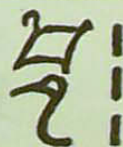




The  
ORIFLAMME

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## DIONYSUS

I bring ye wine from above  
    From the vats of the storied sun;  
For every one of ye love.  
    And life for every one.  
Ye shall dance on hill and level;  
    Ye shall sing in hollow and height  
In the festal mystical revel,  
    The rapturous Bacchanal rite!  
The rocks and trees are yours,  
    And the waters under the hill,  
By the might of that which endures,  
    The holy heaven of will!  
I kindle a flame like a torrent  
    To rush from star to star;  
Your hair as a comet's horrent,  
    Ye shall see things as they are!  
I lift the mask of matter;  
    I open the heart of man;  
For I am of force to shatter  
    The cast that hideth — Pan!  
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,  
    And dabbled with roses of blood,  
Each desperate darling daughter  
    Shall swim in the fervid flood  
I bring you laughter and tears  
    The kisses that foam and bleed,  
The joys of a million years,  
    The flowers that bear no seed.  
My life is bitter and sterile,  
    Its flame is a wandering star.  
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril  
    Across the mystical bar  
That is set for wrath and weeping  
    Against the children of earth;  
But ye in singing and sleeping  
    Shall pass in measure and mirth!  
I lift my wand and wave you  
    Through hill to hill of delight:  
My rosy rivers lave you  
    In innermost lustral light.  
I lead you, lord of the maze,  
    In the darkness free of the sun;  
In spite of the spite that is day's  
    We are wed, we are wild, we are one!  
    — Aleister Crowley

"For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered  
From the lust of result, is every way perfect."

Book of the Law, I, 44.

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To-day practically all men must realize that humanity has arrived at a cross road. Society over the whole earth is being rocked to its foundations, and change of great magnitude is facing all established human institutions. Years ago some few foresaw the approaching cataclysm, and a small minority saw the import thereof.

In a poem written in 1900 and published in 1906, it is stated:

"This is the birth hour of the age of gold,  
The false gold pales before the gold divine."

And we read: "Perfection abideth not in the pinnacles, nor in the foundations, but in the ordered harmony of one with all." Obviously there is a deficiency of "ordered harmony," for it is most apparent that we are still some distance from perfection.

It is foolish to force the human animal to conform to laws which violate the inherent nature of the species. And no person or system can long endure in such a course.

The fight for freedom, for liberty of the individual, is an old, old battle in which many have fought, many died, many lost. A few won on a few fronts, and these few bought us what freedom we now possess. We still fight, and will continue to fight, to a final freedom.

For inspiration in our battle we need only to review modern history, sry from about the 12th century on, when the Templars fought so well, down to the establishment of this America.

What is needed that we slip not from the foothold they fought so hard to gain? Obviously organization: under the eye of an adequate Intelligence capable of comprehending the general and particular need together. Some few now know that such an Intelligence has appeared in the theatre of Life whose utterance is enshrined in the Book of the Law, and that plans for such organization now exist.

To this Book, then, we must turn for instruction on how to govern ourselves: and to that organized plan, as the way to harmonize our lives with those of our fellows on our march towards perfection.

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"There are deep secrets in these songs. It is not enough  
To hear the bird; to enjoy song he must be the bird."

Liber VII, VI, 14

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It should hardly be necessary to define the stand of Thelemites in the present conflict. The Law of Thelema is not parasitic, and our entire movement is based on the principal of individual liberty.

For us, the war is clear cut. There is no possible compromise between the principles of the Axis and the principles of Thelema. They are anti-thetical.

There is no doubt as to the identity of the tyrant, the aggressor, nor as to the identity of his friends, his dupes, his tools.

The Order has suffered defeat in Madrid, Shanghai, Lidice, Athens, Warsaw, Paris. It has won with Britain, Stalingrad and Bataan. We fight in Russia, the Pacific, the Aleutians, and in every place where tyranny and oppression exist, unto the end of tyranny and oppression.

Whoso is loyal to the Axis is a traitor to the Order. Whoso is indifferent, or in compromise, is a slacker of the Order.

Whoso is not in battle, or forging our weapons, or encouraging his fellows against the Axis, is not a Thelemite.

A Thelemite who does these things will do them exceedingly well, for he knows the principles for which he fights.

And whosoever does these things is welcome in our Camp, for he fights in a good cause.

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I height Don Quixote, I live on peyote,  
marihuana, morphine and cocaine.  
I never knew sadness but only a madness  
that burns at the heart and the brain.  
I see each charwoman ecstatic, inhuman,  
angelic, demonic, divine,  
Each wagon a dragon, each beer mug a flagon  
that brims with ambrosial wine.  
I went to the city and found it a pity  
the devil was playing at hell,  
And ten million mortals had entered hell's portals  
and thought they were all doing well.  
I said: "See, dear people, on every church steeple  
an imp of the devil at play,  
See ghouls cut their capers in daily newspapers  
and fiends in police courts hold sway;  
The mountains are palaces, women are chalices  
meant to be supped and not sold,  
The desert a banquet hall set for a festival,  
ripe for the free and the bold;  
The wind and the sky are ours, heaven and all its stars,  
waken, and do what you will;  
Break with this demon spawn'd hell-inspired nightmare  
Bond — Magick lies over the hill."

\* \* \*

They said I was crazy, ambiguous, lazy,  
disgusting, fantastic, obscene;  
So I hied for my sagebrush and cactus and corn mush,  
to see if the air was still clean.  
Oh, I height Don Quixote, I live on peyote,  
marihuana, morphine and cocaine,  
And may I be twice damned for a bank-clerk or store hand  
if I visit the city again.

— John W. Parsons

**LIBER CL**  
**DE LEGE LIBELLUM**  
**L · L · L · L · L ·**  
**PREFACE. THE LAW**

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

In righteousness of heart come hither, and listen; for it is I, TO MEGA THERION, who gave this Law unto everyone that holdeth himself holy. It is I, not another, that willeth your whole Freedom, and the arising within you of full Knowledge and Power.

Behold! the Kingdom of God is within you, even as the Sun standeth eternal in the heavens, equal at midnight and at noon. He riseth not: he setteth not: it is but the shadow of the earth which concealeth him, or the clouds upon her face.

Let me then declare unto you this Mystery of the Law, as it hath been made known unto me in divers places, upon the mountains and in the deserts, but also in great cities, which thing I speak for your comfort and good courage. And so be it unto all of you!

Know first, that from the Law spring four Rays or Emanations: so that if the Law be the center of your own being, they must needs fill you with their secret goodness. And these four are Light, Life, Love and Liberty.

By Light shall ye look upon yourselves and behold All Things that are in Truth One Thing only, whose name hath been called No Thing for a cause which later shall be declared unto you. But the substance of Light is Life, since without Existence and Energy it were naught. By Life therefore are you made yourselves, eternal and incorruptible, flaming forth as suns, self-created and self-supported, each the sole center of the Universe.

Now as by Light ye behold, by Love ye feel. There is an ecstasy of pure Knowledge, and another of pure Love. And this Love is the force that uniteth things diverse, for the contemplation in Light of their Oneness. Know that the Universe is not at rest, but in extreme motion whose sum is Rest. And this understanding that Stability in Change, and Change Stability, the Being is Becoming, and Becoming Being, is the Key to the Golden Palace of this Law.

Lastly, by Liberty is the power to direct your course according to your Will. For the extent of the Universe is without bounds, and yea are free to make your pleasure as ye will, seeing that the diversity of being is infinite also. For this also is the Joy of the Law, that no two stars are alike, and ye must understand also that this Multiplicity is itself Unity, and without it Unity could not be. And this is an hard saying against Reason: Ye shall comprehend, when, rising above Reason, which is but a manipulation of the Mind, ye come to pure Knowledge by direct perception of the Truth.

Know also that these four Emanations of the Law flame forth upon all paths: ye shall use them not only in these Highways of the Universe whereof I have written, but in every By-path of your daily life.

Love is the law, love under will.

(To be continued.)

TO MEGA THERION is in England, devoting great energy and time to the enormous amount of work before Him.

Of outstanding importance in His schedule is the publication of the Tarot, that ancient Book of Thoth, which now requires an interpretation to fit the Aeon of Horus. This is a most meticulous and arduous work, entailing the designing and engraving of an entirely new set of Cards, as well as an accompanying Book of Tarot which gives their history, their mystic and symbolic significance.

It is essential, therefore, that we wholeheartedly contribute toward this Work to make possible its achievement. Personal necessities are also needed, which we should count it a privilege to supply.

Contributions should be made for these purposes, and sent regularly, to the Treasurer, P. O. Box 93, Pasadena, California.

In the Great Ages man realized his relation to all nature and to the living universe about him. He felt his "oneness" with earth, air, sea and stars; and in his fullness of Life he worshipped the Sun as a visible symbol of the Supreme, the Author of all Life, Heat and Energy. In our frivolous ego-centric way of living we have lost much of this essential realization.

But that we may once more move toward the Awareness of Life and Beauty, what more appropriate than that we celebrate the Sun in song and ritual?

Therefore, four times daily we perform "The Adorations"  
(Equinox I, VI.)

### **LIBER RESH**

At Dawn, facing East:

Hail unto Thee who art Ra in Thy rising, even unto Thee who art Ra in Thy strength, who travellest over the Heavens in thy bark at the Uprising of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth in His splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Night!

At Noon, facing South:

Hail unto Thee who art Athathoor in Thy triumphing, even unto Thee who art Athathoor in Thy beauty, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Mid-course of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth, etc.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Morning!

At Sunset, facing West:

Hail unto Thee who art Tum in Thy setting, even unto Thee who art Tum in Thy joy, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Down-going

Tahuti standeth, etc.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Day!

At Midnight, facing North:

Hail unto Thee who art Khephra in Thy hiding, even unto Thee who art Khephra in Thy silence, who travellest over the Heavens in Thy bark at the Midnight Hour of the Sun.

Tahuti standeth, etc.

Hail unto Thee from the Abodes of Evening!

## THE ELVINWISE

The Daughters of Odin are Fey, my Lad,  
The daughters of Odin are Fey.  
The buxom daughters of Frey I've had  
When the icy Arctic moon was mad  
And the snow was cold and deep, my Lad.  
In a land beyond the day.

Aye, a land beyond the day, my Lad,  
In a land beyond the day.  
Where the Valkyr eyes are grey and sad  
As they pace the windy terrace, clad  
In a lace of steel and gold, my Lad!  
And they hunger for their prey.

Aye, they hunger for their prey, my Lad,  
And they hunger for their prey.  
Valhalla's grim display has had  
No Viking strong to feed the mad  
Hyrockin Queen of Snow, my Lad.  
For many a weary day.

— Grady L. McMurtry.

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The first issue of THE ORIFLAMME! As it will be published at regular intervals hereafter, at 25¢ the copy, we shall be glad to receive items of interest, and to consider for publication any suitable material. Address all communication to The Editor, Box 93, Pasadena, California.

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