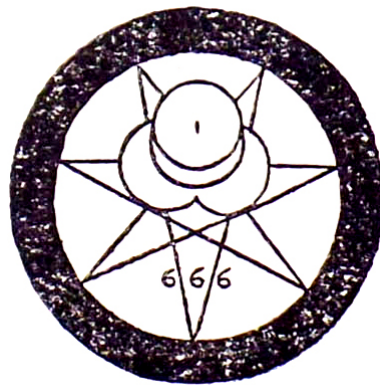


# THUMBS UP!

In hoc



signo Vinces

NOTE.

This American reprint of Aleister Crowley's "THUMBS UP!" was made possible by the generosity and enthusiasm of a few of his many friends on this side of the Atlantic, as a contribution to the V for Victory campaign.

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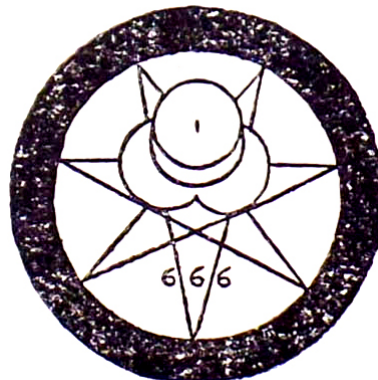
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Additional copies and further information may be obtained upon request.

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FIVE POEMS BY  
ALEISTER CROWLEY

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## THE PENTAGRAM

In the Years of the Primal Course, in the dawn of terrestrial birth,  
Man mastered the mammoth and horse; and Man was the Lord of the Earth.

He made him an hollow skin from the heart of an holy tree;  
He compassed the earth therein, and Man was the Lord of the Sea.

He controlled the vigour of steam, he harnessed the lightning for hire:  
He drove the celestial team; and Man was the Lord of the Fire.

Deep-mouthed from their thrones deep-seated, the choirs of the aeons  
declare

The last of the demons defeated, for Man is the Lord of the Air.

Arise, O man, in thy strength! the kingdom is thine to inherit,  
Till the high gods witness at length that Man is the Lord of his spirit.

## ENGLAND, STAND FAST!

England, stand fast! Stand fast against the foe!

They struck the first blow: we shall strike the last.

Peace at the price of Freedom? We say No.

England, stand fast!

The earth hurls thunderbolts; the sea spurts death;

The skies drop murder; hell itself aghast

Answer, with steady eye and easy breath!

England, stand fast!

England, the centuries have not sent thee shame.

Tamer of tyrants, from thy purple past

Thy heroes call thee, from their heaven of fame:

England, stand fast!

England, resistless as the gales that sweep

Thy seas, and free as their rejoicing blast,

Roll forth again defiance o'er the deep;

England, stand fast!

Wide-winged, see Victory flaming from the prow,

The colours nailed upon the plunging mast!

We have no cur or slave to falter now.

England, stand fast!

By thy strong soul of manhood firm and free,  
By thy high deeds of honour not surpassed,  
By all the valours that are yet to be,  
England, stand fast!

England, stand fast! We made the brave man's choice.  
We staked our all upon the single cast.  
Winning or dying, let the heart rejoice:  
England, stand fast!

England, one soul of steel, one heart of oak,  
One voice of silver, sound thy trumpet-blast  
Pass round the watchword through the battle-smoke;  
England, stand fast!

## TOAST

*(Battle of the River Plate).*

Sinking merchant-men is fun;

Chivalry is senseless,

Prove your honour as a Hun,

Murder the defenceless!

*Chorus—*

*Horse and bridle, whip and spur!*

*Give the Hun the Willies!*

*Gentlemen! Exeter,*

*Ajax and Achilles!*

Noble Nordic deeds we've done,

*(Baby-killing German!)*

Bomb them every mother's son,

Jewish-English vermin!

*(Chorus)*

Cruiser sighted—time to run!

Well! there's one way surer;

Scuttle quick and say we won,

Trusting to the Fuhrer!

*(Chorus)*

HYMN  
FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE  
(Independence Day).

Brothers and sisters on this day

Of deathless glory, let us come

United in our glad array

To hymn our fathers' martyrdom.

Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?

So let it be! In God we trust.

They died—they died—and we are free.

Take up their cross! Deserve their crown!

The stainless flag of liberty

By man shall not be trodden down!

Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?

So let it be! In God we trust.

In war and earthquake, wreck and wrong,

Still let the flag of freedom fly

In peace and safety, still be strong!

For we will live as we would die.

Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?

So let it be! In God we trust.



Though ruin wash the world in blood,  
    Though death devour, though time decay,  
Let but our hearts hold brotherhood,  
And this they shall not take away.  
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?  
So let it be! In God we trust.

Stand! and join hands! and let us sing!  
    Shake out Old Glory to the Skies!  
With heart and hand defiant fling  
    Our purpose against Destiny's.  
Ashes to ashes? Dust to dust?  
So let it be! In God we trust.

Amen.

## ANTHEM

Gone are the ghosts and gods,  
Fear's strangled emerods,  
Thought's spider snares;  
Dead are the craven creeds;  
Truth demands noble deeds,  
All free man dares.

Men, be your own recourse!  
Waste not your fire and force  
In fatuous prayers!  
Better, come cannily  
Down on the enemy,  
Set them to theirs

Free from the bogle faith,  
False fear and wastrel wraith,  
From shame and guilt,  
Rise, in thine own self-awe,  
Live to the living law:  
Do what thou wilt!