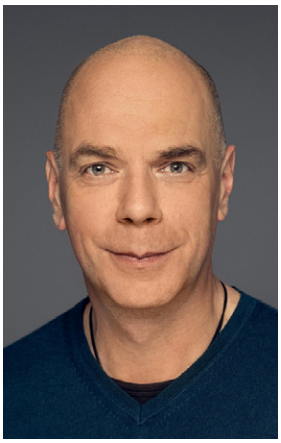
The Individuum

Essay by Henry Landers



The individual is catapulting on the jet-stream of its history in its future. Since times it makes use of a tool, a special machine in its early period still handy and and quite by chance have been a bone of an animal, then shaped stone, later tied on a stick already flying awkwardly and much later which is what we breakneck flying machine or even today just call jet. From earthly substance they formed matter most varying state to ever more specialized fragments that they fitted together to a large elegant instrument in which they can now leave the material and life-giving planet. They cast off the chains of the planet‘s gravity.

They left the clearing and the level of their ancestors, and exchanged them for the most sublime of all places. Now bind the individual seated himself in the place of the stone on the bar behind his instrument panel, at the top of a controlled exploding “powder keg“. Fire, metal and the energy stored in the earliest history of the world merged of dreams, desires and neuroses of the most intelligent animals on the planet. Each and every one of its species is sitting in the cockpit, more or less soft on the pilot‘s seat of his avoidable self, at dizzying heights, looking forward to the navigation instruments and tries to its flight direction to read his future, even evade his fate. Above the instrument panel it remains only a narrow angle, a narrow window for its immediate review in depth of the leading questioning unattainable Blue.

Close-knit within their air-craft, the intelligent softorganisms cruising the impalpable, the one spirit of a pure airy space. Supported and protected by the machine they condensed the more inconceivable, the Pneuma. They create fastness where there is none, glides almost as gifted stones, dancing across the water, infinitely floating into the distance.

The alien is inevitably allied to their. Would a pilot of them want to slow down his flight, yielding to be curiosity about the It, the questioning blue, to touch the Pneuma, it would be oppose turn against him vigorously. The slower the machine would, the more tangible the intangible would, so would the unstable air and the It would renounce in his counteraction.

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Human and machine would fallow the gravity, advised to stagger and even doomed to fall back to the planet. As a last rescue, in rush of adrenalin the pilot would follow his fugue and activate its autopilot. Traumatized he would be blamed for this extreme experience of his unquenchable curiosity and likewise the one question of the hermetic Blue. Henceforth, the pilot would avoid such risks and healed would be his inquisitive inclination. It is handed one of them is this disaster happened a long time ago. As a result recognize the soft weaker its limits, recognize the infallibility of the distancing instrument, goes with him an nearly erotic bond and over time they melt completely. All use since this infallible aeronautical program, which they call auto pilot. Safe fixed in this symbiotic connection recognize the pilots there own experienced true individual selves, their ego. Because they can see and feel the Blue, but not able to grasp in words its descending question they call the indefinable simple It.

To the pilot gives the flying unit the force and efficiency towards to suck and likewise to repel to the self-detracting It. It to heat, to compress, It to transform and as a huge track of his own action to eject back in It. Generously It lets happen. At it they recognize its benevolence. Because their speed, the intermixture, the state, the aggregation are so strong and powerful that accrues the jet-streams of the history of each individual in the It, on that catapults the individual in his future. Invisible to the pilots they draw their historical track into the other. Visible through their to do becomes the breath of the It to its stream. The jet-stream, white and sublime, is driven by him, waved, changes its shape in sublime quietness and ultimately takes the pneuma back his borrowed substance. It transcends theirs streak to the end completely, just as soon as the pilots run ahead at the further end.

Them albeit this averted process of vanish. A line connects their physical presence with the easiness of their transience. Sometimes it seems as if they unconsciously wanted to chase away of the white band, to lengthen the tail of their history in which they perfect theirs art of acceleration. And indeed they succeed over time to win a growing distance between themself and their retarded end. Armour-clad in their identity they transect the It, sitting quietly in their sensitized shell. Even as a swimmer in his borrowed element with push away with all of his strength from the shore to the horizon. Certainty of its own position give him the other beside, front and above them, those with the same parameters on their

instruments. No deviations are tolerated by the autopilot, from which each individual has to be coordinated with the speed of light by radio communications, to prevent the worst. To thin-skinned is every single shell of the self. The inevitable result of any collision would be the death. Faster and faster they fly away.

The synchronization of even the smallest movement of the individual in the swarm is becoming increasingly important, not least because they fly not only faster, but also closer together. Thanks to the female autopilot they immediately fly together on the same altitude in contact flight, to escape the loneliness, the fear of flying and the altitude sickness. Because of the soft body is still the same, once it collected bones.

A tangible goal they have not. The wherefromis is vague and the where is hidden in the promise of the Blue. Once they were forced to fathom what is feasible and the common unifying direction collectively to syncronize to now to follow the question of the Blue on their nomadic course. Thus fulfilling a primordial dream of their ancestors. Our scenario played out in the highest spheres of our earthly, on the edge to the cosmos, there where the Blue seems to accept his deepest dimension, before the It is entirely in his black tower withdraws. They call this building universe.

Because our planet, resembles the infinity of a ball, this game can last up to the end of all existence. Harmony dominates, the acceleration is continuously increasing, the machines become more efficient, the jet-stream gaining consistency and the goal is vague in unfulfilled distance. Purest, clear the Blue It-Harmony, as far as the mind goes. Interpretations of the It, which they read from the instruments have become independent. Also in it is a high art form originated. They start to believe in this interpretation, as they all encounter the same phenomena and are equipped with the same autopilot.

Some wakes the silence of being over the long time out of curiosity about their own history, about the shape of their own mighty jet-stream. The questioning the Blue of the It starts to get bored them because they can not find the answer. The view of the flying next to them does not give them sufficient certainty about the self. They plan to break the autopilot. Over time, they learned that they could fly the jet by themselves. It is the strongest, the most daring, the unfulfilled among them, going so far as to dare

this risk against any warning. Visible to all they leave the track just in order to go in search of their own history. Inevitably they must fly a skillful elegant bow to break out of the tightly closed front of the swarm. As hard as ever they feel the speed, their own body weight and the forces of the still unfamiliar remained element. For moments they lose consciousness and encounter the inner black light.

Mighty skitters the machines of the others, following its straight course. At first it comes not easy to them to find in the variety of long elegant strips their own one. After they have grown to become certainly they start to fly around the It and introspective analyse from all sides. The instruments of the flying does not escape the demonstrative passion of the discoverers. For them there is a previously unseen picture. Condensed loops, circles and spirals draw new paths and write new individualized history.

The explorers are rewarded. The whence gets experienced certainty. The price they have to pay is high. They fly to the beginning, to where forfeit all trace of them in nothingness, and make a U-turn. Theirs curiosity inspires them and faster than ever before, they retraced their own trail, flying along beside it. They are getting faster and overtake their own past. Also in that they develop a perfection which creates knowledge about the past. Since they more curious in its own condensate and then more in it of the others, it fogs on the windows of their machines. Over time, the panes lose its transparency up to the entirety. Now the panes let in only a gray appearance of substantiality in the consciousness of those pilots. Their immediate clearer view of the questioning The Blue they lose, replace him involuntarily against flying blind.

The pairs of eyes of the pioneers henceforth remain fixed on the interiors of their cockpits, fixed on the surfaces of their instruments. They give up their certainty about the outside and swop it involuntarily against thereof a inkling. Long ago, the researchers also cross the stripe of the rest. Their instruments help them to distinguish one strand from the other. The clear distinct parallel lines lose their brilliant drawing. Turmoil rip them, interrupt them, mix them with the circles and loops of the seeker. Former clear histories be rewritten, supplemented with strange set pieces and occasionally swirled beyond unrecognizability. Always harder it is for the researchers, their own jet-stream to distinguishable from the others. The first individual and new history turns more and more to a quotati-

on of the already known. The researching pioneers see through this mechanism not now. To young is their curiosity. Swiftly, there are successes to report. But this is the high price they have to pay. Authentic history will be soon to a refferenz which will be mirrored an again to a referenze about something again and again to the reference of what has been. It wholly lose the image of their origin and the Self, which as potentiated reference becomes blurred to anew and forget the question of the Blue.

Recognizability

The top of the swarm loses speed. The unprejudiced knowledge of the integrity of its clean lines from the beginning is swaying. Even with them wins the curiosity about the ancient belief, the wish for certainty about the past. Hesitantly drifted their unprejudicedly. More and more of them turn off the autopilot and dare the outbreak in order to follow the traces of their own history. They also break up the linear flight, flying majestically the, arc de triumph‘ to thousands, feel their mental and physical rebirth.

Now the centrifugal force press also them deep into the pilot‘s seat, leading them to the limits of their slowly dwindling consciousness, let them come to the threshold of the pure inner light. Many fall into trance. Almost it comes to collisions with other jets. In the rush of adrenalin they encounter their primal forces, feel unheard-of anxiety, and than get into long-forgotten ecstasy, for their excellent manoeuvre in flight protect them from collisions. They draw confidence. Grow stronger the desire for the hitherto unknown attractions. Now on the last cease her straightforward floating, to do it the other like. It link the strips to form a inscrutable network for the individuals. But they have nothing found of what the first reports told about the shape of the previous. Their own lines pierce through the other. Rumpled condensates they see. Because of the precipitation, soon lost their immediate view of the other, through the anywhere else clear lens. Instrument data to be exchanged in a hurry to reconstruct the former clarity and archived virtually forever. They start to believe it, that these images are true.

Spectacular flight manoeuvre, unleashed forces and more rarefied techniques of fly write now the others before then unknown history. Groups can be found who improve the art of synchronous flying. Since no one can see what is actually happening

out there, give also, which seek the same, the instruments certainty to the collective action of its synchronicity. To prevent disasters autopilot were adapted to the new requirements of pilots and reactivated. Gone blind and dependent on the instruments they hurl all through the strange unseen history of the others. Their bodies desire for stronger temptations. Only in that they can experience them self directly. They suck into the diffuse gray iridescent mist of the others and returned their once exclusive pure tail back into the silent gray. No question that comes to mind, that could not immediately be answered by instruments. It dominates turbulent stagnation. They invent a word with which they describe their state and call it „style". To help them to forget the once unfathomable question of the Blue forever, they call themselves „the Blue-blooded". Theirs now fixed abode they call „court" and order to prevent doubts about their origin, they add their name with the prefix „von".

Seen from afar gives a twee and amusing also tragic picture at the same time. A blind looping-worms from neurosettes, engulfed in iridescent gray like a to broad ring on a to pudding-finger, hanging firmly in the past of their nobility. Stunned by their Blueblooded Neuroses gyrate and wobble through their own excretory past. In the center of their doings, they cultivate the courtly aimless vacuum of their collective self. They awaken with their carcinogenic gambol the displeasure in the benevolent It.

Sometimes come closer elegantly gliding swarms and go away. Their immediate view is free, to follow the question and the promise of the true Blue. Clear the firmament overlies them, sprawling to the horizon and highlights the elegant, infinity round of the Blue planet. They enjoy the vastness of the universal spirit. In Him and with Him and for Him - The It can be plough through, massage and rejuvenate from what is from Him and in Him and for Him. Of his creatures, he watching them, how they fit together from his substance. As they invigorate the It already slowly on its solid surface and reproduce each other. As they with equipment begins hesitantly to scratch and plough the It. Like a refresher course they massage the It with their feet to his enjoyment. Therein, people differ from other organisms.

Very successful a few million years the It let arise huge creatures. First, the It is populated with sauropods and then with their successors the dinosaurs. They were heavy, but very slowly, and then the It bored with time, although well-mashed, but not very venti-

lated. The It let dropped them bored. Some of the dinosaurs the It developed as far as they can fly. They make great comfort to the It. They roamed the skies and bustling, with swirling and massaged his sensitive and erotic sphere.

The It learned and found that its highest pleasure gain then, can be achieved, to produce a creature that is able to bring its internal fiery glow in the outermost of its spheres and plowed it through sizzling hot. Very frequently in his early youth and sometimes even now it opens its thin skin and spewing his hot heart in its airy exterior most pleasant self-satisfaction. But the smoke from the depth it takes the beloved clarity in his airy spheres and high eruption leaves scars on its surface that worry the It long afterwards.

The It on some stages of development left from small rather originated incidental, still weak mammals advanced organisms, humans arise, provided with the gift of intelligence. This gift made it possible to link them to a unanswerable question, and thus set free in creatures a new operating power. To occupy its gem and distracting from its work, the It planted the question of the crystal clear, unattainable Blue into his new creation. In each somatic cell, the genetic material is copied the question of the Blue and forwarded again and again. Impressed by its initial success the It gets wanting more. When the people were so far the It began to connect the living with the non-living in an inseparable existential alliance. The It makes use of a thing which humans call later tool and develop it to a machine. With the bones of a decaying animal the It provides the early humans a leg and he demonstrated them an interesting effect.

This should be the first encounter with the special machine, which was handy in its early phase just this bone of an animal, then made of beaten stone, which can later tied to a stick to a clumsy flying through the air, much later, to thet what people call breakneck flying machine or in its perfection briefly jet. From its inanimate substance the It can compose by the people toward ever more specialized fragments, they combine to turn a highly complex and elegant instrument with which they are henceforth swarm in the most sensitive of all It-spheres.

It led them to leave the clearing and the lowlands of their ancestors and leads them to the loftiest of its spheres into the atmosphere. Now lets the It the individual himself sitting in place

of the stone on the spear, tied behind their instrument panels, at the tip of a controlled exploding „powder keg". Fire, metal and the stored energy from early creative period of the It joined together by dreams, desires and neuroses of the most intelligent of his creatures. Each one of its kind sit in the cockpit on the pilot's seat, at a dizzying height, looking forward to the navigation instruments and tries to recognise its flight direction, to read his future, even dodge their predestined fate. Above the instrument panel allows the It to him only a narrow angle, a narrow window for its immediate vision into the depths of the leading, questioning, unattainable Blue.

The It hides perfectly behind what people call „The Word". As a stealth the It pulls the word about himself, makes himself behind unspeakably and disappears from the consciousness of its creatures. The It makes humans dependent on the verbal mediation of their thoughts and insights. The It holds them trapped in the literal language and takes away now the significations which henceforth will be beyond their imagination. The climax finds its intervention in what people call science. The It overlays agains him with the dogma to the literal and communicability of experimental proofs of guesses and hunches. The It clotures them hermetically in their descry. Riddle, mystery although the answer of the question of the Blue were often very close. The It in the highest rapture let fiery imbue itselves, to the It human is tired and dropping them like once the dinosaurs.

Blind, narcissistic and jealous, trapped in the sphere around the sun, the Blue planet orbiting the unreachable star. Felt his bright heat, the little blue planet greedy wasted long ago. The bluish dwarf will never shine as bright as She can. Jealousy comes over the small It. Creatures of the It secretly worship the sun. She did not need the It, or even to invent their own creatures of She-masturbate. The She is the most autoerotic of all the glowing balls, quintessential reposing in its self.

Which ecstasizing game in the nonentity! Not real, but reality. Everything solid is not fixed and all liquids is not liquid and all the fire is not fire, all blue is not the Blue. Everything is the emptiness, nothingness purest unmaterialisierte Non-energy in their origin. H.L. 2005