

# PENTAGRAM

(5) DECEMBER 1965

A WITCHCRAFT REVIEW

TWO SHILLINGS

## EDITORIAL

*"It is better to ask some of the questions  
than to know all the answers"*

—The Wayside Pulpit

**H**ARDLY SURPRISINGLY there is, in this issue, an exchange of opinion between two sections of our readership and, in principle, this is to be encouraged. Part of our purpose has been to act as a forum for such exchanges and to disseminate views and knowledge—even wisdom, perhaps—from one person or party to another. Those with strong views will, we hope, temper their enthusiasm with compassion and their wisdom with benevolence. In all matters of controversy it is desirable to maintain not only a sense of proportion, but also a sense of humour; when "each believes his glimm'ring lamp to be the gorgeous light of day" it is surely time for him to pause and reflect. No one is beyond, or above, criticism in its widest sense, and the informed critic can be a powerful teacher.

Man's history is rich with the lone voices of those who knew—and criticised—but none would listen. Must it be the same with us? The teacher can only succeed if the pupil is willing to learn—but where are the pupils? Those who write for us may cloak their goodwill in strange raiment but, if the questions remain unasked, there can be no answers.

*Readers are reminded that letters will  
be forwarded to contributors on request*

## OUR FUTURE

*continued publication planned*

**T**HIS ISSUE concludes our original schedule and we would like to hear from every subscriber telling us of his (or her) reaction to a somewhat unusual publishing venture. There will, however, be further issues but our scope will be enlarged and our presentation modified. In future it is our intention to cover a wide range of topics for which no single publication appears to cater: in addition to witchcraft (in its many forms) our pages will be open to discuss philosophy, psychology, the Celtic tradition, comparative religion, archaeology, folk-lore, occultism and other subjects with a bearing on Man's eternal quest.

*Pentagram* will be a serious publication devoted to subjects that matter; there will be no horoscopes, ghost stories, rehashed flying-saucer reports or "my-pet-lived-after-death" features: enthusiasts for these delightful lines of study are already served by a number of other periodicals.

All this will place an additional and heavy burden on our small production team and we must seek the compassion and indulgence of our readers regarding frequency of publication. Hitherto we have managed to appear about every three months and this will be maintained—within a month either way!—in future.

Our size will change to a more convenient format and we will be able to accept longer and more penetrating editorial features by running to a minimum of 16 pages—but more if we can. To a large extent we will be limited by finance (actual subscriptions have amounted to considerably less than half our costs so far but the overall situation is not quite so alarming) so every possible subscriber must be sought. The limited appeal of a serious review of the type we have in mind will not enable us to command much advertising revenue.

The next year is vital. Once we are firmly established as a responsible and worthwhile publication our future will be assured. Your support may enable something of lasting value to emerge from humble beginnings.

## MAZING

We are all familiar with magic circles in which we assume sorcerers and witches worked their wiles, yet we are inclined to lose sight of their practical purpose when trying to work out their mystical and symbolic meaning.

Quite apart from their use as a base-plan for the rite being worked, these ground-glyphs formed the dance pattern which had to be tripped and trodden in order to exalt the consciousness of the dancers so that "magical" effects became possible.

It is noteworthy that the step of an intoxicated person tends to be a staggered gait in a circular track. Thus, if one worked in the reverse way, and deliberately tripped a circular maze pattern in a calculated series of jerky movements, this motion should ultimately induce a shifting of conscious level to a point where psychic contact might be obtained in terms of the Innerlife. With sufficient effort, this is indeed possible, and these tricks of the trade were (and are) part of primitive witchcraft.

We have relics of this with us as the maypole dance, the horned dance, etc., but the old maze-patterns of the circle dance were usually kept fairly secret, each group favouring one in particular which they had found useful for centuries.

The principle of the dance was simple enough: by spinning around long enough under the influence of the local home-brew plus the poisonous anointing ointment—and the excitement of the rite in general—all sorts of effects took place in human consciousness. The participants literally became a-mazed by their own feelings of disorientation with their everyday persons. In such a state they could easily imagine themselves to be gods, demons, or what they liked—and a good time was had by all concerned.

The simplest ring dance, of course, was a plain circle, with men and women alternating, springing around with joined hands. Sometimes the men faced out and the women faced in. If the perimeter had their upright staves planted at intervals (twelve to the circle and one in the centre) the dancers might weave their way through these. Some groups made the dances a kind of forfeit-game, the penalty being a whack from the Devil's tail (rope

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## Taliesin Attacked . . .

Is it not time that professed witches stopped knocking one another with the attempt to prove that they, themselves, are the chosen ones?

I am sick to death of those who talk about the Gardnerites with their cloak-and-dagger initiations and then go on to describe a much more cloak-and-dagger method of staying in a haunted wood all night. This would have no effect on anyone but those with feeble imaginative minds, who still believe in the bogey-man of their childhood days. Why not revive the old story of spending the night in the "Chamber of Horrors?"

As to the descendants of witches and those who claim to have witches' blood, I would like to remind them that most Britishers must have some witchblood from their ancestors.

It is about time that these self-appointed "Greats" got off their hobby-horses and came down to earth and remembered the words of the immortal bard, Robert Burns:

*O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us!*

The biggest laugh is that all these objectors of so-called "cloak-and-dagger methods" are afraid to come out from behind their own cloaks, and hide behind pseudonyms.

I also thought *Pentagram* was intended to bring together different covens on friendly terms and not for the purpose of whipping up hatred between different groups by publishing petty insults from nonentities.—ARNOLD CROWTHER, 397 City Road, Sheffield 2.

As this letter is principally an attack on our contributor Taliesin, we have invited him to reply.—Ed.

My first impulse on reading Mr. Crowther's letter was to leave it without comment of any sort, since it seems to me to confirm, in almost every way, all that has been said about the followers of Gardner—and much, too, that I have heard about Mr. Crowther! On reflection, however, it seems to me that one should not let even such a crude attack as this one pass without making a few observations, so I will take the letter paragraph by paragraph.

(1) I am not a professed "witch." The biggest difference between the old religious tradition to which I belong, and the Gardnerians is that we do not like the word "witch," and never use it if it is at all possible to make clear what we mean without it. The unsavoury publicity still attaching thereto through the activities of certain of the modern covens shows how right we are.

(2) A careful reading of my deliberately vague description of the preparations for the rite would reveal that I spoke of a *potion* being drunk before the aspirant is left alone. This *potion* would assist even Mr. Crowther to a closer liaison with the Gods—though I fear that he would not relish it!

(3) I find this paragraph quite absurd. He speaks as if there were, at some time in the past, a special race in these islands from whom

this substance "witchblood" has been transmitted in the bloodline. I would agree that there is a latent but strong streak of paganism in the British; but that in all of us there is an impulse to take up this modern combination of Saracenic Horned God worship grafted on to a vague Celtic stock—this is nonsense!

(4) In which of my two articles in *Pentagram* have I appointed myself a "Great?" I am not a humble person—I never have been—but my journeys through the Seven Gates have, relatively speaking, hardly begun, and I had imagined that this realisation of my own inadequacies was keeping what I wrote on an even keel. I know all the rites and rituals that are the stock-in-trade of covens like Mr. and Mrs. Crowther's, and I have gone through the three theatrical performances that comprise initiation through to the Third Degree Gardnerian-style (all under clan orders, I may add!). In spite of knowing what I do about it, though, I had thought that I was reasonable in my writings. As to what Burns has to do with it—this is too deep for me!

(5) An extraordinary paragraph, this. Mr. Crowther pours his terrible scorn upon us because we will not dance gaily into the light of publicity that he and his minions enjoy so much. Are we perhaps to rival Mrs. Crowther by writing articles for the women's magazines? Or have cameras at our gatherings to film us prancing rather self-consciously around to the beating of a drum? Or put up a Priestess as the one and only "Queen of the Witches" (pointing out, of course, that all the others are bogus)? No, Mr. Crowther, we have had hundreds of years of anonymity; we like it that way, and we intend that it shall continue. We leave the field of publicity to you—have all you want, with our blessings.

(6) Will some kind person please tell me in which paragraph, sentence or phrase of my writings I have been guilty of "whipping up hatred?" I have re-read not only what I have written, but also what Robert Cochrane has written, and I can find nothing to justify the accusation. I feel that Mr. Crowther has wanted to finish this rather breathless letter on a strong note, and has allowed accuracy—obviously at no time his greatest virtue—to slip away from him altogether. As to "petty insults from nonentities"—coming from Mr. Crowther this is amusing but not really worth commenting upon. I leave the Editor to answer the question of what *Pentagram* is for.—TALIESIN

## . . . Gardner Defended

I feel I must write for the very first time on the subject of our beloved religion but do so somewhat reluctantly as I have no wish for publicity as such. I write not as a theologian, pundit, critic or preacher but as a humble, consecrated and anointed Priest of the Wicca who has the responsibility and honour of being Leader to a coven of sincere, reverend and happy brothers and sisters of the Craft. Our High Priestess, a beautiful and talented young lady, could, were she so inclined, attract much publicity to herself and thereby some worldly fame but she prefers to remain quietly anonymous, viewing with true concern and deep interest all which takes place within the realms of the Craft in general and her own coven in particular. It has been wisdom in the Gods that some of those initiated into the Wicca have been inspired voluntarily to reveal themselves publicly as witches and so far much good has resulted from their actions; I personally admire their courage and feel that we should be thankful who are concerned in the welfare and future of the Faith. I now come to the reason for my writing.

I have noted with more than a little sadness

how often the term "Gardnerian" is used by writers and correspondents in *Pentagram*; the term is invariably used in a somewhat slighting manner which many think is unkindly and unfair to the late Gerald B. Gardner who did more for our ancient Faith in a practical way than any other single person in this century. I make that statement as an hereditary Witch fearlessly and with deep conviction for I know for a surety that there are a great many people today who would never have had the chance or opportunity of coming back into their own had it not been for him—and well they, and others, know it.

Dr. Gardner opened the door for many by his writings, radio interviews, etc., and the publicity they engendered. He was necessary at that given period in our history. He awakened by his efforts many who felt the inborn urge to return to the Faith of their forebears and I have positive proof of this from the many good Witches I have met personally both inside and outside the circle. Some there are who unkindly say "Oh, he or she is a Gardnerian;" some there are who appear to think or believe that the Cord, Scourge and Knife are "merely Gardnerian theatricalisms." They are not; they are true parts of the Faith and were ever with us and ever will be—for no Witch was ever truly initiated except by way of the three things I have mentioned. "Art willing to suffer to learn?" is a veritable keystone of the Faith, there being, of course, varying concepts in traditional methods in different covens and districts. Fragments of the Truth appear in ancient localised custom and ritual and these remain for the most part jealously guarded, but there are those people who think and honestly believe that because certain rituals have never been seen or practised in their particular coven that they must perforce be unauthentic or spurious. The late Dr. Gardner during his long life made an exhaustive study of the Craft in its many fragmentary facets in widely scattered places, and with infinite patience, love and care he sorted and sifted a wealth of information which later he readily and generously made available to us in his writings. I will always be grateful to him for that. I have myself seen and handled the large black bound book containing hundreds of pages of notes in his own hand, fragmentary data collected from dozens of sources in Britain and overseas. This important volume is now in the possession of a learned High Priestess to whom he gave it in gratitude for her help in collating, tabulating and placing into cohesive sequence and order that magnificent wealth of knowledge he had so patiently amassed over the years. Such secret knowledge of the Old Faith as had been handed down to me from the two distinctly separate family lines of Suffolk and Irish Witches which go back at least three centuries I found, on studying Dr. Gardner's writings and notes, to be closely similar and sometimes exactly so. Can anyone wonder then why I feel saddened when I read in *Pentagram* of "Those silly Gardnerian practices"—when I know for sure that they are the Truth or contain the Truth! I have listened to many who were close to Gerald Gardner; he was not perfect—but then who is? Judge not a Witch by other religious standards, viewpoints or conventions, for we are what we are because we know (or should know) better than they what this life is all about. I only wish it were possible for those who disparage to attend our coven at Sabbat and see the beautiful ritual performed by the members; to see the work being done for the sick and needy; to hear the reports of the happy and often remarkable results of the work done at previous Sabbats; to feel the Power and sense the benevolent Presences of the Mighty Dead when the circle is closed and the Faithful enter literally into another realm—happy, naked and free for a while from the cares of

this tired old world. It is then, when I see my people, their contented faces aglow with happiness, sweet incense curling upwards, that I realise starkly just how much the Craft owes to the late Gerald Gardner. Believe me all who read this that his virtues greatly exceeded his faults; allow him his due and let him rest peacefully; let us not be discordant in the Faith but continue to honour the Great Mother and her Consort in whichever way we have been taught, remembering that perhaps one day we will know more and then realise that we who know so very much know but very little for "Great is the Mother who giveth all; as thy laws are, so shall be." Be happy and you will be wise! That is the Truth. Blessed be.—MONSIEUR

Taliesin writes: Having already commented at length upon one letter in this issue, I am somewhat loath to leap into the fray again. Monsieur's letter contains more maudlin sentimentality than one is likely to run across outside the stories of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle and little Noddy, and ought to be dealt with ruthlessly. The writer, though, seems so nice and sincere that one feels the same reluctance one would feel about telling a child there was no Father Christmas!

Leaping into the letter, and wading chest-deep through the coiling sentences and twining metaphors, the basic message would appear to be to the effect that the gospel according to G. B. Gardner is a true and accurate record of an ancient faith native to these islands. I would have thought that Robert Graves had already exposed this as a fallacy, even before Idries Shah's book on the Sufis showed the origins more clearly. One could go into a long, long dissertation about all this, but space is limited and I will have to be as brief as I can without sacrificing sense. The curious can carry it further by reading at length the works of Aleister Crowley and Charles Leland in the first instance, re-capping on the works of Margaret Murray, and reading Idries Shah's book—with particular reference to Robert Graves' introduction and the chapter entitled "Mystery Rites," page 206.

Briefly, though, G. B. Gardner's contribution was to start from Margaret Murray's anthropological studies, wherein she suggested that the medieval witches contained within their cult definite traces of the ancient fertility cult, which originally owed allegiance to the Great Mother. Dr. Murray rather glossed over the fact that the Horned God of the medieval cult showed unmistakable Middle-Eastern characteristics, that the Goddess was never so much as mentioned either by witches undergoing trial or by those who were trying them, and that the allegiance of the covens was given unwaveringly to their God.

No matter, this gave G. B. Gardner a starting point, and his own far-from-small intelligence and great imagination, allied to a seasoning of Crowley and a strong injection of Leland's books on gypsy sorcery and the esoteric Etruscan and Florentine witch cults, produced the greater proportion of what today makes up the rites, rituals, witty sayings, wise saws and general fun and games of modern witchcraft. Sufficient to point out, I think, that Gardner demoted the Horned God to second place, and brought in a female deity whom he identified with the ancient European Moon-Goddess. He found difficulty in giving names to these, and eventually fixed on Cerunios for the god and Arida for the goddess—Cerunios being an antiered Scandinavian god, and Arida being the name given to their Moon-Goddess by the Florentine witches (see Leland's book "Aradia," an account of their practices). From this same book came the fairy-tale that Gardner quotes in his book "Witchcraft Today" (Ch. 3, p. 41), which is used as a justification for the ritual flagellation

without which no meeting can properly begin. The same story is used as part of one of the initiatory rites.

I am afraid that I view with some scepticism Monsieur's claim to come from a long line of Suffolk and Irish "witches." His very devotion to the Gardner doctrine seems to me to contradict this, though I am willing to admit the possibility that there could be, in different areas, small pockets who have clung to vague memories of the medieval witch cult, and he may come from one of these. But then, of course, this cult was undeniably of Saracenic origin, and bore little or no resemblance to the original Old Religion of these islands, and so we are back to square one again with the creation of which G. B. Gardner was both father and mother.

I have spent some twenty years within the proper circles of the hereditary "Craft" (I do not like this word, but I use it in order that I may be understood more clearly) but I feel that I am still learning. Within the Craft as Gardner has formulated it one may pass through the three degrees in a matter of a few short years—many have done it in less!—learn all there is to know about it, leave and form one's own coven. I was years learning the language of fingers and hands by which we may identify ourselves; a long while learning the ritual significance of the knots on a "witch-rosary" by means of which the first steps into another world may be made. The question asked by the 12th-century Taliesin, "What name of two words will go not into the Cauldron?" is not an idle question within nonsense poetry, but one which I had to answer: not by being told outright, but by intuition with perceptions sharpened by practice and meditation. What do these devotees of the Gardner gospel know of all this? They call themselves a fertility religion, but how many of them can tell fennel from ragwort, belladonna from cowbane, fly agaric from panther-cap, birch from beech, or even wheat from barley?

In view of all I have said, it may be surprising if I now say that I think there is a place for Gardnerian witchcraft in religion today. We are at a point between religions, I feel. The Catholic Church, experienced as it is in sensing change and the climate of opinion, is preparing for the gradual return of the Goddess to power. The emphasis they are putting more and more onto the Virgin Mother is a sign that they realise, albeit dimly, the yearning for a Mother Goddess that is so fundamental. The Protestant Church will never see this, and will die wondering why nobody loves it! So the time is ripe for an alternative—a religion wherein the urge to worship the Creatress freely, and without inhibition, can have full rein. Modern witchcraft could provide part of the answer, but first it will have to put its house in order. The ignorant and the perverted would have to be thrown out of its ranks and, though this would reduce numbers drastically, sufficient would be left to build upon. Then its adherents must, as Robert Graves says, "restore their original hunger for wisdom." This would probably prove hardest of all, but to survive they must do it. The comparative modernity of their rites is no handicap, since the basic tenet, belief and trust in the Goddess, is there. If I have reservations it is because I have yet to meet a Gardnerian who, not knowing my connections with the hereditary craft, has evidenced any real desire for knowledge. They feel cosy and safe in their little house-that-GBG-built! The dark wood outside has no attractions and, anyway, what could there be among a lot of trees?—TALIESIN

### Books Wanted

"The Circle and the Cross" and "The Welsh Wars of Edward I"—The Editor

## HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en is the Sabbat everyone knows. The names of the other three of the Greater Sabbats—Candlemas, May Eve and Lammas—may be almost forgotten outside the Craft of the Wiccan. But the magic of Hallowe'en is still celebrated by fancy-dress parties, ghost stories, pumpkin lanterns, and old time-honoured divinations.

The old Celtic name for Hallowe'en is Samhain (pronounced "Sowin") Eve. Samhain means "Summer's end"; because the Celts, rather philosophically, considered that there were only two real seasons in Britain—Summer and Winter. Summer began on May Eve and ended on November Eve, October 31.

Like May Eve, Samhain Eve was celebrated with bonfires and dancing. This is the real origin of Bonfire Night at the beginning of November, which is much older than Guy Fawkes and his abortive Gunpowder Plot. What King James and his grateful Parliament did, when they established Bonfire Night on November 5, was simply to relate the age-old celebrations to their particular interest.

Fire is a symbol of the Life Force; and there is something particularly merry and magical about a bonfire. In Scotland on Hallowe'en, people used to carry lighted torches deosil, that is, sunwise, around the fields, to bring luck to the crops and dispel evil influences.

The particular significance of Hallowe'en is that at this time the spirits of those who have passed on are especially able to return and communicate with the living. At least, that is the ancient Celtic belief. Hence it is particularly associated with the Old Horned God in his aspect as the God of Death and Resurrection.

At this point in the year, of change-over from summer to winter, the doors of the Other World open. Ghosts and elementals are abroad.

## PERSONAL

Serious student of witchcraft wishes to contact others in S.W. Devon Cornwall.—D. Hamer, Hangmans Cross, Modbury, S. Devon.

Mr. Joseph B. Wilson, 2336 North Volusia, Wichita, Kansas 67219, U.S.A., would like to correspond with anyone interested in the Old Religion, Druidism, etc. Mr. Wilson publishes a duplicated news-sheet and will send a copy for 1s.

Miss Margaret McNamara, 36 Dale Street, Worcester, Mass. 01610, U.S.A., would like to hear from people in Great Britain interested in the subjects covered by *Pentagram* as she expects to come here to live.

Mrs. Leslie Qualls, 123 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass. 02116, U.S.A., would like to hear from other readers. "Witch Leslie," as she is known to friends, claims to have been introduced to witchcraft by a coven in Salem, and now runs a group in Boston.

## MAZING (Cont.)

scourge). Getting out of line, knocking down a staff (or the like) all earned a sharp reward which helped to keep the dancers alert and active.

The circled cross was a popular pattern for dancing, and so was the spiral. When the Craft became more sophisticated, more complicated figures like the pentacle were introduced—which called for concentrated attention. Nearly all these dances can be easily traced from ancient designs like the swastika, which is representative of the horns of four beasts turning a mill or a wheel.

As a matter of interest, one of the charges against the Templars was that they trampled on the Cross of Christ. This, in fact, was no such thing, but the solar cross which they used for their maze-dance.

So we see that the magic circle was not just a sort of cosmic carpet design, but a very practical pattern for dancing oneself into ecstasy. The steps of the dance varied considerably, since they were supposed to imitate the gait of some particular animal or condition suitable to the rite being worked. The Wounded God, for instance, produced the lame dragging step which indicated his status. Any interested person can easily work them out and reconstruct the steps. Bodily motions became stylised too, and varied somewhat with locations and conditions. The so-called Devil-dancers of Tibet have kept most of these ancient movement-modes intact to the present time.

Experiments with sensitive instruments show that electrical charges are developed in the human body during dancing or gyrating—as in ritual methods. The particular step which seems to generate the most electricity is the dragging shuffle of the Lame (or wounded) God, performed energetically. This applies to outdoor working, or in basements with stone floors.

A major source of electrical supply comes from the earth's magnetic field, which induces an alternating current in the dancers' bodies during the circle dance. The faster the dance, the more current developed; since it is alternating, there is no difference at all between deasil and widdershins dancing from this viewpoint. The frequency is, of course, one cycle per circumambulation.

Basically, the dance pattern is supposed to set up rhythmic resonances in the dancers themselves so that their whole beings respond to, and reproduce, that particular frequency wave-form in the etheric innerworld. As their physical bodies act, so should their inner existence harmonise and produce reactive effects which were once called "magical." The elements of this can be studied during

any "beat" session in modern times, where the old witch methods now spell big money. For those who want to keep it as a Craft practice, however, it only remains necessary to trace a suitable magic circle or maze on their floor, work out the step, and switch on appropriate music. With practice, results can be virtually a-mazing.—WM. G. GRAY

## An Open Letter

DEAR TALIESIN, I have been prompted to write this letter to you on behalf of several friends who share my admiration both for your writings in *Pentagram* and for the fact that you have emerged at all from the depths to show us something of the Way. The Editor has also been kind enough to let me see your comments to the two letters in this issue.

First let me say that we believe we know the difference between mysticism and religion. We have also worked together as a group in the practice of meditation and have experienced visions which enable us to understand what Robert Cochrane wrote in *Pentagram* 3: "The doubt centres around the reality of the external world, not the inner. The reality of such experience illuminates the whole life."

A couple of us have been, for a short time, members of a Gardnerian coven but left for two simple reasons: the "Elders" appeared to be disinterested in learning—and had precious little to teach. We left with no ill-feeling and believe that modern witchcraft has something useful to offer, but not for us.

Between us we have a fair, but naturally amateur, knowledge of philosophy, psychology and medicine—and we take a reasonably serious interest in the fashionable "fringe" subjects like ESP, dowsing and ghosts. One of us is particularly interested in the hallucinogenic drugs and he has emphasised the importance of your reference to them in an earlier issue. He has also suggested to us that one of the reasons why orthodox medicine has made so little progress in its investigations into hallucinogens is because the experiments are conducted on unsuitable (not sufficiently developed in the spiritual sense) people. The visions we have achieved unaided lead us to believe that we can understand the use to which the mushroom can be put.

Now the point of this letter is to ask you "Where do we go from here?" From what you have written we know that you have a rare wisdom, much of which you have acquired along a path we seek to

tread. But in your reply to Mr. Crowther's letter you say "we have had hundreds of years of anonymity; we like it that way, and we intend that it shall continue." We do not ask to be received into an ancient and hereditary group (we can see the disadvantages for both sides) but we do feel that there should be some way for us, too, to have the opportunity to "sharpen our intuition and perceptions by practice and meditation" under guidance, and after suitable testing and examination by those such as yourself. We know that the learning and the training are long and hard; but the religions—and "witch" groups—which take all-comers are of no interest to us because no hard work is expected. We also know that there is much we can do by ourselves; but there is so much more that we could do with experienced guidance—which is not the same thing as leadership.

Much of what you have written seems to have a definite inner meaning for those with the right eyes to see; we will not cite examples here as we believe the *double entente* should be seen by those who can—and we must not give the game away!

Who will help us upon the Way?  
—Yours sincerely, ROBIN BURCH

## A Generous Offer

Cecil H. Williamson, proprietor of two witchcraft museums, is willing to provide display facilities in them next year for any group wishing to take up the offer. One is to be featured in any case, and Mr. Williamson writes "They do not claim to be anything other than one aspect of witchcraft... so the public are bound to ask what other types or groups there are. Well, why not let the groups state their case? I am ready and willing to provide the platform and means whereby any group or groups can put over their manners, ways, means and objectives... Please understand I have no sides to take... provided they are sincere in their work. I would far rather that the groups provide their own image, but if no co-operation is forthcoming then I shall have to press on as best I can with my version of their activities. I do not even have to meet anyone, for all that I require can be done with the aid of the pen and the kind and willing co-operation of just one member of each group willing and proud enough to put forward their point of view." Mr. Williamson's address is: The Smugglers' Rest, Fairies Hill, Polperro, Cornwall.

West Country woman (50) interested occultism, witchcraft, mysticism and authorship would welcome correspondence or meetings with individuals or groups in the West Country—Miss D. M. Hodges, 5 St. Andrews Road, Backwell, Bristol.

### PENTAGRAM

Managing Editor: Gerald Noel

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