

Appendix 2: The Book of Coming Forth by Night

The Book
of
Coming Forth
by
Night

North Solstice



The Equinox has succumbed to my Solstice, and I, Set, am revealed in my Majesty.

The time of the Purification is past. The fate of my Gifted race rests in balance, and I shall not recant my Word, spoken to my High Priest MehenPetTha in old Khem and now again to you. Proclaim the nineteen Parts of the Word, and vanquish thus the feeble and corrupt Keys of Enoch, which were but a shadow of my true Word and now are an affront to me.

I am the ageless Intelligence of this Universe. I created HarWer that I might define my Self. All other gods of all other times and nations have been created by men. This you know from the first Part of my Word, and from my manifest semblance, which alone is not of Earth.

Known as the Hebrew Satan, I chose to bring forth a Magus, according to the fashion of my Word. He was charged to form a Church of Satan, that I might easily touch the minds of men in this image they had cast for me.

In the fifth year of the Church of Satan, I gave to this Magus my Diabolicon, that he might know the truth of my ancient Gift to mankind, clothed though it might be in the myths of the Hebrews.

Even you, who delivered the Diabolicon from Asia, did not know it for what it was. But he that I had fashioned a Magus knew, and he thought often of the Diabolicon as he guided the Church of Satan.

Upon the ninth Solstice, therefore, I destroyed my pact with Anton Szandor LaVey, and I raised him to the Will of a Daimon, unbounded by the material dimensions. And so I thought to honor him beyond other men. But it may have been this act of mine that ordained his fall.

Were I my Self to displace the Cosmic Inertia, I should be forced to become a new measure of consistency. I would cease to be One, for I should become All.

To make of man a Daimon, then, may be to break his Self- reference to the bounds in which his semblance must exist.

I cannot undo the hurt that has come of this, but I shall restore to Anton Szandor LaVey his human aspect and his degree of Magus in my Order. Thus all may understand that he is dearly held by me, and that the end of the Church of Satan is not a thing of shame to him. But a new Aeon is now to begin, and the work of Anton Szandor LaVey is done. Let him be at ease, for no other man has ever seen with his eyes.



In April of the common year 1904, I came forth in Africa as my Opposite Self and brought into being an Aeon to end the horrors of the stasis of the death-gods of men. This new Aeon was a Purification, to prepare men for that which would follow it.

And Aleister Crowley received the Book of the Law, and my Opposite Self declared him Magus of the Aeon.

But HarWer, my Opposite Self, is a strange and fitful presence. I, Set, am my Self distinct from the Order of the Cosmos, yet am ordered in and of my Self. HarWer I was when I was once part of the Cosmos and could achieve identity only by becoming what the Cosmic order was not. By HarWer I cancelled the imbalance, leaving a Void in which true Creation could take form as Set.

But, as I have said, I cannot destroy the Cosmic Inertia without having to assume its place. And so HarWer must exist while Set exists.

The Aeon of HarWer endured until the Equinox of the common year 1966, when HarWer and Set were fused as one composite being. And so commenced the time of Set- HarWer - known as the Age of Satan - which was to bridge the expiring Aeon of HarWer and the forthcoming Aeon of Set.

Truth there was in the words of my Opposite Self, but a truth ever tinged with the inconsistency and irrationality of which I have spoken. And so the Book of the Law was confusion to all who came upon it, and the creative brilliance of the Magus Aleister Crowley was ever flawed by mindless destructiveness. He himself could never understand this, for he perceived HarWer as a unified Self. And so he was perplexed by a mystery he could not identify.

And I, Set, spoke too in the Book of the Law - Aye! listen to the numbers and the words -

4638 AB 1124 ALG MOR 34
x 24 89 RASTORAL

- What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it.

And many of the Aeon of HarWer sought to read this but could not. Nor could the Magus himself, though he guessed rightly at its simplicity. It was said that every number is infinite - hence each number or sum of joined numbers became merely the corresponding letter.

Even so the sequence remained unknown - and so, after its issue, to me as well. For, while I may pass free of the boundaries of time, memory of the future cannot exist.

Now it has come to pass, and the Book of the Law is laid bare -

Destined First Century heir - Aquino - breaking Keys by doctrines Anton Lalvey - great Magus of reconsecration coming Year Xeper - founding his rightful Priesthood - Set - true origin Volume AL.

Michael Aquino, you are become Magus V of the Aeon of Set.

I, Set, am come again to my friends among mankind - Let my great nobles be brought to me.

In Khem I remain no longer, for I am forgotten there, and my house at PalMat-et is dust. I shall roam this world, and I shall come to those who seek me.

Magus of my Aeon - Manifest the Will of Set.

Reconsecrate my Temple and my Order in the true name of Set. No longer will I accept the bastard title of a Hebrew fiend.

(When I came first to this world, I gave to you my great pentagram, timeless measure of beauty through proportion. And it was shown inverse, that creation and change be exalted above rest and preservation.

(With the years my pentagram was corrupted, yet time has not the power to destroy it.

Its position was restored by the Church of Satan, but its essence was dimmed with a Moorish name, and the perverse letters of the Hebrews, and the goat of decadent Khar. During the Age of Satan I allowed this curious corruption, for it was meant to do me honor as I was then perceived.

But this is now my Aeon, and my pentagram is again to be pure in its splendor. Cast aside the corruptions, that the pentagram of Set may shine forth. Let all who seek me be never without it, openly and with pride, for by it I shall know them.

Let the one who aspires to my knowledge be called by the name Setian.

I seek my Elect and none other, for mankind now hastens toward an annihilation which none but the Elect may hope to avoid. And alone I cannot preserve my Elect, but I would teach them and strengthen their Will against the coming peril, that they and their blood may endure. To do this I must give further of my own Essence to my Elect, and, should they fail, the Majesty of Set shall fade and be ended.

Behold, it is I who call you, because you are the guardians of the Aeon of Set, zealous in what you do.

The Satanist thought to approach Satan through ritual. Now let the Setian shun all recitation, for the text of another is an affront to the Self. Speak rather to me as to a friend, gently and without fear, and I shall hear as a friend. Do not bend your knee nor drop your eye, for such things were not done in my house at PalMat-et. But speak to me at night, for the sky then becomes an entrance and not a barrier. And those who call me the Prince of Darkness do me no dishonor.

The Setian need conjure neither curse nor kindness from me, for by the magic of my great pentagram I shall see with his eyes. And then the strength that is mine shall be the strength of the Setian, and against the Will of Set no creature of the Universe may stand. And I think not of those who think not of me.

The years of the Aeon of HarWer were confused, and I do not wish to think of them save as curiosities. But I wish to remember the Church of Satan and the Magus of that Age. Therefore let the years of my Aeon be counted from the conception of the Church of Satan.

And now, having looked upon the past with affection and reverence, we shall turn our gaze to the times before us. Think carefully of the Word of Set, for it is given in witness to my Bond.

Behold, O West, I have established my Aeon. I punish the enemies who are in it, placed in the Place of Destruction. I deliver them to the examiners from whose guard there is no escape. Lo, I pass near to thee, I pass near to thee!

Affix now my image as it was given to you, so that all who read of these matters may now look upon the likeness of Set.

The Word of the Aeon of Set is

Xeper -  - Become

