

# Seven Subversive instasonnets

Peter Lamborn Wilson

## Sabotage

Captain Nemo the SciFi Stirnerite  
lurks beneath our waves of text like  
a semantic barracuda. If God  
won't be dead till we kill grammar  
as Nietzsche said then Chomsky must be  
at least the Pope (Papa not dada)–  
scarcely the “brainless luddism” to which  
we all aspire. Scorpions ate our  
subtext–you can see light thru the  
wormholes in our subversive submarine–  
das Boot ist der Book & we're not  
coming up for air while we can still swim  
amidst alternative readings like guerillas  
lost in the maquis of misinterpretation.

## Old Mole Undermines the Lawn of Rhetoric

adjusts his Vincent Price style granny shades  
grins at Water Rat his Leonardo  
or roommate as we used to say in the

1950s: The problem with L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E  
dear Ratty he confides myopically is  
(and Old Mole is master of “is”)  
when you’ve red one you’ve red ‘em all.  
Muskrat we call them in America  
swooning at their naked tails their  
overdose of phermones. Sweet skunk.  
When Atlantis rises in 2012 you’ll  
see the labyrinth of our affections  
writ large upon earth like pages  
tattoo’d on the backs of gazelles.

## **Alphabet Soup**

Tolstoy worried does the world need  
my so-called masterpieces or would  
borshch be more appropriate? Rumi  
called his own poetry tripe: unpleasant to prepare  
but a nice stew for honored guests.  
The message as in fairy tales a  
dollop of sour cream or dash of  
brandy in the gravy: not really  
nutritious per se but savoring of  
subtextual subversion. The conquest of bread  
means dunking it—soaking up  
emanations with it—sodden with  
revolutionary futurity but still  
most definitely, dear Alice, “Jam Today.”

## Luddite Steganography

De Nerval demanded we seize back the  
secret of the hieroglyphs from those  
sinister Illuminati who subvert  
every text with their fetishism for  
alienated significances–& therefore  
ended up hung with the girdle of Cleopatra  
by Freemasonic thugs from a gaslamp.  
During the Paris Commune hot air balloons  
escaped the Siege over Prussian lines  
with messages for the outside world  
& carrier pigeons ported coded notes  
back to the City in the first-ever use  
of micro-daguerrotype. The initial step  
would be total destruction of the Internet.

## Anarchy Comix

Popeye was a Populist–a one-man  
maritime IWW–the Billy Budd of  
proletarian subconsciousness–POW  
& screw the ideology. I yam  
what I yam & thass all I yam  
or as Nietzsche said Become more  
like yourself–eat cher spinach.  
Drink your Tiger Tea like Crazy Kat  
a potent strain of nip that turns  
timid Kat into Kop bashing hero  
or heroine depending on your p.o.v.  
Shirk work with Major Hoople  
& escape the trivial quotidianity of Kapital with Little Nemo.

## **The Mexican Ambassador Drunk in Dublin**

Give me rain & I'll churn out visionary  
politics that would pass for radical  
in 1911 as Don Juan told Casteneda  
rain that opens (veil upon veil) into the Nagual  
a Mexico of colonial baroccocco & Magonismo  
chocolate & mushrooms a la Leonora Carrington  
or B. Tavern or Antonin Artaud  
an Ireland where Beuys Scouts  
camp at Tuatha De Danaan mounds  
in soft weather–pre-Celtic Atlantis  
damp in the way pearls are damp  
Jim Larkin the Limerick Soviet Douanier Rousseau jungle scenes: anarcho-supernaturalism  
an anti-ideology for rainy minds.

## **Phalanstery (for Chapman, Kansas)**

L. Frank Baum was a Swedenborgian  
what's the matter with Kansas  
why can't we have a Swedenborgian Militia  
something to fend off FEMA & the  
National Guard next time a tornado  
flattens grain elevators like Tarot trump cards  
in what we like to call Prairie Restoration with a vengeance. This could be our  
next bohemia—a landscape too  
boring for redevelopment–antithesis  
of all highway tourist hells or  
utopian traces of commodity. OZ  
is Blake for infants. Perhaps  
disaster will be our new revolution.  
– Peter Lamborn Wilson  
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