

ISSUE 6



**IN
THE
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers
Magazine**

THE OFFICIAL BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE

JUNE 2025

JOIN US FOR THIS!	3
WHERE WERE YOU?	5
Dave Green's Community Weaving	6
Heidelberg Weave Bobby	8
The Gallant Weaver Robert Burns	10
Avebury Trip Medugal	11
Shrike on What Weaving Is	12
Scyldings Bobby	13

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.

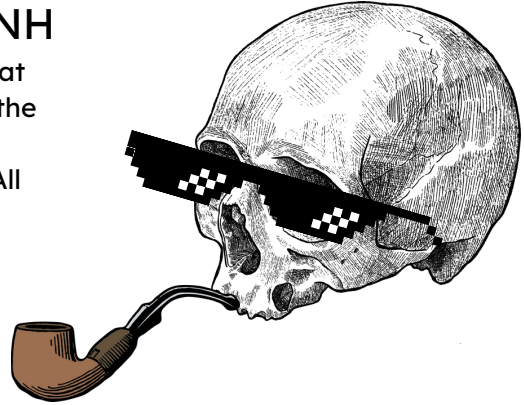
For more information on basketweaving, and how to get involved, please visit clubweave.com. Run by Call of Shieldmaiden. Graphics Advisor T Meadows.

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!

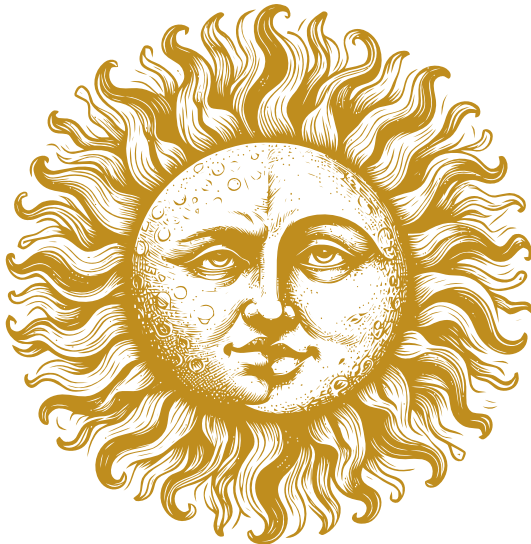
Contact @justinabraun



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?!

In May a weaver wrote: I have just completed a 40 miles hike along the Wessex Ridgeway of Wiltshire and Berkshire, Ingerlund.

Started at 8:10 and ended at 18:30 putting my time at 10hrs 20mins.

That was faster than last year by 1hr30m. The weather was, well, bloody gorgeous.

I met a great bunch of chaps along the way, with. whom I did some running with. Hopefully some weavers can come along to the next one.

In May the Brighton weave had a weave session one evening.

Numbered at 5. Great time had by all.

West London met with four men plus the two new kids on the block!

London Weave went for a wander near Horsham. Attended by five men and a dog

(meaning no nature reserve or Spoons).

Weave today in Cheddar with four men.

Cheese was eaten as they toured the Gorge and finished at the pub with a late comer.

Great success by Langdale Club, many weavers in attendance for the summer solstice Glamping event. 20+ people in attendance.

In Phoenix, two weavers and a friend met for lunch at a sports bar and yapped about what they could do in their area and also just about some goings on in their lives.



Dave Greene hosts the Community Weaving Twitter Space

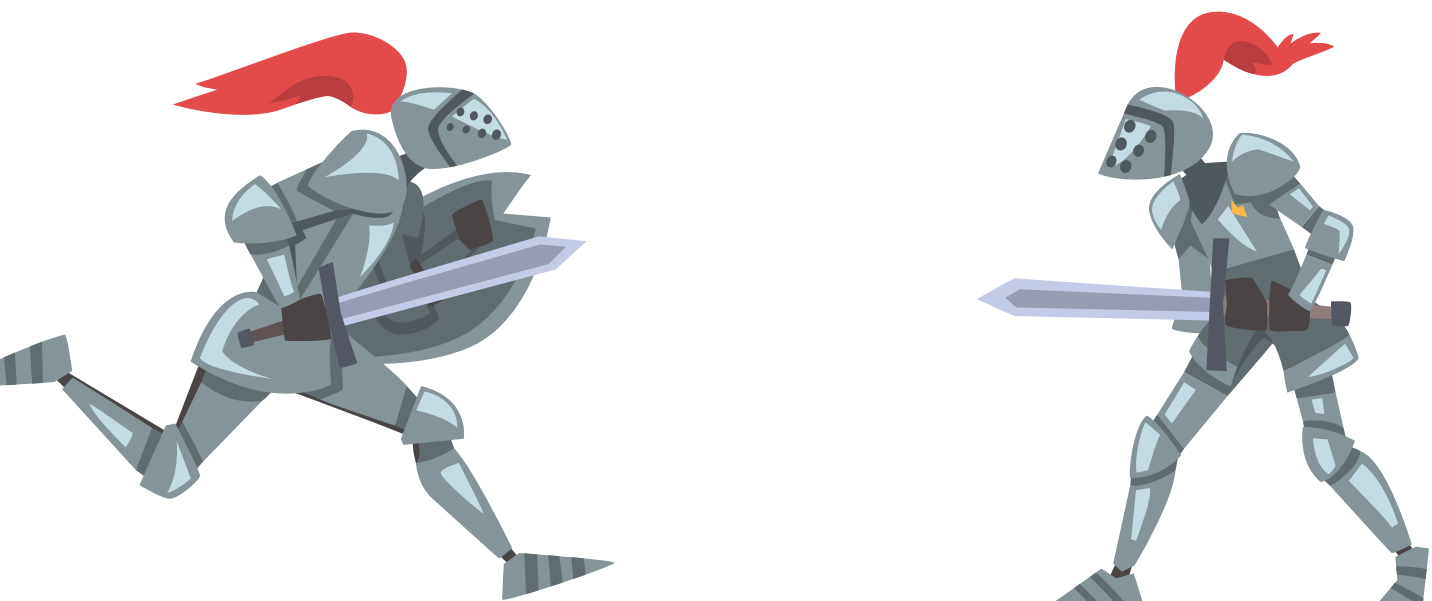
On the 24th of April, Dave Green was back again! He started with one of his famous monologues and spoke of the internet dying.

It is inherently degenerative. Not Dave or his monologue, the state of the internet.

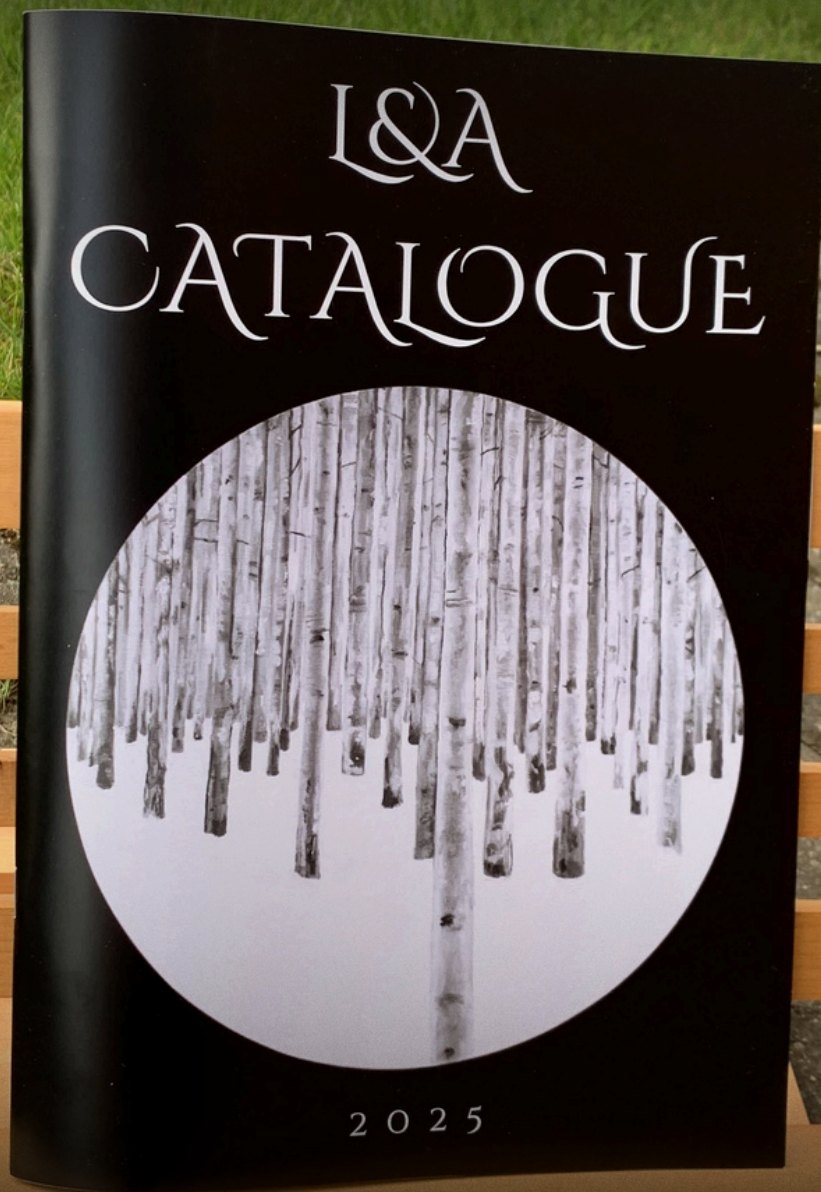
Someone came on to chat, he spoke of local organizing making a change whereas online talk and global efforts not having these abilities.

The global is part of the equation however, and the local groups in different countries who bicker with those in other countries cannot compete against the global order with this attitude.

Note: To grow an organisation, one must give money/benefits to those it likes, and must accept the same from those who want to give it.



L&A CATALOGUE



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Heidelberg Weave

Bobby

As I was settling in for my 2 hours of human cigar flying, I heard the stewardess engage the grandma nearby in a slurry of meaningless Italian chatter, the inner lamentation of my nordic self bubbled to the surface. And yet, I knew that I will miss it dearly.

Germany, the land of some if not all of my ancestors. Impenetrable and profoundly serious.

After a few days in small town of Baden-Baden, thermal waters and strolls and quick cigarettes at the park, along with a visit to a haphazardly positioned showing of Yoshimoto Nara at the local gallery, I was headed to Karlsruhe to meet the first of many ensouled members of our sphere. Yakub, no doubt that very same, now revitiligoized showed me their local German castle and engaged me with talks of language and perception, me telling him about the Amazonian cryptids and their tongue, read “Don’t sleep, there are snakes”. We ate schnitzel and drank a sort of lightly fermented, barely alcoholic berry beverage as our minds drifted to the Germany’s supreme court next to us. Such an important building, yet, no one was around. But, as many things, there were state imps hidden underneath the bushes and our plates, eager to leap at the first sign of anyone’s arm being raised to an inappropriate degree. There was this definite destination inherent in the surrounding fauna, everyone was eager to talk about some thing, go to some where, but the systems underlying these time and climate sensitive decisions are beginning to unravel. The Deutsche Bahn, trains, were almost always late and sometimes to a ridiculous degree. The hostile npcs were EVERYWHERE and their gibbering filled places that were clearly meant for absolute unwavering silence. Silence being the hallmark of those German cities, very strange to someone coming from Southern, oh so Southern, Europe.

In a week after this outing, I had the Heidelberg basketweaving event that got echoed through the German coffeehouse server equivalent.

There were 5 of us, all representing different strands of nordic men, although I saw Curtis Yarvin in one of the guys and called him thus. We met at a local cafe and talked about contemporary German culture and society, then beginning to head into the city were joined by Ludwig whom I later went to Saxony with. On the road to the modern art museum we would configure and reconfigure our interlocutors so that each had an opportunity to introduce himself. I was surprised at how, for the first time in my life, everyone knew what I was talking about and was on the same page. Apparently, one of the favored German reactoid hobbies was going into local bookstores and trying to find the most degenerate books available. One of the guys was half Russian, detectable from the cheekbones, and me and him answered a litany of questions about current society, politics and economics of the Old Country.



Despite going through a part of the Russian schoolsystem, neither me nor my dad had the supposed moral failings of the Germans, so touted by someone like Jordan Peterson, drilled into us. All those millions lost like water under the bridge, even if the American perception of Europe were to be correct, I would not be able to muster up a singular ounce of hatred towards these civilizations. Suffering and loss is nurturing to my cryptid self and if not for my agonizing back problems I would have probably faded into the background of everyday rut.

The contemporary art museum next. Man sets up a projector pointing at a half broken, vertically positioned pallet and plays a looping webm of a human character in World of Warcraft endlessly running at a fencepost. Pizza boxes, aluminium cans and various trash is strategically positioned around it. Maybe cool, could be, if not for the artist using warcraft font on EVERYTHING. Proceeding directly from this lacuna is an installation fo various pedestals with photos of photoshopped teeth with wires weaving in between them, continuing out from the flat picture and to the floor. Everything is sprayed and covered in green, slightly bulbous paint. Above it are posters, some clearly made with Dall-E 2. Nothing noteworthy. Up next, what I believe was some attempt at political discussion ruined by the cowardice of its creator. The fake fecal piles did not smell and were not large nor made out of red metal. I think at that point, I would've simply defecated onto the floor. A sad animatronic flag with a German meme on it was having a seizure next to the central wall.

And so, our little squad settled in the room below the "art installation". Free coffee, free fizzy water. Moritz, showed off his fren sources app that conglomerates all dissident German media together and I shilled Sicily to everyone.

We got up and proceeded to the antique books store. There, the guys were searching for a specific text on the African excursions during WW2 but to no avail. I marked an old edition of Pliny's natural sciences and found a strange book on Russia and China in the 1980s by a BBC dude and bought it for 9 euros. We talked about a possible magazine that would mass buy art and history booklets and catalogues, squeeze them of anything unique and republish all the cool stuff in one single book. Sitting there, on that carpeted second floor amidst all the miscellanea of the 20th century, you really felt sad for all that work going unneeded.

And then, the German restaurant. The pale, Sneedler's top guy ordered shmaltz sandwiches, Ludwig got the "eat ze bugs" special, a plate of escargot, and I shared the newspaper with pancetta and cream cheese, a flammkuchen. Don't remember what the other guys had but my Russian buddy bought me a beer.

Heading to the store we were struck still by the gothic cathedral, its peaks reaching tall and reminding us all of God's divine order. I began a religious conversation with the Curt's lookalike, it drifting into biopunk and my grotesque Russian organisation ways. Horrified but intrigued.

We bought a few portable grills, totally refugeecore but allowable due to the Germans having the righteous claim to the river Neckar and its banks. While grilling our pork cutlets and thick cut bacon, Möritz told us of the time he visited the Dragonlord, a sort of German Chris Chan of years past. Driving to his dilapidated house in the middle of nowhere and getting him to shout at you and maybe even come out and threaten you with physical harm is a tradition hailing from time immemorial, echoing throughout time in places like Sparta, Carthage, Roman empire and so on. The Pharmakos were sacrificed or abjured for the health of society, with the final Pharmakos certainly being Jesus Christ and after him no more being required. Anatomy is destiny however, and these human tendencies remerge to this day, like chthonic worm-gods after the final Götterdämmerung rain.

The Gallant Weaver

Robert Burns

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,

He is a gallant weaver.

O, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant weaver.



Avebury Trip

Medugal

{The following account has not been embellished, altered or modified in any way and is based on entirely true events}

March 2025

Within the wind-swept, prehistoric landscape our group began to arrive - only half of what we were expecting with just three regulars, though with an additional newcomer; an emergent YouTuber who had travelled all the way from the capital. Amongst the crowd of visitors, our small clandestine group convened within the old medieval inn at the heart of the village to plan out our journey. We set out amongst the ruins of the largest megalithic circle in the world. Gargantuan monoliths of towering sandstone encircled the village, thirty feet tall and whispering in ancient tongue. Wretched figures cowered at the bases of these slabs of stone, withering under the magnitude of this primeval power. We of stronger resolve resisted and instead set our sights across the grasslands as we set off on our hike.

Our next destination was the mountain named Silbury. It stood alone in the plains, tall and intimidating, its summit obscured by thick cloud cover. In the distance we caught a glimpse of the determined form of a man in a red jumper making a passionate sprint for the top of the mountain before vanishing around the side about half way up. As we crossed the river Circling the base of Silbury, the Londoner's expectedly inappropriate footwear squelched in the boggy ground which we crossed until we reached the foot of the mountain where a mural dedicated to the, seemingly, Mexican works built the mountain stood. We then, to the horror of the boomer women passing by, decided to follow in the footsteps of our ancestors thousands of years ago (and Red Jumper tens of minutes ago) and climb the seven thousand steps to the top of the world. Beyond the half rotten easy peeler, pigeon feathers and plastic beads that made up the offerings to a god with seemingly low standards, the top also gave us a view of next stop on our walk.

To the south lay the West Kennet Long Barrow - or the wester most long barrow of Kennet, named after the large wheelbarrows, that were used to transport the materials to the site. In this labyrinth of stone, lined with gold and jewels and beer cans, we wandered deeper into the ground until our exit became hidden from us. We then soon found we were not alone in the dark. An evil spirit had ensnared us in a dark trance and in moments of consciousness I feared we'd join the dead entombed in this place. Just as hope seemed lost, we awoke to the sound of a magical song which guided us back into the sunlight.

As we trudged back to our starting location of the Red Lion Inn to recover from our ordeal, we discussed what anyone else would in that situation: Party politics and local elections. At the inn we were joined by a band of robe wearing, carnyx playing druids returning from a ritual ceremony, as we ordered our elixirs of ale and cider, which we drank until the evening rolled in before finally dispersing.



Shrike on What Weaving Is

Finding interesting and high quality people IRL has always been difficult. Even if the Internet's scale makes that easier, it still has its hard limits. Zoomers like myself, who (unfortunately) grew up online, it was easy to feel as though you're an edgy radical witnessing the end of the world while your friends, family, and coworkers can only gawk with clouded eyes at the horrors before them. Mentioning Moldbug, Schmidt, or even Burnham to the uninitiated would trigger superficial critique which fails to address your growing national-anarchi-monarcho-theocratic-distributist sentiments. Iron sharpens iron, and at a certain point conversations with otherwise intelligent and agreeable people can feel like wacking at rushes with a dull steel rod.

My first weave was surreal; everyone was far more open, friendly, and normal than I had been prepared for. I arrived expecting autistic but still pleasant conversations about HBD and esoteric political history. I instead found friends; who shared my reading list and had read more of it than I had. They passed all of the power-level checks and I didn't have to explain concepts I was referencing like normal. I had never felt so moderate in a room of well adjusted and reasonable people. It showed me that I was never alone; my frens had just been hidden or out of reach.

Over the next few years, the Colorado basketweavers changed quite a bit. It's center of mass shifted as regular weaves started happening in the two bigger metro areas. A pair of us even went out to the Portland weave and stole one of their guys >:). Now we're regularly line dancing, rock climbing, hiking, and attending church together. We have a live community here, something which used to feel theoretical.

It's easy to become numb to the feeling of always having blocked-off avenues that can only be pursued in private or among mask bearing internet associates. Having IRL friends to pursue those same paths has helped me temper and develop in ways that would have otherwise been completely inaccessible. That's what weaving helped me find, and I think that's the fraternity that we're starved of by modernity. If anyone wants to direct potential frens to us or plans to visit Colorado, feel free to reach out.



Scyldings

Bobby

Phew.

I sat down on a bench after 3 hours of train hopping and carrying my suit and luggage and backpack from the train station. Here comes Ben to take me to his house. He reads the same books as I do and German habits of stocking up for a harsh winter are everywhere. Monster Energies Zero Ultra and bottles that he will later take to recycling line the walls of his Soviet style kitchen. Everything's very tidy, we talk and I present my plan of refurbishing the EuropaPark into an Ättestupa, joking of course, but pertinent to the omnipresent German opposition to the Boomerwaffen. He leaves and I write SNEED! in chalk on his blackboard. A broken fridge "chills" in the corner. You have to pay to throw it out. Throughout all my time in Allemande there are both whispers and cries of the absurdity and severity of laws, the no sleeping in the countryside rules, the social media regulations and, of course, taxes, taxes TAXES!

I didn't even know the balcony was a no-go zone.

I wake up, wash myself with my host's peaty coconut oil + soap and our wonderful travel companions arrive. Ludwig, Jan, and another Jan whom I affectionately nickname professor Chud because he looks like nothing ever happens. Something did happen however, the mummified rats in the firmament generated enough noosphere buzz for our over-engineered car to start and begin our journey, accompanied by AA's hilarious German pronunciation.

It was all true.

Caribbean rhythms kicked in after we've visited a 19th century German brotherhood tower and we were flying down the autobahn at 180 kilometres an hour accompanied by Rachmaninov's Romanticism. Next came secret German music, true connoisseurs will know what or who I am talking about. German flatland was being absorbed into the time-hole behind us.

Scyldings. Parking. Busy, busy reception. Bowden at the desk, he would later dress up as the monopoly man, easily the most dapper gentleman there. Room, shower, busy, oh so busy reception.

I am shy but I approach my future frens despite my neurosity screeching. I talk to the American, and the dear reader will learn more about him later, and ask him if he's in the OGC. He's from Michigan and says no.

Later on I would see the American again and would raise my fist and say "The South will rise again!" And "We fully support the Texan autonomous republic!". I speculated on the fungal nature of congressmen and asked him "Why doesn't Donald Trump simply drone strike Congress?", I mean, Trump's supporters keep posting the WAGTKY meme all the time and I thought I could add a little bit more lore to it, and only later, way after the guy donned a full Trump/Vance jumpsuit during the Saturday beer brawl, realised that he was part of the Trump admin. Walrus was great, very well dressed, complained about food and mandatory German fun. I loved German fun. It felt as if the ordering of the world hinged on the presence of these wonderful people. Smoking cigar after cigar, and then breaking into chainsmoking after my fifth beer, dutifully provided by the Scyldings administration, a guy even offered me a few puffs of his cigarette.

It was around 1 am. I was darting from interlocutor to interlocutor, speaking with Lambda of the anti-Russian fame who I actually meshed well with. He told me that "The German may only cooperate with the Russian if the German is in charge!"

And, hey, I agreed. Worked for 300 or so years, no reason to think it would not continue to work for 300 more. After all, The Russian Spirit's blind anarchism will take care of any rule disagreements. Strange Anglo shaman. If the German understood me and I understood the German in our conversational matrix and as for the Dutch, I understood them without a single word, for the British, it was if there was a wall of isolation that prevented me from digging deeper. It was about 3 am when Me, Damian, Germany army guy and Maven sat down at the reception and shot the shit till 4:50 AM. Scyldings holiday edition at Sicily, coming soon... As for the talks. Shattenmacher honestly laid out the situation. We are not yet ready, we have few standards and only budding elites of indeterminate type. Mr Ammer, the winner of the sent speeches, told us of the multiple Orania type arrangements in Germany. Initially appearing as a Rasputin type esoteric character, very imposing, he softened as the talk went on and in the end became everybody's friend. I would later tell him about Sicily being an ancestral home of certain Germans.

Sargon's talk. Despite it being very short, it roused much discussion but I felt it was a little bit naive and I later expressed that sentiment publicly during the Karlsrat experimental event. I feel that all tactics aimed at the swarming masses should be slowly and quietly wrapped up, seeming as the regime is clearly preparing for war and, as COVID, had shown, is ready to exact physical force upon dissidents. I don't think the regime is ideological.

I lost my voice that day, it going the way of tobacco burnt by our ambitions and creature shock. Quiet Sunday. We had a few long discussions about future paradigms and projects. Elven forests, underwater empires, neo-folk architecture. Mathias forgot to say goodbye to the guys upstairs. I stayed overnight and then began the jaunt back.

Certainly a Grand Event. Everyone was at their best. Not everyone would see the future. A few sad souls, some endless thought dead ends. There is still time for most of us and this event has shown the vitality of our highly decentralised info-cycles. We should keep it that way and only further expand self sufficiency and our modular nature. As we connect more, so can we let certain connections fall and deviate to others and then circle back to previous ones.

A hydra, penetrating all manners of institutions, workspaces, ideologies and hearts. There will be languages borne of this, styles and materials. I have no doubt that many of us have already paid a heavy price for looking behind the curtain or the Truth Regime and I am sure that many have yet to pay more but where one head is cut off, a thousand will sprout.

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Always be
weaving
-Dave Green

