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# Letter: Mrs. Ludd.

poems

Peter Lamborn Wilson

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Fishing the manuscriptorium  
the stylite in an armchair  
stuck in the crook of a willow  
prays to empty air

### **first**

Volunteer to serve the Negation  
Never too late for Mrs Ludd  
If Bugs Bunny's a Surrealist  
what's that make Elmer Fudd?  
Wherever you are tonight Mrs L  
Tiamat Tara river nymph undine  
Captain Moonlight & Saint Monday  
flaneurs on ancient boulevards of spleen  
never complain never explain  
our secret society goes back to the Neolithic  
peonies penises skinsoft rain  
the garden-the bicycle-please be more specific

### **second**

Perfect Mirror of Global Capital  
the Devil's waiting room  
haunted slum & universal slime  
of techGnosis & cybergloom  
pumpkinification  
carpal brain syndrome  
public suicide machine  
Mammon's Dictaphone  
Moloch's internal combustion  
psychic noise pollution  
landscape of corpselight  
metaphoric cold fusion

### **third**

Very well no longer resist prophetic voices  
angry illiterate letter Pinned to social factory's  
door

Neither Physics Nor Metaphysics-empirical moral-  
ity

haunted by spirits real as need be but poor.  
Suburban Luddite. Jungle marches on the city  
tear down digital enclosures smash the looms  
turn off the hell drone kill the power  
light the lying City only with Moon.

#### fourth

zerowork taoist hermitage  
maybe in the Hardenbergh Mts  
Catskill romantic arts-&-crafts style  
with bunches of twisty branches  
jugs of cider marked XX  
cellphone towers not yet sprouted  
once or twice per day satanic zzmm  
of intercontinental jets otherwise silence  
thunder wind & birds all silent  
rain is a type of silence  
dead drunk under the Moon  
Luddite Pornography  
sunlight or rainlight in the hayloft  
privy overgrown with primrose & honeysuckle  
up in the cold clouds & dripping pines  
no car no phone no plumbing no electricity  
nothing to block trembling blue orgone  
or stupidity of naked Nature  
now pubescent & swollen

#### fifth & last

Reactionary nostalgist  
crackpot Kropotkinite  
last human lab-rat gone rabid

the marches between the banal & the unseen

5.

Anabaptists on dope: strict observance  
Amish icebox spermaceti lamps  
under the radar off the grid—in fact  
no phone no television & no amps  
Entheogenic sacramental heaven  
whiling away the time till Armageddon

6.

haven't tied off the veins of pleasure but  
just can't stand the tragedy of representation  
dunno much theology biology but  
shade is as good as a hat

Le Physiognomie du gout delivers the goods but  
the Slow Food Movement's an Escargo Cult

the best parts could be buried in a box but  
their aura would heal sterile soil

don't want to flee the country again but  
might have to

7.

E T A Hoffmann Fan Club  
Pro-Endarkenment Left  
meet at the bend in the river  
between warp & weft

Children on summer lawns  
birds at their dawning jamming  
nightingales sullen thunder  
hunting & farming

pervert pleasure: class traitor (see Genet)  
voluptuous degradingolade-Imaginal Past  
down the hole with the trolls: gone away  
Exiles of Cyberia Unite  
nothing to lose but chains of Lite.

3.

The old Ukrainian carp fishers  
are picking up & moving  
slowly out of this dutch genre  
June & dappled—even the name is dutch  
Wallkill.

From the other bank  
you can see they scored at least  
one big one  
dull gold held up in the ray between  
blue clouds  
steamed with dill & potatos

4.

renunciation laves the skin like rain  
silky spagyric excised from time but not  
from space BLAMM thunder defines space  
a game of bowls in a valley time forgot  
Not that you have anything against time  
as continuum rather than torture machine  
or the Taylorism of everyday life sliced  
& diced & lost to some Maxwellian fiend  
In fact the Order proposes a reconquista  
seizing back the provinces of rain—  
invisible worlds hover behind its screens  
Every gadget that disappears makes way for  
unpolluted space/time to reclaim

ungrateful dynamite  
monasteries of slowness  
even light goes less than MC2  
cultivate holy datalessness  
secrets meant to be shared  
How many Lady Ludds  
how many General Neds  
it was raining when you left us  
we forgot what you said

## THE BLACK LAMP

1.

radical journal connected to the Despard conspir-  
acy &  
Luddism early 1800s north of England  
or: “dark lantern” or glim used by pre-electric bur-  
glars  
could also refer to oil lamp with glass chimney  
unwashed black with carbon or “lampblack” (once  
used  
to make ink)

or metaphor: eyes of the beloved color  
of madiera in tawny dark bottles down in  
the cellar at night by glinting candlelight:  
velvety monastery under perverse Moon  
oxymoron: sun at midnight: night sky with  
paradoxical meteors: negative illumination

## 2. Rolling Blackout

Switch off the Aufklarung before leaving  
socialism minus electricity please

Black Light of the alchemists of Isfahan  
where even day falls into reveries  
Power failure: rain comes in lacquered screens  
the house feels like a pelican of glass  
phone goes dead but someone else's voice  
starts to life like pistils licked by bees  
Storm's over:  
power returns but not to you  
tree-hating landscape-rapists throw the switch  
electrocuting all your monastic pleasures  
icebox grumbles lightbulbs galvanize  
radio threatens more cancerous weather  
eliminating all your buried treasures

### 3. Enoch's Hammer

We lose a world every 15 minutes  
by evening nostalgia for morning overtakes us  
digital hemlock numbs our limbs to slumber  
fearing nothing nice will come to wake us  
This IS the Future: how do you like it so far  
anachronistic fireflies? Petroleum: a prophecy  
(by the author of Der Golem) suffocation  
600 channels: tombstones: burning seas  
Black Lamp dark phosphorescence pearl of night  
how many dodo species whacked like weeds  
or children vanished into ambient screens  
No King But King Ludd asleep beneath the hill  
under the parking lot the beach-but who  
could be foolish enough to want to smash  
machines?

#### note

last known sledgehammer of the Luddites

manufactured by Enoch & Co  
I see it under glass in the museum  
one night begin to glow

### ET IN ARCADIA. (for Bishop Mark Sullivan)

"The human desire for transcendence is an  
arguably hard-wired behaviour"

—Arcadia Research Project, Australian Network  
for Art & Technology

#### 1.

Gnostic police-mind over matter-  
what else is law but magic?  
a fictitious person has no liabilities—  
only assets  
no corpse to weigh down its  
immortal spirit  
Sphinx  
vast & vague as a cloud of radioactivity  
succubus  
flea that swells to the size of a galaxy  
"discorporation" might be a more accurate term  
or something retro like "Sathanas"  
Cell phone towers hide inside steeples  
where does bad religion go when it dies?  
El Estupido the unconscious thinks it's all SciFi  
strawberries crossed with the genes of fat people

#### 2.

High Moral Ground? Y'can't get there from here