

HEADS FOR TAIL/THE MAGICLESS GRIMOIRE (FOR LACAN)

Kant presents the scene of a man
given limitless reign over the woman
of his dream of dreams in any manner
and for however long he can endure –
with a fatal caveat: the man must submit
to the hangman's noose after sweet climax.

Who'd bet that the Pleasure Principle
will urge the man to prefer his neck over
the dictates of his little head and cheer our
capacity for overcoming rapacious flesh: it's a
no-brainer for the tramp-trumping brain, a matter
of survival over desire, a win for socially correct decorum.

However, Dostoyevsky's Underground Man
considered the inconvenient truth that we don't
always choose according to self-preservation, don't
always weigh options in favor of reason: for nonsense
often seems the surest path to acquiring what we crave –
unless the big head cools and puts the scenario to paper,
killing the desire completely, because non-reason is its requisite.

There's another (unsaid, tricky) caveat, horny men:
when we tear back the bed cover to reveal the angel
beneath, there will be a certain uncertain poverty in her
looks, we might even gasp, "Who smuggled in this imposter?"
Or she might sour, taste bad, disgust and repulse us in mid-screw.
Isn't this what happened to poor Jack Torrance in the bathroom
of the Overlook Hotel in *The Shining*: starting with the whore-goddess
and ending up with the cackling hag whose moistness was rot's pus?

"She is what I want!" the man gasps, attacking the prize
in exchange for his life. Then: "Wait! That's not her!" Another
woman splays for him and he runs to her, groaning: "Here! Yes! *Her!*"
Then: "No, it's *not* her! Where is *she*? Where?" Then another woman,
another woman, another, another – until the noose itself seems to be
the actual path to what the man craves: "Hang me! Hang me now!"

Poor man, you crave the craving.
Save your neck.