

ISSUE 11



IN
THE
WEAVE

Basketweavers
Magazine

ROAR!

NO BULLY PLS

MAG SHUTTING DOWN



“For those of you in the cheap seats
I’d like ya to clap your hands to this
one; the rest of you can just rattle
your jewelry!”

John Lenin



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





For the Dating Types

Get your act together
Finish your plate
Clean your room
and don't be late

Dont be a slob
Leave nothing to fate
Buy some flowers
and impress your date

Happy Valentines Day
from Jordan Peterson



WE DON'T WANT YOU!

DON'T WRITE FOR IN THE WEAVE!

- No short paragraphs
- No partial reports
- Write under your real name only
- From one paragraph up to yeehaw
- Report on what didn't happen
- Why you like to weave? Like do you even?
- Why is weaving good, or not.



A Night Out in Bath

Ethan



We rolled into the underground parking after, astonishingly, making our way into the city centre. You see, Bath is situated in the valley of the Avon river, (Avon meaning 'river' in Anglo-Saxon e.g 'River river') so getting there meant a fair amount climbing. Bad news if you're a little 1.2 litre car engine. I parked whilst privately cursing the lack of foresight in the founding of this Roman settlement. You can't get everything right, can you?

My passenger and I met our fellow weavers with time for one drink before we set out towards the venue. Unknown to me, he had brought some tobacco to share. A customary weaving commodity, except his was in the form of snuff! Our congregation of smokers and drinkers delighted in the powder, sniffing and snorting the assortment of flavours, leaving us all quite brown in the nose. Among the many new faces, it came to light that a young American fellow had also decided to join us for tonight's entertainment. After becoming somewhat familiar and immediately forgetting each other's names, we set off.

The bearded man politely asked if he could give my bald head a rub. I obliged.

Tickets were scanned through on arrival and one of our number mentions he wasn't able to buy one. I dash into the building to speak with the organiser, who then graciously allows our friend a seat. This was when I met the speaker for this evening, Carl Benjamin. He gave a friendly smile before resuming the conversation that I had disturbed. A smartly dressed chap with a strong West Country accent mentions he had seen young women waiting in the hallway across from the conference room we stood in.

"Some sort of zumba dance class, probably." He suggests we make our escape before the lights promptly dim and we begrudgingly take our seats.

Now I'd love to tell you what Mr.Benjamin spoke of, but I honestly can't remember. It was something something decline, something migration and then time for a Q&A.

Our oddball bunch of weavers later ventured into the cold night air in search of a pub. We found The Ram with an empty upstairs bar to promptly take for our own. Discussions quickly leapfrogged from topic to topic and I do recall a heated debate on the marriagability of Shamina Begun. Aha! A prize of a woman to be sure; being a young lady that passionately stands up for her ideals and may score you points on the old virtue signalling ladder.

So there we are, a night out in Bath.

The Waves of Westward

Ho!

Hoseworth

It was my first weave in Westward Ho! Me and my friends were thrilled to be alive and in the salty air on Devon's west coast. We wanted a drink and my best friend Little Bulbus wanted to trot up to The Pig on the Hill, so we could have a good feed. We think we did this with style....

We then took a walk along the seaside, drunk on good ale. We egged each other on to go for a dip in the sea. With clothes on, no homo. Little Bulbus did not ride the waves, but sank under. Luckily I am a powerful swimmer and rescued him from an imminent eternity. Out of gratitude, he swore on his life that he would come by my allotment in the autumn to harvest plums. I hope the smell of herring has washed out by then.

Afterwards, we discussed Evola's Ride the Tiger through our chattering teeth. In case you are unaware, there are neither tigers nor meaning in Devon, so we rode the waves instead.



Little Bulbus and I got into an argument. He insists that smoking cigarettes with a filter is not for real men to do, and I insisted a filter is not a deciding factor in defining manhood. Furthermore Eric told Little Bulbus to stuff his talk about manhood until he learned how to swim.

Eric discovered that he had waded into the waves without removing his Partagas from the pocket in his dinner jacket but luckily the sea had already salted his cheeks. Little Bulbus then reached for his bag on the sand and offered him one of his Montecristos and the sun shone from Eric's face once more.

One cigar is better than no cigar.



THE WITAN 2026

FOUNDATIONS FIRST

MILLENNIAL WOES

APOSTOLIC MAJESTY

HARRY ROBINSON / AYDIN PALADIN

EMIL KIRKEGAARD / BLAMBLAS BRITANNICA / LUKE GILFEDDER

AUGUST 28-30TH



SCYLDINGS

WEAVE TABLE



Weavers	Weaves
London	13
Mid England	11
Oregon	5
Australia	6
Bath/Bristol	3
Brighton	2
Glasgow	4
Hades	69
Westward Ho!	420



CORNCRAKE

FEB 2026
ISSUE 24

Glasgow 22nd Street
William Riverdale

Algernon Blackwood
Fyodor Dostoevsky
Kenneth Graham
Breton Riviere

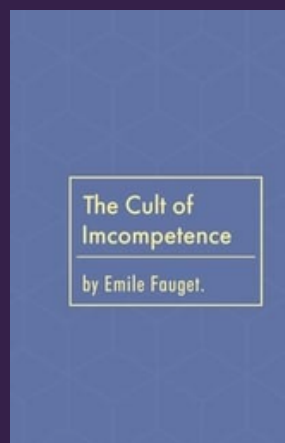
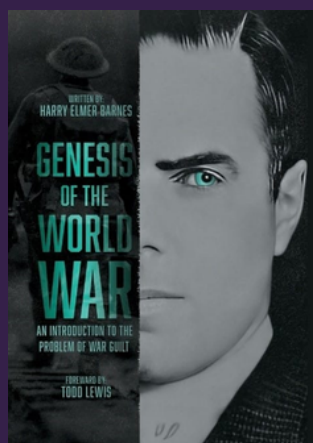
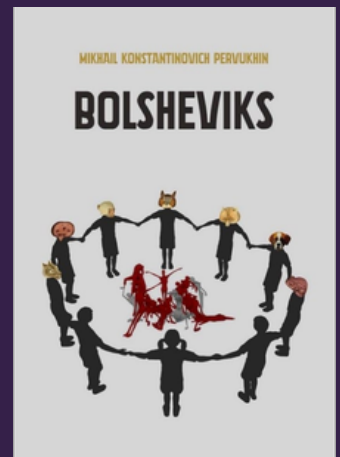
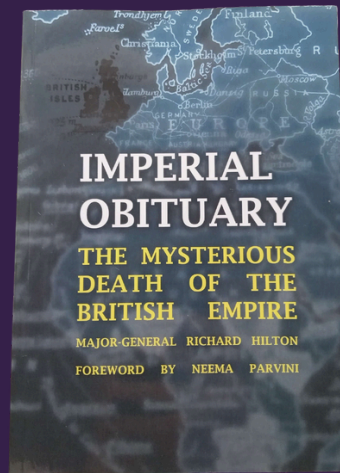
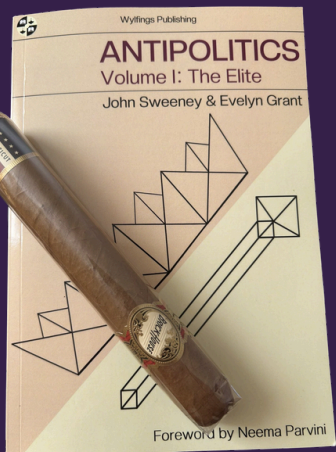
Luke Gilfedder
Edward White

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

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remembered.



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A woman with dark hair and sunglasses, wearing a thick white fur coat, is laughing joyfully. A grey dog is standing on its hind legs, leaning against her and licking her face. The scene is set outdoors in a snowy environment with bare trees in the background.

**“Inspirobot told me:
there is a
connection
between ‘sex’ and
‘abuse’.”**





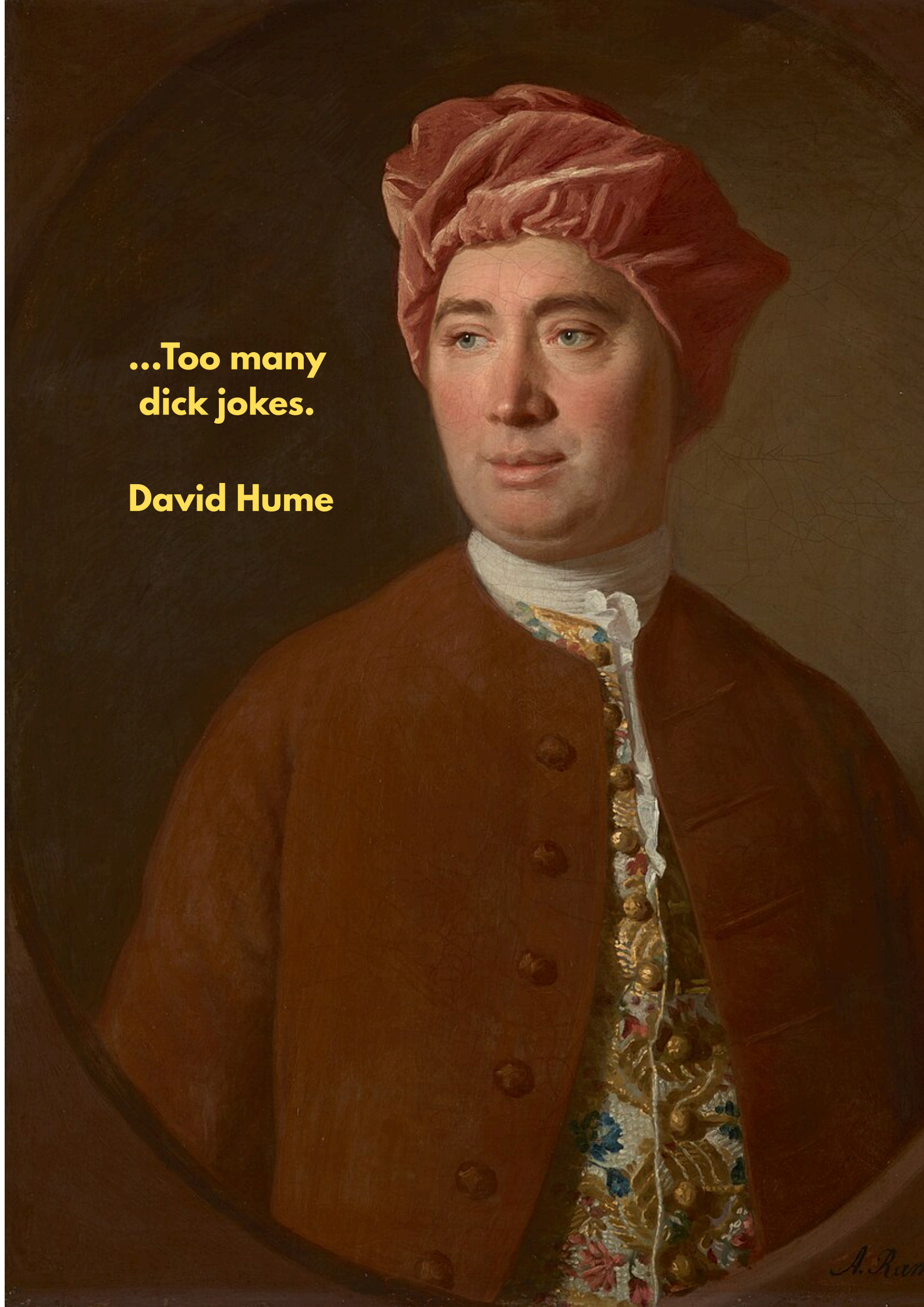


Concept: 

Execution: Si Smith

**...Too many
dick jokes.**

David Hume



A. Ramsay



Always be
weaving
-Dave Green

