

INGENIUM



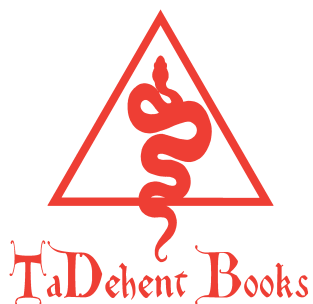
INGENIUM

ALCHEMY OF THE MAGICAL MIND

FRATER ACHER

TaDehent Books

MMXXII



Ingenium: Alchemy of the Magical Mind
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PREFACE

THIS is a book about human qualities. Tendering to the risk and likelihood that these do not exist in the plural, it is a book about the human quality.

The human being is a person composed of myriads of non-human persons. Much of this book is devoted to explaining this idea and putting it into practice. It is not a new idea but neither an old one. It is a timeless discovery. One that does not need to be handed forward in time from one human to another. Instead, it's a discovery that wants to be pulled out of your own flesh, that wants to be drunken from your own blood, inhaled from the surface of your own skin. It is a quintessentially sensual discovery. Or so I hope to show in this book.

Now, who are these non-human persons that make up the human person?

Many bees together form a hive. In a single season, thousands of bees die, thousand new ones are born, and during winter their colony is reduced to a small bundle of survivors keeping each other alive on their own body heat. Yet the hive always remains a hive. Its mutability is the source of its stability; its resistance to committing to a single form, or even to repeating itself once, is the secret of its cyclical life. As we shall see, such a mode of being cuts quite close to the human quality.

However, in another respect, these *persons* that constitute the human person are quite different from bees. Because they do not represent or descend from a singular species. They are legion. In this regard we will fare better by comparing humans to a *forest*, a *lake*, or a *mountainside*: That is, to a *topography* that forms the habitat

for a multitude of different species, and that, by offering itself as a dwelling, becomes itself.

Some of the persons that make up the human person are tiny fragments, hardly holding a consciousness of their own. Others are rousing and unruly, fully fledged consciousness-organs in themselves, ready to pull our minds, our hearts and hands into constant assimilation. Some of these persons or consciousnesses have been with us from birth, others we have picked up along the way.

Yet, the common denominator amongst all of these persons is that they *are not us*. They are a whole world, a microcosm that has been implanted in us. Or, more correctly, I should say that we ourselves have been implanted into. But none of these persons constitute what I would like to term the *human quality*.

That is a truly marvellous thing about humans: life can cut away at them, take away from them, make them bleed, shatter them, and reduce them to fragments of what they once used to be. And yet, life cannot reduce their quality of being human. Humans have a wolf under their skin and you can kill that wolf. Humans have a hare under their skin and you can kill that hare. Humans hold dreams, bonds, vows, memories under their skin and you can take them all away. And yet, you have reduced nothing of their mysterious quality of being human.

Catching a glimpse of this most elusive being, the *human*, has been one of the deepest mysteries since the emergence of our species. This book is an invitation, to seek it out and see it.

It's the irony of our current civilisation that we have to come together in a book on *Magic*—a subject considered most peripheral to modern human society—to rediscover what might actually be at the heart of the *human quality*. Perhaps we are a species that has forgotten itself? Or perhaps we are simply gifted far beyond what we know to take responsibility for? This book aims to show pathways to discover your personal answer.

Now the journey of this book will deliberately labyrinthine. The reason being that in all things natural, the straight line is always a trap.

This journey will lead us to a new appreciation of what the path and function of the magical adept might be. It will guide us into the rough topography of *Radical Otherness*, where we will find the offer to perceive the world without value judgment, to let it come into its own and speak genuinely in its voice of otherness. For only when we have listened can we respond with purpose. From there, our journey will take us into a mystical cave where we will discover a black door, a mirrored door, one that is waiting to be unlocked. In the presence of these doors, magical tools are waiting to be touched by us and to be made our own again. And, in the midst of the depths of our expedition, we will find ourselves again in the cherished presence of Paracelsus. That man whom we have already encountered in *Holy Heretics* (SCARLET IMPRINT, 2022). He is patiently waiting on the pages of this book for us: to take us by the hand again, as Virgil took Dante by the hand, and to lead us deeper into the mystery of being human.

It is also from Paracelsus that I took the title of this book. The root of the word *ingenium* is taken from the Greek γίγνομαι, and the Latin *gigno*, which translates as *to bring forth as a fruit of myself*, or more generally as *born or begotten*. Traditionally, *ingenium* then was read as the gifts that were begotten to us from birth, the seeds that were placed inside the soil of our selves. As we will see, Paracelsus has a lot to say about these.

I place this book into your hands, therefore, steeped in Paracelsian spirit: in the hope that it will assist you in placing good seeds into yourself and in bringing forth good fruits of yourself. In the hope that it will assist you in learning how to give the wolf what is of the wolves, and the hare what is of the hares, and the human what is of the humans.

LVX,
Frater Acher

May the serpent bite its tail.

