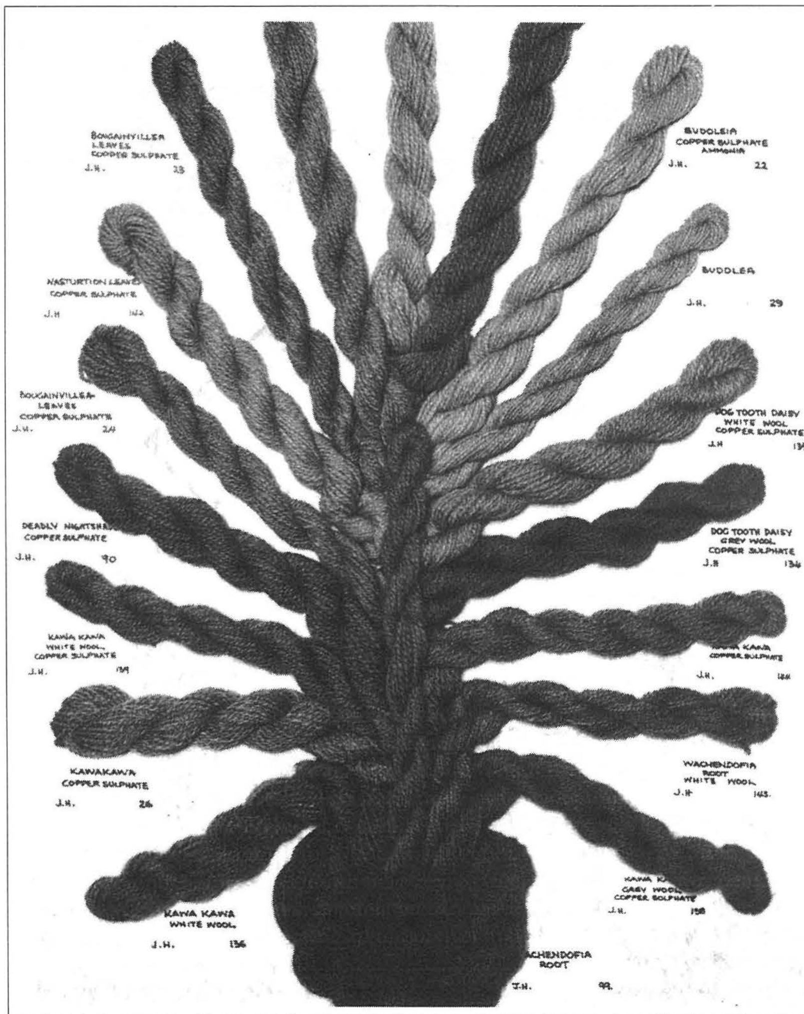
Below: Hands-on tuition with Betty Ransom at the National Woolcrafts Festival, VUW, May 1993. Photo: Les Maiden.

Opposite: Plant-dyed hand-spun wools from Sylvia Booth and Joy Harding from the display in the main Library at Victoria University of Wellington, May 1993. Photo: Brett Robertson.

pattern for subsequent festivals, ie, that some brave member undertakes to set up local teams to raise thousands of dollars to book premises and hundreds of beds. The national executive accepts the proposal if they think the member capable, and turns up three days before the opening to hold its own long meetings in the premises provided.

Wairoa doesn't seem to be near to any other place when one reaches it, but it is in fact much nearer to Young Nick's Head, Cook's New Zealand landfall, than the rest of us are. That may partly explain the courage and conviction and speed, with which it took an enterprise into unexplored fields. When its Wool Week was invited to Gisborne in 1969 it was part of that city's revving up to celebrate the Cook Bicentennial on 6 October with ten warships and $20,000 worth of fireworks.

This was an odd beginning for the NZSWWS, and a piece of luck that those two action competitions, Wairoa 1968 and Gisborne 1969, gave both focus and momentum. Fleece-to-garment was exciting stuff. For the public it was eccentric and funny, for the competitors concert nerves of varying severity – worse than solo performance because one blunder is enough to ruin the garment and let down one's mates who have been rehearsing for months. One of our executive moved at every meeting that we abolish this contest before we had a death on our hands, but the rest always said 'What a glorious death!'. Besides that, almost all our woolcrafters were housewives. They didn't easily get away from home. But this was a team effort, and any New Zealand family can see that a team commitment is sacred, even if the team is Mum's. Competitive spinning was a minority interest among spinners generally, but it was so strong and well organised that other branches of fibrecraft had this to tie onto as they became ready.



By the time Eric Powdrell retired in 1975 we had set up standing committees, for education, syllabus, *The Web*, exhibitions, the Quality Mark, and so forth, in whatever centres we knew the relevant expertise to be. This way we could use the skills of our scattered membership. Area delegates still elected the president and the office has moved around the land. We have been able to avoid centralism.

Weaving had a long struggle, being very short of equipment and tuition. Dr Beeby later opened one of our Academy exhibitions with the best talk on craft I've ever heard. It was printed in an anthology we published. He's said that nothing he took part in as Director of Education gives him so much retrospective pleasure as the scheme to give every school child some hands-on experience of weaving and pottery. We have grey-haired weavers who remember those midget

frame looms, and the joy of finding that by interlacing threads they could make a piece of fabric which could stand alone. But there could be no follow-through just then. No looms were in our homes, nor could we buy one of the kind any amateur weaver would take for granted elsewhere. Import controls forbade. A loom for real work is an expert assembly of wood, metal and string, rather like a piano. We took deputations to the Minister of Trade and Industry who said 'There's plenty of timber and carpenters in this country'. Similarly, no yarns for weavers were imported until recently. For warps for floor rugs, a kind merchant let us buy the heavy Irish linen used to sew suitcases and the soles of shoes. Club members would lend money so that someone could go with a couple of thousand dollars to a carpet wool factory to bid for remnant lots.

Aesthetically, too, weavers were in the doghouse. There had been some opportunities offered by the Auckland Guild, and then in the World Crafts Council, founded here by Nan Berkeley in 1964. In these and in others we had in partnership with the potters, we learned much of how to set up exhibitions and carry them through, and how to be tough and impersonal when selecting. Their craft was at least a decade older than ours here. We were still using many plant dyes, and were fond of the fleece of dark sheep. The pottery was still earthy. To be sure, much of the weaving was unsophisticated, yet those early shows had an environmental harmony which I miss now that colour's been liberated and become international. We had yet to be allowed into the Academy of Fine Arts.

We put in a remit to the Arts Conference '70, a big affair with the head of Britain's Arts Council and Anthony Burgess among its stars. We asked for handweaving to be accepted as an art form. It was passed amid derisive laughter and we were teased for days. The stigma was, no doubt, our link with A & P shows and the inevitably woolly appearance of their craft exhibition areas, with such artifacts as shawls and babies' booties. And because almost all weavers are guilty of spinning, even of knitting, how could anyone sort it out? It was simply some sort of work women did at home. In 1971 the Reserve Bank helped our status. In alliance with the Academy and our exhibitions committee, it ran a national contest for soft furnishings for its new building. This filled the Academy, and helped define the distinction we'd always accepted, that shaped garments don't consort well visually with other fibrecraft forms. We try to show them separately.

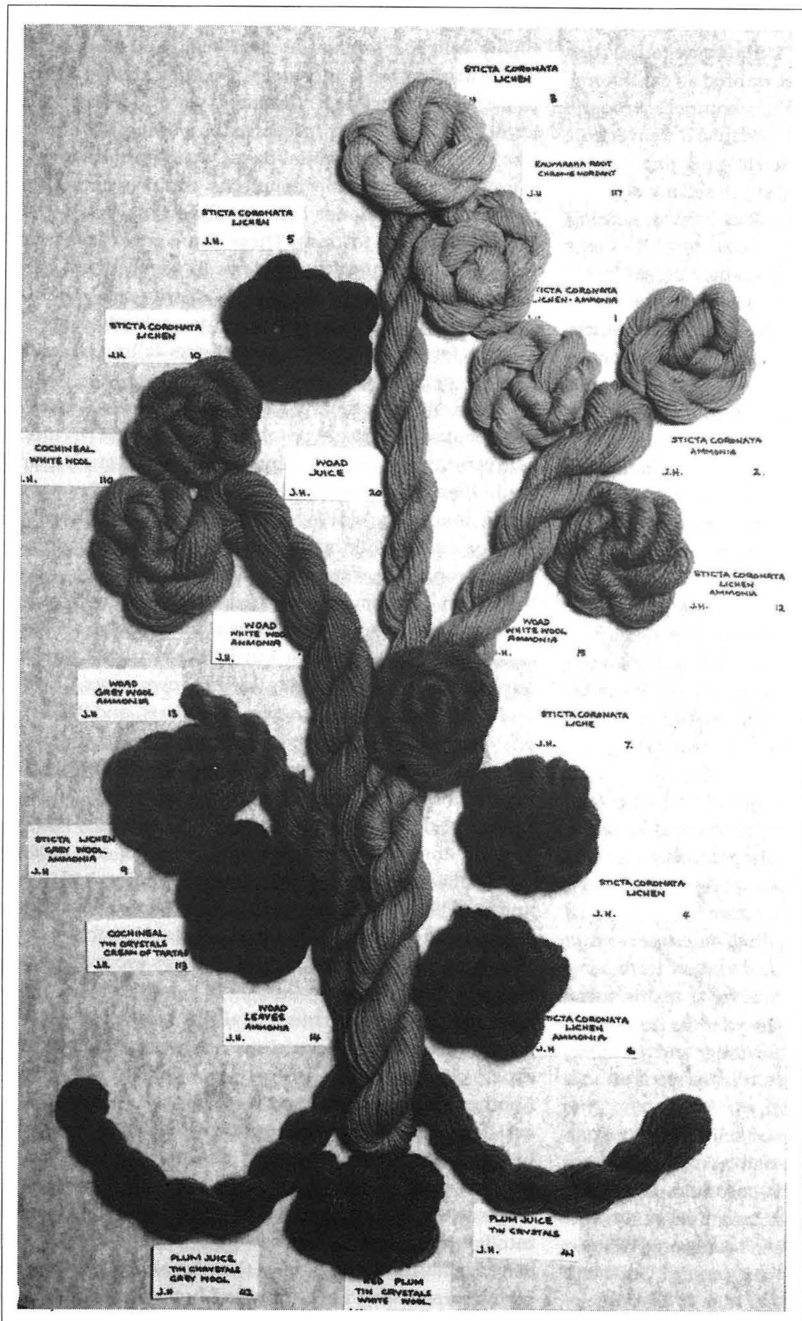
In the succeeding years we had two beautiful Academy shows. When their management changed, and they displaced weavers from handling and selection, with awful results, we broke away. By this time our own festival exhibitions had built up, even though mounted in strange venues each time. Regional club shows were developing, and in Auckland and Christchurch notably, sympathetic support came from the municipal art galleries. With the festival opening next week, the Society returns at last to the Academy with an exhibition of its own choice and management, and with the good news that six other galleries have asked to have its large tapestry section on tour.

Christchurch was the first city to accept weaving as an art form, by the very practical way of buying and honouring it as a gift. Partly this was due to the nucleus there of a few weavers who could band together to exhibit, partly to the fact that the notable artists' combine known as The Group included Ida Lough as their only weaver member, but also because Ida's trained girls in the Sheltered Workshops put out a range of well-made goods, which more than justified the charitable impulse that first led to their purchase.

Ida's personal weaving was such that she was commissioned to make a large tapestry for the Catholic cathedral – the one that Bernard Shaw once publicly praised and then disconcerted Christchurch by saying he didn't mean the one in the Square. The interior was being refurbished under the guidance of Professor Simp-

Above: Activity in the Students' Union Building, VUW 1993. Kathleen Low in the foreground. Photo: Les Maiden.

Opposite: More plant-dyed hand-spun wools from the display at VUW, May 1993. Photo: Brett Robertson.



still had reverses. In 1977 the Customs Department, invoking a Sales Tax Act of 1974, threatened retrospective tax on non-functional weaving, saying they would monitor us. Deputations and letters followed for two years. Their part in the latter reads like a satire on bureaucracy – so many salaried people straining to extract so little money from the few who were trying to earn enough to work at home at their craft, rather than go out to work at something else. A straight clear letter from our president finally won the exemption which had always been granted painters.

The same year that our weaving was under this threat, Crafts Council New Zealand (CCNZ) was founded – the body recently defunct and in debt, a salaried group of non-specialists funded by the Minister to take over the voluntary work of the World Crafts Council. Our Society refused to join as a whole, though we were keenly sought as the largest craft group – we had 8,000 capitated members by then. CCNZ, after many meetings, refused to allow us the final say in awards and commissions in our own craft. We had no wish to arbitrate on the other crafts involved. It was the same problem of bureaucratic dominance which has recently upset the literary world. The waste of money and neglect of expertise is sad. Craft galleries exist on a good level, especially in Christchurch and Auckland, without the subsidies poured into the Wellington one.

son and Miles Warren. Ida's tapestry clothes the wall of the side chapel, used for smaller daily services. It took her 18 months and was her last major work. She features in the *Book of New Zealand Women*, as do Dr Mary Barkas and Perrine Moncrieff.

In spite of recognition in the art world, the weavers

One other bogy for weavers was gentility, one which crept in from spinning. Many believed that any handspun not absorbed by the family must be done for charity. This

was an article of faith in the Eastbourne Spinners, and in judging craft in Wairarapa A & P Shows we found that those who ever sold work were not wanted as exhibitors. Such ethics were a nuisance when spinners brought them into the new weaving clubs, because a weaver can use up many dollars worth of materials per day. Sometimes Ida Lough would drop in and say, 'I sell my weaving so that I can buy my next warp'. That helped, coming from her.

Socially I think we can claim that spinning, at least, has been upwardly mobile from its peasant origins and may now have reached its zenith, in that we have a few whom we call drawing-room spinners. These are women who prize social status, and who like visitors to *see* them spinning, but don't do much apart from that. They're the antithesis of the plant-dyeing women of the pioneer network who worked like crazy when alone. The archetypal drawing-room spinner is Helen, back from Troy with Menelaus, reformed. When Telemachus calls in for news of his father, her spinning equipment is wheeled in by maids – a silver trolley, stuffed with precious purple wool – to give a picture of a stay-at-home woman at her usual task, except that Homer unmasks her by saying that her trolley's *stuffed* with purple wool, using a verb he uses nowhere else, a verb as unpretty in Greek as in English – a nose stuffed up with catarrh, one author says, or stuff a sponge in that child's mouth, for goodness sake, to stop it squawking.

An ounce per hour is pretty good output for average spun yarn. Nobody would pay an hour's wages for an ounce ball of millspun in the shops. Spinning can sometimes be the only way to earn anything, but there'll never be a surplus. Jack Lenor Larsen came here in search of handspun. He's the leading American textile artist, clothes the president's suites and so forth, and believes – rightly to my mind – that for a textile to be distinctive, it matters more that the yarn be handspun than that it be handwoven. Charming and dazzling though he was, he couldn't buy a sliver, so went on to a voluntary aid project in Swaziland.

Few weavers have been able to be self-supporting, as potters could, unless they also taught. This is probably why so few men are in practice. It began as pin money with work done at home, alongside much unpaid work. As a youngster once said to me, when I suggested he keep away from the mud in his lovely new jersey, 'Oh that's only home made. My grandmother did it last week'. Funny words, *Home-made* and *Handmade*, when you come to think of them. They depend on their context. In the crafts the criterion is whether handmade is better than machinery can do. Nowadays when many women go out to other jobs, they often prefer to come home to lapwork, for instance embroidery and quilting, which can be companionable, rather than go to the workroom. Yet the standard of weaving produced is noticeably higher and more versatile each year, and the number concentrating on it increases. So does the number of those who appreciate it. Not many yet understand what kinds are more labour intensive than others, and therefore more costly. In feudal days, when potentates gave tapestries as gifts, the recipients could estimate how many slaves the donor commanded in his workrooms. They were meant to know. These democratic days weavers queue at exhibition previews to secure what gems they can afford, and hope that those who come there to buy official gifts will have learned to seek advice.

Now for brief notes on some items falling upon the campus next week:

Our annual fashion parade will run several times in the Memorial Theatre. A notable guest is Archie Brennan, who came up through Edinburgh's Dovecote studios and made them the focus of attention in the tapestry world. At the moment he's artist-in-residence at the Timaru Art Gallery. He'll be taking a class at VUW, besides exhibiting with our weavers in the Academy, and lecturing, and he'll even be demonstrating in the Student Union's atrium. I've some postcards here of his tapestries. I don't myself like his aesthetics, but he's a virtuoso, and his pupils can turn his techniques their own ways.

Handfelting is a fairly new craft with us, and it's taken off. Watch out everywhere for felted boots, hats, jackets, waistcoats, and who knows what next. There'll be classes in the chemistry labs for enrolled students, and for visitors a chance elsewhere of a hands-on go. It's an athletic and watery process, and wetsuits are recommended. Watch out also that you don't get bushed in the jungle of handfelted trees, tents and other installations in the main quad and in the Students' Union. My own club is making a punga tree, and groups everywhere are felting something.

I'm tabling photos from a trial run held in Nelson last year. The tents are tee-pee shape, about six feet high. The expert organising this is Jeannette Green of Titirangi. Another of our senior weavers is majoring in Greek at AU, and happened to draw Jeannette's attention to a passage in Herodotus which describes ablutions in Scythia. It was too cold for baths, so the women smeared themselves with scented paste and scraped it off. The men got into felt tents, put water on hot stones, and gave themselves a sauna. At the end of their ritual they sprinkled cannabis seeds on the stones and howled with joy. Nice for them, but the Festival Committee is hiring security men to keep any would-be Scythians out of our quad at night.

Dorothea Turner is a former President of the New Zealand Spinning, Weaving and Woolcraft Society and has written a biography of Jane Mander (1972. TWAS, New York).