



ISSUE 2

**IN
THE
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers
Magazine**

THE OFFICIAL BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE

October 2024

JOIN US FOR THIS!	3
TRADITION Hulle V Orynge	6
ROMANS IN BRISTOL Shieldmaiden	8
ORGANISING AND RECRUITING LOCALLY Cloaked Quokka	10
THE HISTORY OF THE READING CHAPTER [Redacted]	12

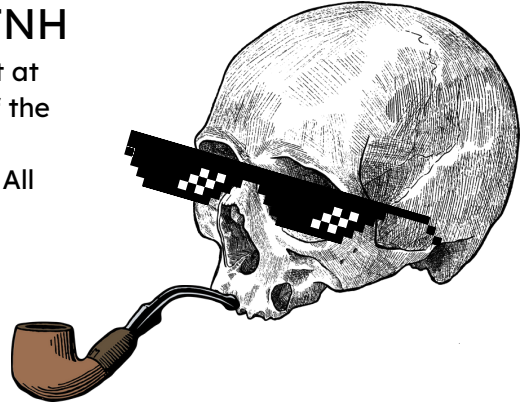
If you wish to have your own work published in our next edition, please contact Call of the Shieldmaiden on discord or shield-meanie on element.

For more information on basketweaving, and how to get involved, please visit clubweave.com. Run by Call of Shieldmaiden. Graphics Advisor T Meadows.

JOIN US FOR THIS!

3rd FRIDAY EVENING EACH MOTNH

Join us to read through a Shakespeare play. We meet at the George Inn near London Bridge, said to be one of the Bard's local pubs, and read half a play each time and alternate genres (tragedy, comedy, history play etc.). All welcome, no experience necessary!
Contact @justinabraun



OCTOBER 12

The Northern California Weavers are meeting to attend the Fleet Week festival. Reach out to Evergreen Spirit for more info.

OCTOBER 27

The LA weavers are having an exchange sale at Kenneth Hahn State recreational area. Reach out to Evergreen Spirit for more info.

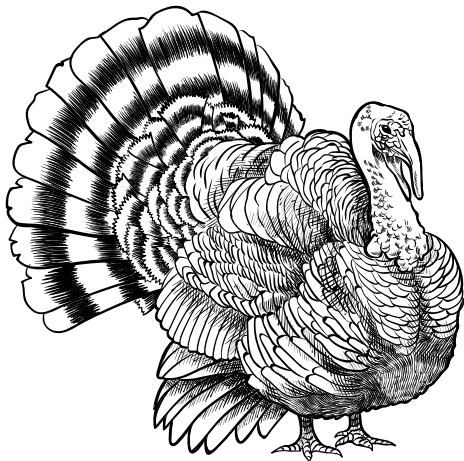
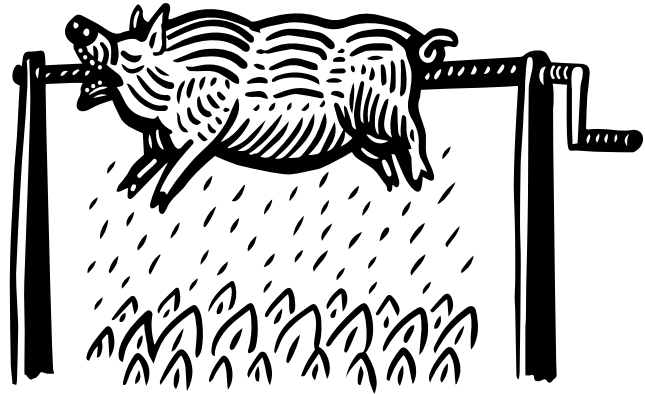


NOVEMBER 2nd

The San Francisco Bay Area weavers are meeting for artisan burgers and going to St. Dominic's Requiem Mass. Reach out to Evergreen Spirit for more info.

JOIN US FOR THIS!

NOVEMBER 3-4 2024
Oregon Weaving Event.
Semi-formal banquet with
further events the next day.
oregon.scyldings.com



November 23
Los Angeles weave of the fall is a Frens-giving we are holding in Yorba Linda Regional Park, the Saturday before Thanksgiving. Reach out to Evergreen Spirit for more info.

December 7. Toronto Company of Adventurers hosts Dinner and Conversation. Info at ontario.scyldings.com



AND FOR THIS!

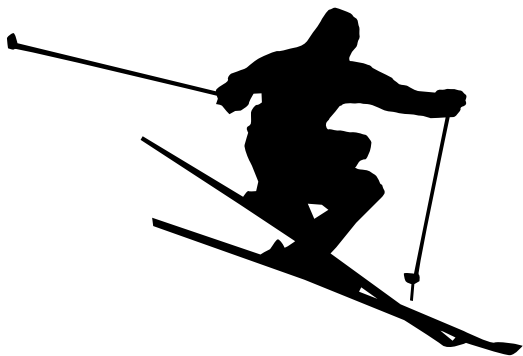
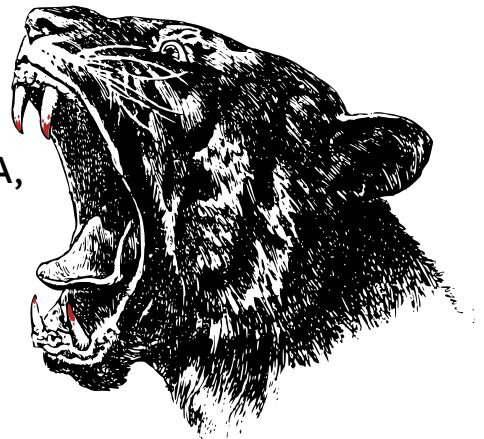


JANUARY 10-13 2025

In organisation is the Grand National Intertwine event across the British Isles. North England location. Reach out to @buddingsquaw if you want to join.

JANUARY 4-5 2025

The Sacramento Art Event in California USA, Website: resolutions2025.com Resolutions for Reterritorialisation.



FEBRUARY 2025

In organisation is the ski trip run by London Basketweavers. Reach out to @KCarlsson on discord.

TRADITION

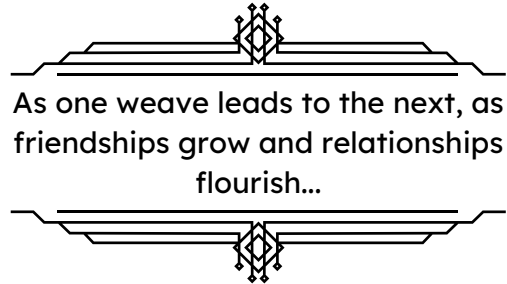
By Hulle V. Orynge



What is “tradition”? Is it important? These questions are both ephemeral and the most hard-hitting questions that lay at the fundamentals of basket-weaving. A tradition is both worthy of simultaneous respect and ignorance, of both noticing and not-noticing. A tradition comes about unbeknownst to those who follow it and for reasons unknown to those same people. It is the silent guide of society, the wisdom of the ages ritualized in a pattern that is easy to learn and whose importance goes unsung when it is followed. What of a society that loses its traditions? What happens when society loses the invisible nudge towards cohesiveness? Well, we get precisely what surrounds us in the modern world.

Basket-weaving is the reactionary change from a rudderless society to one where our communities guide people forward. As one weave leads to the next, as friendships grow and relationships flourish, new traditions are birthed from the human spirit nourished by such gatherings. Such a concept sounds promising and desirable, but how can a concept take root in the community without the concrete? How can the digital become the physical? I tell you, the answer is simple: Tradition!

I will digress for a moment and express an anecdote that can show this in action. In college I was part of an organization that had many traditions on how it operated; how long the meetings were, how they were planned, what we did at the meetings, how people were brought into the fold, how they were vetted for compatibility with our tribe, and how everyone fit into the organization as a whole. No one knew who started these traditions, but as President of the organization, I kept the club following these traditions, despite outcries for revolution and a changing of the guard. My platform when running for President was one of sticking to tradition, because it worked and held us together. Those who opposed my views often mocked me with humorous



As one weave leads to the next, as friendships grow and relationships flourish...

tugging at imaginary facial hair with declarations of “Tradition!” in the vein of Fiddler on the roof. My opponent was slated to win, as I was told on the eve of the voting, but lo and behold I emerged victorious. Following my tenure as President, the organization was taken over by reformers who implemented disastrous reforms that were repealed after the organization threatened to disband. The glue that held it together had been wrenched away, the invisible guide banished from the land. A small glimpse into how traditions mold communities and the damage that can be done when they are tossed away.

All of this is to bring me to the weave I and a few other weavers enjoyed this night. We met and had drinks at a place that claims a history of brewing that stems from the 19th Century. What better matter to gather a weave together than to partake in a drink that is older than bread? Imbibing in the fruit of the barley and swapping stories, thoughts, musings, and ideas is older than most languages in the world. The English discussed politics at the pub, the French at the cafe. These were gatherings of communities akin to the weaves of today. Weaves beget weaves, communities grow and spiral out to fill the void of the modern world. Actions repeated cause new traditions to grow, long after the original weavers have shuffled off this mortal coil.

So, where does that leave this weave? We fellows met, spoke frankly of politics, shared the stories of our lives under the modern societal pressures, we ate, we drank, and we were merry. We followed in the footsteps of the millions of men who came before us.

In short, we followed tradition.



MAIN EVENT

FURTHER FESTIVITIES

NOVEMBER 3RD - NOVEMBER 4TH

SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER **J. BURDEN** FOR SECOND ANNUAL EVENT

\$20 ADMISSIONS & OPT. \$20 MEAL - 1 HOUR SOUTH OF PDX - SEMI-FORMAL ATTIRE



OREGON WEAVING EVENT

2 0 2 4

ROMANS IN BRISTOL

By Shieldmaiden

I sat humbly in the back of the silver station wagon as we shot across Bristol like smooth criminals. Me and a dog sharing a similar physiognomy sat in the back seats, while the Ginger and Garage man filled the front. We drove through back streets, jabbing and redirecting the GPS till we arrived at our destination.

It was an ancient home, once lived in by an old and prestigious family, but now passed onto the Bristol council to become a facility for the common man, and the grounds a park for dog walkers.

We arrived, and a collection of Roman recreational fanatics marched around in a little roped off square. A man in a fur announced to everyone the Roman army's formation, what they carried in their packs, and got the others to do demonstrations. There was some disappointment amongst us as to the lack of aggression being portrayed in the soldiers as they carefully knocked each other down.

We went over to some stalls-in search of the Receding Welshman-where a man was making coins, and met a local weaving family out for the day. The small child was pleased to meet the dog, and the Garage man wondered if putting children on a leash would make it easier to handle them. The mother was adamant that she was not putting her child on a leash.

A man played a feeble wind instrument nearby, he blew into a sack, and then played the lower portion of the instrument like a tin whistle. Garage man suggested that ancient instruments would have sounded far more exciting than the screechy bleetings that wafted over to us.

Lo and behold, the Receding Welshman appeared rubbing his coins together. His face held his usual smirk, it was of a man looking for mischief. He had been watching some viking reenactment at another part of the event, out of sight. He directed us back to the Romans to see their final salute.

The small child appeared, pushing her pram, and a passing saxon reenactor asked the Ginger about the flavour of pipe he was smoking.

The Romans did not salute, and we left the area sadly, the others floating away. Garage man bought me and the Ginger coffee, and then we took the dog on a walk through a patch of forest, up the ancient iron age fort to Blaise Castle, a decorative feature built in the 1700s, and was used as a summer house, though little of the former glory remained. The view on the edge of the hill was magnificent however, and on our way back we came upon a sign speaking of caves. Off we rushed to find them.

"Get into the cave," the Garage man ordered as we looked into the darkness. I ordered a light and we hurried in, to our disappointment it was not very deep or exciting.

On our way back to the car, we scrambled down a hill. The men worried about me falling, but it was the Ginger who ended up on his backside.

At the car, Garage man opened the door for me in the back seat, and the back for the dog. He cackled at the commonalities.

We reached the famous garage, and proceeded to eat meat, as was custom at this location. I rushed to a local shop, braving the locals and bought food. As midnight approached, and my concerns at turning back into a pumpkin became more urgent, I fled.

Sitting at Bristol Temple Meads for the train, I was interrupted by an old man who was not put off by my heavy scowl. I was not unhappy, just you know how it is when you don't want people to sit next to you and you aren't a man so you can't manspread?

The man told the woman next to him on the other side that he was an orphan and then tried to get my attention, I ignored him, and he tried to touch my phone. I elbowed him away. The train arrived and I fled abroad.

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Company of
Adventurers**



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AND
CONVERSATION**

**DECEMBER 7th
4 PM to 10 PM**

**Featuring:
Dimes, Dave the Distributist
& More!**

**Tickets (Dinner & Drinks incl.):
\$50, \$40 Early Bird
Semi-Formal Attire Required**

More info at: ontario.scyldings.com

ORGANIZING AND RECRUITING LOCALLY

Cloaked Quokka

What is the holy grail for any internet-based group? It is to break into real world.

I will share with you the secret for making the jump from the digital into the real.

"Outreach" is the key. Most of us will cringe and possibly facepalm hearing a managerial word like that. Often, outreach is a half-arsed attempt by bureaucrats to pacify a hostile group. Yet, outreach can also be done in an effective way. It can be used to establish yourself in a community. A great example of this is Scientology. [Note: I do not support or affiliate with Scientology, I'm merely pointing out how they are effective at their outreach].

Scientists setup self-improvement centers across the world in major cities. By doing so, they established a presence in a community. Then they invite people to take their courses and, through them, identify those who share their values. At the same time, they continue filtering (gatekeeping) out the people they can't use. Scientology has a bad reputation for their pricetags and for being a cult (among many other things) and maybe we shouldn't invent a figure like Xenu. However, the methodology is sound. Setting up self-improvement courses as a type of outreach works. And it can be done by anyone.

What other types of outreach can be used to draw people into your network? How about:

1) Community Clean-Up Initiatives 2) Neighborhood Watch / Community Patrols 3) Establishing a small market locally e.g. a farmer's market 4) Community Gardens and Nutrition Education 5) Bookclubs, social clubs or other kinds of clubs e.g. sports clubs (see fencing from last edition). ChatGPT came up with that list - thanks AI! Feel free to ask ChatGPT or RETVRN to using Google for more examples.

The possibilities are many. In short, we can describe outreach programs as services that are needed in a local community. It is like how the Beowulf Foundation is providing basketweaving for the audiences of a range of influencers.

What I am proposing here is to take the same concept and apply it to your local community. Basketweaving is used as an avenue for recruitment for Beowulf, so you can use a local activity as means for recruiting to your group. You can also use people who may not be entirely onboard with your worldview when establishing and running your activities. However, make sure that you keep your leadership is filled by people who share your attitude and vision, as per Robert Conquest. If people believe that you're providing valuable services to the community, then that's good enough to work with them.

To someone on the outside looking in, Basketweaving appears to be a neutral activity. Your activities should also seem neutral to an outsider. By providing community services you and your group will gain status. Outsiders will try to imitate you. They will be open to your ideas. How will they learn what you think? The answer is: at the book club you will set up as your operations expands.

Many local institutions will want to help and promote the services you are offering, for they benefit the local community. They could be local media outlets, social media groups, local governance centers, libraries or other cultural institutions. Due to the current political mood, they may only support you for a limited period of time. So, reach out and see what can happen with local groups. But be aware. Make plans to make sure you are independent of such local institutions in the future.

I believe that the best approach for future marketing is to create some kind of presence online that will attract people on its own. An example could be a community activity calendar. If there is one is not available in your area, such a service will be attractive to locals. It can be used to highlight your own events as you grow your activities locally.

If you're interested in pursuing these ideas further, feel free to contact the Beowulf Foundation. We have spent a lot of time preparing for this next step. We are ready to help you move from the online into the real.



**“Oh yes, right—right.
What is the use of having
right on your side if you
have not got might?”
-Henrik Ibsen, Enemy of the people**



The History of the Reading Chapter

From the account of a waternaut concealing a penguin obscuring a writer pseudonym protecting an Englishman named [REDACTED]

PART I

Until the year 2021 AD there were no weaves in the condensed and easily-forgotten town of Reading where famously nothing ever happens.

I had recently joined the basketweaving servers after attending the inaugural Witan held in the UK in [REDACTED]. At this first-of-a-kind, cosy conference, I met fellow frens and had a whale of a time boozing and joking. Among the many individuals I had the pleasure of meeting, there was a Scotsman working at an engineering firm in Reading and we decided to do some weaving.

Hence on a dreary, frosting – i.e. not quite frosty – day in October, the engineer Scotsman and I, the writer Englishman (read: not gainfully employed) – decided to meet up in Reading for drinks and announce the first weave of the Reading Chapter.

Since I couldn't remember how to talk to people or socially interact with the world in any competent manner due to several years of lockdown, I let Scotty take the lead in choosing our watering hole and we ended up in Brewdog's Reading bar.

Over some drinks, where I ordered everything and anything which didn't look like it was p*ss with hops added to technically qualify as an Indian Pale Ale, two worlds collided – English and Scottish, South and North, artist and engineer - it was an enthusing and stimulating cultural exchange.

It was so good that we decided to do it again In November. In Brewdog again, and it was just the two of us again. The more nothing changes, the more nothing changes.

Nevertheless, it was good. To be not only inebriated but uninhibited, to talk of the world as it really appeared, rather than sieving one's words and thoughts through an Overton window filter, felt fantastic.

It was good medicine. At the time, I needed this because I had forgotten how to express my thoughts after being isolated and ostracised by relatives for daring to voice the opinion that maybe some of the lockdown saga was just a tiny-weeny bit ridiculous.

Scotty McScotsman and I enjoyed our drinks and each other's company on both occasions. We decided to take a break for December and start again in January. We were optimistic and hopeful that the Reading Chapter would swell in size come 2022. A new year always brings new possibilities.

Alas, it was not to be.

January rolled around, the Boris "I really don't want to do this" Johnson regime was in its death throes after it was discovered in December that the fat, Churchill-larping mophead had decided to party like it was 2019 in NO 10 during his own lockdowns. I did not dance for joy but it seemed like a good start to the year especially as it really did mean that the lockdowns and masks were gone forever.

I reached out to my Scottish compatriot but received no response. I tried to arrange events in the server but it all came to nought since he was the only other active weaver.

The Reading Chapter was dead.

Tune in next time for the amazing phoenix-esque rebirth of the Reading Chapter.

CORNCRAKE MAGAZINE

NESTING IN THE OAK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



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Always be
weaving
-Dave Green

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