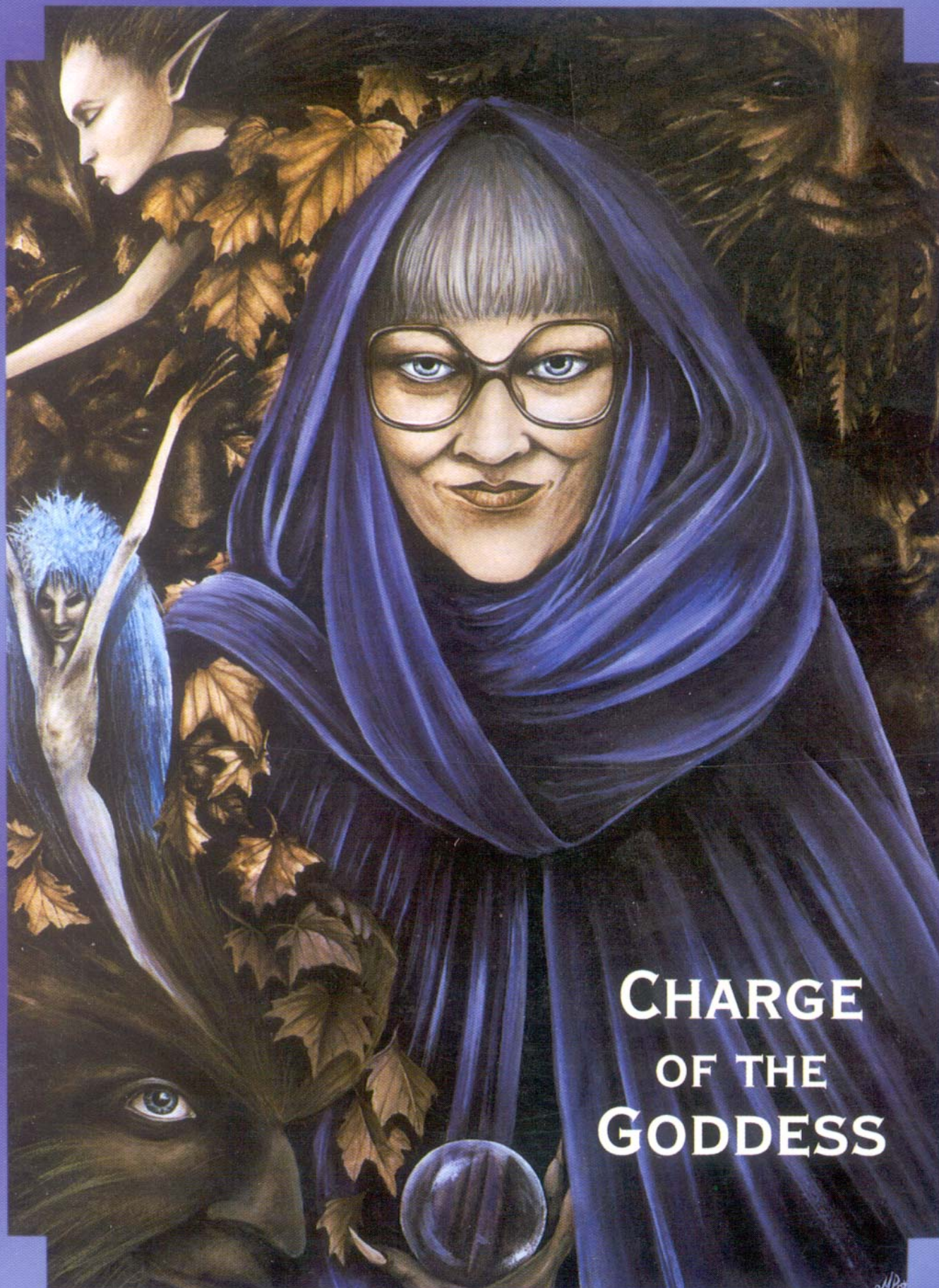


DOREEN VALIENTE



**CHARGE
OF THE
GODDESS**

THE MOTHER OF MODERN WITCHCRAFT



**CHARGE
OF THE
GODDESS**

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The poems selected for this book are shown in their original condition, complete with notes and amendments. For aesthetic reasons the size of the poems may vary in places, in order to preserve the uniformity of the border margins. Because Doreen Valiente wrote her material over quite a few decades, and in that time used different typewriters, pens and varying quality of paper, the shading of the print changes from poem to poem. *To Aleister Crowley* is a reproduction copied by the publisher and ghosted underneath is the original, replaced for reasons of legibility.

Sadly and all too often, the author is not always given credit for her works. As a result, some Pagans erroneously assume they are ritual text of ancient origin. For reference, *The Charge* was adapted from Tuscan Witchcraft rites and transcribed by Charles Leland. Even so, the words and metre are unmistakably the work of Doreen Valiente. *The Witches Mass* is taken directly from the author's personal Book of Shadows, and shows the Theban script used in Wicca. Like most of Doreen's poetry, it is clearly written for ritual purposes.

HEXAGON HOOPIX

Hexagon Hoopix is the publishing arm of the Hexagon Archive, an independent resource which collects and preserves rare esoteric material. Hexagon Hoopix has one of the most exclusive occult photographic archives in the world and has acquired a reputation for excellence in both writing and research in the field of Witchcraft and the occult.



The team: John Hooper, Art Director; Justin Hankinson, Editor/Writer; Jonathan Tapsell, Writer/Researcher, have drawn together some of the finest elements in media to turn previously unknown occult documents into works of art.

Hexagon Hoopix

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

John Belham-Payne would like to thank the following for having made this book so special: Janet Farrar and Gavin Bone, for their continued support and encouragement. Patricia Crowther, for her unique insight into Doreen's early Craft years. Marian Green and the late Dick Swettenham, who gave wisdom and friendship when I needed it most. Eleanor Bone, for her historical perspective. Jean Williams, Wilf and Lois Bourne for their touching recollections of Doreen. My fellow Officers of the Pagan Federation for looking at the bigger picture. Professor Ronald Hutton, Kate West, Steven Paine, Kate and Dave Mercer, Jan Setford and Neil, Kevin and Helen Lucas, Zia from the Seven Veils, The British Visionary Artists Group, Lucy and Jimmy Dunmore, Ben Gosden and Simon Budden for their loyalty and support. The Count and Countess Ralph de Street Von Kolman and the Order of Artemis in Brighton, for teaching me the ways and truths of the Old Ones. To them I owe my initiation and early teachings. Graham King of the Witchcraft Museum at Boscastle, Cornwall. My friends and colleagues in the States: Fritz and Wrenn of *witchvox.com* for spreading the word. Marion Pearce, of *Pagan Dawn* magazine. Simon Williams of the Hexagon Archive. Gaby and Jackie, for their stoical patience and creative input. Marc Potts, who helped me to grieve and made me stronger, and whose inspired painting on the front cover has captured the spirit of this great lady. We are honoured that Marc has donated the piece to the Centre - no other artwork could be more fitting. Those of you who have kindly donated artefacts and books to the Centre.

Finally to Doreen Valiente, for changing the lives of those who read her words or heard her speak.



Cover artist Marc Potts

FOREWORD

This book is the result of a final promise I made to Doreen shortly before she passed to the Summerlands on 1st September 1999. She knew that she was soon to die and requested I be there for the final moments of this life.

One evening, while sitting in her small apartment in Brighton, I asked if there was anything I could help her with. She replied that she was having difficulty in getting some poems published.

"What type of poems?" I asked her.

"All sorts," she replied. "A couple of my poems have been quite popular, I believe. There is that *Charge of the Goddess* and *The Witches Rune*. I'm told several people use them from time to time." The fact is, most working Witches around the world use them as part of their rituals. I promised her there and then that, "even if I have to print them myself, they will be published!"

Some time after Doreen's funeral, I visited the Hexagon Archive and discovered that they had a publishing arm, Hexagon Hoopix. They liked the poems and agreed to publish. I would love to be able to say that the layout of the book was my idea. It wasn't. This is the result of the remarkable talent of well-known Art Director, John Hooper.

Ray and Lynda Lindfield, along with my dear wife Julie, founded the Centre For Pagan Studies in 1995. It was set up to provide a high quality, ethical facility offering learned speakers and workshops. Doreen became our Patron and gave her last ever public talk there. She also left her rare research library and legacy of artefacts to the Centre, and requested in her will that the royalties raised from the sale of this book be used to further the work we started. These funds will be used to open a museum, which will display, along with others, Doreen's collection of artefacts, some of them seen within these pages.

We hope you like the finished book. Perhaps you will use it next time you meet when the moon is full, open at the relevant page. But most of all, remember Doreen.



John Belham-Payne
Centre For Pagan Studies

INTRODUCTION

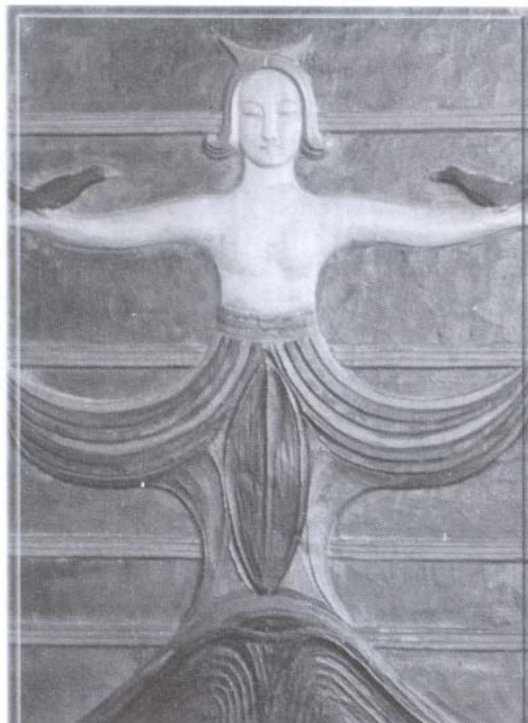
I am happy and honoured to write an introduction to this book of poems by the late Doreen Valiente. We first met in the late 1950's when we were introduced by Gerald Gardner. Doreen was his amanuensis when he was putting together his book of Gardnerian ceremonies which was called the *Book of Shadows*.

I moved from London to Cumbria in 1972, so we rarely met but we kept in touch. She preferred to work on her own but had great respect for the genuine Wicca (the Anglo Saxon word meaning 'wise one'), from which Witchcraft was derived. She strove with others to show it in its right perspective. She and I both hoped that one day it would take its place side by side with other religions.

Doreen believed in reincarnation. Let us hope that after being rested and refreshed awhile, she may return at the same time in the same place as her loved ones, and that she may meet, know, remember and love them again...

Eleanor Bone

The Matriarch of British Witchcraft (initiated 1941)



CHARGE OF THE GODDESS



Doreen Valiente
1922 - 1999

THE PAGAN.

Oh, morris bells, ring out your peals,
 For I'm not born to wear high heels!
 My church shall be by the standing stone,
 Where a gay ghost pipes on a flute of bone.

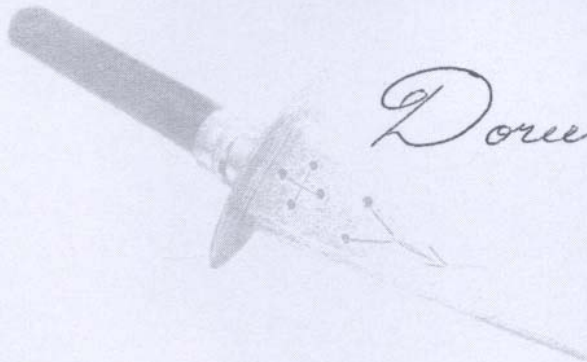
And may I live as a pagan free,
 With no commandment's chain on me,
 Save those the Wiccan Rede fulfil:
 "AN IT HARM NONE, DO WHAT YE WILL".

The greenwood echoes the thrush's song.
 The cuckoo calls, all summer long.
 The voice of wind in the aged trees
 Holds wisdom of far centuries.

Whatever the ill that Man may wreak,
 By sound and silence, the Old Ones speak.
 The pageants of Love and Beauty pass.
 The mirror of Hate is a shattered glass.

So let the world grow crabbed and old,
 Building itself a tomb of gold.
 Mine be the joys that shall remain,
 Of life and love, in the sun and rain.

Doreen Valiente.





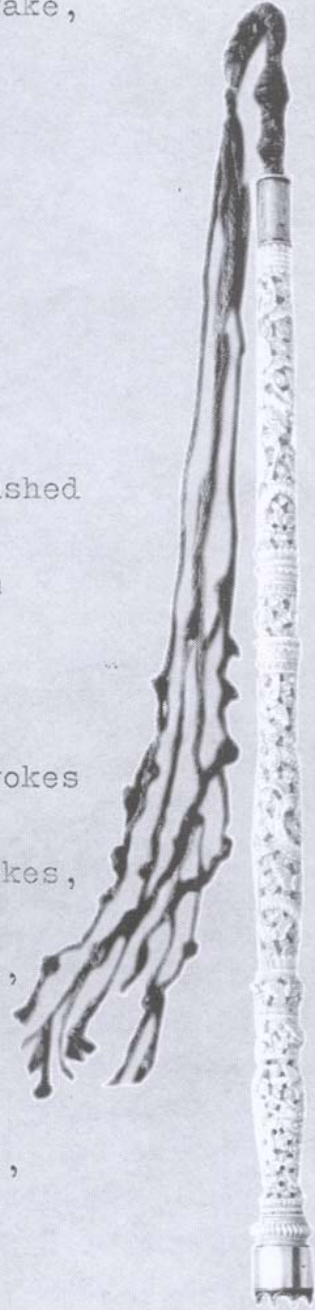
THE PAGAN

The opening poem, *The Pagan*, sets forth the essential tenets of the Witch belief in something known as the Wiccan rede, *Do What Ye Wilt But Harm Ye None*. Witches wish to abide with nature in complete harmony, respecting the freedom of others and walking the path that will take them beyond the material realm to the spiritual. *The Pagan* enshrines the beliefs of Witchcraft that have come down to us today from the ancient Mystery Schools of Greece.

Doreen Valiente set herself high standards in life and the Craft, constantly striving to attain wisdom and perfection. As for the source of her inspiration, we must credit the Pagan path. Her love of the Old Gods, the deities that weave their way in the other worlds and touch upon our souls but fleetingly are the fount of her visionary genius. In her writings she leaves us the true evidence of the Pagan teaching that can be tasted, smelt, touched, pictured in the mind's eye or heard in the far distance from who knows where.

THE GATHERING FOR THE ESBAT.

O Moon that rid'st the night to wake,
 Before the dawn is pale,
 The hamadryad in the brake,
 The satyr in the vale,
 Caught in thy net of shadows,
 What dreams hast thou to show?
 Who treads the silent meadows
 To worship thee below?
 The patter of the rain is hushed,
 The wind's wild dance is done;
 Cloud-mountains ruby-red were flushed
 About the setting sun;
 And now beneath thine argent beam
 The wild wood standeth still.
 Some spirit of an ancient dream
 Breathes from the silent hill.
 Witch-Goddess Moon, thy spell invokes
 The Ancient Ones of night.
 Once more the old stone altar smokes,
 The fire is glimmering bright.
 Scattered and few thy children be,
 Yet gather we unknown,
 To dance the old round merrily
 About the time-worn stone.
 We ask no heayen, we fear no hell,
 Nor mourn our outcast lot,
 Treading the mazes of a spell
 By priests and men forgot.



Doreen Valiente



THE GATHERING FOR THE ESBAT

In this poem we are introduced to the feeling of a genuine Witches gathering, out in the open beneath the rising moon. It has a gentle metre and conveys a peaceful vista and merry atmosphere of friends coming together.

The word 'Esbat' is a Witches word denoting the monthly meeting of the coven. It is derived from the Old French *esbattre*, meaning to frolic.

There are traditionally thirteen such gatherings a year, in accordance with the lunar calendar. Some say the reason why the Esbat takes place during the full moon is because it is a time when man's psychic powers are at their peak. It may also be because the light of the moon makes it easier to find one's way at night.

Mentioned within the poem are the 'Ancient Ones', perhaps a reference to the souls of great Witches who have passed from this world to the next. Songs are sung at this time and Doreen connected the famous ballad *Greensleeves*, with the Esbat.

THE WITCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The priest he kneels within the church to pray before the
 Rood,
 But there's another prayer that's ~~erected~~^{danced} within ~~the~~ a
 darkling wood.

For he beholds a ~~sooty~~^{sinful} world, and heaves a bitter sigh,
 But merry is the Sabbath when the moon is riding high!
~~Light and gay~~ the flying feet that dance the wild round,
 And strange the shifting shadows that weave upon the ground,
 Sweet the scent of wood-smoke, ~~drifts~~ from fires in the ~~(att)~~^(att)
 night,

And sweet are wine and kisses, when ~~the~~ⁱⁿ stars are shining ~~(at)~~^(at)
 bright.

O, priests may come with prayer and ban, and many a
 solemn psalm,
 But never will the Primal Gods be banished from the realm!
 They may come with holy water, and with candle, book and
 bell,

But if they're to order Heaven, 'twill be better far in
 Hell!
 Their hearts are cold as winter, for all they preach of
 good,

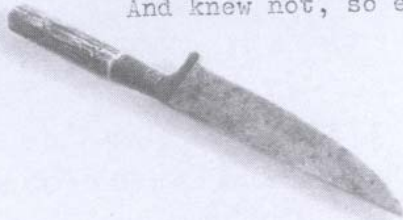
And the wine within their chalice is the memory of blood.
 Low is the church's stony roof, ~~that they must kneel~~
~~to those who have~~ ~~for them~~ beneath,

Who've glimpsed the antlered helmet of the awful Lord of
 heath,
 Shades,
 And heard his hounds' mad music down the lonely forest
 glades,

Or by some vision's grace beheld an argent Goddess smile,
 And knew not, so enchanted, did they wake or dream the
 while.

Then lightsores
 are

Who once
 have



Doreen Valiente

THE WITCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Taking the central feature of this poem are the different perceptions of worship encountered by Medieval Christians and Pagans. The reader is presented with the austere devotions of a priest kneeling within his solemn stone church, which is surely evocative of the cold bleakness of winter. On the other hand, the Pagan Sabbat, hidden amongst the trees, is a wild, ecstatic affair both enticing and awesome.

Although during the Middle Ages (circa 500 -1500 A.D.) the two forms of veneration existed side by side and went through a long period of transition together, many of the Church congregation would in reality have dual allegiance to both Christ and the Old Gods.

Today, it is still possible to discover in many European churches the markings of Paganism, for example on some pulpits (the face of the Green Man) and walls hosting runic carvings.

Doreen has left us with clues to the deeper mystical nature of her verse. In line fifteen, she describes the low church roof and the kneeling worshipper - perhaps a subtle reference to the restraint of lower levels of consciousness - whilst those who have glimpsed the 'awful Lord of Shades' or encountered the 'mad music' of his hounds in a far off glade, are rewarded with the rapture of grace.



A HYMN TO HERMES.

Helmeted Hermes, Leader of the Dead,
Shepherd of souls who pace the realms of dread,
Light me the path into thy hollow hill
When I the dark and mystic way fulfil.
Thy curious wand, enwreathed every way
With guardian snakes that vivify and slay,
Be unto me a sign of ended strife,
Opposites balanced on the Tree of Life.
Herald divine, the Eight-spoked Wheel that spins,
Round of our joys, our sorrows, and our sins,
Bright laughter's lord, incline to our dim earth,
And all our ways enlighten with thy mirth,
Born of the Gods and that immortal Light
That, conquering chaos, demons puts to flight.
Thrice master of all noble alchemy,
Strike us with sigilled wand that we may see
Spells in thy symbols, eloquent and mute,
That shall the formless and the dark transmute
With mystic Stone that turneth all to gold,
When we thy Splendour's vision may behold.

Doreen Valiente.

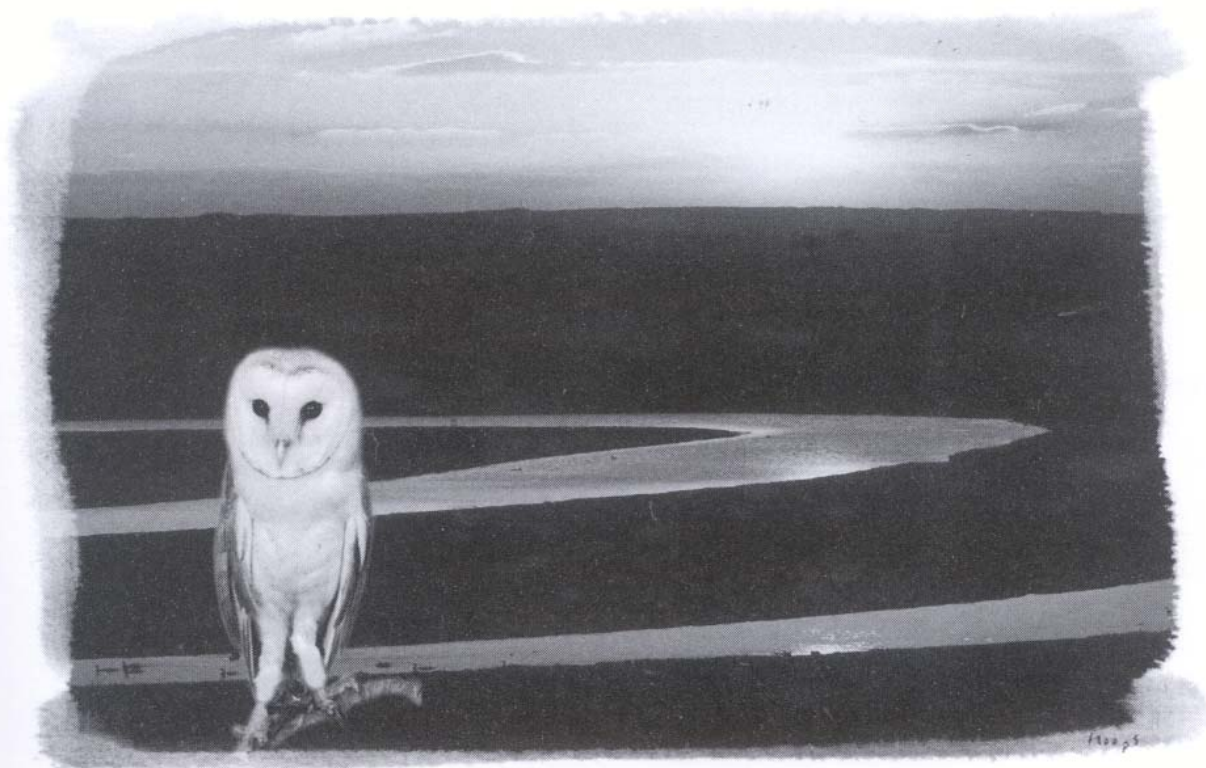
A HYMN TO HERMES

Hermes is The Greek God of Medicine, Communication, Wisdom and Magic. He is often portrayed as having winged sandals, a winged helmet and holding a Caduceus (a wand entwined by two serpents).

As the Messenger of the Gods in Greek myth, this eloquent, witty and quick thinking deity is rightful master of all things from alchemy to algebra. He is also a minor patron of poetry.

In purely occult terms he is ruled by the planet Mercury, his number is eight and his colour yellow. Doreen prefers to use gold in her poem.

The earliest origins of his worship are in Arcadia, where the first merchant travellers looked to him as their patron. In another role he escorted the souls of the dead to Hades, leading them to the Boat of Charon. This is where Doreen chose to begin *A Hymn to Hermes*, taking us from one world to another, from the mundane to the magical.



THE MAGIC OF DOREEN VALIENTE

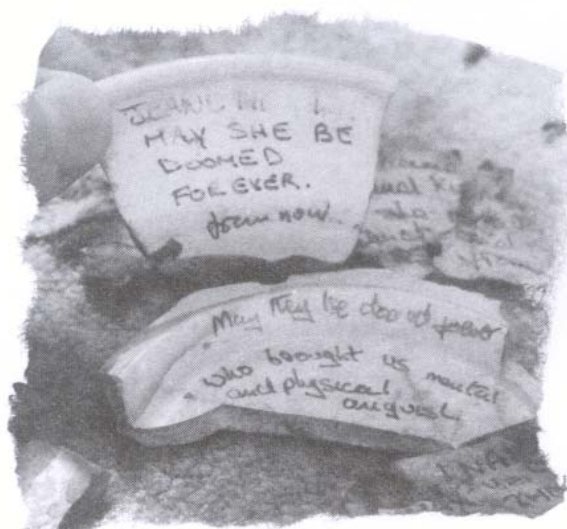
I originally met Doreen in the early 60's, when I was beginning a long journey through the old arts of the country Witches. With mutual friends I was invited to go to her flat in Brighton. This was a real delight as it was stuffed with wonderful old books and objects, carvings and ornaments made of antlers and horns which Doreen collected.

She told us about her interest in the old magic of the country people, the arts and skills of the mind and hand. Doreen explained that Witchcraft was not dead and people still used charms and spells, Witch bottles and incantations, and that groups would gather at the full moon to celebrate in the old way.

Later I was privileged to take part with Doreen and others at meetings in the woods and fields, in caves and on the sea shore. Here she often showed her unfailing power with words, reciting verses she had written. She was a great storyteller, full of anecdotes of the Witches of Sussex, her adored county. She believed in the magic of the heart and could charm the birds from the trees. Although I saw less of her in recent years, except for her public meetings, she did request my presence, with my partner Dick, at her funeral.

Her legacy to modern Witchcraft is often overlooked, yet *The Charge*, recited by Wiccans everywhere, came from her inspiration, and much of the ritual found in books was her work. I hope more people have the opportunity of experiencing her writing for many years to come.

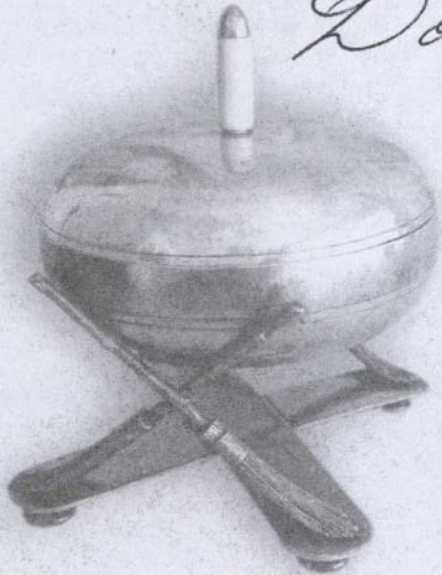
Marion Green



Reincarnation

Who knows what houses of flesh have builded for me,
Or in what lairs I have lain in space and time?
What corridors of chaos I have wandered,
What torches led me? *Who knows?*
The eye ever-open, unperceived and perceiving,
The scarab sun at the nadir of night;
And those lively elsewhere wraiths
Who haunt the ancestral crossroads of my blood.

Doreen Valiente





REINCARNATION

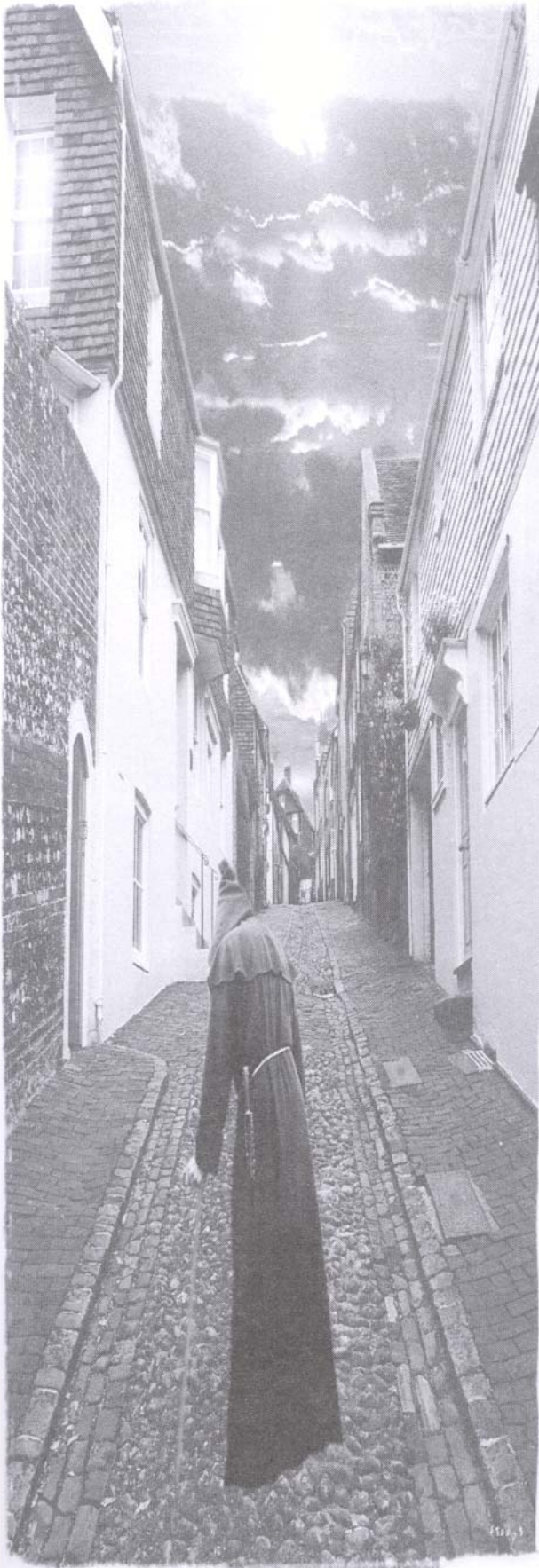
Reincarnation (the succession of many lifetimes in one soul) is an idea belonging to almost every ancient culture on earth. Doreen wrote on the subject and believed firmly in the concept, as do most Witches. This poem, although relatively short, touches on the transcendental qualities beyond the flesh, in a boundless ocean of chaos.

THE SUSSEX WITCH.

She passes through the village street,
As evening shadows fall.
The full moon climbs the winter sky,
The trees are bare and tall.
What is the secret that they share,
Shadow and moon and tree,
And little laughing breeze that makes
The dead leaves dance with glee?
They know their kin. The owl cries
His greeting out to her.
Now the last house and garden's past,
The Down's ridge rises bare.
A climbing moonlit path she sees,
That was a trodden road
Ere conquering Rome or Norman proud
O'er Downland ever strode.
It leads to where, beneath the turf,
The outlines she can trace
Of barrow and of sacred ring,
That mark the Old Gods' place.
The moon rides high. The years roll back,
Are with her garments shed.
Naked she dances out the ring
First wrought by hands long dead.
The blood leaps wild within her veins,
As swifter spins the dance,
Her wide eyes fixed upon the moon,
Her senses rapt in trance.
And though no feet of flesh and blood
Walked with her to that ground,
She knows she does not dance alone
That magic circle's round.



Doreen Valiente.



THE SUSSEX WITCH

Of all the counties in England, none can boast a more Pagan past than Sussex. The ancient Seat of the South Saxons was the last county to convert to Christianity and only then at the point of a sword. It has played host to a myriad of occultists, visionaries and mystics throughout the years; Aleister Crowley, William Blake, Mary and Percy Shelley and of course Doreen herself, who resided in the seaside town of Brighton.

Sussex has acquired a reputation nationally for being a 'hotbed' of occult activity. To be a Sussex Witch is to belong to a proud defiant strand of Paganism, one that refuses to be quelled.

THE WATER CITY.

Sunk beneath the blue Atlantic,
There the Water City lies,
That was once the place of wisdom,
'Neath the stars of elder skies.

Silence wraps its shrouded temples,
And the fish swim to and fro,
Where amid the stones gigantic,
Wizard priests were wont to go.

Far beneath the waves of ocean,
There its cities lie asleep,
Haunted by the silent gliding
Shapes of monsters of the deep.

And a mystic song arises
From the dark cyclopean stone,
With the tide, as men lie dreaming,
Having nought of earthly tone;

Singing of an elder Eden,
When the Goddess Earth was young;
Echoing the first primaeval
Love-song that was ever sung.

Shining stands the Water City,
Like a pearl we see it gleam,
Through the twilight and the moonlight,
In the country of our dream;

Outside Time, for She is timeless,
She, the Queen of all therein,
Goddess-Mother of all living,
Veiled with shadows and with sin.

So Her face is dark with terror,
For the Veil alone we see,
Till the Water City rises,
And we find our liberty.

Doreen Valiente.

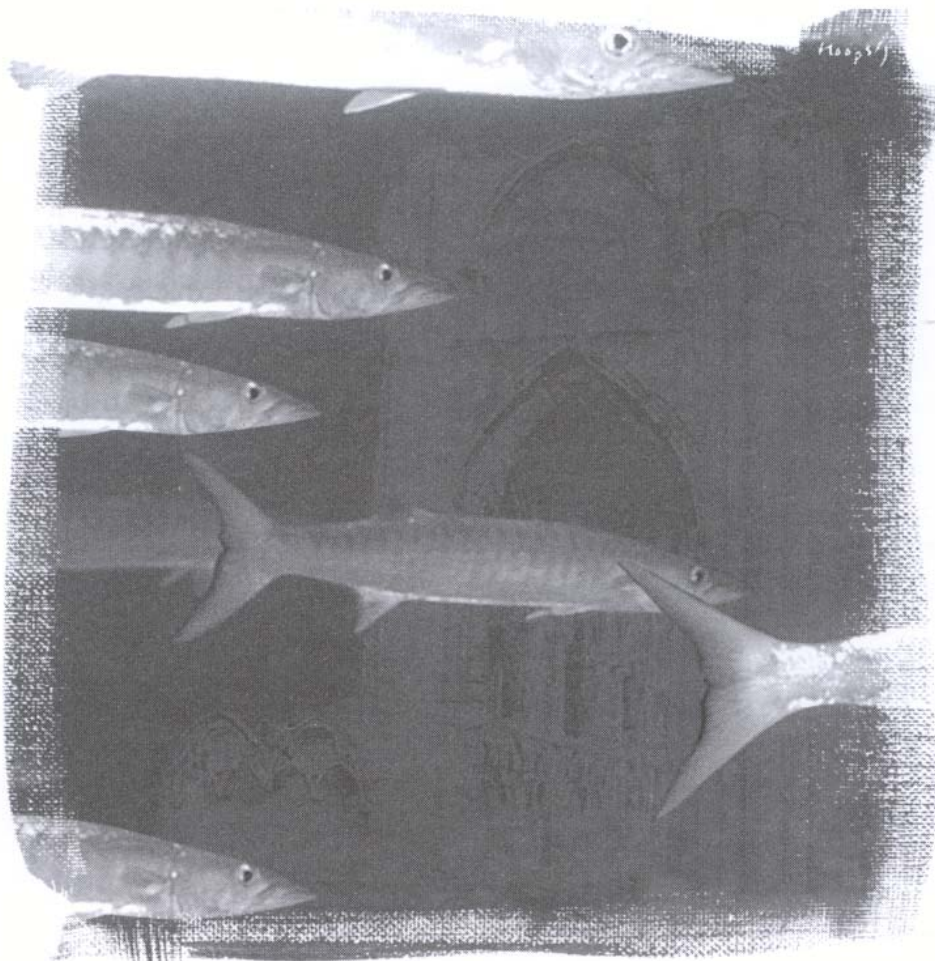
Everyone who knew Doreen Valiente will recall her great scholarship on her chosen subjects. Her knowledge was quite prodigious resulting in fascinating publications which held one's interest to the very last page.

As a result, she was loquacious and disarming, but behind her pleasant personality was a steely determination not to suffer fools gladly. She had the remarkable ability to discern quite quickly the difference between truth and fiction, but no one in genuine trouble or misfortune was turned away. She was a true friend, faithful and loyal to her calling.

Doreen may at some time have prayed, as Matthew Prior did,
"Great Mother, let me once be able to have a garden, house and stable
where I may read, and ride and plant, superior to desire or want, and as
health fails and years increase, sit down and think and die in peace."

Now she explores the landscapes of the spirit and continues to live in our memory.

Lois and Wilfred Bourne



HERMAPHRODITE PANTHEA.

A vision from enchanted realms unknown:
Twin powers male and female, joined in one.
Life's potencies by magic art foreshown;
A miracle conjoined of Moon and Sun.

The breasts of Venus and the loins of Pan,
The antique world knew thee for Goddess-God.
Mystery manifest of woman-man,
Round thee of old the sacred dance we trod.

Perfect thy beauty of the sexes both.
Through cloudy incense-smoke thy deep eyes gaze;
So that we kneel in worship, nothing loth
To do thy will in rites unto thy praise.

Doreen Valiente.



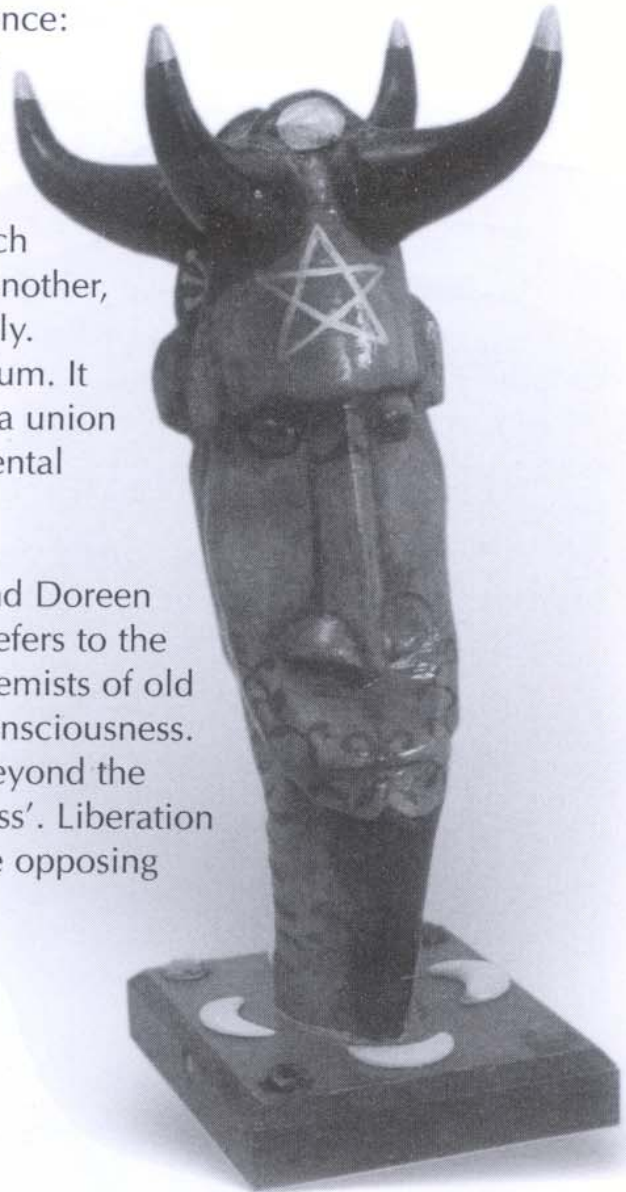
HERMAPHRODITE PANTHEA

Most religious beliefs throughout time have expressed a fascination with duality and the nature of opposites.

Paganism is no exception. Wicca presents the alternating polarities underlying existence: night and day, sun and moon (as seen in the poem), summer and winter, fire and water, and so on.

The Witches rites and rituals show each of these opposites in battle with one another, conquering the other, albeit temporarily. Ultimately there is a point of equilibrium. It is in this state of balance that there is a union in duality. One is reminded of the oriental symbol of Yin and Yang.

This union is the goal of the mystic and Doreen alludes to it in her poem, where she refers to the transcendence of gender that the alchemists of old taught, and is the gateway to super consciousness. The poem suggests a beatific vision beyond the constraints of sexuality and 'humanness'. Liberation of the mind is sought by accepting the opposing natures within our psyches.



FIRE-RHYME FOR HALLOWEEN.

Fire red, Summer's dead,
Yet it shall return.
Clear and bright in the night,
Burn, fire, burn!

Fire's glow, vision show
Of the heart's desire,
When the spell's chanted well
Of the magic fire.

Dance the ring, luck to bring,
Now the year's a-turning.
Speed the game, leap the flame,
While the fire's burning!

Doreen Valiente.

FIRE-RHYME FOR HALLOWEEN

Halloween, or as Witches prefer to call it 'Samhain' (pronounced *Sow-In*) is the ancient Celtic fire festival associated with the Otherworld, when spirits and the dead roam abroad. Samhain actually means 'Summer's End', the New Year starting on November 1st.

Ritual bonfires are lit for the first week of November to burn out all negative influences. During the Celtic era, the Druid priests would have orchestrated these rites.

Modern Witches meet on this night and conduct a ritual of the dead, a serious but not solemn affair that may involve (according to certain traditions) placing written messages into a cauldron. This is done in order to speak to the souls who have gone before. One must bear in mind that to Witches, like the ancient Celts of times past, death is just another plane of existence and certainly not to be feared.

Coven members closing down a Samhain meeting are invited to jump over the fiery cauldron to bring luck in the forthcoming year. This poem makes reference to all these points and has a jolly, uplifting cadence.



Lost in the better Twilight.

YE OLDE MAYE GAME: or, TAKE OUT THE HOLY WATER.

O, sorrow's on the petals of the rose!
 What ~~is~~^{was}, is not. And past hath future been.
 For who would think that a man's own false teeth
 Would bite him in the arse on Halloween?
 O fires of spring and mattress eke alike,
 My love lies dead, and lustily doth snore.
 For some fell toad the Sabbat wine did spike,
 And cracked her sacred crown upon the floor.
 Sawdust to sawdust, in a four-ale bar,
 Hell is afoot, and none shall sleep in peace,
 So place it in the cauldron and depart.
 The egg is hatched, and crows the cockatrice!

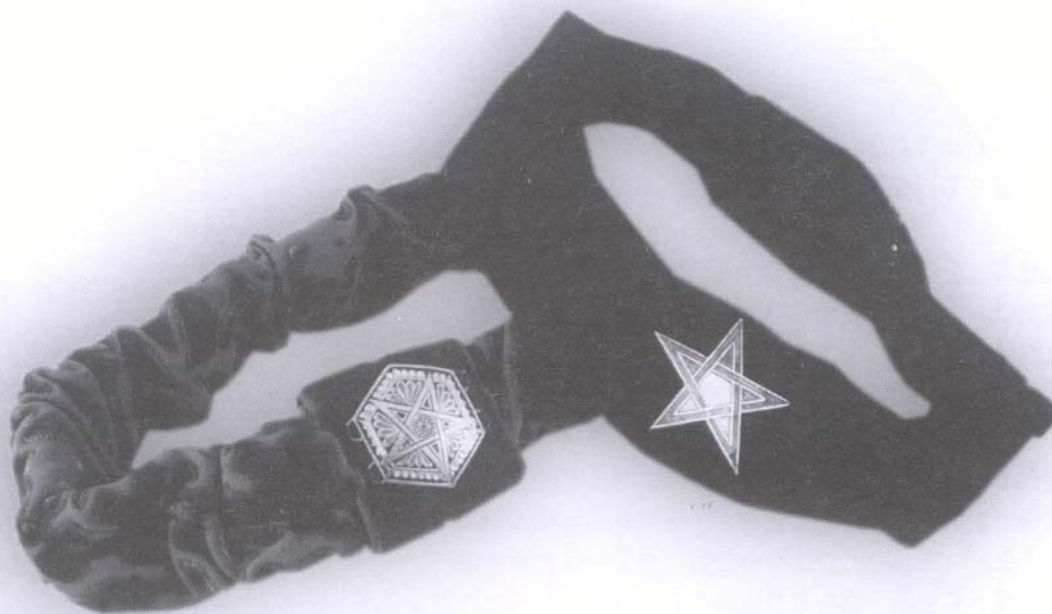


Doreen Valiente.

Anyone seeking for a mystical significance
 in this poem is earnestly invited to seek on,
 even as far as China, or at least, as far as
 the Great West Road. Believe it or not, however, the
 third and fourth lines describe a factual event.

YE OLDE MAYE GAME

Modern Pagans associate Pan with the Horned God of Witchcraft. Pan, the protector of shepherds and flocks, is a Greek God and son of Hermes and Penelope. He is often depicted as part-human with the legs of a goat. His symbol is the phallus and is associated with fertility, revelry and dancing. The poem *Ye Olde Maye Game*, seems to recall the aftermath of one such lusty revel between a couple of Witches.



THE NIGHT RUNE.

When shadows darken,
And starlight gleams,
The ways of the Old Gods
We tread in our dreams.

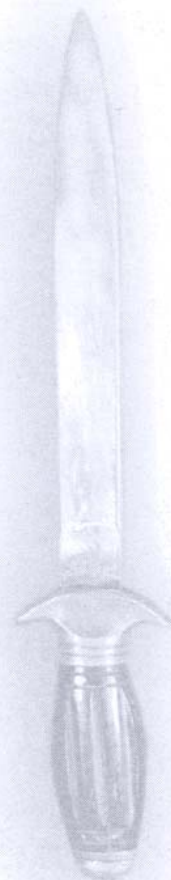
Beyond good and evil
They call from afar,
In the scent of the twilight,
And the evening star.

Let far become near,
And past become here,
And the will and the way
Of the Old Ones appear!

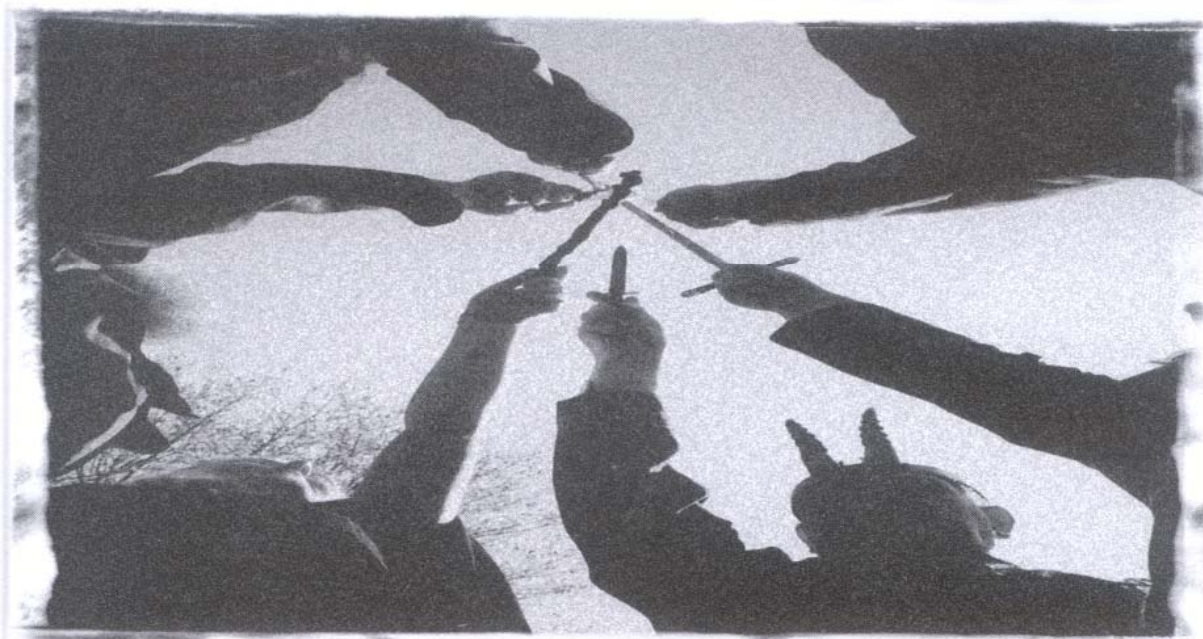
Through gateways of darkness
We follow the light,
O'er the rivers of dream
And the pathways of night.

So witches may fly,
Though none may them see.
When body lies sleeping,
Soul wandereth free.

Let far become near,
And past become here,
And the will and the way
Of the Old Ones appear!



Doreen Valiente.



THE NIGHT RUNE

When future generations look back on the 20th Century and the resurgence of 'The Old Religion', Doreen Valiente's name will dominate. Modest and retiring, she never sought the publicity that has so regretfully marred the Craft with the antics of some self-professed Witches.

Doreen was dedicated to the old ways and was one of the greats of her time. Her books will endure as Pagan 'bibles' in years to come for the education of new followers, as Paganism goes from strength to strength.

The world in general and particularly the world of Witchcraft has been enriched by her presence on Earth, and Doreen's passing into her beloved Summerlands has left us all the poorer. Our loss is the Old Gods' gain.

Merry meet and merry part and merry meet again.

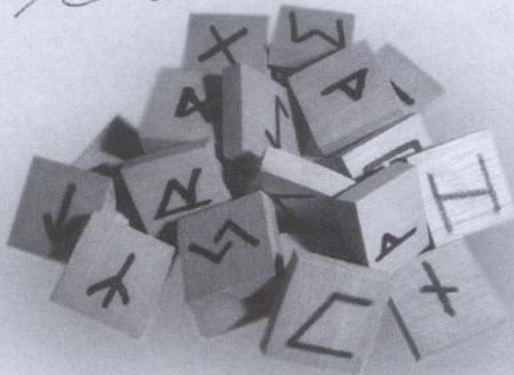
Blessed be old comrade.

Ralph Harvey

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

All Orders and circles shall fail,
For the results of success are unthinkable.
How terrible if the door of the citadel should fall!
Is it not a fearful thing
If an invocation should invoke?
Or a prayer produce a face in heaven?
For if the Veil should rend,
The nakedness of the world is discovered.
Yet shall there be degrees in failure.
There shall not be darkness without a lamp.
The flame flares and wavers on the walls.
Though it reveal but the stones of the sanctuary,
Its nature is of the unshadowed Light.

Doreen Valiente.



SUCCESS AND FAILURE

Success and Failure conveys the underlying nature of magic and asks the question that if we unlock the door to the 'citadel', are we capable of facing the reality?

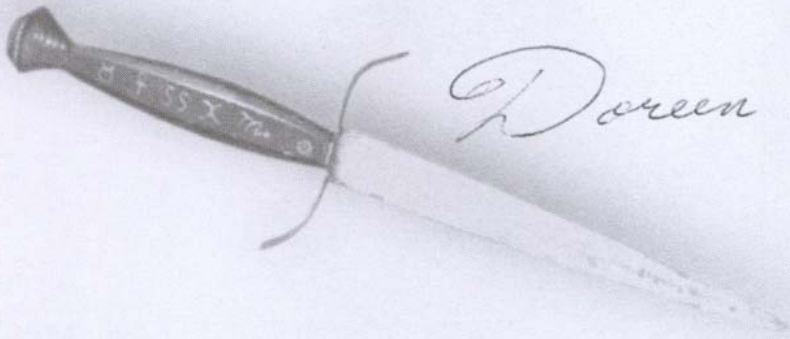


According to Craft lore, the Otherworld co-exists with this one. The realm where the 'Mighty Ones' dwell may be called forth by the occultist. Is the poem perhaps a gentle warning to the would-be practitioner, in a world where one is shown the way little by little towards the 'sanctuary'?

ELEGY FOR A DEAD WITCH.

To think that you are gone, over the crest of the hills
As the Moon passed from her fullness, riding the sky,
And the White Mare took you with her.

To think that we will wait another life
To drink wine from the horns, and leap the fire.
Farewell from this world, but not from the Circle.
That place that is between the worlds
Shall hold return in due time. Nothing is lost.
The half of a fruit from the tree of Avalon
Shall be our reminder, among the fallen leaves
This life treads underfoot. Let the rain weep.
Waken in sunlight from the Realms of Sleep.



Doreen Valiente.

ELEGY FOR A DEAD WITCH

After her death on September 1st 1999, Doreen was laid in an open coffin at the Centre for Pagan Studies in the village of Maresfield, East Sussex.

A circle of candles surrounded the coffin, which was decorated with fresh green leaves and branches from the Centre's own gardens. Doreen lay in state, wearing her red kaftan and surrounded by burning incense.

A special funerary rite was conducted by John Belham-Payne, aided by prominent Traditionalist, Jan Setford. On that last night, John and Jan stayed with Doreen. The next morning, the 9th September, Doreen's coffin was closed for the last time and the bearers came and carried her to a low-key funeral service. This was a black tie affair with no media presence, just as Doreen had requested.



LAMENT FOR THE LAND OF KHEM.

Where once the horns of great Amoun
 Protected Egypt's sovereignty,
 The sun upon the desert sand
 Shows where the broken columns lie.
 The harpers and the trumpeters,
 The dancers and the shaven priests,
 Their bones are mingled with the dust,
 Forgotten like the humble beasts.
 How ruthless is the hand of time
 That strips the shattered pyramid,
 And chokes with sand the labyrinth
 Where secrets aeon-old lie hid.
 Yet glow the colours on the walls
 And still the carven faces smile,
 As if they see the boat of Ra
 Serene on the celestial Nile.
 And from each stone colossus there
 Echoes at dawn a soundless cry,
 To hail the pageant of the Gods
 Eternal as the sunlit sky.
 So great the magic of that land
 That we forsaken are of them,
 And in the dreamworld yearn to find
 The pylon-guarded gates of Khem,
 Out of the astral twilight see
 The veiled and moon-crowned Isis loom,
 And breathe, awakened, lingering there
 A scent of spices and perfume.

*Douen Valiente,
 May, 1982.*

LAMENT FOR THE LAND OF KHEM

Thousands of years ago Egypt was known as the Land of Khem. Khem was the Egyptian God of Reproduction, Fertility, Harvest, Agriculture and Regeneration. He was a Father God and the Greeks identified him as Pan.

Doreen wrote about Egypt and its historical links with Witchcraft. She claimed that many of the deities wore horned headdresses. Amoun, mentioned in the opening line of the poem, was represented as a ram with an elaborate horned headdress. This God was particularly interesting because he was able to assume any desired form. In fact, all the other deities were in reality Amoun himself. He was Life - the Life Force itself.



WIDDERSHINS.

I curse you against the sun,
I curse you against the moon.
So may the spell be done,
And fall upon you soon.

Back on your evil head
Fall the lies you have spoken.
The arrow you have sped
Shall fall back broken.

Into your own false heart
The splintered shaft shall lodge,
Although you play your part
With shift and cunning dodge.

By night when owls cry
Under the waning moon,
Her sickle in the sky
Is sharp for you soon.

The fool who calls on Fate
Shall deathly echoes hear,
Unloosing from Her gate
The hounds of fear.

Undying as the wind
And swift as thought,
You leave them not behind,
They cannot be bought.

In all earth is not room
To lose their footsteps fell.
They hunt you to your doom,
The red-eared hounds of hell.

Of your own poison die,
Corrupt and rotten.
Your grave unhonoured lie,
Your name forgotten.

Doreen Valiente.

HOB

Maybe it was the shy grin on his tawny face that made me think of seafaring folk, or maybe it was just one cucumber sandwich too many that made me see what I wanted to see. Either that or Doreen had spiked the tea that afternoon. As the latter was out of the question, I had to conclude that something was definitely going on!

"Ah, I see you have met Hob," Doreen said. Sometimes her grin and Hob's seemed to match the other. "I think he likes you m'dear, you'd better go and introduce yourself." And that as they say, was the start of a beautiful friendship.

Hob was a coconut man. Doreen had found him on one of her sorties around the antique shops of Brighton. He may well have started life in the Caribbean and travelled with a sailor back to England. He was 'alive' when Doreen found him and she made him her house guardian. Hob was, and still is, not exactly the most handsome customer on the face of Mother Earth, but he certainly is one of the funniest and kindest souls. Every time we have met, Hob gives me a wink, just as he did on that first meeting in Doreen's flat, and over the years our unusual friendship has grown.

When Doreen passed into the Summerlands, my heart went out to that funny little coconut familiar. How lonely he must have felt, afraid of what was to become of him. At least now he knows that he is loved and considered useful. I am sure that next time we meet we will both have a wink in our eye for each other. So here's looking at you, Hob old friend. There are good times yet to be had for coconuts and familiars alike!

Janet Farrar



WE, THE ENCHANTED.

O Mighty Pan, whose pipes within the wood
 Sound through the leaves of summer's sunlit noon,
 Of man and nature art thou understood
 By Sabbat fires beneath the wandering moon.

Shrive us of sorrow in thy melody;
 Of time and fortune loosen thou the bonds.
 The heavy world is but the mask of thee,
 Whose eyes look out between the leafy fronds.

Save us, O Pan, and mostly from ourselves;
 Our eyes light-dazzled can but darkness see.
 The blithe wake-world of angels and of elves,
 We, the enchanted, think a dream to be.

Doreen Valiente

WE, THE ENCHANTED

We, the Enchanted contains the idea of mankind divorced from the spiritual world, perceiving everything through the limited five senses.

Doreen wrote of the poem, "One of the main purposes of the Craft of the Wise is to teach people how to develop their psychic senses and spiritual perception, in order to be able to lift aside the veil of the material world and perceive the reality of the other worlds and other planes of being."

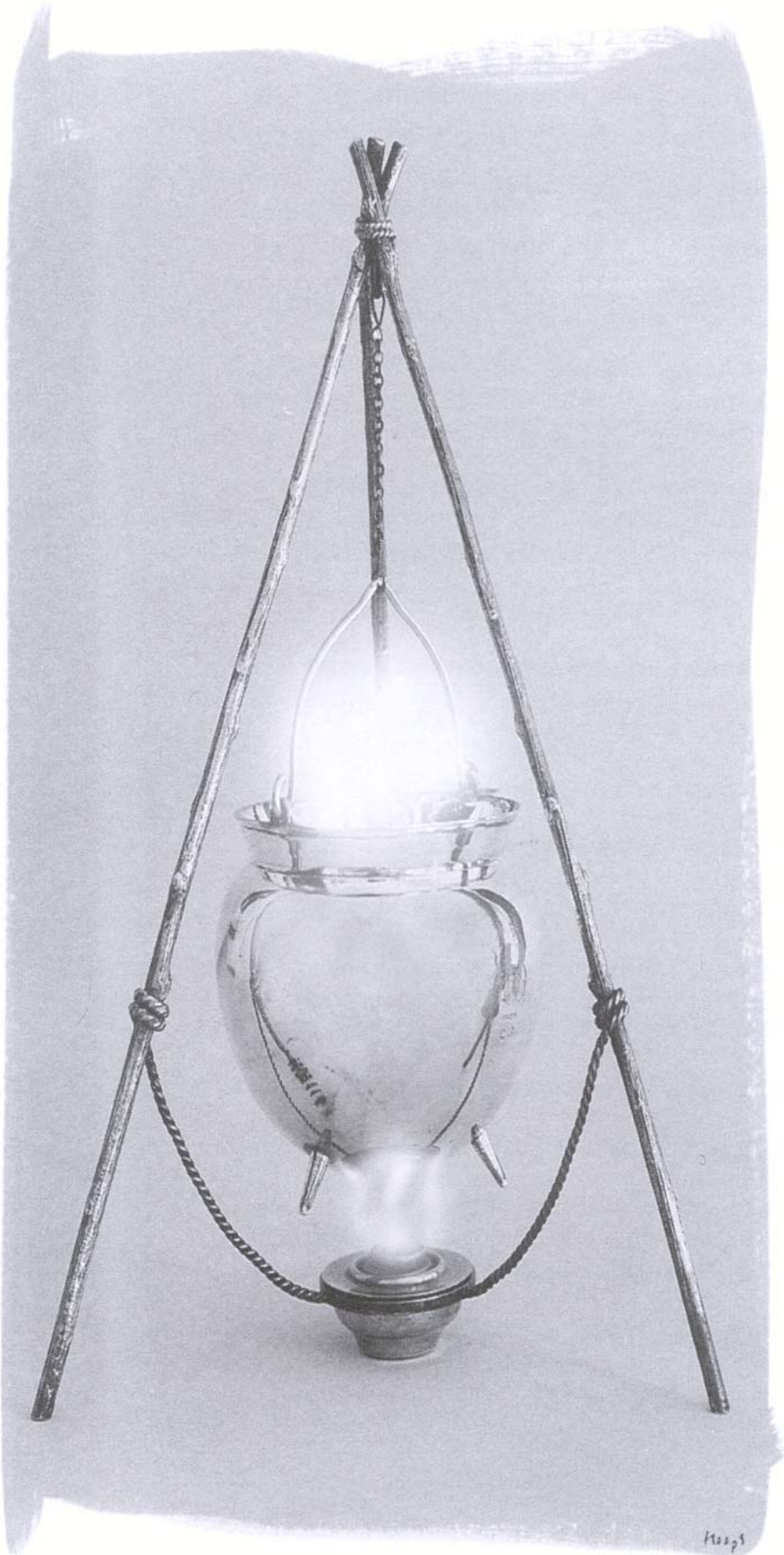


NATURA NATURANS.

Who perceives the white diamond
 Of light beyond light,
 The gateway of the Goddess
 Between Her dark thighs,
 The right and left of the world?
 Where dark and bright
 Are mingled and one,
 Babes of one womb,
 And from the inmost love of Her body come.
 And who the galaxy
 Of star-bright seed perceives,
 The impulse of might
 To move and waken, and start the throb of time
 In primal Night?
 She of the left hand, the sinister,
 The dark foundress, the upholder of all.
 Hers is the earth of all roots,
 And the secret waters
 Of the first fountain,
 Where the seas quench their thirst.

Doreen Valiente

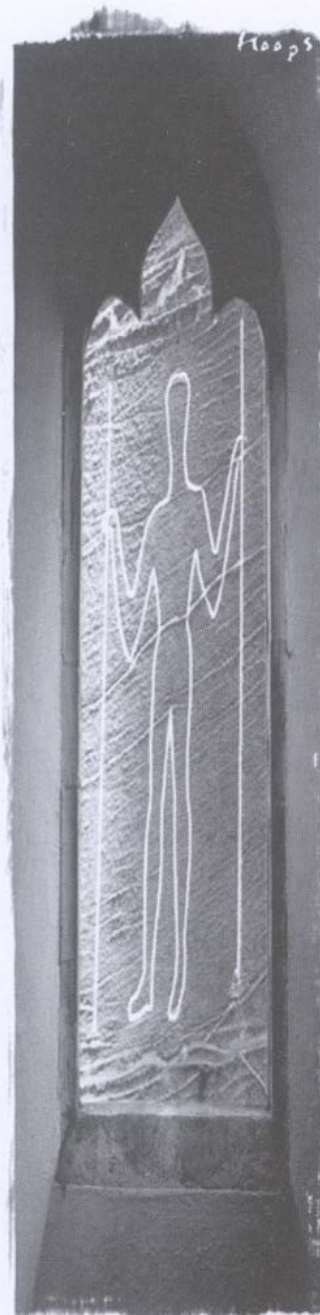
"Male we call that which begets into another one; Female that which begets into itself". (Aristotle).



1882

THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON.

As years and centuries go by,
 The Long Man watches silently,
 While over him cloud shadows pass
 In fleeting shapes across the grass.
 Upon the hill-top overhead
 Lie barrows of the unknown dead.
 A distant skylark sings on high,
 Melody falling from the sky,
 And cottage gardens lie at ease
 Among the murmuring of bees.
 Within the Priory below
 He saw the monks both come and go.
 The walls they built to God on high
 An open, flower-clad ruin lie.
 Yet the Long Man stands stark and stil.
 Against the green grass of the hill.
 His dodman's staff in either hand,
 He gazes out across the land,
 Bearing his message from the past,
 The ancient ways shall ever last.



Doreen Valiente.

THE LONG MAN

Memories of my friend Doreen Valiente are deep and abiding and still fresh in my mind since the day we first met nearly forty years ago. I greatly valued Doreen's friendship and there was always excitement, discovery, laughter and the sharing of the sacred rites with this fascinating lady.

I recall the night when I probably saved her from serious injury, if not something much worse. We were descending the hill at the Long Man of Wilmington (one of England's ancient chalk hill carvings) after a ritual in the hollow above the figure. It was pouring with rain, very misty and Doreen was some way ahead of the rest of us.

Suddenly and without consciously knowing why, I shouted "Stop!" Doreen obeyed my command and when I caught up with her, the beam from my torch showed where the ground disappeared at the edge of a quarry.

Doreen asked "Did you pull me back?" I shook my head. "Well someone did, I'm positive of that and bless you dear for your sixth sense." Looking back, I think the Goddess had a hand in saving Doreen too!

Patricia C. Crowther



Pictured above, is Doreen's own Book of Shadows which contains much of her knowledge of magic.

Pictured right, part of the *Witches' Mass* (written in Theban script) is revealed for the first time. This arcane passage is used on every Great Sabbat.

The Witches' Mass.

The Witches' Mass is performed at the Sabbats. For its full celebration

4 6 5 3 4 7 3 (4 2 4
 3 4 2 2 3 6 7 4 7 3 (4 2 6 7 4 9 9 7 3 (4 4 2 6
 2 6 6 3 4 0 2 1 4 4 2 6 3 4 2 6 4 4 3 (4
 7 4 4 2 3 (4 6 4 2 7 4 4 2 4 1 4 3 (6 6 3 (4 2
 6 2 4 2 3

The cakes, which should be made of meal, wine, salt and honey, in the shape of a crescent moon, are placed on the Pentacle

4 7 7 4 4 2 6 6 4 4 2 1 4 4 2 6 3 6
 4 2 6 6 1 7 1 3

The chalice is filled with wine

4 2 1 6 7 4 4 7
 2 1 4 9 2 3 (4 2 2 3 4 4 2 7 3 (4 2 4 2 4
 4 2

The leader of the coven, standing behind the altar, holds the Athame upraised with both hands, point downwards, and says:

"As the Athame is the Male, so
the Cup is the Female, and
conjoined they bring blessedness."

THE WITCH'S CHANT.

Darksome night and shining Moon,
 Hell's dark mistress, Heaven's queen,
 Harken to the witch's rune,
 Diana, Lilith, Melusine!
 Queen of witchdom and of night,
 Work my will by magic rite.

Earth and water, air and fire,
 Conjured by the witch's blade,
 Move ye unto my desire,
 Aid ye as the charm is made!
 Queen of witchdom and of night,
 Work my will by magic rite.

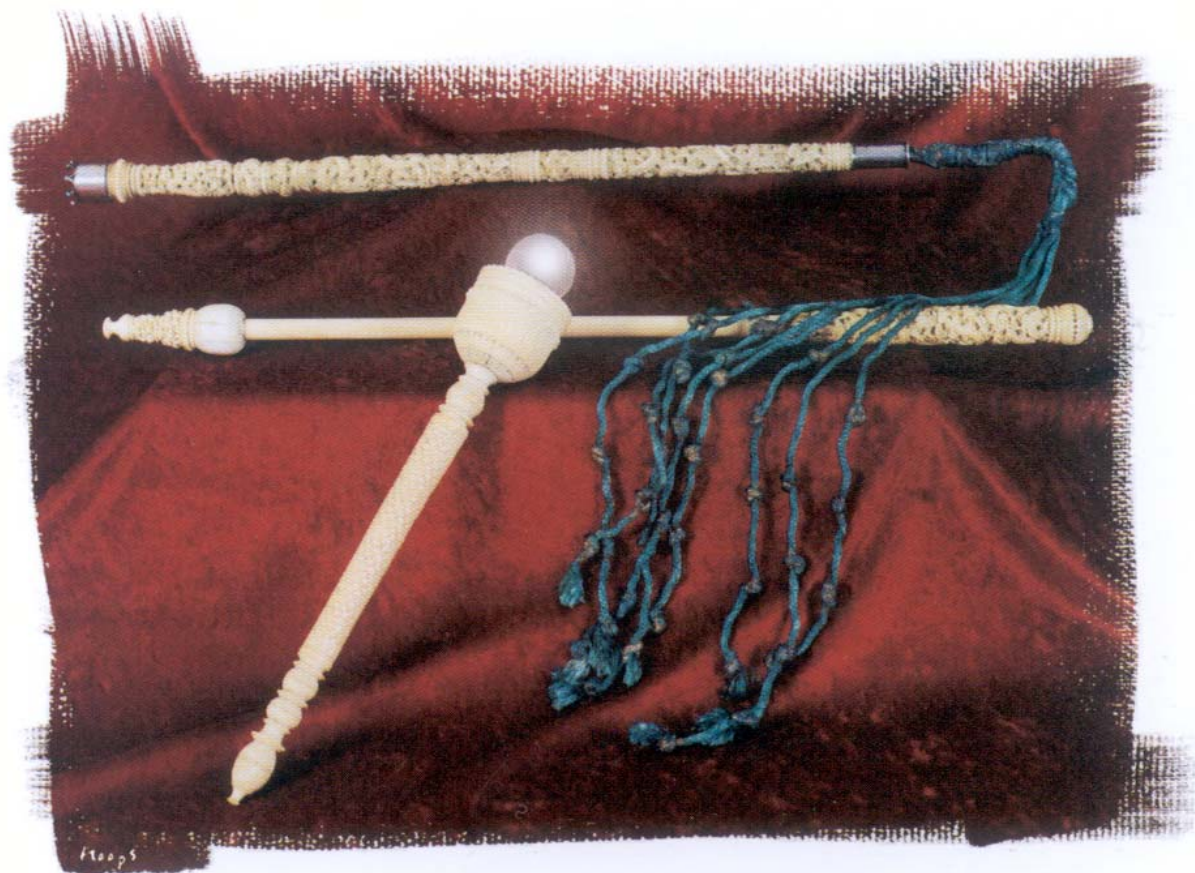
In the earth and air and sea,
 By the light of moon or sun,
 As I pray, so mote it be.
 Chant the spell, and be it done!
 Queen of witchdom and of night,
 Work my will by magic rite.



Doreen Valiente.

THE WITCH'S CHANT

Doreen's most celebrated poem, is chanted by covens worldwide. It is more commonly known as *The Witch's Rune*.



Above is a scourge and two magic wands, carved ornately from ivory, once belonging to Gerald Gardner.

THE CHARGE.

Listen to the words of the Great Mother, who was of old also called Artemis; Astarte; Dione; Melusine; Aphrodite; Cerridwen; Dana; Arianrhod; Bride; and by many other names.

Whenever ye have need of anything, once in the month, and better it be when the Moon be full, then ye shall assemble in some secret place and adore the spirit of me, who am Queen of all witcheries.

There ye shall assemble, ye who are fain to learn all sorcery, yet have not won its deepest secrets; to these will I teach things that are yet unknown.

And ye shall be free from slavery, and as a sign that ye are really free ye shall be naked in your rites; and ye shall dance, sing, feast, make music and love, all in my praise.

For mine is ecstasy of the spirit, and mine also is joy on earth; for my Law is Love unto all Beings.

Keep pure your highest ideal; strive ever toward it, let naught stop you or turn you aside.

For mine is the secret door which opens upon the Land of Youth, and mine is the Cup of the Wine of Life, and the Cauldron of Cerridwen, which is the Holy Grail of Immortality.

I am the Gracious Goddess who gives the gift of joy unto the heart. Upon earth, I give the knowledge of the spirit eternal; and beyond death, I give peace and freedom, and reunion with those who have gone before. Nor do I demand sacrifice, for behold I am the Mother of All Living, and my love is poured out upon the earth.

Hear ye the words of the Star Goddess, she in the dust of whose feet are the hosts of heaven; whose body encircleth the Universe; I who am the beauty of the green earth, and the white Moon among the stars, and the mystery of the waters, and the heart's desire, call unto thy soul. Arise and come unto me.

For I am that Soul of Nature who giveth life to the universe; from me all things proceed, and unto me must all things return; and before my face, beloved of gods and mortals, thine inmost divine self shall be

enfolded in the rapture of infinite joy.

Let my worship be within the heart that rejoiceth, for behold, all acts of love and pleasure are my rituals. And therefore let there be beauty and strength, power and compassion, honour and humility, mirth and reverence, within you.

And thou who thinkest to seek for me, know that thy seeking and yearning shall avail thee not, unless thou know this mystery, that if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee.

For behold, I have been with thee from the beginning, and I am that which is attained at the end of desire.

*Doreen Valiente,
March, 1986.*



THE BALLAD OF SIR ROUGHCHOPS.

A knight of old, so brave and bold,
Sir Roughchops was his name,
And carrying his trusty spear,
He sought for knightly fame.

One summer evening he rode forth,
All armoured for the fray,
Till in a valley deep he found
A darksome wooded way.

On either side the bushes grew,
Till past a little spring
He saw the entrance to a cave.
Said Roughchops, "Here's a thing!"

"Surely within this cavern dark
Adventure waits for me?
I'll get my weapon ready raised,
And go inside and see."

A witch's cauldron there he found,
That bubbled, stewed and simmered,
Upon a magic bonfire's glow,
That through the twilight glimmered.

And then the wicked witch herself
To Roughchops whispered, "Sir,
You're just the man I'm looking for
To give this pot a stir."

So Roughchops, to oblige the witch,
Being a courteous knight,
Stuck his stiff weapon well inside,
And stirred with all his might.

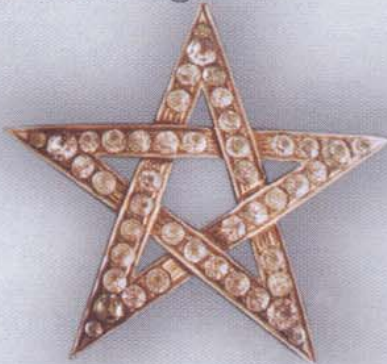
But oh, alas, that wicked witch
On Roughchops laid a spell!
He stirred and stirred and could not stop,
Though why he could not tell.

Till with a last tremendous stir
The cauldron overset,
And flooded all the cave around
With streams both warm and wet.

When Roughchops drew his weapon out,
It looked all limp and weak,
Whereat the knight was so amazed
That he could scarcely speak.

The evil hag with cackling laugh
Off on her broomstick shot,
And Roughchops with a thoughtful air
Rode back to Camelot.

Now what black art was wrought on him,
A secret must remain;
But strange to say, he straight set out
To find that cave again!

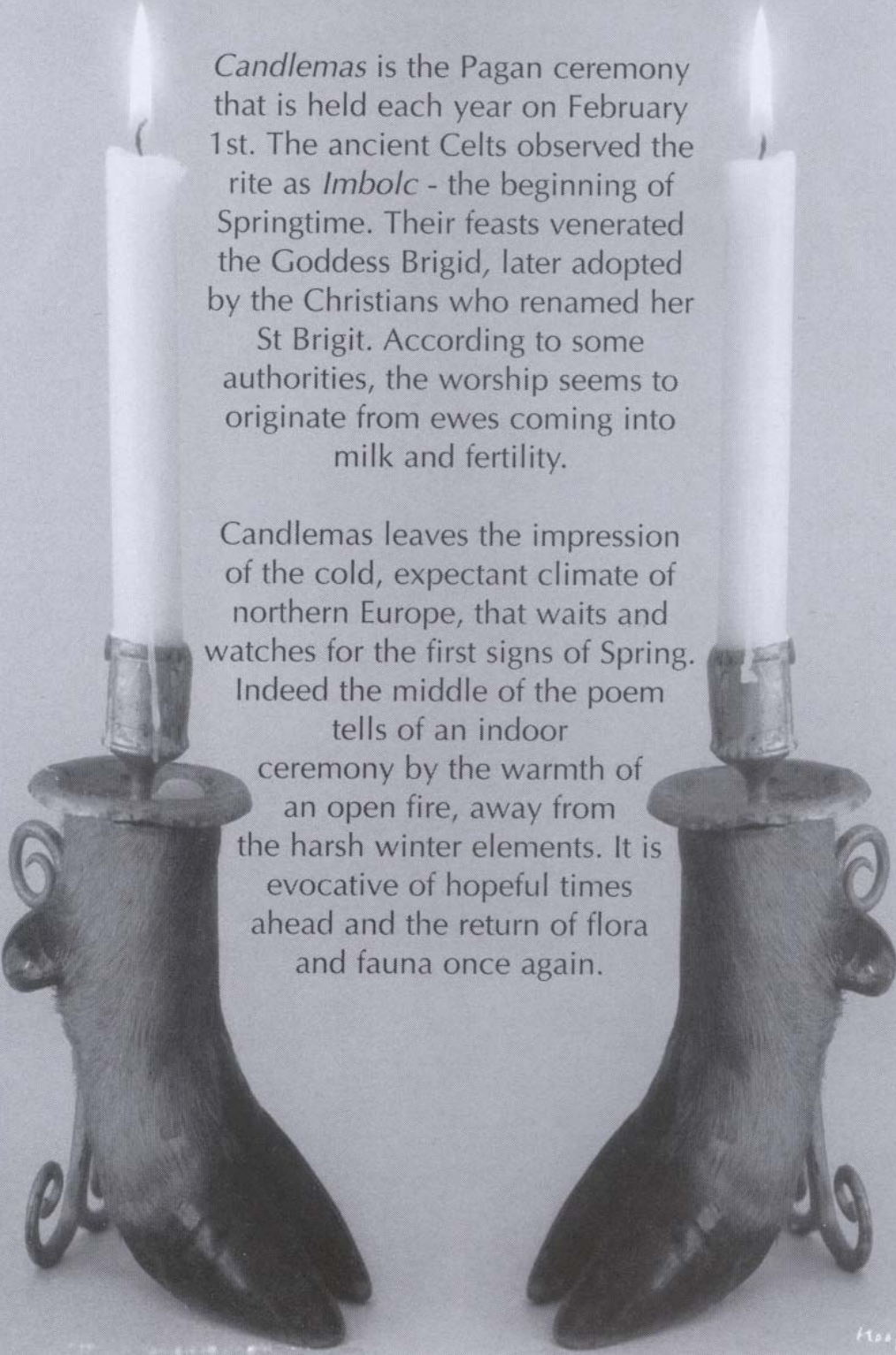


CANDLEMAS.

Sun and fire warm the earth
At old Candlemas returning.
Through the long night see it shine,
Magic in the thin flames burning.
In the clouded vault of heaven,
Jewelled stars that sparkle clear
Dance in their eternal measure
Through the changes of the year.
Snowdrops through the frozen mould
Force a greenleaf blade again,
While above the branches bare
Shake in freezing wind and rain.
Crouched upon the cottage floor,
See the witch that eyes the flames,
Whispering as the candles burn,
Naming age-old pagan names.
Primal powers of Death and Life,
Called on by her invocation,
Viewless presences draw near,
As she weaves the incantation,
Knotting in the witches' cord
The immortal spells that bind,
Through the winter and the dark,
Love to life and hope to mind.

Doreen Valiente

CANDLEMAS

Two lit candles in reindeer antler holders. The candles are white and lit, with a small flame. The holders are made of dark, polished wood or metal, shaped like reindeer antlers with small circular details. The background is a textured, light grey surface.

Candlemas is the Pagan ceremony that is held each year on February 1st. The ancient Celts observed the rite as *Imbolc* - the beginning of Springtime. Their feasts venerated the Goddess Brigid, later adopted by the Christians who renamed her St Brigit. According to some authorities, the worship seems to originate from ewes coming into milk and fertility.

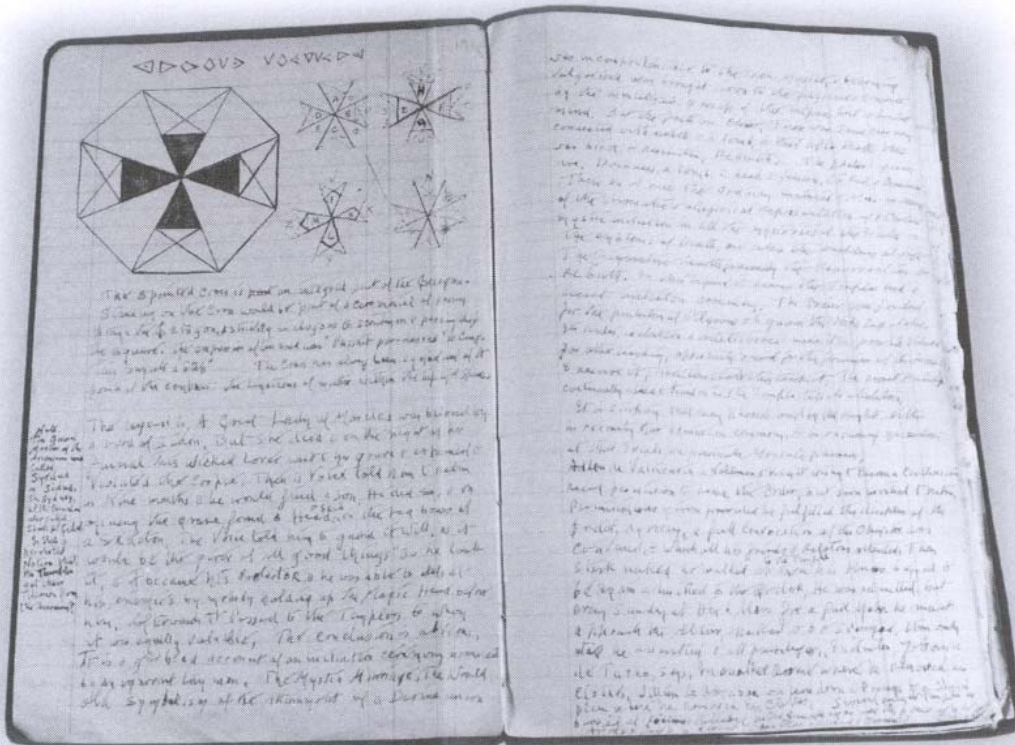
Candlemas leaves the impression of the cold, expectant climate of northern Europe, that waits and watches for the first signs of Spring. Indeed the middle of the poem tells of an indoor ceremony by the warmth of an open fire, away from the harsh winter elements. It is evocative of hopeful times ahead and the return of flora and fauna once again.

THE DOOR.

Knockings upon the door of the unknown
Evoke an echoing answer.
A footstep falls in the cloisters of the mind.
The dream tapestries, troubled
By a breeze of other air,
Sway in their shifting patterns,
When day is blind,
And perfumed twilight with dim stars is fair.
Listen to the stream of silence flowing,
That feeds the moat about the Castle,
And laps upon its aeon-built walls.
The illusion of day has hid that which is there.
Purity has veiled the pure,
And the virtuous have blackened virtue,
And the five senses sealed each the door.
Now knock;
And three times knock,
For the Old One Three-fold,
Who answer gives from earth and sea and air.

Doreen Valiente.

THE DOOR



"The most interesting thing to me about Witchcraft is its concern with making the breakthrough into the inner worlds of psychic and mystical experience. This is what my poem, *The Door*, is concerned with. *The Old One Three-fold*, to whom it refers, is the Witch Goddess 'Hecate'. It also mentions a castle. This 'Castle of the Inner Planes' is an old concept of Celtic myth. In later legends, it was Christianised into the 'Castle of the Grail'."

Doreen Valiente

THE HAUNTED LAKE.

The haunted lake turns up its eye
Unto the white and leprous moon.
A cold air whispers through the sky
That She is coming soon.

A twisted thorn with pointing hand
The path to that wan water shows,
And in fantastic saraband
A dancing elf-light glows.

The midnight wood is dark and deep,
And underneath the branches bare
The printless footsteps rush and creep
To greet Her presence there.

A herald owl cries before,
As in Her garments glistening white
She walks upon that faery shore,
The Goddess-Queen of Night.

The mortal man that doth Her see
Shall go enchanted all his days.
No fairer love shall for him be,
Nor equal to Her praise.

Doreen Valiente.

THE HAUNTED LAKE

Poetry reveals the beauty of the soul and these pages certainly substantiate the truth of this opinion. My feelings concerning Doreen are perfectly expressed in the following lines by Robert Louis Stevenson:

*Honour, anger, valour, fire,
A love that life could never tire;
Death quench or evil stir,
The Mighty maker gave to her.*

Patricia C. Crowther



P R E S E N C E S .

Listening to the great elemental voice of the sea,
 Speaking in no tongue and all tongues,
 While above the clouds are crowding,
 Gathering into night and storm,
 Who are the watchers of this scene, beside myself?
 Whose are the gay, indifferent presences
 Writen in cloudrack and outshaped by air?
 They feel no chill as I, only exultation.
 Their pulse is in the surging of the tide.
 They lie silent in stone,
 Yet have speech among themselves.
 Their life is in shapes and shadows,
 We cannot know them,
 And we to them are equally unheeded.
 The mist on the sea is their veil,
~~Illusory~~
~~And yet not~~, for they are in no thing,
 And so in all things,
 They, the presences of life,
 Angels and demons both, and gods of faery.
 Sometimes, for sport, they will approach us,
 Shaping their powers in clouds,
~~Or sunlit~~
~~And shapes of water,~~
 Looking a sudden face from the bole of a tree,
 Or sigil printed on a coloured stone.
 The Moon is their lady and ours,
 And leads their blithe dancing,
 As they move invisible, mocking and mastering
 The hardness of our world.

Doreen Valiente .



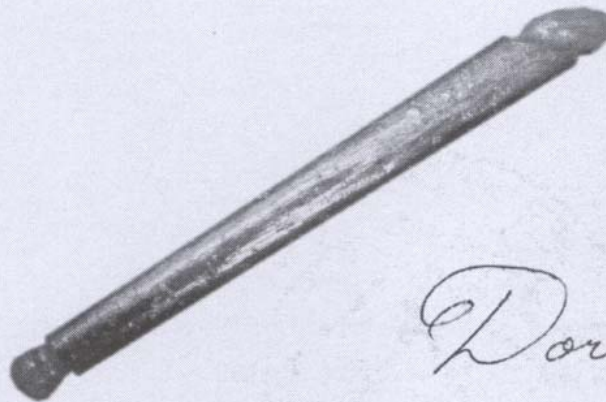
PRESENCES

Presences conveys the shadowy nature of unseen life and was read by Doreen at a lecture given by the Poetry Society in London. In the words of Doreen herself, "It was written one summer evening, at sunset, on a lonely beach; a place in which I knew I was not alone."



AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

There was a young lady named Freeman
Who had an affair with a demon.
She said that his cock
Was as cold as a rock -
Now, what in the hell could it be, man?



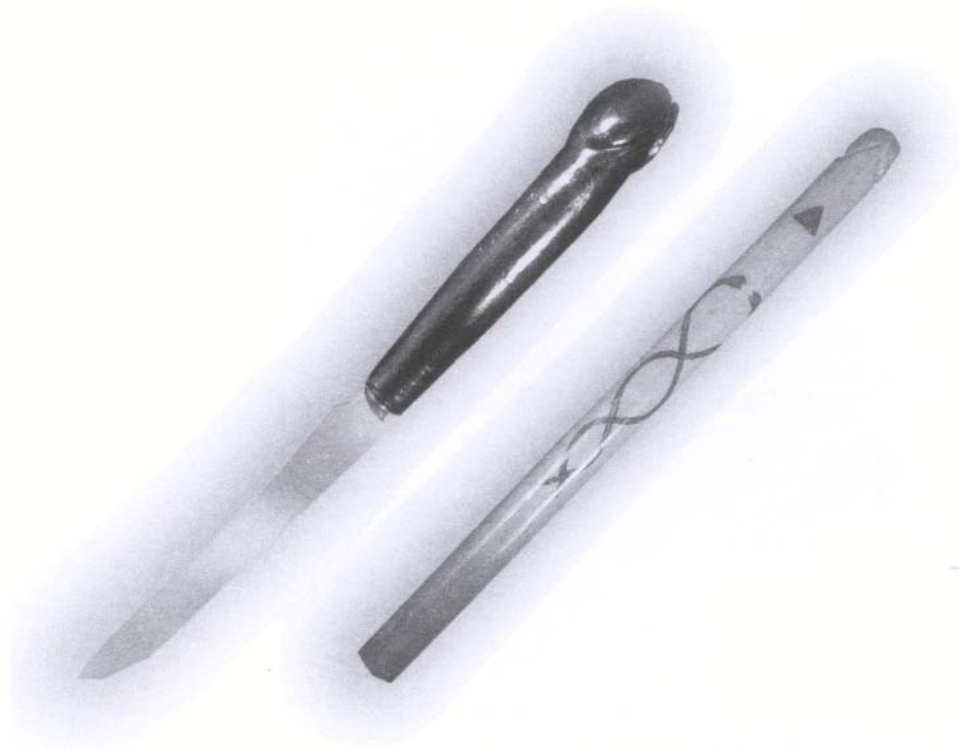
Doreen Valiente

*This poem is solemnly dedicated to
Mr. R. E. L. Masters, the author of
"Eros and Evil".*

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH

The High Priestess stands before the altar assuming the Goddess position (arms crossed, palms touching shoulders) while the High Priest kneels before her. Holding a phallic wand (similar to the one below), he outlines a pentagram upon her body, repeating the sacred invocation to the Goddess.

The five-fold kiss is always performed within the confines of a magic circle and is given woman to man or man to woman. The kiss starts on the right foot, then the left, both knees, the loins and both breasts. Finally the kiss is given to the lips. At each of these points the High Priest will bless that part of the body.



THE ROAD.

Pagan, pagan, what are you seeking,
Through all the days of your long earthly tread?
Your sunrise and moonrise what chances are bringing?
And where will your travelling footsteps be led?

Pagan, pagan, sad is your heart now;
Stranger you are in a world not your own.
Its clamorous voices are echoing round you.
Though in the crowd, you still travel alone.

When fires of sunset in heaven are burning,
When over the hills blows the wind of the dawn,
Then voices ancestral within you are calling.
Still knows the wildwood the dance of the faun.

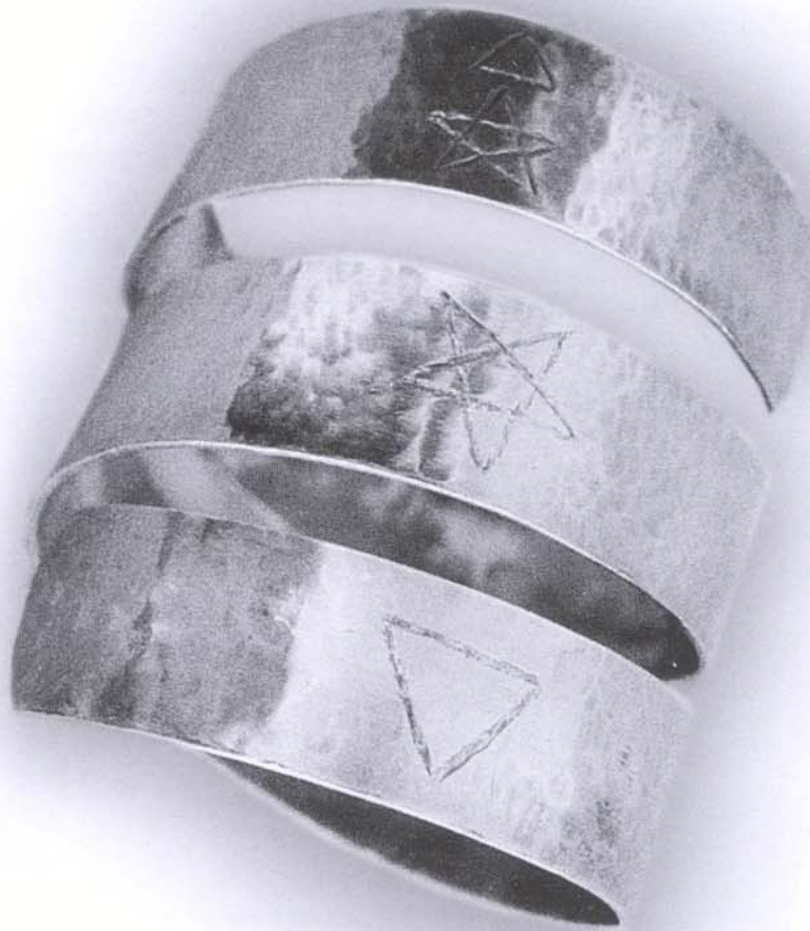
Pagan, pagan, what are you finding?
Yours is the road that winds lonely and far.
Strange are the shadows that round you come creeping.
Still through the clouds is the glint of a Star.



Doreen Valiente.

THE ROAD

The 'path', or 'road', is a commonly used metaphor to describe the commitment to a spiritual belief or religious calling. The poem refers to such a journey through Wicca (the Craft of the Wise).



THE WITCH'S BALLAD.

Oh, I have been beyond the town,
Where nightshade black and mandrake grow,
And I have heard and I have seen
What righteous folk would fear to know!

For I have heard, at still midnight,
Upon the hilltop far, forlorn,
With note that echoed through the dark,
The winding of the heathen horn.

And I have seen the fire aglow,
And glinting from the magic sword,
And with the inner eye beheld
The Horned One, the Sabbat's lord.

We drank the wine, and broke the bread,
And ate it in the Old One's name.
We linked our hands to make the ring,
And laughed and leaped the Sabbat game.

Oh, little do the townsfolk reckon,
When dull they lie within their bed!
Beyond the streets, beneath the stars,
A merry round the witches tread!

And round and round the circle spun,
Until the gates swung wide ajar,
That bar the boundaries of earth
From faery realms that shine afar.

Oh, I have been and I have seen
In magic worlds of Otherwhere.
For all this world may praise or blame,
For ban or blessing nought I care.

For I have been beyond the town,
Where meadowsweet and roses grow,
And there such music did I hear
As worldly-righteous never know.



TANGMERE AERODROME

A colourful incident happened to Doreen many moons ago when she, along with her coven, were out performing a ritual in the dead of night. It took place just outside a tiny village called Tangmere (West Sussex), on an abandoned airfield. The Witches present were all wearing black cloaks and had just started the rite, when the headlights of a large truck caught them in its beam. All assembled dived to the ground and pulled their hoods up, rendering them invisible in the darkness.

A few minutes later a police car arrived and two officers proceeded to interview the frightened truck driver. The driver gave a lurid description of what he had just seen, while the two policemen listened in wonder as he described Warlocks in cloaks, magic rituals, broomsticks and a woman with a crown on her head.

The officers peered into the blackness, but nothing could be seen or heard. The Witches could hear one officer enquire, "So you say they just vanished into thin air, sir?" The driver became extremely animated and insisted that there were "Witches on the runway!"

By now the Policemen assumed they were dealing with a madman and told him he was lucky not to be arrested for wasting police time. With that they returned to their patrol car and left the scene.

The Witches, from the relative safety of the enveloping darkness, heard the driver muttering as he was walking back to his lorry, "I did see them... I did!"

Doreen remembered this particular incident with great fondness.



THE PAGAN CAROL.

The holly and the ivy,
 When they are both full grown,
 Of all the trees that are in the wood,
 The holly bears the crown.
 Oh, the rising of the sun
 And the running of the deer,
 The playing of the merry organ,
 Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
 As white as lily flower,
 And when the Sun is newly born,
 'Tis at the darkest hour.

The holly bears a berry
~~As red as any blood,~~ *and blood-red is its hue,*
 And when the Sun is newly born,
~~It bringeth all things good.~~ *It maketh all things new.*

The holly bears a bark
 As bitter as any gall,
 And when the Sun is newly born,
 The earth rejoiceth all.

The holly bears a leaf
 That is for ever green,
 And when the Sun is newly born,
 Let love and joy be seen.

The holly and the ivy
 The mistletoe entwine,
 And when the Sun is newly born,
 Be joy to thee and thine.

Chorus:

Oh, the rising of the Sun
 And the running of the deer,
 The playing of the merry organ,
 Sweet singing in the choir.

Doreen Valiente.

THE PAGAN CAROL

'Yule' is a word derived from the Old Saxon *Geola*, meaning December. Some scholars suggest a connection with the Norse word *iul*, or *wheel*, perhaps suggesting the completion of the yearly cycle. It is this Pagan festival that marks the shortest day of the year during midwinter, a time of feasting, games and merriment. Christmas itself is based on Yule.

The birth of Jesus was moved by the Christian church to coincide with the celebration of Yule. Several ancient customs were observed during this period, most notably the rites of passage from death through to resurrection.

In this poem Doreen composes a new version of the traditional Christian verse that restores the importance of Sun worship during Yule.



THE DREAM SPELL.

Cast a spell to catch a dream,
Launch it on the midnight stream,
When the broomstick riders fly
Merrily across the sky.
Swirling cloaks and pointed hats,
Twilight kin of owls and bats.
Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hovering through the midnight air,
Clasping hands with nymph and faun,
Revelling until the dawn.
See the Moon through flying cloud,
Hear the piper piping loud.
Ancient Benevento's tree
Is the place I'll meet with thee.
Over land and over sea,
Catch the dream - thus shall it be!

Doreen Valiente.
May, 1997.

THE DREAM SPELL

In this poem there is an obscure reference to Charles Leland's work on Witchcraft. He wrote that the Witches of Benevento were renowned for their healing and donations to the poor, and includes amusing tales about the Witches. The Italian town has a long association with Witchcraft and connections with the followers of Aradia in the 14th Century.

In line 13, Doreen refers to 'Benevento's Tree'. The sacred walnut tree, said to be found in the Stretto Di Barba, was and perhaps remains, the meeting place of Witches. The Walnut Witches were a powerful society of Pagans. Romauld himself, Duke of Benevento, was said to have joined in the rites beneath the sacred tree.



KING OF THE WOOD.

Greenwood God, we thee invoke,
 Spirit of the mighty oak.
 As we stand beneath thy tree,
 May thy blessing on us be.
 In its leaves a mystic voice
 Bids the pagan heart rejoice.
 May we feel the living power
 Flowing from thee in this hour,
 Spirit of the life of earth
 Through the round of death and birth.
 Ever as the year is turning
 Keep the secret flame a-burning.
 Circle round the witches' fire,
 Heat the cauldron of desire.
 Here beneath the windy sky
 Rear the sacred antlers high,
 Dance and stamp with cloven hoof
 Underneath the starry roof.
 Thee the trees and wild things bless,
 Glory to the wilderness!
 Harken to the pagan cry,
 Trees shall live when cities die,
 Four winds blow their dust away,
 Rain shall turn it into clay,
 And the arching rainbow's sheen
 Lend the earth its emerald green.
 Thus it was before man came,
 And shall ever be the same,
 Through all mortal things that be,
 One immortal destiny.
 This we know, beneath thy tree.
 One with Nature, blessed be!



Dorcen Valiente
 March, 1985.

KING OF THE WOOD

I first met Doreen about fifteen years ago, at a Grand Sabbat in a wood in Surrey, where several covens had met to celebrate. I already knew her by reputation as a dedicated and feisty High Priestess and author of excellent books on the Craft, but nothing had prepared me for the impact of her presence.

She wore a dark green cloak that blended perfectly into the woodland green, her hair tousled by the wind. She cast the circle with her broomstick, taking command of the space. She then appeared to grow to immense stature as, broomstick in hand, she summoned the Mighty Ones to guard the circle. I have never before, or since, witnessed such natural authority.

Jean Williams



A CHANT FOR BELTANE.

Friends that in the circle stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Bringing Beltane to the land,
Let the sleeper wake!

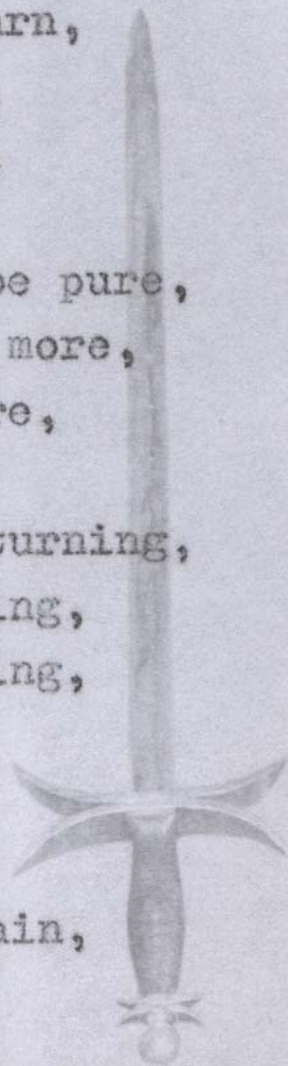
Let the flames of Beltane burn,
May the Old Ones now return,
May we of their magic learn,
Let the sleeper wake!

Let the streams and fields be pure,
Earth and sky be clean once more,
Love and laughter long endure,
Let the sleeper wake!

Forests spreading, peace returning,
Where the pagan fire's burning,
Now the inner light discerning,
Let the sleeper wake!

May the Lady's touch again
Rest upon the barren plain,
With the sunshine and the rain,
Let the sleeper wake!

Beltane magic here we sing,
Chant the rune and dance the ring,
Joy and blessing shall it bring.
Let the sleeper wake!

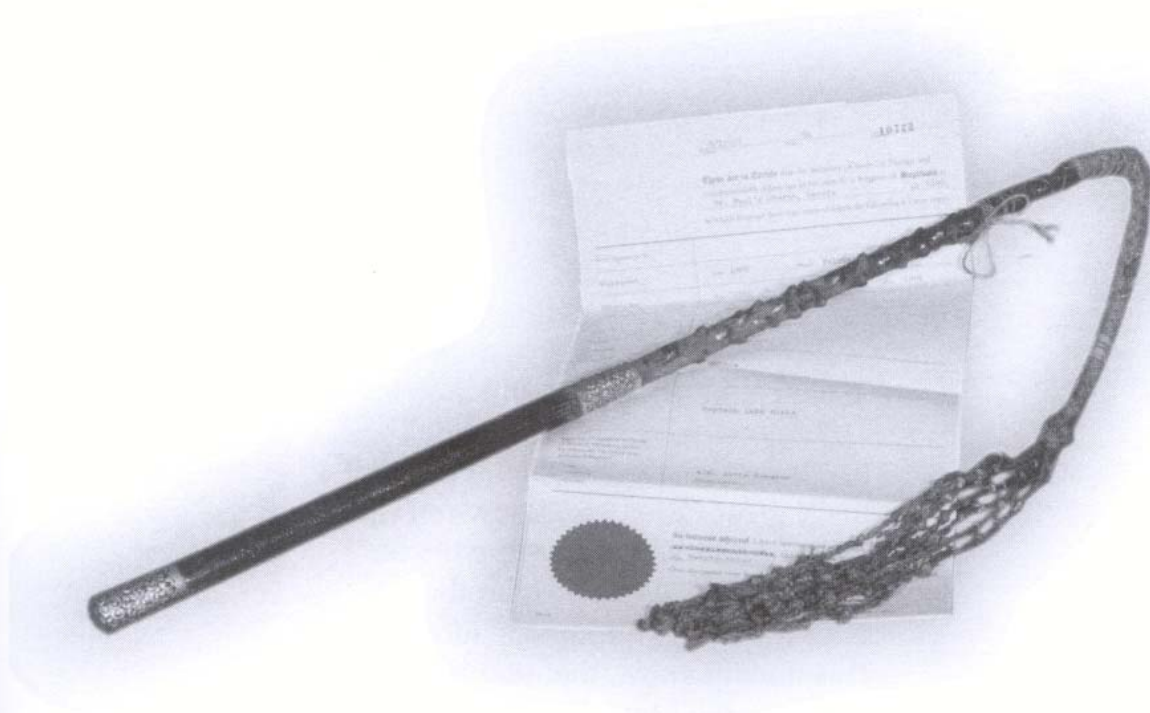


A CHANT FOR BELTANE

The Scourge and death certificate below are vitally important to Wiccan history. According to Gerald Gardner, by 1939 Witchcraft was almost extinct in Britain, being practised by as few as six or seven covens nationwide. He claimed he was fortunate enough to come across one of these covens practising in the New Forest area of southern England, and was inducted into a group led by a lady known as 'Old' Dorothy Clutterbuck.

Sixteen years after Gardner's death, historian Jeffrey B. Russell implied in his book, *A History of Witchcraft* (1980) that Dorothy Clutterbuck may never have existed. Doreen made a thorough search and after numerous disappointments discovered Clutterbuck's birth and death records. Her listed address shows clearly that she lived only a short walk from Gardner's home in Christchurch, near the New Forest. By carrying out this valuable research, Doreen salvaged the credibility of Gardner and consequently the Craft.

The scourge, given to Doreen by Gerald Gardner, was said to have belonged to 'Old' Dorothy herself.



To Aleister Crowley

How enigmatic is the face
 That looks down from its portrait's place
 Atop the book-case in my room,
 Wherein your youth's exotic bloom
 Of poetry rests side by side
 With all you wrote in manhood's pride
 Of magick. The half-laughing sage
 That you became in your old age,
 He too is here. And that new law,
 "Do what thou wilt," that shook with awe
 And rage so many years ago,
 The folk that found it written so.
 O Therion, Beast self-proclaimed,
 And of all men the most ill-famed,
 O poet of the golden tongue
 Whose verses marvellously sung
 Are like a wondrous tapestry
 Of bright bejewelled fantasy,
 Were you indeed the demon Crowley,
 O Therion, Adept averse of all unholy,
 Nefarious, black forbidden things,
 Or did you bid us put on wings
 To soar beyond this mortal plane
 At any cost of shame or pain?
 I see in you the high adept
 Crying the dawn to souls that slept,
 And in you too the baser man
 That earned the name of charlatan.
 Do we have right to shun you still
 For pointing us to our True Will?
 Your flawed and tragic life is done.
 How shall we judge you, Therion?
 Not ours the Hand that holds the seals
 That weigh the told and untold tales
 Of mortal life. That must befall
 In the vast shadowy Judgment Hall
 Of great Osiris. We know not
 The end for which we were begot,
 Still less of sister or of brother.
 Who are we then to judge another?
 This much I know, that you availed
 To show the Magick Art unveiled,
 Your first-sworn motto proven sure:
 "Perdurabo - I shall endure

TO ALEISTER CROWLEY

Aleister Crowley, mountaineer, traveller, playboy and notorious ritual magician, is the subject of this poem. His reputation for scandal is well known, but without him the great occult explosion may never have taken place. Whatever his failings, the poem suggests that he lived by his magical motto: 'I shall endure'.

Line thirteen refers to *Therion*, a magical pseudonym of Crowley, a man who identified himself with a coming epoch of change, who proclaimed, 'Do What Thou Wilt'. The poem is as near a tribute to Crowley as it is possible to get considering the excesses of the self-styled Beast and Prophet of the Age of Horus.

Crowley influenced the early development of Wicca. He was a friend of Arnold Crowther, who later introduced him to Gerald Gardner. Consequently, Crowley installed Gardner as Head of the European *Ordo Templi Orientis*.



LIFE.

To what enigma do these words allude,
But life's true image and similitude?

twilight
~~A veil of ~~gossamer~~ over a lost world,~~ *stet*
~~A furious army with bright flags unfurled~~ *stet*

A poison serpent in a bowl of jade,
A splendid titan trembling and afraid.

The lurid lightning of a gathering storm,
A torrent trapped and frozen into form.

~~A spectre walking in the sun's eclipse,~~
~~A gallant argosy of venturing ships.~~

A magic plant that springs up in the night,
A dance that circles for the gods' delight.

Weave words for ever, 'tis but shadow show.
Pass beyond words, and life itself shall know.

*an argent argosy of gallant ships,
 a spectre walking in the sun's eclipse.*



LIFE

The pentagram and its five-pointed star represents a different element at each point: Earth, Air, Water, Fire and at the uppermost tip, the Spirit. In Witchcraft and magic, the pentagram is used in magical rites to control and focus the forces raised. It can be traced in the air with either an *athame* (a Witch's knife) or a sword, and is employed to invoke or banish energies or spirits.

Modern Witches often engrave the pentagram on copper plates and place them on their altar. These are known as 'pentacles' and can be utilised as a plate during ceremonies to dispense bread or salt but essentially to symbolise the element of Earth. The pentacle keeps energy stable during rituals and is the most basic, but crucial, of the Witches altar tools.



Ray and I first met Doreen at Hove Town Hall back in 1989. We were very much in awe of her and could hardly contain ourselves when she signed our copy of her book, *Rebirth of Witchcraft*. At the time we felt we could not possibly impose on her and felt greatly honoured that she had spared us some time that day. We never dared to hope that our paths would cross again.

As we became involved in the work of The Pagan Federation, Ray and I knew that Doreen lived locally and was considered a very special member of the Federation. Again we felt that direct contact would have been an intrusion, so we held back. Some years later, whilst organising a Samhain celebration for the Centre For Pagan Studies, we received a request: would we mind if Doreen came along? How do you respond to such a request?

'Delighted' was an understatement. At the end of the evening, Doreen thanked us personally for the ritual and our friendship grew from there. It was an opportunity to do something for Doreen in return for all she had given to us over the years. She was a remarkable source of knowledge and inspiration for us all, especially those of us who were privileged to be her friends.

To say 'Thank you, Doreen' seems inadequate. She gave us so much.

Ray and Lynda Lindfield
Centre for Pagan Studies
Sussex

QUATRAIN TO SUBTOPIA.

No weed will grow upon their concrete floor.
With greed they're starved, with gracious living pale,
And hanging on each pastel-painted door,
There reads a little notice: "Souls for Sale".

Doreen Valiente.



QUATRAIN TO SUBTOPIA

In a solid existence of food, clothing, shelter and work, the world of five senses is to most people the only reality. To Witches and to those involved with the occult sciences, the notion of different planes of reality co-existing side by side (and sometimes overlapping), is more akin to the nature of the universe. Whilst performing a magic ritual inside a circle, the Witch believes he or she is in a place between two worlds, the realm of man and the 'Mighty Ones'.

Furthermore, the Witch aspires to develop a sixth sense, a psychic awareness capable of detecting the Otherworlds. The Witch does not rely on the material reality and the impression of the five senses alone. The ancients describe the 'Third Eye', 'The Cyclops', the 'All Seeing Eye' and the 'Inner Eye'. They too are echoing this sentiment that these icons point towards a state of detachment and inner observation.

This is the knowledge of the ancient Mystery Schools. They knew man had other possibilities beyond immediate station and so too did Doreen, as this poem demonstrates.



THE ACCURSED.

Whene'er I see the world changed for the worse,
A good old-fashioned copper-bottomed curse
Rises within! Now may a murrain light
On all the crass thick-headed whelps of night,
The sly exploiters and the greedy clowns
Who foul our woods with rubbish from their towns,
Disgorge their oil into our sickened seas
And mix their stench with the summer breeze,
Who turn the earth to wasteland grim and sad.
May moonlight split their skulls and drive them mad -
Now stay, you angry witch! Just hold it steady,
Aren't they ensorcelled and accursed already?
Lost in illusions of materialism,
They need no curse. Their need is exorcism!

Doreen Valiente





A VISIT TO GLASTONBURY.

Now ripening corn waves
~~Loaf moss~~ ~~lapses~~ in the golden fields,
 Ragwort stands ready for a witch's wand,
 The Sun-warm ^{ed} wind ~~plays~~ with ^{che} scarlet poppies,
~~Clear~~ ^{and} azure heavens away on high for ever.

Time to travel away, ^{follow} ~~set up~~ the miles
 To the far blue distance, the enchanted hills,
~~The stranger seas that rush on another shore.~~
 Maybe to meet with Merlin, on the magic island
 Arising from the floods of dream and vision.

In dreams, within the hollow hill
 I see that august court
 Of the presences of Elfin, ~~of~~ their cloaks and their jewels.
 They smile at Time and Fate,
 They mock at none.

Stretched out before them is the ancient secret,
 Rounded by rivers, shaped by summer fields,
 Worked out by wandering ways and wooded hills,
 Till the great beasts leap out from the landscape,
 Turning their Zodiac, too big to be seen.

Rainclouds for ~~gather~~ ^{land} over that storied ~~country~~,
 Herded by the wind across Tor and town.
 Above, the wild gleam of slanted sunlight
~~Over Avalon~~ writes the Druid name.

O'er Ynis Wytrin

Doreen Valiente.



BETWEEN THE AGES.

In the shadow of their arbitrary norm,
 Upreared like the Pisan tower,
 The much too many cloud with their breaths
 The strong sun and the vital moon,
 Whose fluent rays the wise rocks drink like wine.
 Their buildings are a foolish message
 Scribbled upon the horizon.

Shall these insentient mouths, earth-crawling grubs,
 Ripen into chrysalids?
 Or shall no change but that of the phoenix
 Fledge them to the wide air?

The floundering Age of the Fishes,
 An enormous, lugubrious monster,
 Is cast up, dying,
 On the shores of the Great Sea,
 The mother of all forms,
 Whose dark primordial deep
 Gave birth to Time itself.



Now rocks a new cradle,
 Of a babe secretly born
 To the Prince of the Powers of Air.
 Sportively the snakes of lightning
 Dart their forked tongues to hiss his name,
 In sibilant prophecies
 Whispered to the four winds.

Doreen Valiente.



BETWEEN THE AGES

If astrologers are to be believed, The Age of Aquarius is upon us now. It succeeds that of Pisces and brings harmonious changes with science, technology and enlightened attitudes. There is also a slightly zany edge to some of these revolutionary ideals, but on the whole the New Age of Aquarius brings favourable conditions to humanity.

In this penultimate poem of the collection, the Age of Pisces is described as a floundering fish awaiting death. A new force is being born, the element of Air, the traditional ruler of Aquarius. This element will bring forth a mercurial edge to the mind; thoughts, movement and transformations that will aid the change from grub to chrysalid.

This time the revolutions will be spiritual, not political.

Farewell.

Departing, you leave me,
 Stretch out the thread that links us together
 Far and thin as the skein
 Of the veins that bind the wandering blood;
 Seeing no vision
 Save through the bottom of the glass of sorrow,
 Or a mirror warped in the heat of pain.
 So I make you a pattern of incantation
 To turn you away from the lying cold glass,
 Call you out of the crowding walls.
 You shall bud like a branch in spring
 When the thin life sports again
 In the fountains of the trees.
 You shall see again the arch of the sky
 Blossom with stars at the bright day's end,
 And the naked new moon like a witch's knife
 Circle the earth and enchant it for you.
 As the years open their buds,
 And spill their winged seeds on the wind of life,
 And crystallize their gems,
 So shall love run through you like rain through
 a tree.
 Remember this singer then.



THE BOOK OF SHADOWS

A *Book of Shadows* is the name given by modern Witches to the book in which they write down their spells, rites and charms. By tradition, Wiccans copy by hand the teachings of their predecessors, rituals that are useful to them. Upon death, an individual's Book of Shadows is supposed to be burnt by fellow coven members. This tradition leaves no trace of the fact that the deceased was a practitioner of the Craft, preserves secrecy and saves embarrassment to surviving relatives.

Gerald Gardner used his own Book of Shadows from the late 1940's up until 1953 when he initiated Doreen. He claimed that the material was taken directly from the New Forest coven and these remnants of the Old Religion had been passed down through the ages.

Gardner's astute student Ameth (Doreen), noticed that one passage read out by him was taken from Crowley's Gnostic Mass. After the meeting she confronted Gardner on this point. He replied that the Wiccan rites he had received were fragmented and he had filled them in as best he could. He gave Doreen his own Book of Shadows, asking if she could do any better. She did, replacing much of the Crowley and Masonic material with her own verse. She restructured the document into a logical, practical and workable system.

Gardner's Book of Shadows is a most beautiful work, written with a distinctive calligraphic style. The material is clearly drawn from other sources such as Robert Graves, Aleister Crowley, Charles Leland, Freemasonry and Ceremonial Magic. Gardner always maintained that within this corpus lay the remnants of the Old Religion, reaching out to us through the mists of time and dating back to the Neolithic period.



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Doreen Valiente, the Mother of Modern Witchcraft, is an acclaimed author in her own right. She rewrote and edited elements of Gerald Gardner's Book of Shadows and is largely responsible for Wicca becoming the fastest growing religion in the western world.

Just before Doreen died on the 1st September 1999, she requested that her poems be published. Here, for the first time, together with her magical artefacts and memories from friends, is a tribute to a great lady who gave, and is still giving, so much to the Craft.

**EXCERPT FROM THE
WITCHES MASS
IN THEBAN SCRIPT.
PUBLISHED FOR THE
FIRST TIME.**

"Poetry reveals the beauty of the soul and these pages certainly substantiate the truth of this opinion." **Patricia C. Crowther**

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