

ISSUE 8



**IN  
THE  
WEAVE**

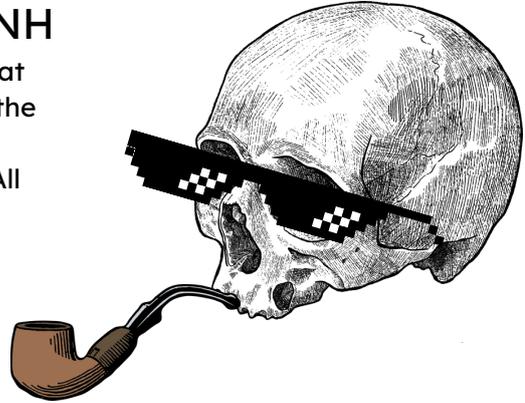
**Basketweavers  
Magazine**

# JOIN US FOR THIS!

## 3rd FRIDAY EVENING EACH MONTH

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!

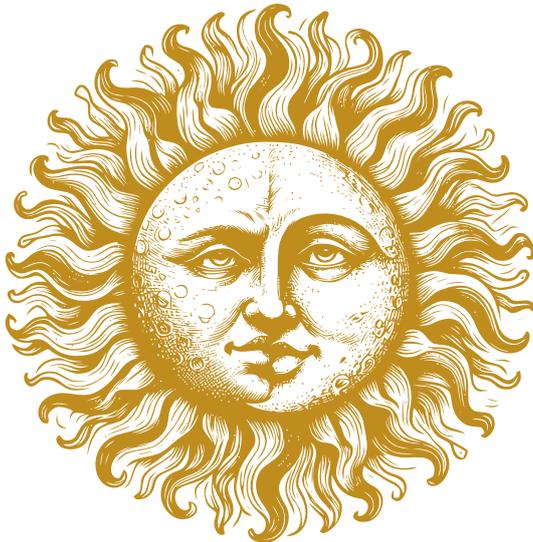
Contact @justinabraun



## 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



# Weaving at the Witan

Blamblas

The herald has been sounded! Answer ye, O' England!

The Witan, Scyldings' prestigious conference of the Based and the Brilliant, was held this year in Birmingham - once the heart of British industrial power, now a city unrecognisable to many of its former inhabitants. Fittingly, then, the theme of this Witan was Generations, the changing world, its uncertain future, and the question on the minds of so many in our circles: "What are we going to leave for the young?"

The streets of Birmingham were shockingly... modern, even to me as someone living inside the M25, but the venue itself - The Grand Hotel - was absolutely magnificent! The hotel itself, a grand old building, had previously had to shut down in a sorry state, but its former beauty had been more than adequately restored, and it served as an excellent home to this year's conference.

Having arrived and checked in, the first order of business for all of us was to meet and mingle (which, for many people, is the real draw of the event). For me, it was a pleasure to catch up with familiar faces, speak to the many incredible new faces, and finally get to shake the hands of the many interesting people who had otherwise only existed as little avatars on my computer screen.

Eventually came the time to really set things off!

Rather than summarise all the speeches one after the other, I think it's perhaps more interesting to talk about the themes present in this Witan. Despite the nominal theme being Generations, there were really two other unofficial themes that emerged, along with the main theme and some outlier speeches.

The first unofficial theme was that of 'how to win'. Perhaps unsurprisingly, there was a real desire in the room for a plan of action or inspiration about how we might forge our nation's future. The second theme, however, was the debate between Christianity and secularism. Despite minimal showing from the secular side (beyond a debate about the right-wing credentials of Tolkien), there was a sense from many people that Christianity, which might have otherwise been an obvious beacon at The Witan, was instead on the back foot against the secularists. Unfortunately, I don't think that debate can ever be settled, but it was interesting to see nonetheless.

All in all, the speeches of this year's Witan were fascinating and eye-opening. However, the best part for me, and for most people I spoke to, simply had to be the many interesting conversations arising from the concentrated intellectual power of the many attendees. As weavers, who yearn for good connections with smart, switched-on people, the Witan was absolutely perfect. I shall be sure to attend the next one, too!

# 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





# INDIGO

## A Weaving Hike to Serpentine Falls

The morning skies were clear, with hardly a vapor in sight, but the reports were confident, and sure enough, not halfway down the trail, an endless grey dimmed the light... endless grey beset endless shower, mercifully light, but cumulative. No socks were spared their soggy fate.

It was a sign of the times; sudden, we received no physical trauma, but the change in the air was totalizing. And we were all glad not to be alone. Three of us gathered the night before, but the planning meeting was cut short by an acquaintance's quickly arranged vigil, a gathering of strangers in honour of a man we knew... a man everyone knew...

The neck of Innocence has been stabbed.

The voice of Dialogue has been shot.

No cry for help caught the air.

No rebuke of evil reached our ear.

Their absence apparent as the onward path;—but the world had lost its colour. Our eyes would have to adjust; our hearts take refuge in why we came, and faith in a simple plan, in order that the new dreariness could not bring on despair.

So we talked of plans, big and small, the trail kind enough not to let any serious talk go on too long without a spontaneous practical obstacle, a sight to behold, and a re-ordering of the company with fresh air to breathe forth the spirit of companionship so needed now.

Our weaving community so young, yet our nation's history stretching back to over two hundred years ago! The land we crossed to hike these hills told the story of our pioneers: inland of the beating port—clogged by layers of suburbs stretching coastwise now longer than any city on God's earth—northward lies a million miles of sun-burnt dirt, but the south lands are lamb friendly, ripe for logging and living, they thought.

Not the first to notice, nor the first to claim it by force, even the most promising terrain brought desperation, deadly challenge, and broken dreams. What this can and should mean to us is another day's dilemma, ours now is getting warm when the publican is too busy to light the fire but too friendly to tell us to just sit inside and deal with the noise.

Smiley bastard!

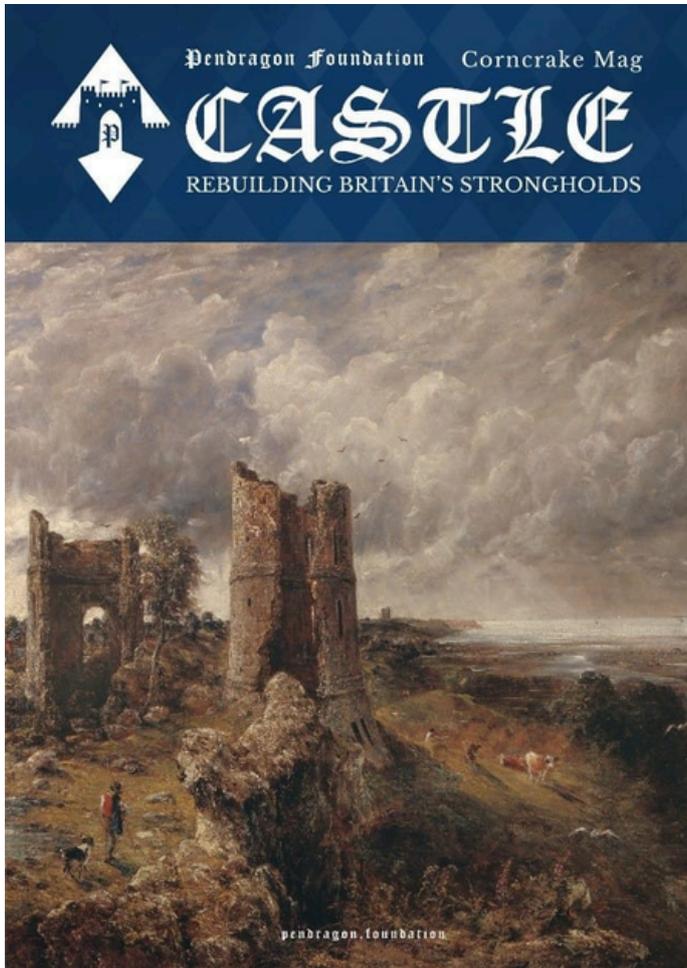
# Weave Table

Starting the 16<sup>th</sup> of August

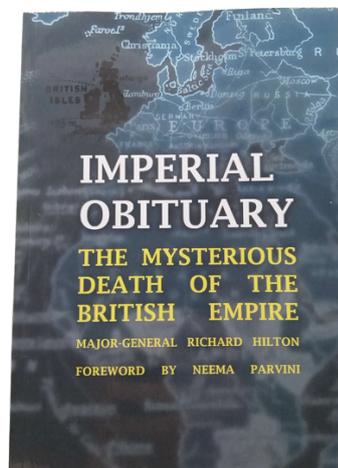
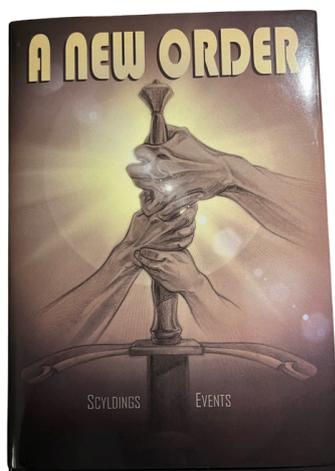
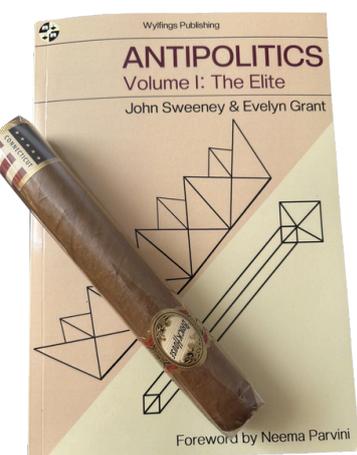
Australia weavers	9
London Weavers	7
Oregon Weavers	5
Manchester	4
Scotland Weavers	4
Brighton Weavers	3
Newcastle	2
Indiana	2



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Concept: K1D

Execution: Si Smith

# First Fleet Forum

Charting Terra Nullius

Hunter Region  
24.10 - 26.10 2025

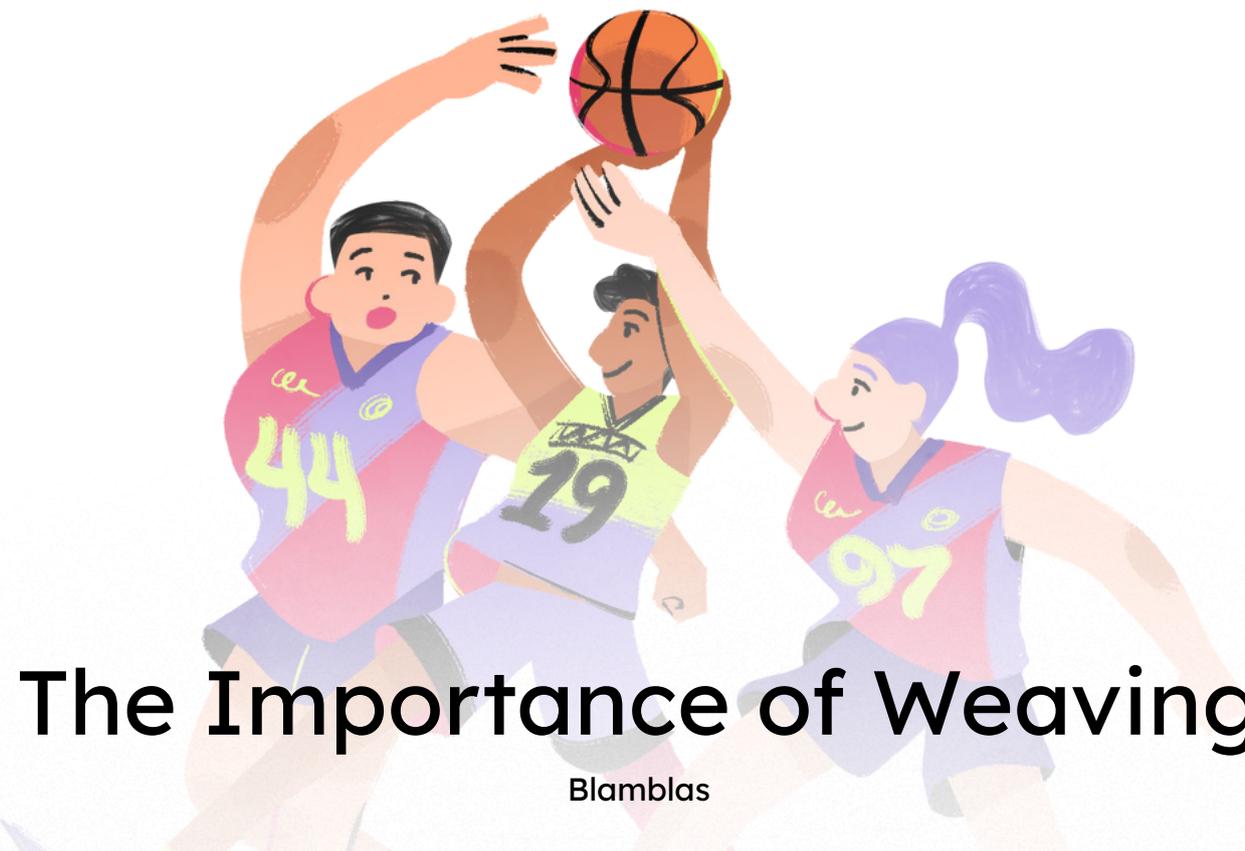
Russel Walter  
Dr. Frank Salter  
Survive The Jive  
Sargon Of Akkad



IMPERIUM  
PRESS



**BRITISH  
AUSTRALIAN  
COMMUNITY**

An illustration of three basketball players in action. The player on the left is wearing a purple jersey with the number 44 and is reaching up. The player in the middle is wearing a yellow jersey with the number 19 and is holding the basketball. The player on the right is wearing a purple jersey with the number 97 and is also reaching up. The background is white with a faint, light purple circular glow behind the players.

# The Importance of Weaving

Blamblas

Over the past few months, I have made it my mission to weave in many new locations and meet many new people. As of writing, I have been to a total of 13 pubs across 7 settlements, meeting around 30 fresh faces. So, what have I found? If I were to explain to my normie friends that the Basket Weavers are a group mostly of zoomers and late millennials interested in niche right-wing philosophy, they might expect us to be terminal autists awkwardly discussing unpopular political ideas in dingy backstreet bars. In fact, it's the very opposite! Far from being awkward, I have found most weavers to be positively charismatic, confident, and caring. And, far from being politics-obsessed, the conversations tend to be about things going on in our lives, the happenings of the local area, and the interesting ideas espoused by various online influencers. These are not the secret meetings of society's outcasts, but the healthy and wholesome gatherings of excellent friends!

For newcomers, this is often a welcome surprise! Thanks to a recent publication by a certain left-wing charity, which is to remain unnamed, there has been a huge influx of new faces, and I have had the privilege of meeting many of them on their first weaves. Many such newcomers have expressed that, before they found basket weavers, they felt lonely, isolated, and without purpose. Who can be surprised when the mainstream demonises anyone to the right of Ed Davey? But, in the basket weavers, these newbies find communities where they can, at last, be open, be honest, and be themselves. It is like taking a breath of freshness after hours of sitting in musty, stale air, and the response is always brilliant!

So, if you feel isolated, that you're kbottling up your opinions, and that you crave community with like-minded people, then Basket Weavers will surely be for you. Trust me, we have all been there.

Go weave!

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# Coming Home to Yourself

Vivec\_the\_poet

Let me tell you a story. It's probably a familiar story. A fair percentage of the people reading this have probably lived through a conspicuously similar one, and I'd be comfortable betting that all of you have heard at least one variation of it from someone in our circles. This version, at risk of being redundant, is my story. And at the risk of sounding vain, my story is our story. It's a story about coming home to yourself. I am, by nature an introvert. This is not to be mistaken as anti-social, in either the authentic or performative millennial flavour the word; I enjoy the company of others. I just prefer the company of others in small, manageable doses, and my natural social disposition is that of a listener, an observer, and a thinker, when it isn't that of a monastic hermit. It isn't that I find social situations or crowds to be stressful, or intimidating, or emotionally taxing. Weirdly enough actually I was also kind of a theatre kid, once upon a time. Rather, it's simply that my natural, default instinct is to prefer solitude and silence, most of the time. All of this is to say that I am content with a small, closely-knight social circle, and that I don't get out much. There is, however, a gulf of a difference between "I have a few friends" and "I have no friends," which is something I didn't truly appreciate until after the past five years of harrowing atomization and social division. Sometimes you don't really appreciate what you have until it's gone, even if the thing you miss was basically bad for you. I live in a city that can be fairly asserted to be the "Libtard Capital of Canada," which isn't an easy feat of course, but it seems to be something we've prided ourselves in for a long time, so I'm fairly certain that if there was a formal ranking or competition, we'd take gold. This was never particularly ideal, but it wasn't really an issue, or even something I thought of outside of being a minor annoyance until, say, 2020-ish. Your home is your home, and this has been my home for nearly two thirds of my life. This is where my friends and family lived. And, if nothing else, familiarity can be more than sufficient reason on its own to love something, let alone feel attachment to it. Oh boy, what could go wrong? I'm not quite sure what the first actual crack that formed was or when it happened. There world hasn't exactly been, for lack of a better word, "normal" in decades, but even in the late 2010s day-to-day life in my community was reasonable, and I had somehow successfully managed to surround myself with friends and acquaintances who I assumed to be reasonable, able to handle disagreements or diverse perspectives if not completely apolitical. These were people I had a history with, similar interests, shared hobbies, the same tastes, ambitions, memories, and inside jokes. People that I'd laughed and cried with for decades. The kind of things that in any normal era one would assume would be the basic connective tissue of friendship and community. It wasn't a big circle, but it was enough. But again, the cracks formed. Practically overnight, the majority of the people I thought I knew, and trusted, and liked, who I had assumed felt the same way about me, changed. People who had been more or less ambivalent towards politics in December of 2019 were some of the people with the strongest ideological opinions by the time December of 2020 rolled around. Suddenly, I felt pressure to bite my tongue around people I was used to speaking openly and freely with. And this is to say nothing of the months of total social isolation. And by December of 2021, my curated, comfortable network of dozens of local friends I had known for the past fifteen years had expended the last of the sentimentality that was

gluing it together and I found myself ostracized by those who I had not simply quietly drifted away from. Even for someone that's natural disposition is to choose to be alone, complete or near complete social isolation is madness-inducing. Of course I still had online friends. However, even if the internet wasn't a sort of minefield of parasocial pitfalls and surrogate activities, it isn't a substitute for actual tangible community, and being able to talk to someone face to face. That's not to say online means "not real." It's perfectly doable to build a genuine, authentic group of friends with similar interests, values, interests, and the like, and have a real, tangible relationship with each other. You just need to be prepared to spend a thousand dollars each on plane tickets if you want to go to the pub together. I had heard of Basket Weaving for some time before getting involved, but due to the aforementioned "Libtard Capital of Canada" dilemma and the implosion of my social circle, I had always had this assumption that it was something that happened somewhere else. In some other city, people were building communities. In some foreign, exotic land, people like me were exchanging ideas with each other. Maybe someday, I would move somewhere else and be able to meet people like me. My fate was to watch from the sidelines. Yeah so anyways, fast forward to January of this year: I'm sitting in a local dive bar with a handful of young men, and names like "Carl Schmitt" "Curtis Yarvin" and "Dave Greene" that I had never dreamed of hearing offline are being uttered in between bottles of Alexander Keiths. It didn't end at bringing the online to meatspace, either. We bemoaned national and local issues, the lack of tangible political solutions within Canada, the early stages of what I like to think of as the "Heisenberg's Uncertainty Tariffs". Immigration and the early onset jeetification of our major cities.

This thing that "happened somewhere else" was happening in front of me and I was taking part in it. And the guy who organized our weave is practically my next door neighbour. I was still trying to process all of this when the well-dressed Asian man with the radio voice started handing out excerpts from an anti-diversity dialogue that had a sort of "diet Jared Taylor" quality to it. I still haven't quite processed that. Since my initial Weave I've been to two others. We're expecting to grow, numbers wise. I've managed to talk people I know into seeking out their local Weaves and get involved. There's something sort of devious about walking through the "bongo-drums and pride flag" atmosphere of the hollowed out and deracinated downtown core, knowing you have a secret. There's something slightly thrilling about openly dissenting and declaring the rampant hypocrisy of the bureaucratic class over pints in view of the green stained-copper roof of the tower of gay Barad-Dur. Something hilarious about moving invisibly past a crowd of Elbows-Upoids and meeting in one of their bars, on their street, in their neighborhood, to have conversations they wouldn't approve of while they remain blissfully unaware you even exist. The connections I've made are starting to rebuild and replace the ones I've lost. Not only that, but there's something more authentic about these ones, because I know exactly where we all stand. There is no longer an insincere disconnect between the person I am walking down the street and the person I am online. There's no putting on an act and passive acceptance for the benefit of other people who would not show me the same courtesy. Weaving hasn't just refocused my energy and my attention onto what can be done in my local community, but has re-framed my entire perspective on what is possible, and what is real. A switch flipped in my head that first night that made me realize that our ideas, our values, and our memes aren't just some sort of bizarre thing that can only be experienced through surrogate online activities. Atomization and isolation are some of the most effective tools in the anti-civilizational arsenal, but in the end they are ultimately a lie. Even for the most reclusive, introverted people, atomization is unnatural. We are not designed to be units of one.

Even if its as simple as finding, or forming, a group to meet once a month to shoot the shit and drink, real, authentic, physical gatherings are a pure and effective form of reactionary resistance against the deluge. And I can't help but wonder how many people are like I was, unaware that they are surrounded by people just like themselves, thinking that our gatherings are the type of thing that happens to someone else, somewhere else. My endorsement of this thing of ours for anyone whose on the fence: You are not uniquely damned to solitude by the accident of your geographical location. There's either a weave near you, or enough people somewhere to start one. We aren't alone. In reality, we have friends everywhere, we just haven't met all of them yet.

