

The Inimical

- Cathexis & Praxis as Literal Flesh & Bone -

:: Snax, 2017/11/16 ::

Not by ethnicity, sex, nation, or creed, but by fat and skeleton.

The fat were always so boastful in their intellectual opulence - they gave rodomontade of and for their mental jowls, their seeping excess of knowledge and praxis. This hincty conversion of almost the entirety of their communication became itself a form of knowledge and subject of academic discussion from which the fat accumulated. This pore-expansion is the very thing utopia is built on, it is the means by which society advances and it is seen as nothing but beautiful because of this. To be fat is to be aesthetic. To be fat is to be virtuous and true, to be successful and accomplished. To be fat is to be conqueror of the notion of civilization itself.

The skeletons are not to the fat in dialectical opposition nor are they *in their dialogues*, for the fat are unconcerned by them. The skeletons are not in antimony with utopia nor its antithesis. The skeletons rose alongside the fat and are merely additional. The skeletons are the excess to the fat. The skeletons are the deliquescent of utopian society, the skeletons are the ones who lack structure. This is the consequence of mental midgetry, intellectual paucity, in the utopian. The skeletons are disgusting to look at, bare and without feature or expression; the very fact that they can still move is considered jocular since the lack of cognitive animation should predicate the lack of bodily animation and yet they continue their motions as if they were of the fat.

This is utopia after all, and so there is nothing unearned, nothing overachieved or underachieved. Everyone is as skinny or as voluptuous as they make themselves to be. The mind is its own invocation and its own meritorious bachelor however it wills itself, no skeleton ever has any excuse to not be fat. This fact alone splits utopia perfectly in half - there are no thinly ribbed internment corpses, no sufferers of mediocre middle day meals - there is only fat and skeleton.

Of these two social clades, the portentous and the excoriated, there are no friends, and this is justice, as there is simply no need for friendship in places where there is nothing to befriend. Of these two social clades, the parapets and the posts, there is no violence, and this is justice, as there is simply no need for violence when craven skeletons imbue no threat to the candor of fat. This is utopia. No one who shouldn't do, *doesn't do*, and those who do, *should*.

Utopia is recent but well understood. In this nouveau perfection of society, this parousia of social harmony and *end to civilization*, we attain a single malady. The malady is not well understood. This single mistake is believed to be the only connective tissue in utopia. The lack of assimilation of fat by skeleton or of skeleton by fat should have otherwise flensed the fat from the skeletons during accouchement of utopia, but this single strand of connective tissue holds the two together and it is the only example anyone seems to be able to find where this happens in utopia.

Reluctant to prolix, the fat explain, "Of the fat and skeletons there is exactly one exemplar fat and exactly one exemplar skeleton, with an exactitude that could not be greater than one, for one of exactitude. The two, of which are unique in their extremity of their clades, are the only two members of their respective clades that interact with a member of the other clade. What's more is the mansard of impossibility this reaches, for this hill they climb is two-fold: not only do they interact with the other, but the other interacts with them. You see they are the only two members of utopia that deviate, and further *they deviate together*."

No skeleton ever understands this glossolalia from the fat, but they do joke that fat is always acerbic. Reluctant to being concise, the skeletons explain it, "There's only one friendship in utopia between a fat and a skeleton, and that's between Intelligence and Stupidity." To contextualize, in utopia the skeletons are incapable of speaking on anything abstractly and so they assign names as synecdoche's based on how the fat describe their clade members.

Intelligence was the most overflowing of the fat, and she was seen as not only the greatest mind to ever matriculate in society but also as the stela of *mind itself*. Stupidity had the purest nacre of the skeletons, and he was seen as the most toothless and spineless poltroon, was seen as the lack of *body itself*. Of course, all that is seen and all the seeing in utopia is done by the fat, for skeletons don't have eyes to see with.

And how could they? "Those squishy rounds would just roll right out of your sockets, like trundling fist-sized sea-slugs. Why would you want to see anyways? A skeleton's ennui would extend to sight, you'd just complain of this very visual *vemöda* that everything you see has been seen before," the fat explain to the skeletons. No skeleton ever remarks directly to the fat after this explanation but a skeleton did once say that it was odd how the fat burden themselves to constantly remind the skeletons about it. Another time, in what was thought to be a skeletal conclave, a skeleton questioned the nature of how they could be certain that the fat did in fact themselves have eyes, but was quickly reminded by an interrupting fat that the skeleton could not see, so he could not be shown, and so it was no use asking.

Intelligence and Stupidity were not appositional to these typical communications between fat and skeleton. Intelligence and Stupidity publicly engaged in coquetries with each other - the only known instance of this happening between fat and skeletons. If it were not for their accelerated standings in their own clades, both Intelligence and Stupidity would surely have been ostracized from utopia. No members of utopia ever attempted to trammel this relation but most were uneasy by it. No members of utopia ever insulted the pair when they were within earshot, but many questions were asked, "To be fat is to be aesthetic and skeletons are disgusting to look at, so what is gained in their unity?" The quizzical returned with, "To be fat is to be conqueror of the notion of civilization itself and skeletons are the ones who lack structure, so what is gained in their unity?"

If their relation wasn't well understood, the pair's answers were less understood still. The pair would always answer in unison, as if their answers were the connective tissue itself, "What is *of* one is *for* the other, and without which *neither could not*." Both aesthetic and disgust in each answer, both civilized and erratic in each answer, "What hollow of bone attracts the flesh is the juice of fat that attracts its decay."

These answers never satisfied either clade, but they also failed to satisfy desire for expulsion or machination, so they simply served as a jongleur social oddity to everyone except the pair themselves. As utopia became aged, the pair would make increasingly more statements the rest never understood. To everyone, the statements sounded the same, equally unintelligible, and so were treated the same, culminating in the first such statement being repeated as a marker for all further statements by the pair. From inception then, all statements of this unity in utopia were repeated, "This oily sheen you call fat and burn for intellectual warmth, this praise above the limn-person you call skeleton and snap for brittle echolocation, this parochial *jouissance* you call clade and make into the oracular, is all the mountebank of *lalochezia*; the real release returns recursively as its own overtly obviated object. What you call fat and skeleton is but unmasked and masked. What prized pride is put to propitiate the virtues of expressiveness by the fat is *the true lack of expression*, for the motives behind those virtues are fully transparent and unmasked. What ineluctable intransigency immutably imputes the vapidness of the skeleton is *the truly inimical act*, for this masking makes opaque the walls around its rampage."