

Letter: Mrs. Ludd.

poems

Peter Lamborn Wilson

2002

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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 morality
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
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 conspiracy &
Luddism early 1800s north of England

or: “dark lantern” or glim used by pre-electric burglars
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 maderia 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 Aufklärung 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
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
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

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

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