

PENTAGRAM

(3) MARCH 1965

A WITCHCRAFT REVIEW

TWO SHILLINGS

EDITORIAL

STATISTICS can prove anything. It is common knowledge that a given set of figures can be seen one way up—or upside down—according to the case the beholder essays to prove. Such has been the case with both historical and contemporary chroniclers of the world of witchcraft. So often, as in many spheres of sociological research, writers have set out to justify a personal and preconceived idea, selecting such recorded facts and opinions as may suit their purpose; witchcraft has been persecuted, dismissed as an interesting figment of the Church's imagination, regretted in retrospect as a long since defunct religion, and criticised as a "front organisation" for illegal practices. Most of those who have written either objectively or subjectively of the alleged cult have assumed—because to do otherwise would have been "difficult" or "inconvenient"—that witchcraft is dead; or they have assumed that the living cult which they have been able to discover is of comparatively recent origin and, therefore, historically insignificant. Both attitudes could be wrong: perhaps some of those who write about witchcraft—past or present—could do a little more in the way of homework first.

A number of groups exist who claim to enshrine the traditions and teachings of bygone ages—and can prove it to their own satisfaction. Piecing together the jig-saw of surviving remnants of a "forgotten" cult(ure) can be both frustrating and rewarding. Past myths and misconceptions will continue in their perpetuation unless fresh and substantive evidence is forthcoming to correct the mistakes of history. The cult—in all its many aspects—may not need it; but can posterity afford to ignore the challenge?

"Where there's breath, there's life." So with witchcraft. The breath is clearly there: at least posterity should be accorded its right, and witchcraft should enable the writers to do their homework—and get the record straight.

"ANCIENTS" AND "MODERNS"

A correspondent, representing a traditional group in the West Country, airs his views and raises some interesting points

The report of Mrs. Valiente's talk at the *Pentagram* dinner, together with Mr. Cochrane's article in the same issue, make fascinating reading, and could be said to represent the two extremes of the Craft—Witchcraft Ancient and Modern, so to speak. From the former one gets the Gardnerian atmosphere of sweetness and light coupled with good clean fun, all under the auspices of a Universal Auntie. Mr. Cochrane, on the other hand, is a sort of Kier Hardie of the Craft, a radical thinker calling upon us to leap into the clear light of today—and together search for our souls.

These two viewpoints do show us, however, that there is a fair way to go if the older hereditary Craft is to come together with its modern counterpart. I have experienced both of these versions; the former through my mother and my aunt, and the latter (rather too easily) through one of the many Gardnerian High Priestesses—who, I must emphasise,

knew nothing at the time of my connections with the hereditary Craft. This has shown me just how great the gap is that exists, and the hard work that will be needed if we are to close it.

Mr. Cochrane's views, however, are not entirely representative of those of the older Craft. A little more emphasis on the supreme Goddess, and a little less on the sort of soul-searching that can be found in half-a-dozen cults on the occult fringe, would have brought him more in line with the beliefs of the group to which I have the honour of belonging. We believe that in the Craft it is a case not so much of learning something new—but of remembering, once again, something old.

It must be admitted that there are aids to this remembering: aids towards the sort of knowledge of the Goddess and of Self that we are seeking. One such that I have seen used is the hallucinogenic mushroom/toadstool *Amanita muscaria** and, if an exchange of knowledge and

ideas between covens comes to pass, it will be very interesting to see what other methods, old and new, are in use. I feel that we could all be on the verge of something great so far as the future of the Craft is concerned, but how much of this feeling is due to personal longings for a coming together of the scattered pieces, and how much to a genuine belief that it will be possible to join the pieces, I do not know. I have, perhaps surprisingly, found that it is easier to discuss different ideas with members of the "older" covens than with the "modern" school. The latter just do not want to know, and take refuge behind dogma. This would appear rather to substantiate Mr. Cochrane's theory that the modern Craft has become a "funk-hole" for those wishing to hide from the world.

I hold no brief for the modern world myself, but we have to live in it, and we must do all we can to improve it and keep it from becoming a radio-active cinder. The things that are being done to the natural order of things, both plant and animal, in the name of the great god Progress; the vast waste on armaments while millions starve—these are the sort of evils that must be fought today: whether one believes them to be a natural result of mankind being what it is, or whether one sees it all as a natural consequence of the abandonment of the Mother Goddess for an incompetent Father God. The Craft could conceivably be a force for good or merely another of the occult curiosa of 20th century Britain. The choice, rather frighteningly, is ours.—TALIESIN

*I once asked the late Gerald Gardner what he knew of this mushroom, so deeply embedded in the myths of Britain that no illustrator of children's fairy stories—even today—fails to include it somewhere. He answered that he knew nothing of it and did not himself believe that it ever formed part of the Old Religion. This proves just how well the secret had been kept all this time, because Gardner was completely wrong. I have not only seen a late 15th century recipe for a sort of tea brewed from the mushroom, but I have ritually drunk it. The revulsion against so-called "toadstools" gives us the clue to all this. Many of these fungi are very edible indeed, but countrymen will not touch them. This almost certainly points to a time when certain of these fungi were taboo because of their sacred quality; i.e., they were for eating on religious occasions only—and then probably only by the priestesses or priests. Robert Graves suggests that the English reluctance to eat horsemeat could come from a similar race memory. The "unclean" animals and birds of the Bible are almost certainly the same sort of thing.—TALIESIN

A READER'S KNOTTY PROBLEM

A subject which interests me concerns the anthropological and folk-lore aspects of witch traditions. I am interested in collecting the string figures made by primitive peoples all over the world, some of which seem to be associated with sympathetic magic, and healing. It has occurred to me that the story told by Gerald Gardner in one of his books about the sailors in the Isle of Man "buying winds" tied up in knotted strings from witches might conceal a string figure magic or play—and it would be of great interest to know if string figures have a place in witch tradition. I know that a cord is one of the witches' ritual tools, but this may be something quite different. I should stress that I am interested in this question from a scientific standpoint. Cats' cradles and string games are usually regarded as a pastime of children and savages, too trivial to be worthy of mention, but as with some other traditional games they may well reflect not a little of the history of the people.—*Kathleen H. Basford (Mrs.), 11 Stanley Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester 16.*

Since her first letter, Mrs. Basford has written as follows: "Because of the great antiquity and world-wide distribution of these games, and their association with magic, mythology and calendrical customs of primitive peoples it would be of great interest if it can be established that string figures, games or tricks occur in the traditions of Witchcraft. I did not mention in my previous letter that one German name for the nursery game "Cat's Cradles" is "Hexenspiel"—"Witch's Game." It may or may not be significant. There is evidence that "Cat's Cradles" originated in Korea, and came to Europe by the tea-trade route."

Editorial consultants to "Pentagram" make the following observations:

Cords and string play a part in all types of magic, Witch or otherwise. Note the Brahmin Sacred Thread, the monk's girdle of chastity, etc. The value of cord is that it will take up any pattern in three dimensions. Using it will make the fingers follow the mind or vice versa. To tie knots is to manifest mental intentions on a material level. Knot patterns can therefore be related to mind patterns, especially by someone who can neither read nor write, and procedures of knotting and arranging cords can be equated in terms of consciousness on various levels.

As a meditational aid, a cord is quite valuable, and it can be put to many uses having sound psychological purposes. The "Cat's cradle" for instance, illustrates the process of inverting objective and subjective consciousness. One might almost look at cords as being a means of making mind-pictures with fluidity and purpose.

The whole subject of Witch-cords is more involved than might be supposed, and needs a great deal of research. One could write on this one subject at great length if *Pentagram* space permitted. In fact it would make a project of its own to keep researchers working for quite a while. Perhaps Mrs. Basford would care to start this ball (of string!) rolling?—W. G.

Mrs. Basford has raised an interesting point about the real purpose of cords, harvest twine, string dolls, etc. They appear to have originated from the woven strands of Old Fate, the major deity of all true witches. They are, of course, the origin of such descriptive terms as "spell-binders." When worked up properly they should contain many different parts—herbs, feathers and impedimenta of the particular charm. They are generally referred to in the trade as "ladders," or in some cases as "garlands," and have much the same meaning as the three crosses. That is they can contain three blessings, three curses, or three wishes. A witch also possesses a devotional ladder, by which she may climb to meditational heights, knotted to a similar pattern as the Catholic rosary.

The Celtic practice of binding the dead, used now as a devotional aid by some modern groups, was originally an indication that the dead person had undergone the necessary stages and purification towards the final judgement and redemption. The actual pattern of the knot was considered to be the important thing; the pattern formed by the lines of the binding being a symbol of secondary importance.

Alexander the Great, by cutting the Gordian knot, announced to all and sundry that he was going to cut his own fate with the edge of a sword. It was the action of a truly brave man, since the knot was bound upon the yoke of the Twin Bulls, the Masters over Life and Death. It may be that when he later built a temple to Nemesis he was attempting to buy off the terrible fate of his former action.

The art of binding is to be seen in one of its best forms in the old craft of thatching. The pegs and binders are traditionally put into a crossed shape, held by a final structure over the roof trees that also has a very close connection with Witchcraft.

The so-called "sacred object" held in such reverence by some Witches was in fact a weaver's distaff—and could easily be mistaken for a phallic symbol. The weaver's distaff, bound with reeds or straw, appears frequently in rural carvings and elsewhere. It again has reference to the Craft and supreme Deity. It would appear that the witches were not in the least influenced by Feudian concepts.

There is good reason to assume that the nursery game of snakes and ladders originated in a much older pastime connected with binding. One aspect of the snake is that of the Tempter or Destroyer, and the game remains as a lesson upon life: one either ascends by the aid of the ladder, or descends via the snake. The action of the game is still dependant upon the throw of a black and white cube (dice)—a symbol of Fate from ancient times.

Basically the cords of binding, as used today, are worked upon with mistaken enthusiasm. Originally they were cords of Fate, woven and bound into a charm for a defined purpose. Sometimes shaped into a semblance of the object or person to be influenced, they were also hung on a gatepost or nailed near to the object or person, preferably in a public place, as an indication of intent. In an Italian spell, the ladder is actually placed in the bed of the person to be enchanted. A beautiful witch ladder, incidentally, was once found in a church belfry: presumably one of the Old Craft could not sleep late on Sunday mornings because of the racket of the bells!

"Cat's cradle" as a game is interesting enough but as a form of witchery it becomes an interesting indication of the complex nature of the Craft. Each of the fingers on the hands of a witch has a defined meaning and purpose. It would be reasonable to assume that, to the knowing eye, the crosses and planes formed by the strings would tell much of a particular ritual.—Robert Cochrane.

More books to read

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

Harrison Ainsworth's famous novel was written in 1848 and has been popular ever since, but it is now difficult to obtain and the Lancashire dialect is not easy for the modern reader. Recognising these difficulties, a new "condensed and translated" edition has been prepared by Irene Pollitt, who says: "In retelling this fantastic story, I shall translate the broad Lancashire dialect, leaving out unnecessary descriptions, dialogue, and anything that is not entirely relevant to the story, and thus making for easier reading and quicker understanding a story of Lancashire, a beautiful and generous county and the strange happenings that have been the base of so many stories of the dark deeds around Pendle Hill..." Available from John R. Ainsworth Ltd., 2 Standish Street, Burnley, Lancs. Price 15s., plus 1s. postage.

DEVIL WORSHIP IN BRITAIN; A. V. Sellwood and Peter Haining; Corgi Books; 3s. 6d.

This could quite easily be a symposium of extended articles from one of the more lurid Sunday newspapers. The authors have had a rollocking time covering (in the words of the blood-red blurb) "An obscene rite in the West Country... Voodoo... the nude dancers of the North... the Tiki ritual murders... a black mass at Clophill... sexual orgies... the temple of Paganism in Hertfordshire... the death curse... the blood-filled chalice at Chideock." All good stuff for selling paperbacks but they have made a reasonable attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff of what they have discovered and lumped together under the conveniently embracing word of—Witchcraft. To give the book a trace of social conscience they express dissatisfaction with Mr. Henry Brooke's dismissal of the idea of introducing fresh anti-witchcraft legislation to deal with undesirable practices carried on by certain groups. There is already ample legislation in existence: people can always leave groups if they don't like them. If they are too frightened to do so without moral support from outside they should quickly be able to find it. Any sociologist knows that strange group practices will always continue.

WITCHCRAFT AND BLACK MAGIC; Montague Summers; Arrow Books; 3s. 6d.
THE SATANIC MASS; H. T. F. Rhodes; Arrow Books; 3s. 6d.

These two books—both long out of print in their original editions—make a welcome re-appearance as paperbacks. Montague Summers will need no introduction to our readers but a word about Henry Rhodes is probably appropriate. He has been a prolific and readable author on the social aspects of crime; perhaps he should have remained so exclusively. Not agreeing with what a book says, however, is probably the worst reason for not reading it!

By the way . . .

The November issue of *New Dimensions* includes a most interesting article by Robert Cochrane outlining in fact/fiction form a ritual as practised by hereditary Warwickshire witches. Allowing for the veil of fiction, the article reveals an approach and attitude very different from other published accounts

of Craft ceremonies. The writer has endeavoured to communicate his personal feelings caused by the ritual in question. *Pentagram* readers who do not already subscribe to *N.D.* may obtain copies at 3s. 10d. per issue from *Pentagram* or direct from the publishers, Helios Book Service Ltd., 8 The Square, Toddington, Cheltenham, Glos.

Readers in the Provinces who have difficulty obtaining books on occult subjects will usually find John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, to be helpful. Watkins has specialised in the occult for many years. Helios Book Service (address above) also provides an excellent postal book service.

The five pointed star

It is hoped in a future issue of *Pentagram* to publish an article on the origin and history of the sign of the pentagram, or five-pointed star, from which this newsletter takes its name.



Meantime, however, the following short dissertation on the sign will be of interest: "The pentagram, a five-pointed star drawn with one stroke of the pen: this sign belongs to the most primitive of mankind,

and is certainly much older than written characters. Signs of this kind are quite the most ancient human documents we possess. The pentagram has had several different significations at different times in the history of man. The Pythagoreans called it the pentalfa, and the Celtic priests the witch's foot. It was also known in the Middle Ages as the goblin's cross. It also represents the five senses, or the four elements and the Spirit; the male and female principles are also conveyed by the arrangement of the five points. Amongst the Druids it was the sign of Godhead, and to the Jews it signified the five Mosaic books. This sign was also popularly believed to be a protection against demons and, by analogy, a symbol of safety. It is believed too to be the symbol of happy homecoming. In ancient time it was a magic charm against the people of Babylon." Apart from the phrase in italics, this quotation is taken from Rudolf Koch's superb anthology "The Book of Signs."

Rudolf Koch, an outstanding personality in the development of the graphic arts in Germany, compiled nearly 500 signs and symbols into his book, which is little-known outside the world of typographers and graphic artists. The book is illustrated by incredibly sympathetic reproductions of the ancient signs, redrawn by Koch and cut on wood by Fritz Kredel.

"Past and Future"

The March issue of *Past and Future* (2s. 6d. from 34 Hillgate Place, London W.8) contains an article by Justine Glass entitled "Will Witchcraft Survive?" Miss Glass, as readers will recall, is writing a book on witchcraft and the article in *P & F* is ample evidence of the objectiveness of her approach to her subject. Several readers have already helped her with material for her book but Miss Glass will be pleased to hear from others.



"PENTAGRAM" TRIP TO ROLLRIGHT STONES

For the benefit of the many readers who have first heard of the Rollright Stones through mention of them in *Pentagram* we are pleased to publish this photograph by Norman Gills, himself an expert on the tradition and lore of the Cotswolds. Their idyllic situation, at a height of some 700 feet on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, is in itself inducement enough for a visit. They consist of a stone circle (some 35 yards in diameter), a solitary upright stone, called the King's Stone (about 100 yards from the circle) and a separate dolmen of five stones, known as the Whispering Knights. The King's Stone, on one side of the road, is in Warwickshire; the others are all in Oxfordshire.

T. H. Ravenhill, in his now-rare booklet ("The Rollright Stones and the Men who Erected Them"—Sold for the benefit of Parish activities in Little Rollright, 1926 at 1s. 6d.) suggests that there are 77 stones in the circle, varying in height from ground level to 7 feet 2 inches. Local tradition, however, has it that it is impossible to count the stones and a different answer will be obtained at each attempt. The story is told of a baker who "resolving not to be outwitted, hid he to the spot with a basketful of small loaves, one of which he placed on every stone. In vain he tried: either his loaves were not sufficiently numerous, or some sorcery misplaced them, and he gave up in despair." Others say that the birds came and ate his loaves so that he could not count them up afterwards . . .

Another famous legend tells that there was a wise woman called Mother Shipton (of Shipton-under-Wychwood) who lived thereabouts. One day she met a King, marching at the head of his army, advancing to claim the Kingdom of England; there were in his army five knights who were in league against him, and stood apart whispering among themselves.

She approached the King, who was close to the mound on which the solitary stone now stands, from the top of which mound he would be able to look down into Long Compton and far into the valley beyond. But before he had begun to ascend the mound she stopped him; and his army,

seeing the King stop, halted also. She asked him what was his object in marching with his army through these parts; and he told her. Whereupon she said:

*"Seven strides thou shalt take,
If then Long Compton thou canst see,
King of England shalt thou be."*

And the King was glad, for he thought that seven strides would take him far enough up the slope of the mound to look down into the village. But when he had taken his seven strides he found that the summit of the mound still hid it from his sight. The witch again addressed him:

*"Stand still stone;
King of England thou shalt be none."*

Upon which he was turned into the King's Stone, and still stands there brooding over what might have been; and his army behind him became the Circle; while the Five Knights still hold aloof and whisper treachery together against the King.

Some historians have suggested that the Rollright Stones are Druidic, and it is interesting to note that the diameter of the Circle is 35 yards—the same as Stonehenge. Dr. Stukeley, who first drew attention to this similarity in 1743, also says of a spot near the King's Stone "Hither, on a certain day of the year, the young men and maidens customarily meet, and make merry with cakes and ale. And this seems to be the remains of the very ancient festival here celebrated in memory of the interred . . ."

Later in the year *Pentagram* plans to arrange a coach trip day out from London to visit the Rollright Stones and the Museum of Witchcraft at Bourton-on-the-Water. The coach will probably leave central London at about 10 a.m. and return in the early evening; fare probably 15s. a head. A short stop at the Stones would enable the party to be in Bourton-in time for lunch, after which a couple of hours would be allowed for the Museum and the other attractions of Bourton—including a splendid private aviary of exotic tropical birds, which is also well worth seeing. Readers who would like to join the trip are invited to notify *Pentagram*, indicating whether a Saturday or Sunday would be preferred.

LOOKING BACK: *Diane Treece recalls her mother's association with the local witch*

My mother, a child in Victoria's reign, lived next door to the last member of the local coven. Although Mrs. B, the witch, had five children of her own, not one of them followed the old Craft. In fact it was common knowledge they thought their mother to be slightly mad, and refused to assist her in her work at all. My grandmother thought differently and the two ladies were firm friends, exchanging gossip, upon which a considerable amount of professional witchery depends, and going out together upon a shiny night to collect the herbs of the trade. They often worked together over the coal range, peering into the boiling pot as the herbs fluxed to create the magic distillations of a charm.

Mother, the youngest daughter, was ten years old when first invited to help Mrs. B. She would stand and hold the hand-made taper while grandmother and Mrs. B circumvented the room, voices raised in a chant, one whirling the ladle, the other the fire rake—stirring up things, calling upon the Gods to assist them. Occasionally she would be asked to hold hands with Mrs. B as the old lady peered into a common glass dish to find out what someone was up to. She also had the unique experience of seeing an overlooking. Mrs. B took out of a cupboard a small wooden coffin, opened it carefully and took out a wax doll from inside, then standing upon a chair transfixed the doll's body to the door frame with six long steel nails. This operation was carried out in absolute silence, and the only remark that mother remembered Mrs. B making upon the matter was, "When I cusses, my cusses come 'ome to roost." They did, for rumour had it that someone had upset the old lady, and it was no matter of surprise to my mother that this particular family embarked upon a long string of misfortunes.

Everyone who had a problem sooner or later found their way to Mrs. B's door. She appears to have acted as a consultant psychiatrist, marriage counsellor and a primitive form of National Health Service to half the village, all of whom treated her with a mixture of amused contempt and secret awe. Mrs. B actually lived by her Craft, taking small exchange for small favours, and accepting cash in return for throwing the leaves for someone. I suppose by modern occult standards it would be easy to condemn the practice of accepting money in return of Craft, but Mrs. B was a widow in a world where poverty is the only true crime.

During the South African war, Mrs. B worked up quite a trade amongst the departing soldiery by making battle charms, and it was no rare thing to find a soldier or two from the local barracks

waiting patiently in the kitchen whilst Mrs. B prepared the necessary ingredients which she put into a small flannel bag to be carried in the pocket. Whether or not these charms were effective I do not know, but they must have given confidence to many a man in a tight corner.

My mother last saw Mrs. B when she returned to the village after being away for a few years. The old lady asked her if she was thinking of getting married. When mother said that she wasn't, Mrs. B told her that it would not be long before she did, and there was a great deal of trouble coming afterwards. My mother was married within the year, and five years after that my father was to be one of the few men to have survived active service from the beginning to the end of the 1914-18 war.

I suppose that war was not only an end of an epoch, but also the end of many ancient and local traditions. It ushered in the technical monster we live with today. It also helped to finish the job first started by the railways, and finally destroyed the old village traditions and way of life, and with it the remains of the despised and persecuted Old Craft in that area.

A Useful Tree-spell

Trees are a good source of radiant vitality on a very low-frequency scale, and this can be drawn upon under favourable conditions. A very useful application of it is for relief, and even cure, of many backache conditions. The process is as follows.

First a suitable tree is selected. It must be strong, upright, free from distortions or malformations, and of good size. Ash, spruce, birch (but not yew), are all suitable. Ideally it should be in a natural setting away from human contamination such as housing estates, motor roads, etc.

One "makes friends" with the tree by touching it, talking to it, and thinking into it. Circle it nine times, either touching it with the fingertips, or with the end of your staff. Take up the final position North, and lean back against the tree firmly as if in the arms of a friend (which it is); reach your hands behind you, touching the tree as if you were holding its hands, and say or think slowly and deeply:

*O Tree;
Strong Tree; Kind Tree:
Take thou this weakness of my back.
Give me thy strength instead.
That I may be as upright as thyself
Between the Heavens (look up)
And the earth beneath (look down)
Secure from storm
And blessed in every branch.
May this be so.*

After this has been repeated a number of times until a sense of "rapport" is felt, relax

PENTAGRAM

All inquiries should be addressed to
BM/ELEUSIS, LONDON WCI

quietly against the tree and simply let it work for perhaps ten minutes or so. Breathe slowly and deeply, thinking of nothing except peace and tranquillity. After a little, there should be a "pulling out" feeling in the back which varies with individuals. When it is felt that the treatment is over, break contact gently, thank the Nature Spirits for their help, "pay" the tree by sticking a pin into the bark, and take a small piece of the bark for a "pocket-link" to carry with you.

This process can be repeated with a number of trees so that one's linkage with such natural sources of healing are thereby increased. The healing process with trees is often slow, and "instant cures" are not very likely.

An original method of using trees for healing, is similar to the foregoing, except that the diseased part of the body is rubbed with a ribbon of rag which is then tied or fixed to the trees with an iron nail. This forms the necessary link. Two famous such trees are the Virgin Mary's Tree at Matarieh (Egypt), and the tree near the Nile where Moses was said to have been found in the bullrushes. In this country, the Glastonbury Thorn was once used in such a way.

If practicable, it is best to work this spell with bare feet so as to establish good earth-contact.—W. G.

The Horned God

*By the flame that burneth bright,
O Horned One!
We call Thy name into the night,
O Ancient One!
Thee we invoke, by the moon-led sea,
By the standing stone and the twisted tree.
Thee we invoke, where gather Thine own,
By the nameless shrine forgotten and lone.
Come where the round of the dance is trod,
Horn and hoof of the Goatfoot God!
By moonlit meadow, on dusky hill,
When the haunted wood is hushed and still,
Come to the charm of the chanted prayer,
As the moon bewitches the midnight air.
Evoke Thy powers, that potent bide
In shining stream and the secret tide,
In fiery flame by starlight pale,
In shadowy host that rides the gale,
And by the fern-brakes fairy-haunted
Of forests wild and woods enchanted.
Come? O Come!
To the heart-beat's drum!
Come to us who gather below
When the broad white moon is climbing slow
Through the stars to the heaven's height.
We hear Thy hoofs on the wind of night!
As black tree-branches shake and sigh,
By joy and terror we know Thee nigh.
We speak the spell Thy power unlocks
At Solstice, Sabbath and Equinox,
Word of virtue the veil to rend,
From primal dawn to the wide world's end,
Since Time began—
The Blessing of Pan!
Blesséd be all in hearth and hold,
Blesséd in all worth more than gold.
Blesséd be in strength and love,
Blesséd be, where'er we rove.
Vision fade not from our eyes
Of the pagan Paradise
Past the Gates of Death and Birth,
Our inheritance of earth.
From our soul the song of spring
Fade not in our wandering.
Our life with all Life is one,
By blackest night or the noonday sun.
Eldest of Gods, on Thee we call,
Blessing be on Thy creatures all.*

© Doreen Valiente, 1965

ANOTHER MUSEUM

Since our last issue, *Pentagram* has heard that there is another museum of Witchcraft at Boscastle, Cornwall.