

Lemures & Other Larvae

Study of an immiscible skin and a non-cognitive brain depending on the social stratum. The person who claims to recognize you without ever having spent time with you is either a larva or lemures—or, at the very least, a fool. Unless they cast aside the intrusive screen of non-cognitive pseudo-thoughts—WHOSE SOCIAL MIRROR IS A MATRIX—they will truly become part of the abject Medusa.

But let us make no mistake: fools are intelligent and rule this world—their world—and if they do not rule it, it is because they find it to their liking. If their offspring were ever to attempt to tear off the mask of this sort of totalitarian jellyfish, all the flesh would come away with it, leaving them in the throes of excruciating agony; to free themselves, they would have to slice down to the bone, mentally ripping the mask apart right to the skull.

Poor children of Medusa!
Poor children of Medusa!

Indeed, where could they go at this stage, and to become what—where, when, and how could they leave, moving away from their siblings, their family, and school? The alienated and alienating extended family... I say larva, but they undergo metamorphosis only in exceptional cases; and were they to undergo metamorphosis, it would be for the sake of a more encysted form of adaptation. The realm of the restless shadows is therefore more appropriate for grasping the essence of this study of the motif. Ah-ah, ah-ah. So it's about a larva that become lemures!

Here are the two stages of its development: one within the still-dream-like world of childhood and its potential for openness, and the other—once the mirror of metamorphosis has been crossed—its freezing in the wardrobe of ready-made identities offered by a closed world. However, those at the very bottom of the pecking order often have fewer choices—at least when family and social pressures are taken into account, which we thought wrongfully are less alienating or constraining in each of the various strata.

So “poor low ones on the totem pole,” my ass!

They look withdrawn as they watch the man—acting as conductor, as foreman of non-thought on television—shaking their heads without the slightest expression. That is what is believed, and one pities the working-class stiff, even though he is very often an alienated pillar of the edifice, completely caught in the vice-like grip of the social cement. Hmm-hmm, ah-ah. *The social cement*. Ah-ah!...

The system that reproduces all these masks instills in them submission to a world of inverted values, as well as the discipline of stupor. They are truly become part of the medusa. As we know it, they are formless and liminal, associated with darkness and its dread. The Medusa feeds on them. It feeds on them. It spawns them and devours them, in a cycle rivaling Dante's spiral. Or rather, to be precise, a funnel—like the one the antlion builds in the dune.

All these ants are so busy staying in line with the matrix. Hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm; hum... Ah-ah, ah-ah. Hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm; hum, hum... Hum, hum! In this in-between space—caught amidst a childhood in the making and a static adulthood, a true echo of the old post-school blackboards now replaced by a proliferation of screens of all shapes and sizes—they are relentlessly told that there is no viable model other than that of a vast puzzle made of pre-fitted pieces. Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!...

That is what is believed, and one pities the poor devil of the working class, completely caught in the vice-like grip of the lemures realm. Ah-ah!... Ah!... Ah!... Ah-ah! Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah! Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah!... If his offspring were to try one day to remove the mask, all his flesh would come away with it, leaving him in excruciating agony; to free himself from the ultra-liberal straitjacket, he would have to cut right down to the bone, mentally tearing himself apart all the way to the skull. Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!...

Otherwise, the larvae would keep coming back to torment him. Hmm-hmm, hmm... Hmm-hmm; hum... Hum... Hum... Otherwise, the larvae would keep coming back to torment him. Hmm-hmm, hmm-hmm... Hum-Hum... Ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah!... Ah-ah! Ah-ah! Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah-ah!... Ah-ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah-ah!... Ah!...