



**FIRST
EDITION
#1**

**IN
THE
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers
Magazine**

WELCOME TO THE FIRST EDITION OF IN THE WEAVE, A BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE.

A VISIT TO THE SAGE OF CHELSEA

BY: JACQUES THREE

SCRAMBLING UP THE WALLS WITH ZEST

BY: CALL OF THE SHIELD-MAIDEN

DID CAESAR MEET UP WITH RANDOM INTERNET AUTISTS?

BY: LEV

FENCING, A BEGINNERS GUIDE

BY: GAWAIN

EDITOR:

GAWAIN

GRAPHIC DESIGN:

THE ARCHITECT

COVER ART:

TOMBOMBADILLO &

THE ARCHITECT

REAR ART:

THULES.GOLD

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON BASKETWEAVING, AND HOW TO GET
INVOLVED, PLEASE VISIT BEOWULF.FOUNDATION/BASKETWEAVING

A Visit To The Sage Of Chelsea



We arrived at Carlyle's house 5 minutes late. The kids, or rather my son, had not been ready on time. The door was closed and, after a moment's confusion, I pulled the old-fashioned bell. We were greeted by an old woman whose blue hair was midway between a blue rinse, and a warning of probable derangement. Her bubbly warmth was disarming. She led us through into the living room in which Carlyle died and went through her prepared talk.

The introductory patter was unilluminating. She explained that originally the house had been called the Thomas Carlyle House, but had since been renamed The Carlyle House, or the Jane and Thomas Carlyle House as, while he had been more famous in the 19th century, she was now better known and was considered the better writer. Since one of Carlyle's last creative efforts was to compile and edit his wife's letters to try and get her the recognition she had been denied in life, I wondered if he would have thought this paid a debt.

Carlyle, we were told had been considered barely readable while he was alive, writing in Carlylese. The tour guide went on to explain, incorrectly, that he had started as an essayist (he started doing translations, book reviews and encyclopaedia articles after an unhappy spell as a teacher). She rattled through the essays he had written, some I had expected to be absent... The Latter Day Pamphlets omission surprised me, could there still be a cloud over them? This was an edited, sanitised Carlyle.

The rest of the house is filled with familiar details from his life... the ugly portrait of Frederick the Great, with its sad, fishlike eyes, that he hung over the fireplace to the horror of his wife. The picture that he insisted was of John Knox because the authenticated pictures weren't heroic enough. Innumerable copies of Goethe, Schiller and Carlyle's own work. At the top of the house is the study, built to escape the noise of London, containing more bookshelves as well as Carlyle's pipe and quills. In a display case is a walking stick. Could it be the memento he was given after Dickens died?

What you realise going around is that this is the house he adapted after his wife had died, having outlived her by 15 long years. Could they both have slept in that tiny bed? Did they even share a bed? For all the talk at the beginning, she is almost absent from the house, except for pictures. Quite touching is Carlyle's little metal bath. He must have washed standing in it. Maybe this explains the buckets in the kitchen downstairs?

From the dark, poky gloom of the house, the garden is an oasis of open sky and sheltering peace. The surrounding buildings feel protecting. It is enclosed and lacks the wildness of their grim farm in Scotland, but you can imagine an old Carlyle wrapped up here reading some Goethe.

On the way out, the final thing to be done was to stand in the doorway, where Carlyle stood, looking out, and then stand where J.S. Mill stood, looking in and imagine having to explain to a thunderstruck Carlyle that the only manuscript of the work that would make the great Sage of Chelsea's name had been mistaken for waste paper and burned to ashes.

By: JacquesThree

SCRAMBLING UP THE WALLS WITH ZEST

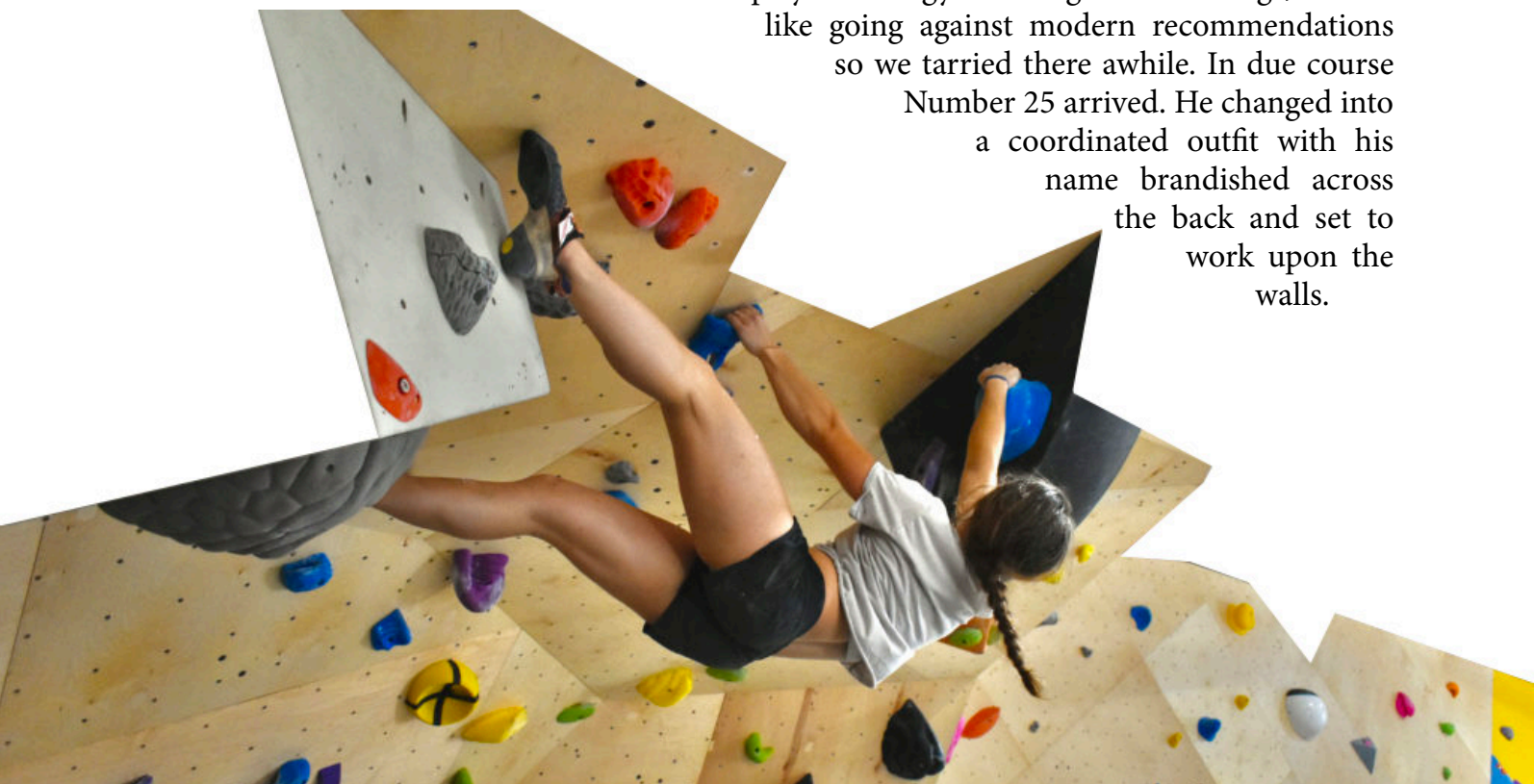
The driving beat throbbed through the speakers as we zoomed across London in a black unmarked van. Our driver, Swigger, muttered under his breath about the traffic between deep draws of his cigarette. Beside him sat Curly Top, sorting directions on his phone. I, the foreigner, was segregated in the back, sprawled out across what was more of a couch than a seat usually found in a car, with a sheepskin across my lap. Cool air, mixed with smoke filled my lungs and I gazed pensively at the various shades of brown that made up the sidewalks.

We were late, fashionably late, to a bouldering weave. We had had a slow morning, the effects of the night before needed to be reduced, though we did get some actual work done: some posts had been concreted in while I sat in the weak English sun to induce some signs of aging to my skin. But we would be forgiven for our lateness, pretty privilege and all that.

We arrived in due course in the parking lot of the climbing place. I clambered forth from the depths of the van and we trotted inside. The staff plagued us with basic safety questions and took pictures of our mugs, then we reshod ourselves in the strange implements which are known to the general public as climbing shoes. The shoes are a bit thick and rounded at the toe for easier gripping. With our feet fashionably equipped we dashed into the cave: a low room covered in the brightly coloured chunks of plastic of various sizes that make up the climbing surfaces. In the depths, halfway up the walls were our climbing companions: Saint and the Conqueror.

Huge puffs of white chalk filled the air as my experienced companions dusted their paws and scaled the walls. The Conqueror viewed my awkward glances at the walls and suggested a climb. Off I set with zest. The cave is recommended as the last location in the gym to attend, as it saps your energy climbing across ceilings, but we like going against modern recommendations so we tarried there awhile. In due course

Number 25 arrived. He changed into a coordinated outfit with his name brandished across the back and set to work upon the walls.



In due course we moved on to the other section of the gym. Clambering up to the top of the wall, Number 25 proclaimed the existence of aliens up there. I tried all the easy climbs while the others, more experienced or more daring, scaled the walls, dropping off and trying again. This went on for a few hours, till the fatigue set into the fingers and we all spent more time chatting than climbing. The Saint and Curly Top had skin rubbed off their hands and we decided to move on for food. It was decided that a nearby patch of green beside a canal was cheaper than a pub, and Swigger procured a mini gas burner from the depths of his van. I walked with the others to a nearby petrol station to procure things, however we forgot the beer. We arrived back at the picnic table, and I shivered in the cold. The weak English sun was hiding yet again and a cool breeze encouraged the geese to rise on my arms.

Swigger replaced the gas tube in the burner, but not before offering the fresh canister to me to sniff, referencing my earlier proclamations of loving the scent of petrol. I declined, only the best quality petrol could induce me to become retarded. The Saint offered rum to the party, and a bottle of wine was procured from the magic black van of mystery. Discussions included rock climbing, camping trips to Dartmoor, and the upcoming Witan. After some time Number 25 leapt up to dash off to another weave. Blue Velvet was screening and he wished to view it. The rest of us loafed beside the canal, with its long canal boats and green algae topped waters. The sun peeked out between two highrises and I left the table to sit on the grass and soak it up. A cute doggie rushed over to be patted, his owner looked in a hurry and called to the doggie, remarking how it takes him forever to go anywhere.

The sun went away and the shadows began to lengthen. We arose to depart. The Conqueror profusely thanked us for joining him, as he had organised the weave, and we bid goodbye to him and the Saint. Then we too alighted in our van to battle the London traffic. Arriving back at Curly Tops house, we chilled and had some food. The time passed quickly, and soon it was half past midnight. Swigger made a move to get going and he and I departed for a drive across the now barren roads towards the west.

BY: CALL OF THE SHIELD-MAIDEN



DID CAESAR MEET UP WITH

RANDOM INTERNET

AUTISTS?

IF NOT,

THEN WHY SHOULD I?

By: LEV

Did Caesar meet up with random internet autists? If not, then why should I? You are fed up with the chaos and rot in your civilization, and you mean for that all to change at some point, but you don't really know what to do about it. So you join a Discord server to meet random people from the internet (who are probably pretty weird) but might agree with you about some things.

You find the channel devoted to your location. Excellent! Lots of people to meet up with, you think. And as it turns out, there aren't. Your channel is dead, as is your area... Then someone does pop in and asks if anyone is around in the town over. You check your map. It's a three hour drive on a Sunday evening - your Settlers of Catan night. You think to yourself, Caesar didn't meet with random internet autists. So why even bother with this weaving thing?

This is where I started. Portland, Oregon was the spot. It was dead and I wasn't really sure what to do. Then an announcement came through - anyone who has not gone on at least one weave in one month's time will be kicked. Well shit...

That was the push that I needed to take the initiative to schedule the first weave, and then another, and then many more. As I write this, tomorrow will mark one year since my first weave. I have woven more than ten times since then, met at least a dozen people, and the population of basket weavers in my area has grown at least fivefold. I have a few observations that may be useful to those looking to build up their location of basket weaving and to those trying to design infrastructure for it.

In looking at the many locations that are barren, I find that their problem is the lack of a galvanizing individual, someone to jumpstart the engine of weaving. Assuredly, there are at least a couple of people in any given location who have heard of frogs and moldy bugs, but it takes an individual in each of these locations to actually get things going. Being that guy for Oregon has been very uplifting - I am in the process of forging a real, in-person community.

Meeting strangers from the internet can be hard to justify. When you go to weave, especially if you're new, you are giving up time. Time with family, work, school, or any other thing you can think of that is familiar and usual. One of the guys who showed up to the first Oregon weave journeyed a full three hours and then some to make it, to meet people he'd never met before. Since then I've had the pleasure of bowling with the man while discussing ancient Byzantium, because he made the effort.

You are fond of the ideas of frogs and a peculiar bug who likes mirrors, and of the basic truths of old. You see that virtue is lacking in our era, smothered by our bureaucratic elite's contempt for us. It is easy to look to great men or great happenings for a solution, to hope that a great catastrophe will occur for the enemy that will usher in a new era.

Caesar does not hang out with internet autists because Caesar does not exist at present. In fact, it is worth assuming that there is no one coming to save you. Any chance for a future that holds the Good, the Beautiful, and the True starts here and now, by taking the time to haul yourself to meet with random folks from the internet. Weaves are about friend-making, building bonds at a personal scale, and generating social infrastructure on the ground in the real world. We are men of the ashes. Our path may not be glamorous, but still we must pave the way for the future. That is why we weave.



BEYOND THE FIST, BEYOND THE TIP OF THE BAMBOO SWORD, A NEW REALITY HAD REARED ITS HEAD, A REALITY THAT REJECTED ALL ATTEMPTS TO MAKE IT ABSTRACT – INDEED, THAT FLATLY REJECTED ALL EXPRESSION OF PHENOMENA BY RESORT TO ABSTRACTIONS. THERE, ABOVE ALL, LAY THE ESSENCE OF ACTION AND OF POWER.

– YUKIO MISHIMA, SUN AND STEEL.

Fencing, A Beginner's Guide:

Equipment List

- * 2 x training sword (type will depend on method chosen) - ~£75 each - leonpaul.com
- * 2 x fencing mask (sturdy goggles can also be worn) - £70 each - theknightsshop.com
- * Fencing manual. We used “The School of Fencing” by Domenico Angelo, but “The Ten Lessons Taught by Mr. John Taylor” & “The Art of Defence on Foot” by Charles Roworth can also be used – pdfs free online

A cold autumn afternoon. The smell of churned mud from a previous bout. You gaze at your masked opponent. His eyes are visible behind the mesh. They dart to the left – a thrust. Your sword moves to meet his. Instinct. The pressure on your sword releases. You counter...

There is a great lack of one-on-one combat in modernity. We are funnelled either towards board games or team sports. While there is a place for these activities, fencing has something else to offer – the realm of pure action. Nothing exists beyond your duel. It's just you and your opponent. Your sword and his sword. Couple this with the boyish glee of swordsmanship and the camaraderie you build, and you will find joy.

The first step is to acquire the proper equipment. Bamboo sticks or dowel can be cut to the appropriate length if you're unsure this is for you. Then, find a large, flat space – someone's garden or a public park. Be sure to warm up before starting. Stretch everything, but focus especially on the shoulders and legs. Now you're ready to begin. It's best if your sessions follow this plan:

1. Learn some of the technique from your manual. For your first time, begin with the correct stance, how to hold the weapon, the proper guard, and how to attack. Be sure to have someone watch you as you learn – the movements should be graceful.

2. Drill the technique you've studied. It's not exciting, but you need to commit it to muscle memory; there is little time for thinking in the heat of battle. Start by practising the action on your own, then bring a partner in. Take it in turns to attack and defend until you feel comfortable.

3. Fight. Face one another and try to land as many hits as possible. Keep score if you wish, but you'll know who the victor was even if you don't. Be honest when you are hit, although you might not notice them all. Go for as long as possible, you want to earn that pint after.

I hope you've found this guide useful. If you have any questions, feel free to contact me.

- Gawain

