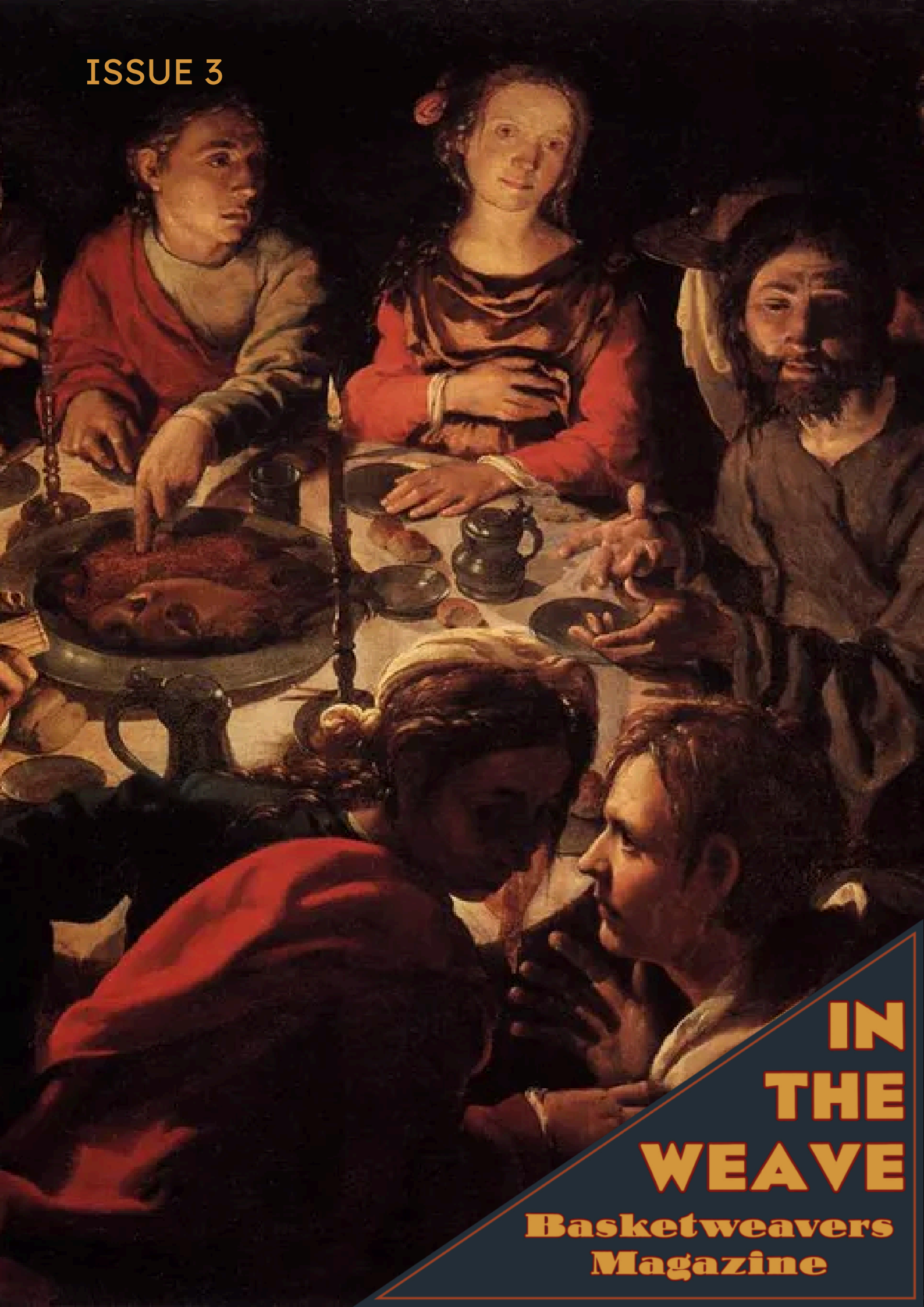


ISSUE 3



**IN
THE
WEAVE**

**Basketweavers
Magazine**

THE OFFICIAL BASKETWEAVERS MAGAZINE

December 2024

JOIN US FOR THIS!	4
Where Were you?!	5
ENGAGEMENT Skilos	6
THE FINEST DINING Balkwill	7
SOUTH KENSINGTON FEAST Shieldmaiden	10
AT CHRISTMAS TIME Traditional English Poem	12
KNIGHTS OF THE FAITH Rupert August	13
THE HISTORY OF THE READING CHAPER Pt.2 Redacted	16
Wassail	17

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.

WE WANT YOU!

Write for In The Weave!

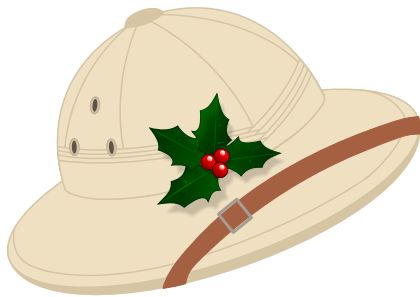
- Short paragraphs
- Partial reports
- Write under pseudonyms
- From one paragraph up to 600 words
- Report on what happened
- Why you like to weave
- Why is weaving good



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



December 7. Toronto Company of Adventurers hosts Dinner and Conversation. Info at ontario.scyldings.com

JANUARY 10-13 2025

In organisation is the Grand National Intertwine event across the British Isles. North England location.

Reach out to @buddingsquaw if you want to join.



FEBRUARY 2025

In organisation is the ski trip run by London Basketweavers. Reach out to @KCarlsson on discord.

Where Were You?!

- October 25. In the legendary location known as #No Access (somewhere in England), St Crispin's day was celebrated. Saint Crispin, along with his brother Saint Crispinian, is the patron saint of cobblers, curriers, tanners, and leather workers. The brothers were born into a noble Roman family in the 3rd century AD. They left Rome and traveled to France, where they preached Christianity and worked at night as shoemakers. During the reign of Emperor Diocletian (284-305 AD), they were arrested and beheaded for their faith on October 25, 285 or 286 AD. As a result of their martyrdom, Saints Crispin and Crispinian became revered as patron saints of various leather working professions. Their feast day, October 25, is celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church, Eastern Orthodox Church, and Church of England. In some accounts, they are also associated with Faversham in England, where they allegedly became apprenticed to a shoemaker.
- 9th November. Colorado Weave at a ramen place. Big turn out from across the front range.
- 1st November. London had a huge weave! At least 10 men plus a few others.
- 4th November. 55 men and women arrived for Oregon's Second Annual Formal Weaving Event. Absolutely spectacular.



Engangement

By skilos



One advantage of membership in a worldwide secret group of increasingly-offline spergs is that when plans fall apart, there's often a Weaver to step up and assist.

Garden of the Gods is a beautiful location in the heart of Colorado Springs, sandstone monoliths rising out of high desert foliage. It's home to many a fun climb, but the site I picked for a proposal was the top of Montezuma Tower, a barely-two-pitch 5.7 that would have been a fun top out and a secluded spot to guarantee no crowds disturbed the moment. I stealth coordinated with her friends to have them sneak into the park while we were climbing, having them plan to snap photos of the moment and some poses on the ground.

Unfortunately, life had other plans; my finacee-to-be pulled her bicep and was out for the count on climbing efforts, and her friends got swamped with work and all bailed, leaving me without a location or a photographer. Luckily, Weaver Funny99Man lives in the area and was able to commandeer his brother's camera, snapping a good number of photos of the event.

The happy couple





The Finest Dining

-Balkwill

The furnishings and seating placement had been meticulously thought-out, with broad space all around for the waiting staff to go about unimpeded. Every man sat not so close to bash elbows but close enough to be engagingly drawn in. The collection of cutlery was impeccable too, correct to the Debrett's guide studied in preparation.

The seating plan we designated ourselves according to said Debrett's: Couples were split and spread around the table to encourage unusual conversations, enforcing a different cliquing that was compounded by the more natural motions before & after, such as prior where introductions are made and post where men retreat to the lounge and the women are left together.

A jovial toast to commence the dining was had to TND (totally nice dinner if anyone asks), but really a serious toast to an experience worth sharing, to people worth being with, and to a lifestyle that demands the best of us. The menu too was as meticulous as the room, and delivered in whole servings each a sufficient meal in itself: Chicken liver parfait on sourdough, a tuna poke with pickled ginger, and a hefty beef fillet dressed in truffle & Madeira jus. After these mains a whole roomful of conversations finished in a hush like a preordained moment, to hear one say "f**k me I'm stuffed" in sweet clarity hearing our thoughts out loud. The sentiment was shared and yet placed before us was the genius of the desserts: A passionfruit sorbet & champagne spritz that was as refreshing as bathing in a tarn on Mt. Olympus, followed by a black forest bombe encased in a chocolate sphere, melted open by the waitresses pouring hot runny chocolate like cherubs with milk & honey pots.

Several months planning and enthusiasm building: A spectacle of a Weave to flaunt the finest and dine

like Aristocrats, attending a Michelin-Star hotel for a private 6-course banquet for the full ensemble of great food, great company, but crucially of great etiquette and old formality, making it so special to inspire sacrificing the usual nights out and spending hours on wardrobes. There's no element of snobbery to this: Purely Elevation, actualised in a Positive vision to be high calibre.

The night begins with us gathering at the host's residence, getting ready without rushing and breaking ice in a kippering haze from the smoke of a dozen exquisitely-aged Montecristo Cuban cigars. The collection of ash-stacks and red ribbon papers left in a gaudy Regency orb was a work of art; a still shot in the after-hours echoing that something awesome was afoot. Stern reminders were had too for sharp dress: Stiff collars, even ties and no scuffs to be seen on any shoes.

The short walk to the hotel was to be part of the spectacle too, seeing a mob of us bedecked in our best striding across town, like Bateman's power walk through the office and lead by the host with coattails & cane ahead of the band.

The venue itself vibed well with our goals: Run by a local philanthropist who subsidised it out of pocket to keep prices accessible. The exclusivity coming from its reputation and the behaviours it warrants. We were greeted by prim staff who took our coats and lead us upstairs... And there we were, in a high-ceilinged ballroom with a singular long table, adorned with Christmas decorations in shades of gold, green & silver, laid with polished glassware catching the glint of warmly-hued chandeliers and waves of the lit fireplace. The cosiness was unmarred by the impressionist paintings of the local Welsh countryside in typical gloomy weather.

These cheese & port with coffees after completed the setting, every expectation of order met, and professionally executed without compromise.

By the end of our time in the ballroom we were indeed all stuffed, but joyously to no shame the remains were boxed up in the hotel's own-branded papers; the night already long after five hours but there was another eight to go yet. As enough of an excuse to keep going, never mind the vigour and high spirits, was the grave taboo of leaving an opened bottle of port unfinished, and also the hilarious imperative that said port be passed leftwards without direct request. Spengler stayed in mind, glowering expression stating "Civilisation is incommunicable"; I would try to imagine explaining fantastic quirks such as this, but likewise on reflection with all the other nuances we kept ourselves in check to, finding there was an ancestral stirring to them that warmed the blood and only that blood; to else a chill when faced with alien ritual. I'm reminded too of Ripping Yarn's Roger of the Raj, taking our Colonial-Edwardian habits to their comical extreme, highlighted by a great scene of officers at the table offing themselves in turn for committing a faux pas, beginning with asking for the port. Put in the spotlight to that absurd degree made it easy to realise there's something sacred about it, about not just the foundational traditions but the fruiting embellishments on top.

The night draws on into the longest hours. Pipes stoked & restocked, glasses filled & refilled, the headiest philosophy reached with Nick Land at 6a.m. Coming down through our usual style whilst settling deep inside was the magic of those few hours spent at the banquet.

It could be called a big larp, play-pretend, but to where all Realisations have to start I'd say better yet: Instead of larping it was "Becoming", instead of pretending it was "Invoking". Something genuine has rubbed off on us since then that will be carried into the next, with the etiquette and dress code dialed up.

There will be more of these events, and every one shall be stricter & grander than the last in an iterative uplifting together. Other Aristocratic pursuits are on the radar too: Opera & hunting, art galleries & expeditions, all to be done broadening our experiences and Internalising the heights of Civilised Man.

This was a 20-man weave, comprised of 14 gents & 6 ladies who have come together over the past couple years through Basketweaving, and proving to be of exceptional stock that puts the effort in. A selection from Bristol, Birmingham & South Wales, already formidable groups, coming together to ambitiously bring Basketweaving to its loftiest potential that every Weaver should be able to reach too.



**Toronto
Company of
Adventurers**



**DINNER
AND
CONVERSATION**

**DECEMBER 7th
4 PM to 10 PM**

**Featuring:
Dimes, Dave the Distributist
& More!**

**Tickets (Dinner & Drinks incl.):
\$50, \$40 Early Bird
Semi-Formal Attire Required**

More info at: ontario.scyldings.com



South Kensington Feast

-Shieldmaiden

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!” I yelled internally in a controlled manner as I walked across Hyde Park.

I had made the misogynistic mistake of not sewing pockets into my own coat, and now was suffering. My cordless earphones had died, and now I was forced to hold my phone in order to experience the joys of synthwave purring in my ears, as plug in earphones are a silly invention. I needed gloves but also they were bothersome, and the bottle of mango coke that I had tucked under my arm had spilled down the long length of my Victorian reproduction coat.

I felt ripped off. I held a dysgenic coloured rose. I had been accosted by a non english speaker outside of paddington who appeared to be wishing me a merry christmas but then rambled about having four kids. I gave her 3 pounds and a handful of pence coins, and pretended I couldn't use an ATM, but now my soul loathed the rose, and as I neared a Prince Albert memorial statue I made a donation to the nearest bin. I felt so much better after that. And continued on my journey towards the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The museum was not as I expected. I imagined it to be full of memorabilia of their lives, but it was full of good things and woke things. Beside busts of long dead people, carved by men of skill and talent were some ugly black heads of no one in particular, carved in an uber-realistic, larger-than-life style by no one in particular. It was jarring and out of place. I went up steps decorated in ceramic art and emerged on the top floor, to halls of silver and quality paintings. I felt at home amongst the echoes of the ancestors. I swapped my fluffy russian hat for a hair pin in the shape of a sword and strode confidently through the columned halls and ye olde

decorated rooms. I was filled with concern as to the polishing requirements of the collection, no less when happening upon three life sized lions made entirely of silver.

I was soon joined by the Fez, he looked at home amongst the luxury in his white tie ensemble and was graced with the rare fez. We looked through the paintings, and I randomly commented that a huge picture must weigh a ton. The Fez, in his careful manner of speech disagreed and suggested it would weigh less depending on if the picture was on canvas or wood. And so the tone of our interaction was set. I made generalisations and used colloquialisms and he answered with precision.

I gave way to my inner woman and we went to the jewellery section. I critiqued the size of a huge necklace, which caused the Fez to point out my apparent hypocrisy at a later stage as I admired an enormous silver and diamond bodice decoration. We looked at girdles, or what you and I would call a belt, and then we were hassled from the room by an attendant who seemed desperate to get us all out. We found most of the museum to be closed up so we departed, but not before beholding a strange and odd collection of fans and blinking lights and those garden fan things that move using the wind. The Fez read the inscription and informed me that it was a christmas tree. I stared at him incredulously. I looked at the description. My mind struggled. The below image was taken by yours truly to trigger your disgust mechanisms. The inscription blabbed about wholesome wind power, though the fans were probably run by coal generated power stations. So yeah. Wholesome and free and environmentally friendly power of wind indeed. Say that next time you eat too many beans in polite company.

We went to a nearby pub and got a drink. We stood outside on the curb and so began a very strange conversation. A woman rocked up, she was middle aged and of global citizen physiognomy. She began by asking what is up with the princess and the fez. She requested jokes from the Fez and complimented my coat. It was approximately the 6th complement of the day on it. I am a magnificent seamstress and designer if I do say so myself. The woman spoke of how her opinions upset people and proceeded to range between "But Gaza - No Israel" and ended up deciding that it was the British people who were responsible for giving the jews the land after WW2. My brain cells began to struggle and our global citizen rushed away with as much ease as she had approached. The Fez and I laughed and moved the conversation onto other important topics: The quality of fabric.

I discussed the cost of pure wool, and the Fez threw caution to the wind as he spoke of mohair and then onto silk and at last landed upon the idea that spider silk would be the ideal fabric of choice for me. I would be the only person in the world with a spider silk coat, he informed me. I questioned the procuring of such a material and he suggested I take up milking spiders. It would be an illustrious career choice for me, though he could not do so himself as that is what servants are for. The concept of milking spiders was abit much even for my background in the colonies, so the Fez suggested kitting some kind of metal. In this case my body would remain warm in the cold, not due to the warming properties of the fabric, but due to the sheer weight I would be forced to carry. It would be quite the experience for other weavers if I were to show up all buff and angry to winter events.

We went for a short stroll, and then the Based one joined us. He threw back his head and laughed at the idea of milking spiders, then suggested using a spider to 3D print things. He too looked splendid in his white tie and he tried to stuff paper napkins into his pocket to give off the impression of a pocket square. He decided that if anyone asks he will inform them that it was actually spider silk. We then proceeded towards the venue.

The crowds gathered, we were 20 all up, including the four women in attendance. We sat around a long table, the intelligent ones on one end and the rabble on the other. Well, the only rabble there was me. You, dear reader, think I am being harsh to myself, but if you saw me using a fork you would understand.

The food was excellent. A three course spanish style with a mixed grill main. We got boards heaped with different foods laid out before us upon the table, and they were quickly emptied and more put in their place. Discussions surrounded the food and Christmas plans. The drinks flowed and conversation with it. Everyone

was catching up and discussing future plans and reflecting on the year, and there was much merriment. When the meat arrived, there was negotiation of portion sizes and seconds.

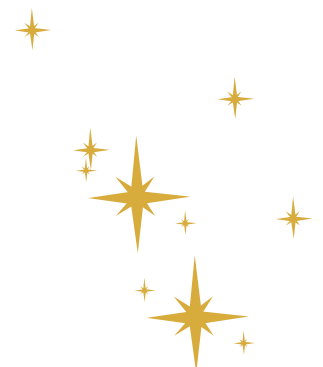
It got late, and the honourable Yasin took some photos and then proceeded to give a speech. It is tradition at this point for him to do so. He "chatted shit" as he put it, but in reality he went over the last three years of basket weaving, mentioned the three weddings since last christmas dinner, and thanked everyone for their hard work and for making this year the best ever.

An absent weaver gave Yasin a bunch of tokens to pass out, they are to be used in shopping trolleys, black with the letter W on them. For Weaver obviously. They are a throwback to the first xmas dinner where Yasin gave away lapel pins of the letter W on them.

The bill arrived, and I felt my female predisposition to socialism fading into the background.

With that sorted I had to depart, train drama and all that. As I left the establishment I got my 10th complement on my coat for the night from the smokers and off to the underground I trotted. I had to ask advice from two extremely helpful men as to what train to catch and soon I was on my way. I felt anxious about getting to Paddington in time, as I was not sure how long it would take to get there. A quite drunk man interrupted my thoughts at frequent intervals to compliment my coat and tell me how I was the most stylish out of everyone there.

Arrived in Paddington with 9 minutes to spare and cramped myself into the overloaded train. Choo choo, bye bye and all that, and off I sailed into the west.

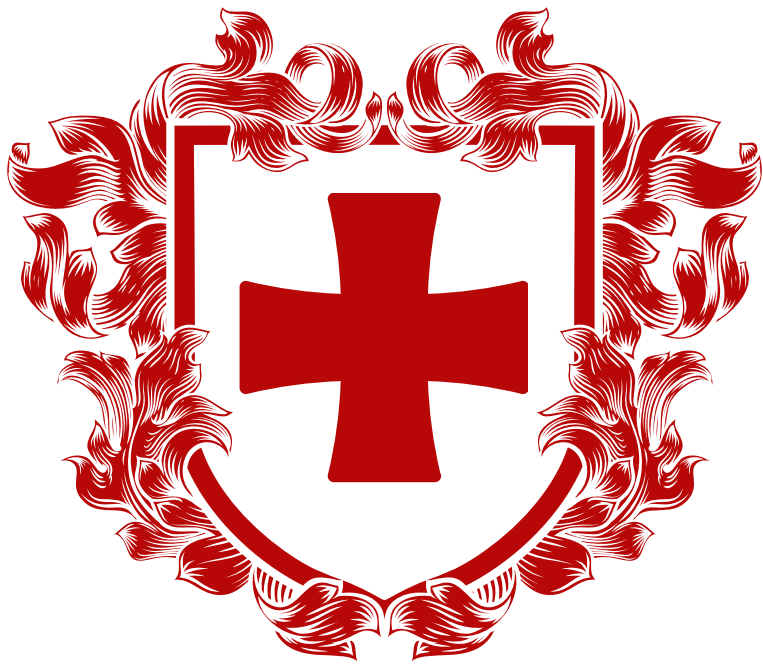


At Christmas Time

~ Traditional English Poem

At Christmas time, we deck the hall
With holly branches brave and tall,
With sturdy pine and hemlock bright
And in the Yule log's dancing light
We tell old tales of field and fight
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time we pile the board
With flesh and fruit and vintage stored,
And mid the laughter and the glow
We tread a measure soft and slow,
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
At Christmas time.



Knights of the Faith

BUILDING POWER UNDER OCCUPATION

The story of the downfall of Napoleon concludes with the restoration of the monarchy, close to the one that fell in 1789, but not entirely intact. The allies had wanted to push back the clock, so goes the tale, but the genie could not be put back in the bottle; whether because liberty had been tasted and the people would not tolerate being deprived once more, or because the institutions had been so completely remade by Napoleon and the revolution that the pieces of the Ancien Regime could not be put back together. The reality is quite different, and hinges on an organisation that most have never heard of, even those who might consider themselves well informed on the subject.

Ferdinand de Bertier de Sauvigny was present at the promulgation of the excommunication of Napoleon. As one of many emigre noblemen, by 1809 he would be forgiven for losing hope in a popular revolt overthrowing the revolutionaries, the emigres like himself had fought bravely but likewise been beaten, and even the international allies were struggling after four failed coalitions. De Sauvigny did not lose hope however, for he knew of another way - copying the Freemasons who most French Rightists blamed for the calamity. He infiltrated their organisation, learned its structure and methods, then left to form a copy, dedicated to restoring the monarchy (in its proper pre-1789 form), re-establishing the Catholic Church to its former status, and to promulgate chivalric virtues. The structure is what made it effective, because though public-facing to a certain degree (that is, largely only

among aristocrats), it hid most of its intentions behind an innocuous facade. To the lowest level members, it was an association for nostalgia and connection after the horrors of The Terror, to one level above that, it was an organ for transmitting information and intelligence, for those above that, an instrument for coordinating men of potential Royalist sympathies, and for the leaders of it all, to bring about the Counter-Revolution.

Through this careful manipulation of information, at the lowest and most exoteric level, they were a harmless association for the formerly prominent. Although it seems they were never infiltrated, even if they were, during the period of their germination there was no position attainable by a newcomer which would have allowed an infiltrator to redirect the efforts of the Knights, because strategy and overall aims never left the purview of the founding members whose loyalty and fidelity were beyond question. Additionally, although they may have considered enlisting lowborn sometime later, as their potential for dedication to the Royalist cause was repeatedly demonstrated during the various uprisings, the fact that they restricted membership to only the aristocracy not only made it much more difficult to infiltrate by Napoleonic agents or sympathisers, but likely helped to foster a greater kinship between the members, and a sense of exclusivity which even the Ancien aristocracy had begun to lack. With of course the added advantage of implicitly also targeting many of the most capable, and with the greatest material means.

The excitement engendered by the group no doubt dovetailed with certain other fashionable movements of the time akin to youth street gangs, but with the tacit encouragement of their families as they attempted to punish their ideological opponents. Certainly the longer time went on, and the larger the group became, the more opportunities there were for a young Knight to enact some targeted retributive justice. The specifics of their strategy for dislodging the Napoleonic government are obscured both by the secrecy they employed, and the fact that events overtook them.

They were only formed in earnest in 1810, but with the four years they had, they were able to build regional networks in every major city which were capable of political action, and an intelligence network capable of acting faster than the Imperial Postal Service. These two points meant that, though they would have preferred to come out into the open under other circumstances, when the allies entered France, the Knights could greet them wearing the Royalist white, and negotiate as the opposition. Despite this, and perhaps surprisingly to some, the allies generally met them with hostility.

As the Knights may have correctly predicted, the allies preferred to deal with Napoleonic defectors than an actual counter-revolutionary force capable of standing on their own, and one which endeavoured to overturn every part of the revolution, not merely one or two stages of it.

As a result, the restored Louis XVIII was surrounded by Napoleonic defectors and moderates, while the Knights and diehard royalists were sidelined. The consequences of this upon Napoleon's return from Elba are predictable, but once he was sent packing a second time, the Knights were given the opportunity to correct their mistakes, and truly make the most of an energetic street presence with no restraining force, and long memories. Their tale goes on but this is the story of their formation and rise under the watchful eye of one of the most advanced states of it's day, and in spite of a legacy of failure.

Rupert August



CORNCRAKE

Issue 10

Get it now!!

*Christmas
edition*

Hans C Andersen
Charles Dickens
Leo Tolstoy
Nathan C J Hood
Dylan Thomas

*A Midwinter
Night's Dream*

Philip Wortmann



corncrakemag.com

The History of the Reading Chapter Part II

From the account of a water-naut concealing a penguin obscuring a writer pseudonym protecting an Englishman named [REDACTED]

To this day, I still don't know what happened to McScotty McEngineer. I don't know whether Brewdog's hop-infused cocktails gave his liver a bad case of sepsis or if he took a government-pushed medical cocktail in the arm and subsequently suffered a heart attack from climate change.

Wherever he is, I wish him the best.

2022 was a dark and fossilized year for the Reading Chapter. For a year, nothing ever happened. Then 2023 began but still nothing ever happened.

It was so over.

Until March when the unthinkable happened - something happened.

And we were so back!

It transpired that the Reading channel had been split into two, although the reasons for this remain as murky as black gold. And like all matches made in heaven, Romeo and Juliet, Arthur and Excalibur and Reading Channel 1 and Reading Channel 2 - two things which were always meant to be came together.

Thus, there was a glorious revival as the Reading Chapter enjoyed its vitalist second wind.

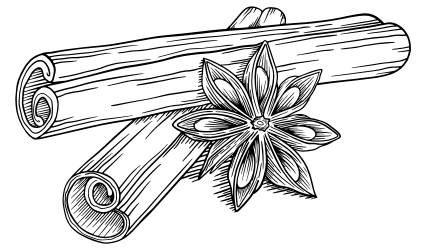
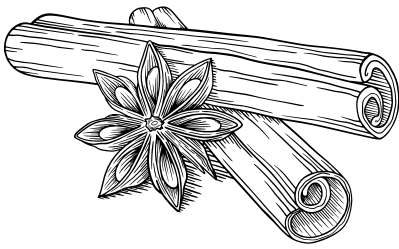
The inaugural celebration of this joining took place at the Workhouse Coffee bar situated in coffee shop corner in Reading during the month of August. A successful second weaving was enjoyed in November at The Alehouse which is the best watering hole in the whole of Reading.

From here on out, monthly meetings have been and still are attempted. Every meeting is a success - hikes, museum trips, sport events and drinking and conversing - all are bright triumphs and delightful foods for the soul in these less-than-soulful times.

I have many fond memories of these times where conversation flowed like wine at a wedding banquet and laughter was easy and light with no cynicism for miles around. Truly, these are the fruits of community and fellowship.

No one knows what the future will hold even in the best of times, but history is being written in the Reading Chapter and I cannot wait to turn the next page.





Wassail

It seems that no matter where you live in the world, you have a warm, spiced drink which simmers on the stove during the holidays. In England its mulled wine, in Mexico Ponche, in Sweden Glogg and so on! But all these drinks date back to the medieval Wassail. Wassail was a drink made from hot mead or mulled cider. It was one of the most important things to bring with you during any Yuletide festival. Pagans would bring their wassail bowl, full of the beverage, to the tree of worship. They would proceed to pour the alcohol over the roots of a great apple tree in the hopes of ensuring a good harvest the following year. There is even an ancient Christmas carol all about Wassail.

**Wassail! Wassail! All over the town, Our toast it is
is white and our ale it is brown; Our bowl it is
made of the white maple tree; With the
wassailing bowl, we'll drink unto thee.**

WASSAIL RECIPE

Wassail is actually delicious and super easy to make.

All you need is

- 1/3 pint apple cider (or apple juice if you can't find cider)
- zest one lemon
- 1/8 tsp nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp ginger
- 1 oz sugar
- 1-pint ale
- 1 tsp honey

Simmer on the stove till the scent of apples and spices fill your entire house with festive fragrance.





Always be
weaving
-Dave Green



clubweave.com