



# Ordo Templi Orientis Daughter of Sunset Lodge Monthly Calendar



January 2018 e.v.

☉ in ♍, An. V<sub>3</sub>

## EGC Workshop: Two CHILDREN

(members only)

The workshop will be led by Soror Laylah.  
Location TBA.

**Saturday, January 13, 2018**

**6:00 - 9:00 PM**

## Meditation - Treasure of Internal Peace

(members only)

The meditation session will be held at Frater Ouroboros' and Sister Astarte's place.

**Wednesday, January 24, 2018**

**7:00 - 9:00 PM**

## Gnostic Mass

(open to the public)

It will be held at 202 - 1814 Pandora Street. The Temple set up starts at 6:00, guests are welcome to arrive by 6:45, and the Mass starts at 7:00 PM.

**Sunday, January 28, 2018**

**7:00 - 9:00 PM**

## Hymn To Pan

*Thrill with lissome lust of the light,  
 O man! My man!  
 Come careering out of the night  
 Of Pan! lo Pan.  
 lo Pan! lo Pan! Come over the sea  
 From Sicily and from Arcady!  
 Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards  
 And nymphs and styrs for thy guards,  
 On a milk-white ass, come over the sea  
 To me, to me,  
 Coem with Apollo in bridal dress  
 (Spheperdess and pythoness)  
 Come with Artemis, silken shod,  
 And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,  
 In the moon, of the woods, on the marble mount,  
 The dimpled dawn of of the amber fount!  
 Dip the purple of passionate prayer  
 In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,  
 The soul that startles in eyes of blue  
 To watch thy wantoness weeping through  
 The tangled grove, the gnarled bole  
 Of the living tree that is spirit and soul  
 And body and brain -come over the sea,  
 (lo Pan! lo Pan!)  
 Devil or god, to me, to me,  
 My man! my man!  
 Come with trumpets sounding shrill  
 Over the hill!  
 Come with drums low muttering  
 From the spring!  
 Come with flute and come with pipe!  
 Am I not ripe?  
 I, who wait and writhe and wrestle*

*With air that hath no boughs to nestle  
 My body, weary of empty clasp,  
 Strong as a lion, and sharp as an asp-  
 Come, O come!  
 I am numb  
 With the lonely lust of devildom.  
 Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,  
 All devourer, all begetter;  
 Give me the sign of the Open Eye  
 And the token erect of thorny thigh  
 And the word of madness and mystery,  
 O pan! lo Pan!  
 lo Pan! lo Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,  
 I am a man:  
 Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,  
 O Pan! lo Pan!  
 lo pan! lo Pan Pan! lam awake  
 In the grip of the snake.  
 The eagle slashes with beak and claw;  
 The gods withdraw:  
 The great beasts come, lo Pan! I am borne  
 To death on the horn  
 Of the Unicorn.  
 I am Pan! lo Pan! lo Pan Pan! Pan!  
 I am thy mate, I am thy man,  
 Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god,  
 Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.  
 With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks  
 Through solstice stubborn to equinox.  
 And I rave; and I rape and I rip and I rend  
 Everlasting, world without end.  
 Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man,  
 In the might of Pan.*

*lo Pan! lo Pan Pan! Pan! lo Pan!*

**Aleister Crowley**

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Daughter of Sunset Lodge  
P.O. Box 21664, Little Italy Postal Outlet  
1424 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V5L 5G2, Canada

<http://daughterofsunset-oto.org>