

ISSUE 5

**IN
THE
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers
Magazine**

THE OFFICIAL BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE

April 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.

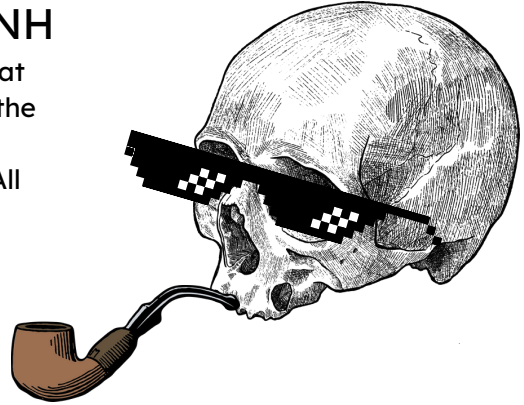
For more information on basketweaving, and how to get involved, please visit clubweave.com. Run by Call of Shieldmaiden. Graphics Advisor T Meadows.

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!

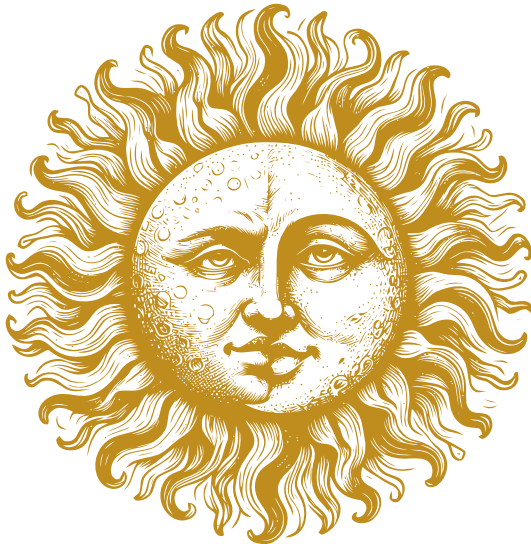
Contact @justinabraun



2nd TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH

The London Richmond meet-up has been going on for two-and-a-half years, meeting at the thoroughly traditional Sun Inn. The original purpose was to create a meet-up for like-minded people of Richmond-Twickenham area who couldn't get to all the other London events due to domestic and work commitments; hence its scheduling on unfashionable Tuesday. Whilst intended to be a local weave for local people, in the end it attracted, and continues to attract, not just locals but people from much further afield. All that's required to attend is a sound critique of modernity and a propensity for disagreement.

Contact @templecloud



WEEKLY COLORADO WEAVES

The Rocky Mountain Weavers have build a strong community by having regular events. These include rock climbing, book clubs, pre-work coffee hours, and line dancing. Community building is easy when you know weavers will congregate at a pre-determined time and place every week.

Contact @urbrandnewstepdad



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?!

6 Bristol weavers journeyed to the foggy Royal Anglo-Saxon hunting lodge of Cippanham. Favoured by Alfred the Great. They learnt about the town at their museum, wandered the country and got in a few pints.

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

The Houston weavers met at Saint Arnold Brewing Company. 7 were in attendance. Topics discussed included a number of people's in-laws and some Dave Greene videos. I think it was decided that any US expeditionary force sent to take over Greenland should bring large amounts of coffee and propane, but I was having trouble hearing the other end of the table....

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.

5 people met in Florianopolis Brasil for the first official Brazilian weave! They met at a boteco and shared a few towers of beer while talking about similarities between the Canadian and Brazilian situations and politics

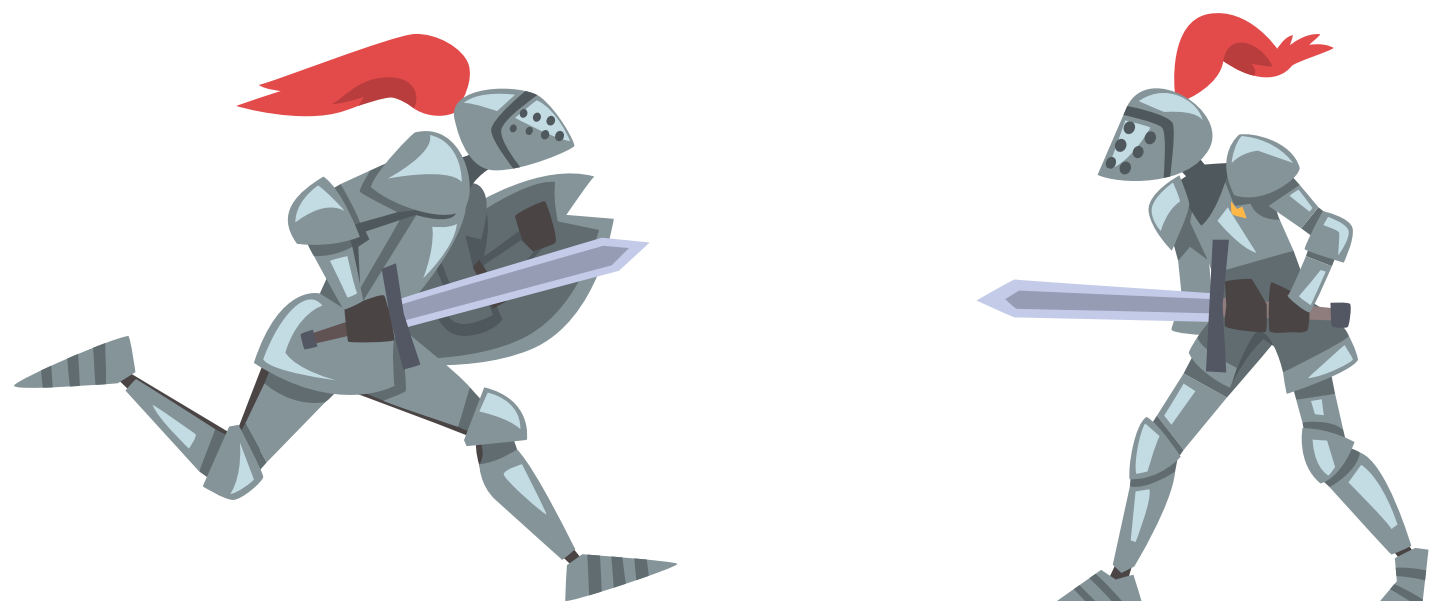
Birmingham weavers explored the city's "art" gallery and drank at the canal side & Jewellery Quarter

5 weavers went climbing at the Pacific Pipe Company, then hit the sauna and then had some very good pizza

Dave Greene hosts the Community Weaving Twitter Space

On the 17th of February the first stream was hosted on twitter spaces. Joined by guests including Black Horse, Mikeofpol, and Meta Prime. The problems discussed were needing to move communities offline, boomers sharing resources, and the conversation ended with reiterating that we need to focus on solutions rather than pointing fingers at where the problems of our day come from.

On the 16th of March, Dave Green was joined by Eso, COO of the Beowulf Foundation. The focus was on developing basketweaving organisation, such as starting community newspapers in prolific weaving areas. Talk was about the many ways the weaving groups can be leveraged for creating greater projects., and the age of question of how to attract people to weaving. The Merchant Guild was mentioned, it hosts a weekly chat group for entrepreneurs and other interested parties on Saturdays. A few people joined in to chat at the end - this is often allowed.



The Unravelling of the Knights of the Faith

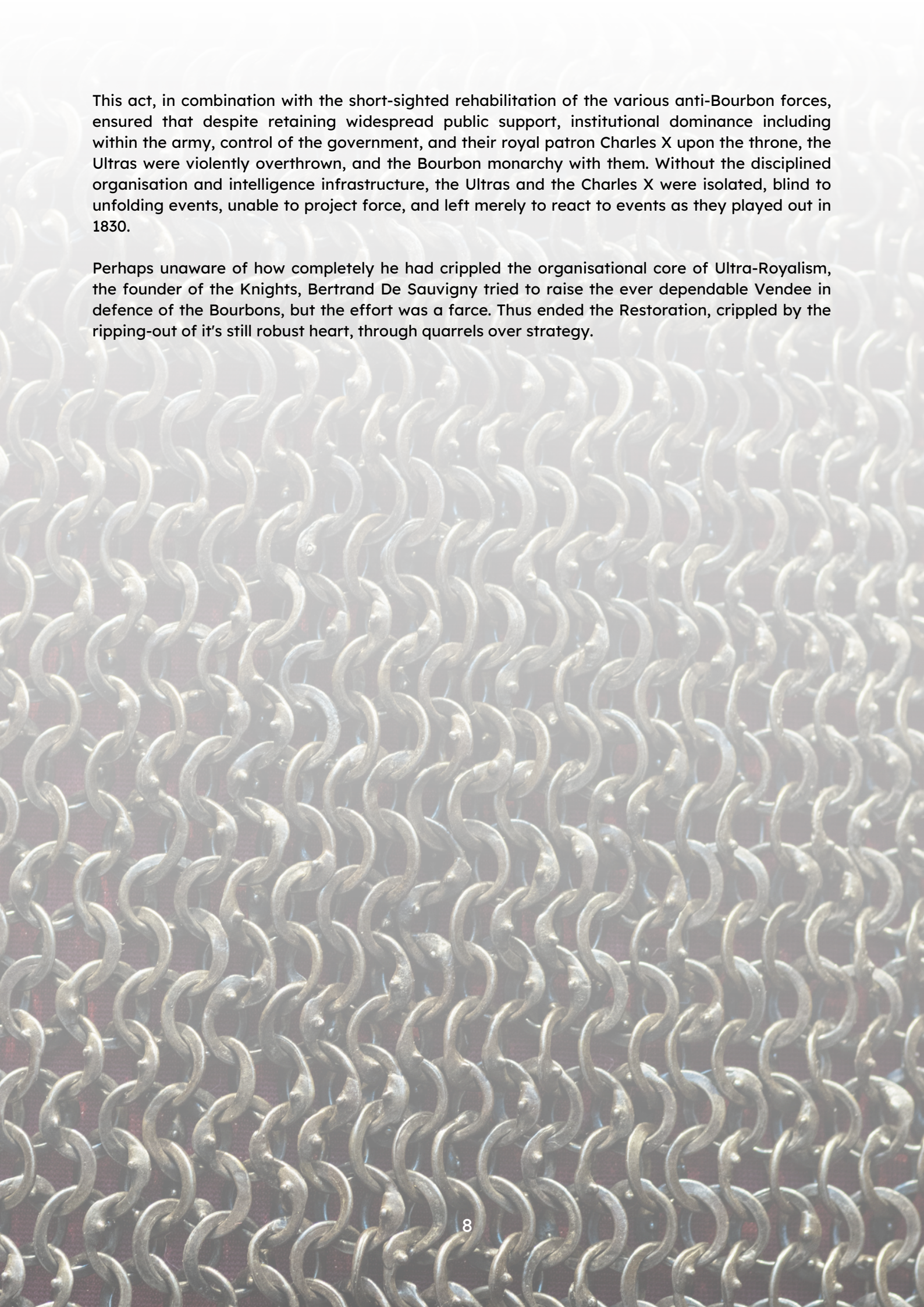
Rupert August

What does an organisation do whose *raison d'être* is to restore or champion institutions beyond the extent to which they themselves wish to be elevated? We call these groups Ultras. Thus those who champion the Monarchy beyond the desires of the King to be championed are Ultra-Royalists. Louis XVIII was fundamentally a moderate, perhaps even a Liberal by disposition. Thus, when presented with the option of either the Reactionary Knights of the Faith, or defecting Bonapartists to constitute his new government in the wake of Napoleon's initial abdication, he chose the Bonapartists. Granted, the allies did not disapprove of this, and tended to treat the Knights very poorly upon encountering them in France, so there may have been pressure from them. Regardless of the reason, when Napoleon returned, it is little surprise then that many of his former supporters returned to him (albeit some played both sides by supplying information to the allies while in their post). After Waterloo, and the subsequent final exile of Napoleon, all involved were of a less forgiving disposition, so the full force of Reaction was unleashed against all of their enemies, spearheaded by the Knights. Old scores were settled with Jacobins, Bonapartists, and all who sided with Napoleon during the Hundred Days. This was carried out both by mob violence (now including emigres who bolstered the ranks of the Knights), and after the election in 1815: the overwhelmingly Ultra-Royalist 'Chambre Introuvable' also gave legal weight to the Terror. In particular, François-Régis de La Bourdonnaye laid out a comprehensive list of categories of traitors to pursue, in the process becoming *de facto* leader. In time it became evident that he was the most radical voice seeking to restore Ancien, advocating any and all available means to do so.

Although not a party in the modern sense, the Ultra-Royalists were the closest to such an organisation within the Restoration legislature, thanks to being formed around the kernel of the Knights, who could thus lend their organisational weight to the faction from behind the scenes, and provide a level of discipline otherwise unavailable. As such, even when out of power, they could do a lot to dictate the tempo of politics, and while in power, as in 1815, they could exert their influence in the streets and at the Royal Court (through the patronage of the Comte d'Artois, later Charles X) just as readily as the legislative chambers. In this way, the Knights could see to it that whether by official execution, assassination, or mob lynching, the traitors could be made an example of, and their enemies overawed and demoralised.

Even at this stage, at their most powerful, the outline of their downfall is clear. De La Bourdonnaye, more than most, was willing to use the mob against the enemies of Royalism. However many others within the Knights, along with the King himself, were nervous about the weaponisation of the mob, and so the Introuvable Chambre was dismissed.

The opposition to Ultra-Royalism was so crippled that all quarters had to be scoured to find a possible ministry. Moderate Royalists, less inflexible Ultras, Moderate Liberals, and even former republicans and Jacobins were brought in *de facto* internal exile to oppose the dominance of the Ultras, but even then they slowly continued to lose ground in the march towards full Ancien Restoration. Some time out of power also helped to temporarily smooth over the brewing conflicts between factions of Knights, but these came back with a vengeance during the Ultra ministry of Joseph de Villele. He had long been the *de facto* head of what we might call the legislative faction of Knights, over-represented among the old guard and formal leadership of the Knights, while De La Bourdonnaye led the extra-judicial faction. As consistently one of the most radical Rightist voices in the Legislature, he was a lower ranking Knight but one with ever growing support within the organisation. He continued to advocate for Restoration by any and all means, explicitly threatening a White 1789, a counter-revolution of the purest form, by using the revolution's own methods to sweep away all remaining vestige of it. This prospect terrified the more Moderate legislative faction, to the extent that in 1826, the founders and formal leadership opted to dissolve the organisation entirely, rather than let it fall into the hands of the radicals.



This act, in combination with the short-sighted rehabilitation of the various anti-Bourbon forces, ensured that despite retaining widespread public support, institutional dominance including within the army, control of the government, and their royal patron Charles X upon the throne, the Ultras were violently overthrown, and the Bourbon monarchy with them. Without the disciplined organisation and intelligence infrastructure, the Ultras and the Charles X were isolated, blind to unfolding events, unable to project force, and left merely to react to events as they played out in 1830.

Perhaps unaware of how completely he had crippled the organisational core of Ultra-Royalism, the founder of the Knights, Bertrand De Sauvigny tried to raise the ever dependable Vendee in defence of the Bourbons, but the effort was a farce. Thus ended the Restoration, crippled by the ripping-out of it's still robust heart, through quarrels over strategy.



TABLE

Wilhelm Apologist



From 1944 to 1959, Quebec was under the rule of Maurice Duplessis and his clerical-nationalist party, the National Union. This period is commonly called “The Golden Age of Quebec” by myself alone as a term I have just made up, and is called the “Great Darkness” by everyone who is left wing. But those who stick by calling it “la Grande Noirceur” do have a point.

Systems of nepotistic patronage, otherwise called corruption, were very strong in Quebec. Usually, it was the conservatives who benefited from the corruption, but it just as easily went the other way. A conservative politician, Francis Johnson, was refused a signature on his social insurance card by his liberal municipality because of his connections to the conservative party. The most flagrant example of corruption was the 1958 natural gas scandal. In privatising the distribution network of natural gas, the National Union government had given insider knowledge to its members as to which company would get the contract. Several members of the legislative assembly, shortened henceforth as MLAs, had bought shares in the companies and made a profit as its share price went up.

Daniel Johnson, the son of Francis Johnson, grew up in this milieu of corruption. While attending university, Daniel Johnson became a dedicated nationalist, Catholic, and conservative. In 1946, Johnson was elected as the MLA for the riding of Bagot.

However, Johnson did nothing but go along with whatever the National Union did. His family had suffered from corruption, but he later profited from the natural gas scandal. You could say that a single, solitary MLA was powerless to do anything about systemic nepotism in a society where systemic nepotism was considered tradition, so it's not his fault for not wanting to rock the boat.

In 1961, Johnson was elected as leader of the National Union. A year earlier, the Quebec Liberal Party had won in the 1960 general election, ending sixteen years of National Union rule. The new government set itself to destroying patronage in Quebec. By 1966, they had largely succeeded. And until 1966, the National Union did not win a single election. Not even a by-election.

His party was suffering, so Daniel Johnson broke with the past. Following internal reforms of the National Union initiated by Johnson, he released a book titled “Equality or Independence”, which charted a new course for conservatism in Quebec. It turned out that this “new course” was identical to the liberal program.

When the National Union won a general election in 1966, many feared it was a return to the “old and backwards clerical-nationalism” of Duplessis. As Johnson kept all the reform programs of the liberals, they could not be more wrong.

To be sure, there was not a lot to envy about the Great Darkness. It is possible to make arguments in favour of some specific industrial or cultural policies of Duplessis which put Quebec's society in line with Tradition, but when looking at Quebec's poverty in comparison with the rest of the developed world, no one can say that Duplessis's system didn't need reforms. At the same time, Daniel Johnson was in a pretty good position to offer a new, revolutionary traditionalism for Quebec. That is not to say that he should've become “far-right,” but he was friends with Charles de Gaulle, the president of France who successfully moved France into the future while being conservative in the Atlantic, American bloc.

We are all products of our time, but as much as we are shaped by the world, we have the power to shape it. The people of the future will be a product of what we do today. This is what makes Daniel Johnson so pathetic.

The Quiet Revolution transformed Quebec from the most traditional province in Canada to the most liberal. Consequently, the birth rate of Quebec cratered to the lowest in Canada (only beaten by British Columbia in recent years). The French-Canadian nation has suffered immensely from the liberals and social democrats who have had a stranglehold on Quebecois politics since the 1960s. There is no doubt that Johnson genuinely loved rural, traditional, and Catholic Quebec, but when he had the power to do anything that would've at least conserved it, he took up the pre-existing liberal programs and continued to destroy it.

Daniel Johnson died in office in 1968 from a heart attack at age 53.

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Weave Report: Ski Trip 2025

By Maven

This story begins like so many great and epic tales – in an airport Weatherspoons. Our flight was still 12 hours away so it was obviously time for the four of us to start drinking. Two had travelled a day ahead and were sending photos of the snow and resort for us to fawn over as we planned the first runs we would take, discussed what new gear and clothes we'd brought for this year and ate more chicken wings than existed in a small homestead. Many pints and a small nap later we arrived to check-in hungover with another two skiers, visited the obligatory post-security Weatherspoons and flew into Turin.

We arrived slope-side early enough to get in half a day's skiing, and so five of us headed out whilst three remained behind to nurse their hangovers and recover for the next week's activities. The snow was absolutely ideal, freshly dumped from the last few days, powder around the edge of every run, no ice, minimal moguls. Perfect blue skies. You couldn't ask for more.

Most of the slopes around the accommodation were Reds, leaving us scratching our heads for how to teach the newbies the next day – we thought it best to just throw them in at the deep end, a few falls down a mountain never hurt anyone, right? We were all trying to remember how to ski and board, with muscle memory slowly kicking in from year's prior. Bombing down one run I caught an edge and did an involuntary cartwheel, my phone, in an outside pocket as it couldn't fit into my ancient red ski jacket, flew out somewhere into the Alps, never to be seen again... It turns out that falling down a mountain can at least hurt your bank balance.



The weather, snow and company was too good for this to get me down however, and the next week was spent going up to go down to go up to go down again. On the second day our final skier arrived, was snuggled into the lads chalet and forced to listen to iHypocrite compilations and listen the soothing sounds of massage-gun muscle relief as he tried to sleep. We shed a tears of joy seeing how cheap the local tobacco and wine was, and bought enough for the week and more in one sitting. At our first proper après-ski we were joined by our final two weavers, making a full eleven of us at the bar ordering Weissbier and Aperol Spritz and dancing to Italian remixes of British party classics. After après-ski was our après-tea back at the hotel, a mix of terrible live piano music and singing piped over the top of what can best be described as random songs that were only maybe popular thirty years ago – but the coffee was good and the biscotti near unlimited.

There are too many stories to fit into the rest of this article – a successful invasion of France by the skiing vanguard group, the befriending and ideological indoctrination of the only other British Zoomer at the hotel; playing pass-the-dessert at the mountaintop restaurant; dancing to L'amour Toujours at a club recommended to us with a one star online review “Host Tabitha was very racist”; the repeated attempts to hook up one of the group with the hotel’s hottest waitress; evening mass at a church dedicated to an English King; and ahh, the food, the food, thank God that Italy still exists.





Always be
weaving
-Dave Green



clubweave.com