

ISSUE 4



**IN  
THE  
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers  
Magazine**

# THE OFFICIAL BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE

February 2025

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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.

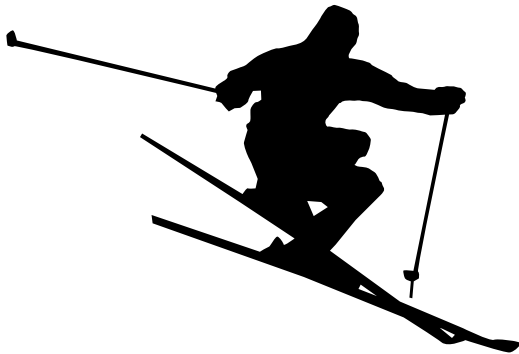
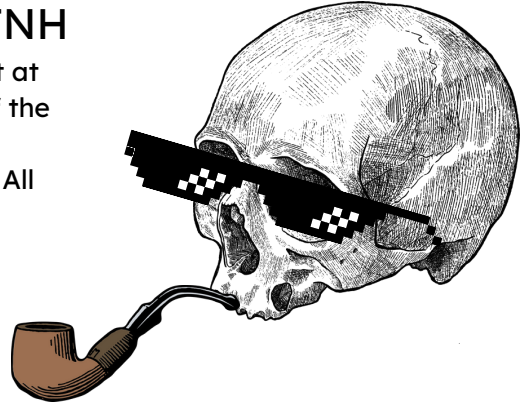
For more information on basketweaving, and how to get involved, please visit [clubweave.com](http://clubweave.com). Run by Call of Shieldmaiden. Graphics Advisor T Meadows.

# 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



## FEBRUARY 2025

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

## 10th February

Northern California Weave will have a Palladium Magazine art exhibit event in San Francisco. It will have a statue of Aaron Schwartz unveiled. Contact @evergreen spirit



# WE WANT YOU!

## Write for In The Weave!

- Short paragraphs
- Partial reports
- Write under pseudonyms
- From one paragraph up to 600 words
- Report on what happened
- Why you like to weave
- Why is weaving good



# Where Were You?!

Word from the Rolling Englishman in regards to a large weaving in the north of England in early January:

This last weekend, forty people, who had met through Basketweaving, successfully set a new precedent for what our people can achieve.

They had a wonderful time in the frozen countryside. Salvaging a beautiful hike even when conditions proved too much for some cars. Elite theory in action as a small dedicated team prepared and served the largest self-catered dinner that our community has ever seen (at least on this side of the pond). Every item of the banquet was made from scratch by our members (bar a couple cakes), their diligence shining through in exquisite flavour. The band of mirth and vigour surprised the people of Settle, yet got along quite well with them. They unknowingly bore witness to a scattered community forming and self-selecting for high trust, uprightness and that has purged liabilities.

This marks the unification of numerous chapters from across Great Britain. The objective of the Basketweaving movement, to facilitate the organisation of in-person communities, has been accomplished.

What was achieved, this January, is just the first of many more projects that will grow from it. With organisation now being primarily between people in-person, using real names and having real trust, this marks a natural progression in the structure of our movement. The online platform for in-person meetings has become the offline community for real-world connections.

To all who organised, attended, or otherwise lent your support, once again:

Thank you.

California basket weavers joined the Bay area mycological society at the Fungus Fair Collecting Foray at Point Reyes National Seashore.

We hiked through primordial coastal douglas fir forest for 3 hours collecting as many freshly sprouted mushrooms as we could, then returned to have them safely identified.

After the hike we met in Inverness California along the Tomales Bay for a few pints to celebrate a weaver's birthday while eating chowder, fish, and sandwiches.

Afterwards we went to a hippie chick store and attempted to learn more about the rock aura based religion of the older millennial women.

In Sacramento, on January 3, the California basketweavers partnered with OGC in an R street bar crawl starting at Elixir for tacos and a pint, then moving to Fox and Goose to meet up with Dave Greene and the family from the fiddler's green for a dinner and a few talks on the state of DC elites and American politics, and a birthday celebration of a weaver, to finish at Bottle & Barlow for some cocktails. Merrymment was had, new friends were made, and networks expanded.



# Where Were You?!

Saturday in London saw a night of music in London, DJ sets, a rock band, an electronic & opera crossover and more.  
25th Jan

First Barnsley weave of 2025. We went to a weaver's house to hold a small Burn's Night celebration. Haggis was eaten, poems read, the silverback weaving outlaw wore a kilt. In attendance were:

@WeWuzKez

@Matt\_Shrooms

Bovril

And myself

Looking forward to 2025 being another step up for weaving in the West Riding.

Big weave in Sacramento with 22 guests! Great turn out guys from all different spheres which is very exciting. And special guest speeches from @Dave Greene and @Gauntlet  
Great start to a new year

This weekend Birmingham weaved at the Christmas market and left feeling enriched by the sights and sounds, with



# The Camping Trip

Benin

As summer turns to fall, days get shorter, colder, more sombre. It can feel like there isn't too much to be thankful for. That is how I felt when I checked the forecast for the upcoming weekend. Several weeks of sunshine giving way to grey showers. The prospects for our second annual hiking trip were not looking good. Regardless, the show must go on, our spirit of dissident stubbornness demanded it.

As the host of this exercise in endurance, I spent most of the afternoon getting the site prepared before driving back to civilization for the others. A long, quiet drive it was, alternating thoughts about the weather and what I may have forgotten at home or if I should have cancelled. These were quickly cast aside when I pulled into the train station and saw a couple familiar faces. The infamous Dr FBI Phd and the White Russian (Deinol). Couldn't help but smile and wave as they returned the sentiment and piled in. I felt the *deja vu* of the previous year's trip as though it was only a few weeks prior. Didn't take long for us to pick up right where we had left off.

The drive back to the campsite went much quicker with good company. Arriving right as the dark skies faded to pitch black, we got to work settling in before our late compatriots arrived. Taking stock of the necessities, we were encouraged by the copious amounts of alcohol and food we had the good sense to bring. Though, being the polite gentlemen we'd like to think we are, we refrained from digging in prematurely. Dr FBI had us distracted with the intrigue over a box of books he brought with him anyways. At first I thought it was a bit much to read over a weekend, but as he pulled out some recognizable covers of certain 'classics' it dawned on me that this wasn't going to be an ordinary book club.

As I was still reeling from those implications, the last of our posse arrived. The aptly named Talibro with a new friend, Queries, in tow. The moment we all hugged and started shitposting around the campfire was when my spell of neuroticism was totally broken. We all naturally got down to business. Dr FBI started grilling his home made burgers, our Belarussian friend whipped out his potatoes, Talibro had the whiskey, and Queries brought his best br'ish accent and attitude. This merriment carried on for several hours until the fire was but embers and little wood remained to burn. At this lull, Queries saw fit to look through the books procured for our entertainment. We listened in rapt attention to his choice quotations of the esteemed philosophers of our present age. The perspectives on contemporary issues of ethnicity and identity struck a chord within us. We continued this pattern through several more books, each page warming us more than the last. It didn't take long for the fire to be in full flame.

We sat around, talking for a few more hours. Our weariness grew as did the darkness around us.

The warmth of our sleeping bags may have helped us wake up well rested but it was that comfort which made it more difficult to face the day that was colder than the previous. Queries and I drove to pick up more firewood. Our return to camp prompted a conversation about what our next course of action should be. However, with the trickle of rain quickly turning into a downpour, our choice was made for us. They say that a little bit of rain never killed anybody, but I've read the book of Genesis.

After gathering up their possessions and giving the customary hugs and well wishes, Talibro, Queries, and Dr FBI set off together. Deinol and I made quick work of the remaining cleanup, though we did struggle with the collapsed nylon tent turning into a swimming pool. Despite our mutual struggle (or perhaps because of it), we were in good spirits. I gave him a tour of The Shrine of The Canadian Martyrs and we had some edifying conversations about faith and politics before I dropped him off where I had only picked him up less than 24 hours ago.

Driving home by myself, it occurred to me that in spite of our adverse conditions, we came together for an excellent weave. As I type this, I wish I was out there, hanging with the boys, rain or shine. That level of comradery and connection is the core to our community and its future. I look forward to developing that brotherhood at every weave I can attend. You should too.

Stay warm out there no matter the weather. See you at the next one fellas.





# Frensgiving

-Evergreen Spirit

On November 16th, two Saturdays before the Thanksgiving holiday in the United States, six fellow weavers gathered in a park 25 miles east of downtown Los Angeles over in Yorba Linda for our Second Annual Frensgiving. The park was quiet even with the ambience of the occasional handful of cars that would pass along the road next to the park. We gathered under a heavily shaded spot near the pond that stretched the entirety of the park at a couple of picnic benches. This is the perfect time of year for doing activities in the park because of the frequency of the fall colors in the trees and bushes in Southern California is much greater during November which is a welcome change from the dryness of the Summer months.

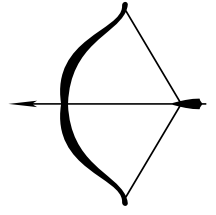
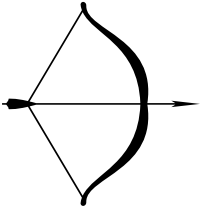
When we held our Inaugural Frensgiving, we began a tradition where we plan to use the same dishes, tablecloths, and utensils for the feast, which we hope to use until we enter into our later years. We continued this tradition for this year's Frensgiving. Our feast this year included some Greek salad, a loaf of Soda Bread with raisins, freshly cooked ham and turkey, quiche, stuffing, and Pecan Pie. We enjoyed the feast contributions made by all six of us and ended our meals with a toast that congratulated the fruitful efforts we had this year both with our circle of weaving growing more and more in Southern California along with the success of planning larger, wider-in-scope events such as a larger camping getaway that took place earlier in the year along with a soon approaching event taking place in January. As the sun set over our feasting, we had some wonderful conversations about the animation industry, the results of the recent election, dating, faith, and reflecting on this past year. A couple of us also enjoyed a nice match of cornhole before the sun went down.

As the sun disappeared behind the trees that lined the park and we began to pack up our things, I could not help but reflect on not just this past year of my life, but my entire experience from my very first weave to this very Saturday. Looking back, what I felt was an immense gratitude for the blessing of being able to have a group of friends, some of whom I refer to as truly brothers, with whom I share similar views on culture, spirituality, and politics with. I have never really had anyone who shared similarities with the way that I see the world until I began weaving nearly two years ago and the people that I have come across in the dozens of weaves organized and attended since then has allowed me to cross paths not only with people who I share worldviews with, but also people who are very squared away either in the way they carry themselves, their intellect, or their wisdom. I look forward to growing with and aging with the men and women I have crossed paths with and I look forward to both the experiences and the projects that come from all of our efforts here in Southern California!



# The Bristol Incident

## Shieldmaiden



The sun was out, and the forces merged upon Bristol, arriving in dribs and drabs over the course of a day or so. A bunch of lads got together and zoomed down on the train from London, while others arrived via cars.

I was new to England and weaving, and having never met anyone at the event before, I experienced anxiety and trepidation. I met the Pine Marten as he zoomed through my town and we journeyed south while discussing the audacity of English women to wear juicy sweatpants and ugg boots in public.

We arrived in Bristol, signs threatening fines for clean air loomed over us and a hoard of different skin colours crowded the streets. The town began to get more and more unhealthy as we got closer to our destination. At last we turned into a plot of garages and pulled up to park.

I emerged cautiously. A young goose was swearing as he drilled holes in a grill device made of mutilated gas canisters. A tall curly-haired Londoner seemed to know what was going on and informed us of who else was showing up when, and the garage man himself dashed about setting things up, his sculpted arms enjoying the sunlight.

A dashing young chap in a blue suit with a golden watch chain came over to introduce himself, he informed me he dressed this way naturally as I inquired as to why he was dressed so well for the occasion.

The goose spontaneously leapt into his car, and to cries of encouragement began to do burnouts in tight circles in the centre of the car park.

Garage man filled the gas canister grill with burnable things and began to cook off any dead paint, lest it contaminate the meat later. At one stage it capsized and spread coal chunks around on the bitumen.

Shortly arrived the other Londoners. The brown one in his flat cap, a well dressed ginger, and the continental.

Cigars emerged as the men took deep drafts and cider was shared about. A bright car landed nearby and an influencer emerged. Shortly after, a young couple arrived and brought some food that was not meat with them.

The ginger gentleman appeared on the bench beside me and asked how I was. I answered quietly. There was a short pause.

The pine marten slung his not too short but not long enough blonde locks away from his glasses. "Try again," he suggested. The well dressed ginger hesitated and looked away awkwardly, as did I.

The pine marten made a remark on the shyness of the both of us, and the ginger soon shuffled off leaving me to my perch on the bench.

But he did try again. This time he sat on the other side of the aged wooden picnic bench, his crisp suit contrasted with the random bottles and spare ribs that covered the top. He carefully selected a wine bottle and checked the label.

"I do like your shoes," he began. I perked up, my genuine leather, coffee and cream, reproduction 1940s oxfords were amongst my favourites. We discussed leather care, and moved onto whether suede or smooth leather was more formal. I was informed that smooth leather would always look the best.

A salt and pepper haired young chap manifested onto the bench beside me and sampled the spare ribs. He made jokes and assured me that eating all the berries would not constitute greed. I was pleased to be avoiding one of the 7 deadly sins while still eating far too many berries than necessary.

"Your message like a fed" the ginger gentleman informed me upon my queries as to the accusations. "Very direct"

I proceeded to emphasise the efficiency of my communication style, to which the ginger and the salt and pepper chap agreed that it was better to be effective in communication than beat around the bush.

The garage man took out a bow and arrows and I pulled unsuccessfully on the string. The garage man informed me that women should be practical in order to defend themselves if society were to break down. I did manage to kill a pipe tho, with the garage man's help on the bow.

A small baby with fat little cheeks and big blue eyes surveyed the scene from the comfort of her parents arms, and the dozen or so people moved around between the small groups.

The darkness began to set upon us as the garage man brought more meat from the grill. Ribs, wings, and sausages.

The curly haired Londoner turned to me. "Do you know a man with many legs?"

My face grimaced as the memories flashed through my mind. A Few days earlier I had been besieged online by a young chap demanding pictures in order for me to prove that I am who I say I am. I had enquired as to what I had been saying I am and he relented.

I was told the story of that day. The garage man had been in London doing garden work in the Londoners backyard. The multi-limbed man had arrived to pitch in. He rocked up in crocs, much to the dismay of the hardworking men. He was told to go to the hall and find a pair of shoes to wear, but he went into the living room in search of footwear. He requested a change of clothes, and after instructions on levelling a path, he proceeded to the shallowest area and began to dig a hole. He rushed from project to project, never staying at one for long, and holding up the work by making conversation.

"He was talking about lasering his face so he did not grow a beard" the continental said disapprovingly "and he brings strange people by when we hang out"

I enquired as to the absence of our multi limbed friend, who was coming across as having a sheep loose in the top paddock. The continental informed as to the quiet arrangements to exclude him, and then a round of pushups as a punishment for misgendering occurred. It turned out that slithering amongst the acquaintances of those present were men who dressed as women. And in an effort to remain true to facts, this punishment had been devised to correct any influence these men had on the brains of the party.

Sheer manpower turned a nearby pallet into kindling, and soon the fire blazed higher. Some batteries were added and the group shrunk back. Disappointingly only one made a flurry of extra spicy fire.

The night grew darker and the cigar smoke billowed up. A ball appeared and men gathered around. The goose had a long white pole, the influencer a large shovel, the blue suited gentleman had found an enormous wrench and the ginger gentleman smacked at the ball with a tiny spade. They batted the ball between them with a fervour. Someone appeared in the garage door, brandishing a katana and the bow and arrow were aimed at a helpless can of coke, balanced on the top of a pole.


The garage man, who had put on a shirt over his vest, took out an electric skateboard, and with the addition of a bike helmet for safety reasons, more male camaraderie took place. The garage man zoomed towards a group of people, and fell in an attempt to avoid injury. He got up with a limp.

The young couple with the baby had left earlier, to cries of 'please return' to the man and suggestions of applications of whiskey to the family to facilitate such.

The influencer's girlfriend arrived, much to the joy of everyone, as women were scarce in these parts, and the presence of three women was a thing to celebrate. I sat near the picnic bench with her while the men rushed around enthusiastically. We discussed the foolishness of my younger sister who was with a man who told her he wanted to wait 10 years to commit. Midnight came and the influencer made moves towards leaving. I hitched a ride with them back home and stumbled into my room, my throat slightly raw from second hand smoke.

One thought was on my mind. When can we do this again?





Clear them out  
AR Green

I dream of better tomorrows,  
I know I shall not see.  
I walk the soulless streets of hell,  
That is modernity.  
No Black pills shall I be taking,  
Into despair I shall not tread.

Yes Pandora's box is open,  
Yet still I feel no dread.  
The chains of being lie broken,  
And still my people weave.  
There will be a great replacement,  
But not of you or me.

There will be a great replacement,  
Of the false god "democracy".

# OF HEARTHS AND BROTHERHOOD

Skilos

We speak often in this space of brotherhood, of fraternity, and of the need to form deep bonds to weather the chaotic storms raging in the modern day. Many of us write speeches, record videos, or blast tweets calling for rediscovery of the old ways and relighting of hearths.

And then, all too often, we make peace with meeting on safe, neutral ground, grabbing a beer or a bite to eat, and wishing our fellow travelers well before departing.

That way is excellent, and indeed needed. But no deep bonds are forged without risk. Not necessarily risk of career, of family, and of social circles, but the risk of opening up the doors to our homes and welcoming those in who may look around and see some dust in the corners we'd rather them not.

The Oregon Weavers believe in taking that risk. We believe in hosting, in the sacred duty to invite those from far flung spaces to come, and bond, and enjoy fellowship around fire and friendship. Over fifty men and women from throughout the scene, from two countries and many states, rode, drove and flew their way to Portland, Oregon for a weekend of camaraderie and entertainment.

We laughed, we listened, we drank, and we ate excellent barbecue. We discussed future opportunities to build, and we argued about politics, religion, and love. J. Burden, The Distributist, Charlemagne, and many others undertook significant effort to attend, and we appreciate each of them for doing so. In The Weave magazine hosted our advertisement in their newsletter, and others boosted it to their audiences. We appreciate each of their efforts as well.

Next time, we hope to see you there also, Weaver.



# CORNCRAKE MAGAZINE

NESTING IN THE OAK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



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Always be  
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-Dave Green

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