

REVERSE GALATEA

For Cintia Dicker and Lizzie Siddal

I stand against the genetic egalitarians, insisting – and demonstrating – that there *are* perfect tens among us, that the streets, malls, schools and cubicle lands teem with females that shame Playmates and Gibson Girls.

Why does a contact high occur when near the beautiful?
Why do husbands stammer and wives bristle at living Barbies?

Case-by-case physical beauty doesn't equal goodness and limbic dope can't make peaceniks of us all (those darling pinups on bomber noses, all *femmes fatales*) so we must abstract gorgeous flesh into concept, prototypicality.

This is the dawn of Reverse Galatea, an unreification, an animism.
Naturalis to *coelstis*, against gender feminists, ascetic Left and Right.

My radical subversion compels me to saturate the social sphere with post-Pre-Raphaelite cream women and super-models, conflate proto-Soviet Plato with *Maxim*, shine pop culture's flooziest swan-sired Helens into Nurse Ratched's eyes.

I call all Dietrichs to offend puritan Hitlers, Dita Teese to toss her bra at socialist realism, Manet bushes to muffle Rembrandt noses.

Because the Aesthetes were right in praising the bondage of the caught eye, the immediate arresting image, the style, the powder and perfume. Because curative visual *haute frottage* stimulates a sweet ooze that gums up grim, useful machines.

Poppins is Julie Andrews – not the marm of the books, Gypsy Rose Lee frees and Trudy Stein jails, Joplin's a jalopy to Ferrari Katy Perry.

We need pulchritudinous gargoyles to drive away demons, return to the pulps' and medievals' dichotomous depictions, an aesthetic equivalent to war-propaganda art that trains the mind to recognize the heavenly stairway rather than the Jacobins' ladder into mire.

Vargas and MacPherson are high-treasonous.
The pin-up is a revolutionary act.