



Ordo Templi Orientis Daughter of Sunset Lodge Monthly Calendar

May 2017 e.v.

Anno Viii



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

The Daughter of Sunset Lodge's schedule for May 2017 e.v. :

- **Symbolism of the Eucharist in the Gnostic Mass** (members only)
– Sunday, May 7th, at 6:00 pm. This lecture will be held at 202-1814 Pandora St.
- **Symbolism of the IV and PI Degrees** – Sunday, May 14th, at 4:00 pm (IV Degrees only)
The lecture will be held at Frater Iskandar's and Sister Atikramya's place.
- **AGM of the O.T.O. B.C. Branch** – Sunday, May 21st, at 2:00 pm (members only)
The agenda for this meeting will be mailed to the members.
- **Treasure of Internal Peace** - Wednesday, May 24th, at 7:00 pm (members only)
A meditation session at Frater Ouroboros' & Soror Astarte's place.
- **Book 4 Study Group** - Sunday, May 28th, at 7:00 pm (members only)
Topics for this month: the Scourge/Dagger/Chain, Holy Oil, Wand, and Cup (Chapters IV-VII in Part 2, pp. 58-79 in the Second Revised Edition). The group will meet at Frater Ouroboros' and Sister Astarte's place.

If you have any questions regarding the above events please contact us at:

body_master@daughterofsunset-oto.org. Also, let us know if you wish to attend any of the events.

Love is the law, love under will.

Little Treasures

ANNA OF HAVANA

By Aleister Crowley

With Drawings by Reginald Birch

*A CIGAR is like a wife!
Put it up to your lips, and light it;
When you've learnt to do it right, it
Adds a certain zest to life.
Mind you keep on puffing it,
Or it's out, and can't be lit.
Ah, the aroma! Ah, the glow!
Will I have one? Thank you, No.*



From Vanity Fair, January, 1916, p. 43

The Ouija Board: A Note

by The Master Therion

Suppose a perfect stranger came into your office and proceeded to give orders to your staff. Suppose a strange woman walked into your drawing room and insisted on being hostess. You would be troubled by this. Yet, people sit down and offer the use of their brains and hands (which are, after all, more important than offices and drawing rooms) to any stray intelligence that may be wandering about. People use the Ouija Board without taking the slightest precautions.

The establishment of the identity of a spirit by ordinary methods is a very difficult problem, but the majority of people who play at Occultism do not even worry about this. They get something, and it does not seem to matter what! Every inanity, every stupidity, every piece of rubbish, is taken not only at its face value, but at an utterly exaggerated value. The most appallingly bad poetry will pass for Shelley, if only its authentication be that of the planchette! There is, however, a good way of using this instrument to get what you want, and that is to perform the whole operation in a consecrated circle, so that undesirable aliens cannot interfere with it. You should then employ the proper magical invocation in order to get into your circle just the one spirit that you want. It is comparatively easy to do this. A few simple instructions are all that is necessary, and I shall be pleased to give these, free of charge, to any one who cares to apply.

It is not particularly easy to get the spirit of a dead man, because the human soul, being divine, is not amenable to the control of other human souls: and it is further not legitimate or desirable to do it. But what can be done is to pick up the astral remains of the dead man from the Akasha and to build them up into a concrete mind. This operation, again, is not particularly profitable. The only legitimate work in this line is to get into touch with the really high intelligences, such as we call for convenience Gods, Archangels, and the like. These can give real information as to what is most necessary for our progress. And it is written in the Oracles of Zoroaster that unto the Persevering Mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift.

[Originally published in The International (New York) XI:10 (October 1917 e.v.), p. 319.]



Aleister Crowley

From a sketch by Augustus John

Aleister Crowley: Mystic and Mountain Climber

By Arthur Loring Bruce

All the Britons who are not fighting in the Great War seem to be coming to New York this year. one of the most extraordinary of our recent British visitors is Aleister Crowley, who is a poet, an explorer, a mountain climber, an "adept" in mysticism and magic, and an esoteric philosopher; in short a person of so many sides and interests that it is no wonder a legend has been built up around his name. He is a myth. No other man has so many strange tales told of him.

He is an Irishman, and was educated at Malvern and Trinity College, Cambridge, as a preparation for the highly respectable and sedate Diplomatic Service. But such a mission was not to his taste. He soon found that he had no liking for the beaten tracks of life. So he became an "adept," a mystic, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

He has published more volumes of poetry than he has lived years, and has climbed more mountains than he has lived months.

“The Equinox,” his work on occultism, is only a part of the gigantic literary structure which he has built up in the past five years, yet the work contains the stupendous number of two and a half million words.

Mr. Crowley has a habit of disappearing suddenly from Paris, only to bob up again in Zapotlan, Tali Fu, Askole, Hambantota, or Ouled Djellal. To him a long journey is an achievement, a satisfying thing in itself, like the “hidden knowledge” which he is forever in search of. In 1900 he explored Mexico without guides. Two years later he spent three months in India at an altitude of 20,000 feet. In 1906 he crossed China on foot. The success of his magic-drama, “The Rite of Eleusis” in 1910, in London, did not tempt him to settle down there for long as he was next heard of in the heart of the Sahara.

As a naked Yogi he has sat for days under the Indian sun, begging his rice. Like every true magician he has experimented with strange poisons in order to discover the Elixir of Life and the Elixir of Vision. He has devoted much of his time to the art of materializing the divine influences; of invocations; and of rituals inherited from the Gnostics and Rosicrucians. He once masqueraded through a Cairo season as a mysterious Persian prince. he shocked the orthodox by his book “The Sword of Song”—which was virtually an attack upon everything established—but soon compelled them to forgive him because of the religious fervor of his next volume—a book of devotional hymns. He holds—like all good mystics—that “All thought, or speech is false; Truth lies in divine ecstasy beyond them.”

He lives in Paris when not on his travels. One of his friends is Augustus John, the painter, one of whose beautiful sketches of Mr. Crowley we are privileged to print.

[From Vanity Fair, June 1915, Vol. 4 No. 4, p



The Tent

by Aleister Crowley

Only the stars endome the lonely camp,
 Only the desert leagues encompass it;
 Waterless wastes, a wilderness of wit,
 Embattled Cold, Imagination's Cramp.
 Now were the Desolation fain to stamp
 The congealed Spirit of man into the pit,
 Save that, unquenchable because unlit,
 The Love of God burns steady, like a Lamp.

It burns ! beyond the sands, beyond the stars.
 It burns ! beyond the bands, beyond the bars.
 And so the Expanse of Mystery, veil by veil,
 Burns inward, plume on plume still folding over
 The dissolved heart of the amazéd lover-
 The angel wings upon the Holy Grail!

W'aint t' Aissha.

