

ISSUE 7

**IN  
THE  
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers  
Magazine**

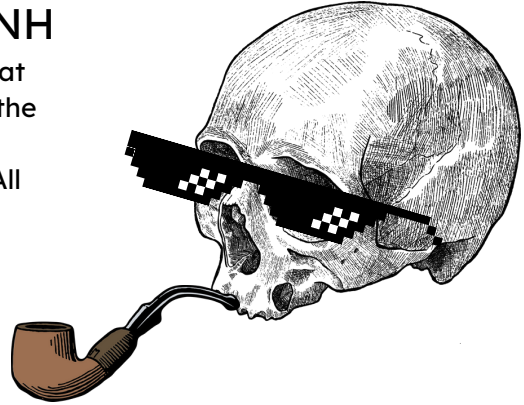


# JOIN US FOR THIS!

## 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!

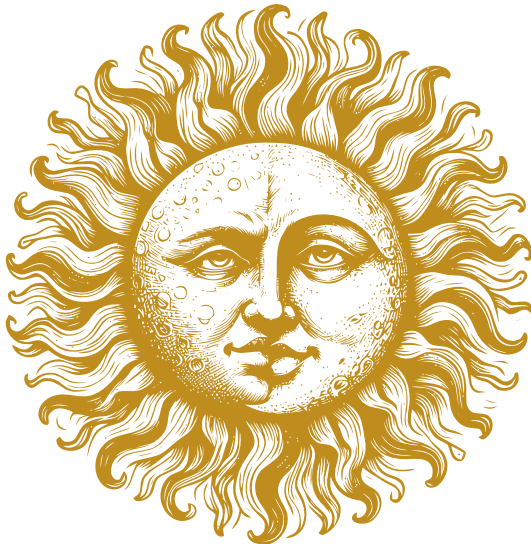
Contact @justinabraun



## 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



# Weave Table

## Weavers

## Weaves

London	13
Mid England	11
Oregon	5
Australia	6
Bath/Bristol	3
Brighton	2
Glasgow	2

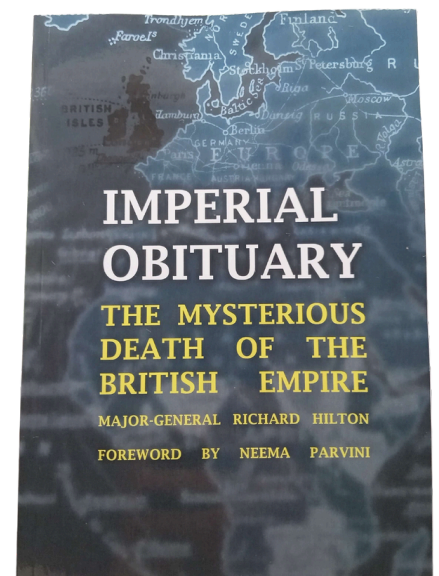
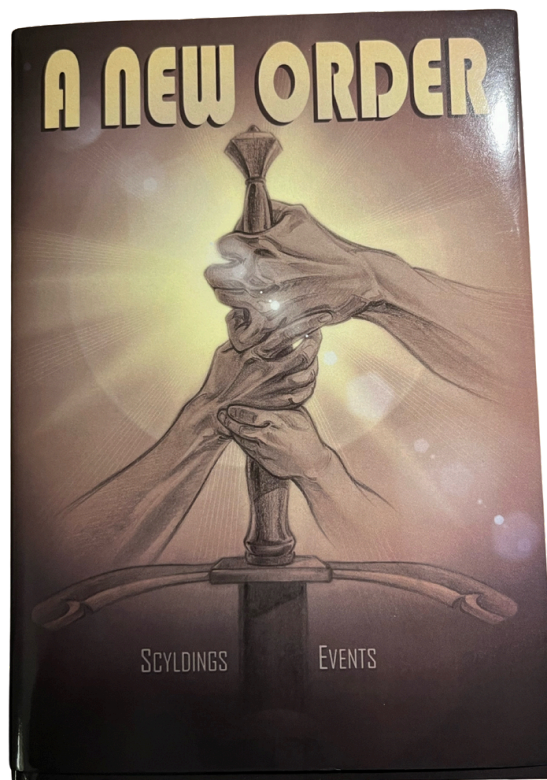
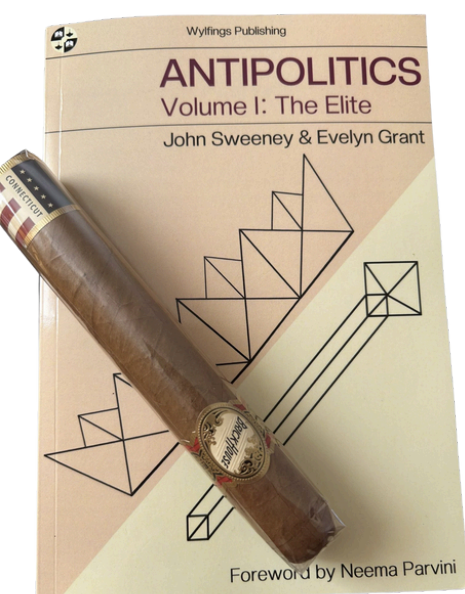


21<sup>st</sup> of June to 16<sup>th</sup> of June



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# Six Weaves in the South of England

## By Blamblas

“What is a Basket Weaver? How does one weave? Where are the baskets?” These were the questions I asked myself when, only half a year ago, I was a total newcomer on the weaving scene. Since then, in effort to meet as many interesting people as I can, I have been on several weaves in various environments, and all of them great experiences! But, how did I get here?

As it happens, my first weave has already been published – the Avebury Trip, from In The Weave #6. Yes, indeed, that was me: the daft sod with dodgy footwear all the way from London. I had actually been invited by one of the other weavers – and how glad I am that he did! Avebury itself was lovely – a great piece of English history. Even better, though, were the weavers themselves. It was a great chance to speak freely with a truly based bunch of lads. I could not have asked for a better weave!

As nice as Avebury was, however, it's not exactly within commuting distance for anyone living near London, so I needed to find something closer. This took me to the Sun Inn, Richmond – twice, actually.

The West London weavers had quite a different vibe to them. Here were professional city chaps who, sensibly, choose to keep their politics to themselves at work. For these people, the odd Tuesday pub is a safe place to talk about what's really on their minds without fear of reproachment. And, like all pubs, the order of the day is to drink and be merry, which is exactly what we did!

Then, a joint pub evening with weavers and chaps from Delingpole's website, this time in Croydon of all places. It was fascinating to see the contrast between the two – weaver and Delingpole member. Being of an older generation, the Delingpoles had many a story from before our time, and outlooks on life quite distinct from our own, though still with the same love of country and sense of community. They made for great company, and the conversations we had were truly illuminating – even if we did have our share of philosophical differences.

And so, that leaves the last location: Brighton!

One never knows quite what to expect of Brighton, so the idea that it was host to a community of traditionalist thinkers was... intriguing. Happily, expectations were surpassed! Once I found my way to the rather large pub, I was happy to find that the drinks weren't too expensive, the chatter was good, and there were a number of other growing YouTubers I had the pleasure to meet, all of whom had great political insights. The only problem was my need to catch the last train home. Naturally, when the opportunity to weave in Brighton a second time came around, I jumped at it! This time, it was even better!

Six weaves in the South of England, each different to the last, but each undoubtedly worthwhile, and each filled with excellent company. Whatever the circumstances, I simply cannot recommend it enough!





# A Brit to Weave

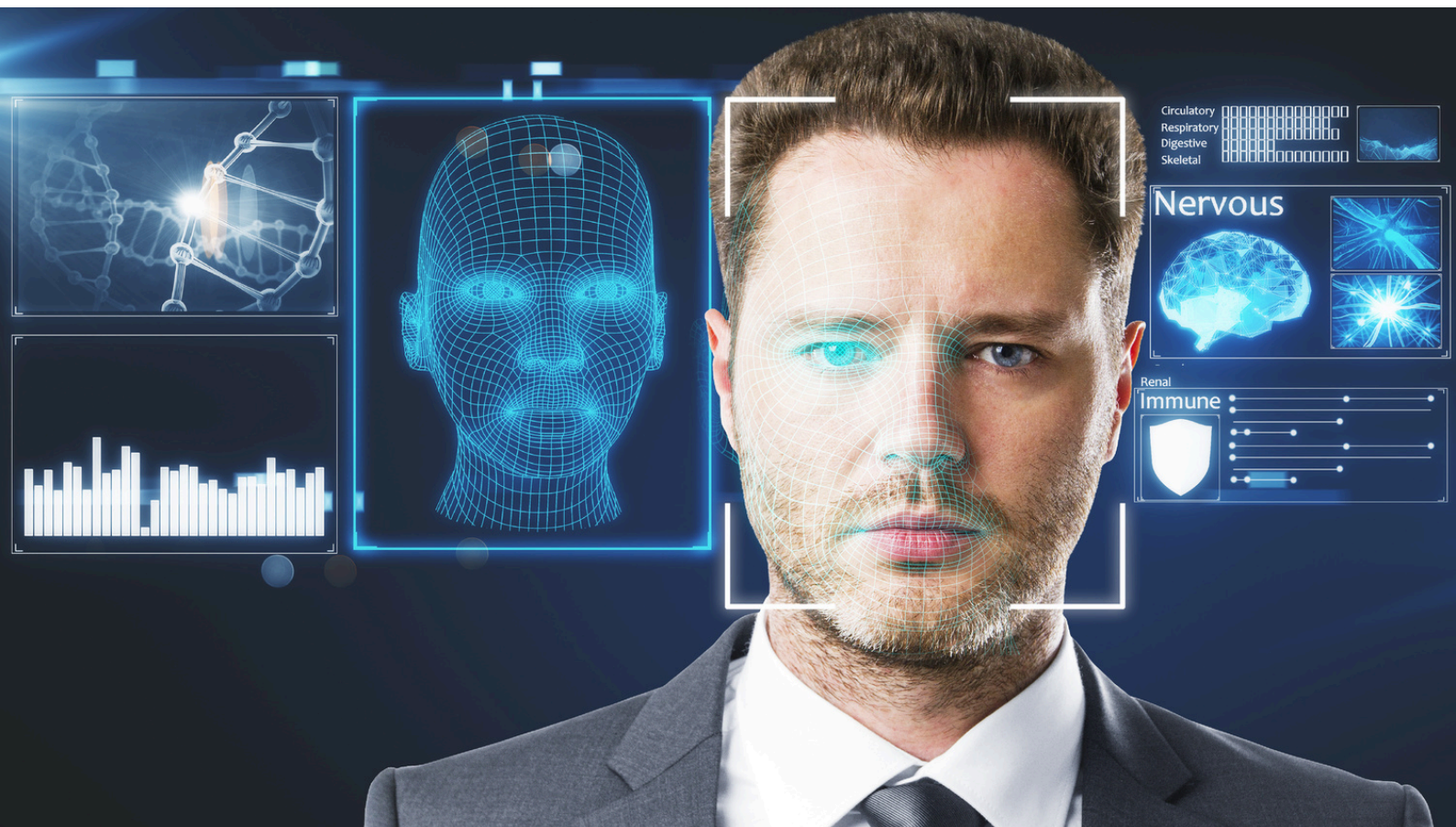
By Hugh Man

We live in a world that is fractured and isolated, detached from the real world and meaning. Depression and anxiety are at all time highs as those raised online struggle to navigate a life in a world that has become hostile to thriving.

A lot of people especially following COVID have become separated from the real world, alienated from their peers. These trends started much earlier though and seem only to be accelerating as people find it easier to consume content that justifies their feelings online rather than engage with the people around them. The internet will give you a safe space where true growth is often shunned and will find others that will help you on your path to self destruction. Rather than pushing you to grow, the internet drives people to isolate, and with the now rapid growth of AI chatbots people are starting to cut themselves off more than ever. The internet seeks to become all consuming, curating everything you see, warping the way you see the world. The algorithms that feed you your information, now backed up by AI generation are more than willing to feed you lies. Fake stories, AI generated images and now even convincing video is now available to the masses and is already seeing widespread use on social media. The internet has become the world of the unreal.

Governments are more than happy with this fake reality so long as they can direct it as they feed us manipulated statistics to get us to not believe our lying eyes. To them merely seeing what's happening outside makes you a radical. The more you are online, the more they can control what you see via pressure they apply on media platforms. There were cracks where truth spreads but we sit on the cusp of a complete shutdown of online discourse. An act supposed to stop kids seeing boobs now requires that you dox yourself to see what's actually happening in your country. As many predicted when this was passed, the vague description of what constituted adult content means that protests happening in the UK are now hidden from those who don't upload their British ID. This will inevitably lead to arrests of those spreading "hate" as the government merely needs to ask the platform for that persons ID if that person was naïve enough to give it. The days are numbered for online discourse in the UK and it's likely many others will follow the example in the following years.

France has implemented similar requirements for porn but they will like get expanded in future especially if the UK system proves effective. Now more than ever we need to build strong in person communities. This starts with weaving. There are many active weaves all over the UK. From as little as meeting at a bar and sharing stories, to book clubs, to hikes. Weaving seeks to connect people, to build networks and bring the real back into real life. The weaves continue to grow especially with the recent increased exposure. We hope that through networks people will build meaning and community in a world that seeks to dissolve them.





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HOWARD COX - NINA POWER  
ED DUTTON - CATHERINE BLAIKLOCK





# A Weaving Adventure to Holy Island

## By A Nonnie Mouse

On a bonny weekend in the North-East of England, five intrepid weavers set out for Lindisfarne. Known as 'Holy Island', it is a small island that was once the home to an influential monastery. Founded by St Aidan at the request of King Oswald of Northumbria to the monks of Iona, it flowered into an important site of Christian culture in Anglo-Saxon England. It was the first place ransacked by Viking raiders, but many years later a magnificent Norman prior was built, a place of worship, learning, trade and life. Today the island is home to one hundred or so residents, but thousands of tourists and pilgrims make their way to the island to enjoy its history and beauty.

The island can only be reached by a causeway that is accessible during low tides, which on that day was in the afternoon. We all bundled into the car and trundled along the wet road, passing over the sands below. Round the island we came until we were in the village. Some of us visited Lindisfarne's church and priory, while others wondered the cute gift shops. On a sunny day mixed with rain, we enjoyed pleasant views and a pint or two at a rustic looking pub. There is a Meadery on the island and my girlfriend bought me a present from there: the tiniest bottle of whiskey! It is so small that one sip would empty its refreshing and vigorous contents!

After a day of exploration, we headed back to the mainland for some quality food at the Barn at Beal. Up on the hill, it looked back across to Lindisfarne. From there one could see the attraction of the island, which had a kind of magnetic pull upon the heart. It called me back, and I hope to go again one day. There is a castle on Lindisfarne that I'd like to explore, not least because it would make an excellent defensive position (protected by the tide and a steep entryway) when the Vikings come calling again.

A great day out with good weaving friends. Can't wait for the next one already!





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# Cheddar

By Medugal

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

May 2025

Have you heard of the Mendip Hills in the south west of England? And of the place named Cheddar? A place who's name is famous for various reasons: Cheddar Gorge, Cheddar Cheese, Cheddar Man, Cheddar Goblin, to name a few. This is the location we travelled to on our recent outing. It is the location of our earliest found ancestor, a man fittingly titled cheddar man (real name Ngubu), an African immigrant of the -9th century who's skeleton was discovered within one of the caves in the area. Our ancestral lands, accessible for only £24.95. You may be thinking that the place looks like it could be the film set of a 2025 apocalyptic zombie film, and you would be correct, however the mindless beings shambling about the gift-shops are in fact just tourists.

I had committed to taking the bus that day, planning to visit the local public houses in the afternoon, only to be flimflammed by the barely functional public transport service which failed to arrive. Luckily, I was saved by another weaver, who rolled up in his Bently Continental - A little overdressed for a hike, I thought without objection. Upon our arrival we headed through the gorge on foot and immediately purchased a wedge of cheese, which proved to be very welcome, especially since two of us had wisely chosen to eat little to no food prior to the hike. We took the path from the town up the northern side of the gorge, ascending though the wooded dirt track. Along the way I raised an arm, forty-five degrees above horizontal, indicating the direction we were heading. Suddenly there was a flash, and I turned to see three ghoulish looking men chuckling, one of which was taking a photo of us. The three 'men' were



small and frail, hideously deformed with small shrunken heads and serious B12 deficiencies. They scurried along besides us for a while making obscene comments in hopes we might agree before eventually disappearing up the path ahead, when we stopped for a cheese break. At the top of the hill we paused to help an old lady who claimed to have been knocked down by a group of three miscreants, our 'friends' from earlier. From up top we soaked in the view of the ravine and the rolling hills that stretched far to the horizon, the coconut scent of bright yellow gorse in bloom drifted on the breeze. Across the ridge we roamed down narrow paths that danced along the tops of the cliff face, greeted by locals – goats camping out in the shade of sparsely scattered trees. On the way back down I saw a deer leap ten feet across the path and over the stone wall on the other side, a sight that went unnoticed by all others.

This was only half the journey, and we soon found ourselves once again climbing rocky paths up the opposite side of the gorge, with only just enough water to get us to the top. We walk along, at times precariously close to the end, passing topless sunbathers and yet more goats (also topless). The view of the gorge was... beautiful, but with water and cheese supplies low we hurried along to the other side and down Jacobs Ladder (staircase). Lunch was a much-appreciated fish and chips, freshly cooked in the town, and we then set off to the inn on side of the river – The Riverside Inn. We all ordered our very manly drink and took our seats in the sun, enjoying the perfect weather, but a poster of fluorescent blue cocktails got the better of me and I convinced another of us to join me in the two for one offer. Commotion started and we looked over to see the three freaks from earlier harassing a group of locals. They refused to answer who they were until another patron of the pub, a stranger to us, stood up and stated: "I know these three, they're from HOPE not hate!". This man did not provide any evidence of this accusation, but upon hearing it the entire establishment burst out booing and jeering. The snivelling leader of the group hurriedly lead them off the premises, but not before snatching food off a child's plate, and kicking a puppy. They clambered into a car with blacked out windows and plates reading 'h0m3 0ff1c3', which screeched away.

Our group of four then became a group of five as one more weaver turn up, perfectly timed to avoid the hike but make the drinking. The day finished off with some talking, shopping and the eventual walk back to the car, which didn't seem it at first, but was actually up-hill the whole way. The total elevation climbed for the day was three hundred metres, just enough to equal a small mountain by some classifications.





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A red panda is shown yawning while resting on a thick, textured log. The panda's face is the central focus, with its mouth wide open, revealing a pink tongue and white teeth. Its fur is a mix of reddish-brown and white, with long white whiskers. Above the panda's head is a stylized sunburst graphic composed of numerous dark green lines radiating outwards. The background is a plain, light color.

Always be  
weaving  
-Dave Green