

A
Heavy
Weight

PATRICK WOOD

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by

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For the dying,
who would not be dead.

Introduction

What on earth are we doing, here or wherever else we may be? And are we ever really here or there? Is life really too short, or too damn long? We can fly to the moon but are born helpless and stay so for years, then are taught by twisted idiots to be twisted idiots, so we can fit in with other humans and everything else that desires and strives, and is unfulfilled and suffers. One can try to be an idealist-optimist, but imagining a world without suffering makes that suffering even more hideous and unbearable.

We try to avoid this stark unfairness and misery by distraction, filling ourselves with entertainment, culture, or getting lost in one of the myriad spiritual mazes with an uncertain prize at their centre. But these fleeting, doubt-laden diversions also shield us from the honest self-reflection and world-weariness that could goad us to find/try a more effective means of escape.

You can boldly try and negate everything and have a living death, or fearfully accept the supposedly inevitable big death that awaits you, but whether people love or hate it, those who dwell on death are not fully alive, and are in for a shock, for you cannot end because you never began. Everything is now, and always will be, so you might as well make the most of it.

We are told that there is a hell below us, but the physical world is the lowest and darkest dimension there is. We can't descend any further, so the only way is upwards, into exponentially-increasing graduations of light, which are not reached by magic or prayer but by developing Intent and its implementation in this world, that morphs into a stepping-stone over all the stupidity and cleverness (two sides of the same nonsense).

You are not a child anymore yet you kid yourself daily, nightly, with a sickly cherry on top. Why don't you grow up? Leave your School and Fool, for they are not your friends but r fiends.

This present work by Mr Wood attempts to point out the way beyond the whole "Oh yes it is! Oh no it isn't!" pantomime routine, because the true Self must surely be(long) in that distant land illuminated from above.

Jay Wilding | August 2017

A Heavy Weight

Long time away and time is not my own
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
It's enough to bend a good man down
So stick your weights up your arse

When I was a lad it was given to me
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
To see death at a distance hard coming down
And it's stick your weights up your arse

A few years later I was fucked in the head
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
By the strangeness around an unreal me
So stick your weights up your arse

A bestial burden and forest of flesh
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
Dependent on heart beat and blood flow
and breath
And it's stick your weights up your arse

Unfolding abstraction and perfection of form
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
Melt into the void of the perpetually forlorn
So stick your weights up your arse

Instead of peace we get poison and fear
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
And the point of our suffering remains obscure
And it's stick your weights up your arse

Death is a self-regarding fool
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
That devours all the living for no reason at all
So stick your weights up your arse

Time is a weight and goodness a tool
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
Youth death and distance the inheritance of fools
So stick your weights up your arse

Head fucks and strangeness and unreality
A weight and a weight and a heavy heavy weight
Are poison to those who would be free
So stick your weights up your arse

TIDE

(Trauma-Imprisonment-Distraction-Escape)

We don't know anything about God, the soul or the spirit. We're able to conceive of God through the writings of other people, who don't know anything about God.

Nothing that anyone has said about God is true. And yet the idea of God possesses a power that is greater than truth and compels men to action, and competing ideas about God have shaped the world for thousands of years.

Soul and spirit are terms applied to operations of mind. They arise when the mind seeks to go beyond itself.

Our actions are motivated by factors that are so complex that it's impossible to understand them. But perhaps this complexity is a distraction. Wishful thinking suggests there's an underlying simplicity, which is easy to grasp.

We sleep and wake. We walk on two legs. We hallucinate individuality from formless being. We

abide in absurdity and yearn for transcendence. We move with invented purpose.

The depths exhibit no body, no mind, no soul, no spirit, no feeling, no emotion, no truth.

Trauma

We're born. We live for a few years and then we fade away. We're dead by the time we're 12 or 13 and we remain dead unless we can restore ourselves to life.

What do we think? Nothing that can be described as meaningful thought. A random collection of inwardly voiced and disconnected phrases. What do we feel? Something so slight that it barely deserves to be called numbed indifference, or something so distressing it can't be processed.

We occupy a state of shocked self-loathing, feeling tense, holding on, fearing the worst, not fit for society, inferior, unable to relate to other people, uncomfortable in their presence.

We are observed by a harsh, judgemental, all seeing and unsympathetic eye and we consist of unresolved terror looking for an opportunity to manifest.

We walk through nothingness and engage in conversations with shadows. It's safe here, in this joyless place, doing what we're told to do by people who have no interest in our welfare, or by a self-defeating element of self that is a deeper and more troublesome burden.

We're forced to act in a way that we would not choose to act in order to preserve our lives. The actions we perform mean that our lives are not worth living, and the life that we're granted amounts to the equivalent of a few days of fearful insecurity.

Somehow, we manage to survive, and the cruel and implacable authority is deposed by forces over which we have no control, and we become objects of scorn to people who have not suffered as we have suffered, and they seek to kill us on the grounds that we're traitors to our nation, or their cause.

Imprisonment

Life cannot be located in space and time and it does not know beginning, end or duration. And yet life is treated as if it were confined by space and time. Why do we confine what is limitless, and then conform to self-imposed limitation?

Thought presents illusion as reality and words are used to tell lies.

What are we beyond what we're told we are? What are we beyond the socially conditioned roles we occupy? Where do we begin and where do we end?

We are false identity constructs. A false identity construct is a person or organisation that represents itself as something it is not through adopting a predetermined, systematic world view that is not congruent with the immediate experience of now, and treating the role that it occupies as reality.

False identity constructs present pale imitations of hypnotically effective constructions of glamour or other socially approved positive attributes to remove themselves still further from anything that might be persuasively presented as themselves.

Hatred arises from identification with the false self, or denial of the false self, or the representation of the false self as the true.

The choices we make are arbitrary and meaningless.

We choose between making arbitrary and meaningless choices and being subject to the consequences of the

arbitrary and meaningless choices of others.

We don't choose to be here. If we're lucky, we occupy positions in an environment that's not too oppressive and affords a level of self-direction. But we're still only here because we have to be somewhere to do something.

Our thoughts and feelings are phantoms. The words that we use mislead us. Choice, will, thought and feeling are departures from the reality of experience.

Everything we do is accompanied by fear. We're driven by fear and compelled to succeed at something we don't really want to do in a place we don't really want to be, and we're judged by this activity for as long as we live.

We work for the landlord. We work for the government. We work for the profiteering merchants. We work to be exploited by the agents of control.

We can't rest until we've convinced ourselves that we're special.

Opportunities to wield power are inaccessible and not many of us possess athletic prowess or artistic ability, so we turn to self-identification with illusory notions

of beauty, or intelligence, or being hard, or honest, or kind, or a great adventurer in China, or a student on an MA course in creative writing, or even a hopeless case, not a common or garden failure, not a little below the average but the lowest of the low.

This carnival of egomania is a prison from which there is no escape.

We are engaged in a pursuit of pleasure that is bound to end in frustration, camouflaged by a pseudo-spiritual vision that cannot be adhered to.

We're not liked. We're not lauded for our beauty or our genius. We're unknown and obscure. We're mired in falsehood. We're failures. We're worthless frauds. We're unaware of any truth that might save us.

Our wealth is meagre. We can't walk uphill with ease. Our eyes are fading. Our self-sufficiency is no guarantee against the rigours that are laid against us. We have not fulfilled our promise. We are not happy people.

We investigate all manner of systems. We discover folly presented as wisdom and lies presented as truth. We discover materialism presented as spiritual discourse.

God has never told us anything about God. Men and women have told us about God, and men and women pursue their own interests.

The church is a temporal authority which presents itself as a repository of spiritual power.

Distraction

If we journey in the ideal, we become lost upon our return to the false reality.

Sleep is not a cure for exhaustion. Wishful thinking is no match for impending death. Temporary elevation is not a cure for flatness.

Escape

We focus on two successive thoughts:

1. Rid yourself of false identities.
2. Refrain from false representations of self.

The most important thing we can do is to stop lying to ourselves. And if we find that it's possible to live without lying to ourselves, then we can investigate why

we think and act as we do.

And we can examine our environment to discover meaning based on what we encounter.

Intelligence, skills and abilities have no value in themselves. Their value lies in their application.

If we don't like where we are, then we should move. If we decide to move, we should not resent the effort that is attendant upon moving.

We're not going to achieve what we want to achieve by failing to act, abdicating responsibility, or blaming others for our failings.

Coming up with reasons for not doing something is not a viable alternative to actually doing it.

Let's say we are self-sufficient entities. We have bodies and minds with which to act in space and time.

We're the judges of everything for ourselves and nothing for anyone else.

Let's say everything should come from the centre. If we're not there, we should return. Returning is not something to talk about but something to do.

The mystery is that we're born, we live and we die. There's no truth in obscurity. Truth is simple and direct. Truth is not the preserve of the elect. Truth is common to all. Depth is grounded in clarity and directness.

It's not in anyone else. It's not in a programme of special moments. It's not in the revelation of falsehood. It's not in any existing system. It's not in affinity. It's not in memory. It's not in the inviting hole. It's not in the coming together. It's not in the lies that are said to be truth. It's not in the flashing eye. It's not in festivity. It's not in the speculation. It's not in the still, small voice. It's not in the artistry. It's not in the sanctity. It's not in the cool and disdainful eye. It's not in the dreams of the martyrs. It's not in the certainty of those who know where it is for sure.

We experience the interior vision of the sepulchral altar in the early hours of the morning.

We are taught by the Holy Ghost. We are not taught by established authorities, or by sectarian dispute.

Our Mind is eternal and moves towards light.

Objective reality might exist but we'll never experience it. Let's keep ourselves grounded in subjective

experience, which enables us to experience the liberation of the immediate experience of now.

In Brighton we moved without seeming to move between iron railings and an ancient graveyard set on a grass mound, experiencing transcendence through negation of imprisoning inhibition.

In Chichester, we occupied the centre, possessing the floor of a pub and shining outwards, experiencing transcendence through annulling everyday restriction.

We aim to extinguish outer darkness and manifest inward light.

Patrick Wood | 30 July 2017

Beyond Breconex

Selected Trash from the Ruins of Society

What is the meaning of 'Beyond Breconex'?

'Breconex' represents the basic or most fundamental human condition, which consists of breathing, consuming and excreting. It seems to be commonly accepted that the desire to procreate is also fundamental, but this is obvious nonsense. You can deliberately refrain from sexual activity and still survive, but you can't elect not to breathe and carry on living, and you need to take nourishment and eliminate waste products or you die. Some people have claimed to go without food for years, to have attained a kind of yogic mastery that enables them to sustain themselves on air, but they're obviously lying. To go beyond breconex is to go beyond these fundamental conditions. It doesn't mean engagement with normal social activities, which are nothing more than a development of breconex, but rather a metaphysical investigation of the nature of reality, which is grounded in the experience of trauma, incarceration in metaphorical but fully operational mental prisons (the mind forg'd manacles of Blake), the impulse towards distraction and the longing for escape.

And why the reference to “trash” and “the ruins of society” in the subtitle?

The attempt to go beyond breconex in a meaningful way that communicates to others is destined to fail. From time to time you come across a fitting expression of the experience of going beyond but they tend to be rare and fleeting. The experience is more common than the expression, although the experience is still very rare, such is the ubiquity and power of the forces that are ranged against it. So although you can come up with superficially impressive treatments of interesting themes, and although some artists deploy impressive technical mastery to the point of genius in their chosen fields, this work is generally groundless – or contextually limited – and should ultimately be considered as trash. And make no mistake about it, we are living in the ruins of society, a society characterised by lies, hatred and absurdity, and we always have been, and always will be. The very notion of ‘society’ is inextricably and inevitably linked to its ruin.

What lies within your control and what remains beyond it?

Theoretically, we control our own actions. We are the masters of our bodies and we can think what we want. In reality, our bodies age and are subject to disease and

death and these inevitable consequences of being have nothing to do with self-determination at all (notwithstanding the proven idea that performing or refraining from certain activities has a direct influence on health and disease). As for thought, that impostor faculty seems to generate a stream of barely connected hallucinations that bear little relationship to the will of the mind. And yet there is no particular external agency controlling our physical actions or thoughts, save for in particular circumstances that need not concern us here. We seem to approach the idea that control is an illusion, because thought and action are illusions too. Nevertheless, one can conceive of plans and instruct oneself to perform the actions that are necessary to fulfil them. The field of endeavour might be arbitrary but in pragmatic terms it lies within one's control to define it, as long as it remains within the range of one's accomplishments.

What prevents you from doing what you want to do?

The relentless onslaught of 21st century Western post-industrial culture, which is grounded in money based materialism and relationships that are dictated by capitalist power structures that are controlled by untouchable individuals and organisations who serve their own interests. So it appears that I have to go to work whether or not I want to and my ears are infected

with the sound of traffic and the noise of the neighbours whether or not I choose to hear it. But everyone who has ever existed has lived under constraint and in comparative terms my life is easier than most. I do not have to toil in the fields or struggle for food, water, clothes and shelter. I sell my labour for three days a week and work in a job that brings some sense of accomplishment and has equipped me with skills that have been useful in other areas. My income is sufficient not only to meet my immediate needs but also to indulge in some degree of luxury and I have managed to acquire sufficient savings to enable me to set up home wherever I might want to, whether or not I remain employed. Then again, you could say comparisons are meaningless in this context because the circumstances of others do not really impact directly on me for good or ill, regardless of the sorrow I feel at witnessing their poverty or the resentment I feel at witnessing their obscene wealth. Ultimately, there is always freedom to act, even if that freedom is limited, and the responsibility for how I act within these parameters is mine. So what prevents me from doing what I want to do is me.

Do we sacrifice the immediate reality of individual experience willingly or are we forced to do so by others?

We don't sacrifice the immediate reality of individual experience under any circumstances. We might sacrifice its potential for joy, or depth, or the appearance of meaning, by seemingly turning our attention elsewhere, but the turning of attention does not remove us from the immediate reality referred to.

Where is thought located?

Thought does not inhabit the objective material world. Its association with the brain is purely mechanical. It seems to exist somewhere in the no-man's land between the individual and what resides beyond him or her. It seems more dependent on its association with the individual than it does with what resides beyond on the grounds that thought does not transmit directly from thinker to thinker but is transmitted in mediated form. This is figurative, of course. Strictly speaking, thought is located nowhere, or in a place that cannot be named.

What does it consist of?

It doesn't possess material substance. It shares some of the properties of light. It's a catalyst for action. It attaches itself to objects and it emerges from the objects it suffuses like feedback. It is swift moving and can't be pinned down to be examined. It is not

approached directly but it is measured by its product. The product is not the thought that bore it. And the systems for measuring and classifying thought come after the event and are products of thought. They can imprison but they can't explain.

What proportion of our thoughts are not the recycled thoughts of others?

Some thoughts are direct repetitions of the thoughts of others, other thoughts are paraphrases, some have the mark of originality about them, and others can claim to be original as far as the restrictions of language and non-verbal mental processes allow. The proportion of thought that can be aligned with each of these categories is constantly shifting. And these categories are named for the sake of making that point.

To what extent can you think for yourself and successfully express the results of your thinking?

I'm not in the habit of thinking clearly. I can find it difficult to think things through. When attempting to engage with the work of others my attention is apt to wander due to inward rush. I'm subject to interference caused by the actions of others and my own fear of intrusion. Much of what constitutes thought is a vague paraphrase of thoughts expressed by others. And yet,

through force of will or serendipity, I am sometimes able to think satisfactorily for myself and once I arrive at this stage my experience as a writer and artist gives me a good chance to successfully express what I think. Of course, I don't always find successful expression easy but the method of first draft – revision – 'final' version serves me well enough when producing texts and diligent pursuit of trial and error frequently produces pleasing images. Generally speaking, texts are more reflective of predetermined intention than images are. Different thought processes are involved in these different forms of expression but I'm convinced that by and large they complement each other and work well together.

Where is flesh located and what does it consist of?

It's nowhere. It's an arbitrary appropriation of space. It's like a zephyr of breeze passing some barely determining receptor. It's a form of solidified thought, a convention of pleasure and pain. It's a peculiar manifestation of being. It's an ultimately invisible conception taken as the whole. It can be viewed as a baffling divider.

What precedes distraction?

Concentration emerges from a distracted state, so

distraction is preceded by concentration, which is preceded by distraction. This suggests a loop but it's not an inevitable cycle and it doesn't naturally occur. A state of concentration is achieved by an effort of will. It might arise as a consequence of performing a predetermined series of actions or it might be accomplished by degrees through gradual immersion in the object that is chosen as the focus of attention. Concentration is apt to wander. True concentration is not conscious of itself as concentration, whereas distraction can be perceived by a part of the mind as the absence of concentration.

What happens to joy, misery and other states of being when they are no longer being experienced?

They are subsumed in the great lie of memory, which presents itself as truth and the creator of reality. We say that we transcend memory and realise that the states were never really experienced to begin with. We consider the idea that states are eternal (something like a paraphrase of William Blake). We recognise the falsehood of the tyrannical notion that joy, misery etc. are experienced as fixed states after death. We conclude that joy, misery and other states do not endure after earthly existence. We struggle to comprehend the great extinguishment, the comfort of oblivion. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue".

“Surely, we are living in a dream”.

Where or what are the limits of being?

Being as it is experienced is limitless. It knows neither beginning nor end. It is not contained by space. It is beyond time. Let's say it simply is, for the sake of convenience. You could deny it, but it would reassert itself as that which is. However, from observation we know that people are born and die, and that they possess independent being as far as we can tell. So limitless being exists in the context of finite being; the endless is known by that which knows a beginning and end. So the limits of being are birth and death; the limits of being are uncertain; and being is limitless.

What would be the consequences of acting on the realisation (or assumption) that the same life (or life force) inhabits all living things?

There would be a movement from identification with the ego as the reality of self to immersion in a far wider and more comprehensive understanding of the primary ground of animation. There would be a concomitant movement from a lesser to a greater reality. There would be a check on a common death tending absurdity. There would be a strengthening of the realisation that dawned upon witnessing the death

of that wasp about ten years ago, a deeper understanding of its struggle, a growing awareness of what empathy – agape – caritas really mean.

What are you beyond what people tell you you are?

What people tell me I am is a fiction. I am beyond any definition given by the other. I am beyond any definition given by myself. I have nothing to do with any of it. I lurk beyond outward show. I inhabit the unreachable depths. I am beyond what I'm told I am. Put no trust in these vile pronouncements, don't take the passing for the fixed. I am the perception of the reality of the immediate experience of now.

What are you beyond the socially conditioned roles you occupy?

I occupy these roles through choice, albeit choice between ultimately worthless things. You could take them as indicators. I work for the socially mediated construct of good despite the cynicism I bring to the task. I scowl at the burden and the roles barely touch me. They are outward show. They are guides. They are the foundation of some vague image that I project into the world. I am nothing to do with these roles, beyond being a prisoner in these particular prisons.

What do you offer to the world?

In general terms, nothing of any real consequence. My actions are either so self-centred that it's hard to see that they have relevance to anyone else, or else their scope is so limited that it makes very little difference whether or not they are performed. This is not a peculiarly notable failing but an unremarkable example of the consequences of being in advanced Western capitalist society at what is commonly accepted to be this time. "There is little in the world of cheapened substance to recommend it".

Are you doing what you want to do? If not, then why not?

Well, I'm doing what I want to do right now but I'm conscious that I don't always do what I want to do, for a variety of reasons. At times, I have no idea what I want to do. To choose to act in a particular way rather than in some other way seems arbitrary or meaningless. At times, I seem to act in a way that might enable me to act with greater freedom at some imagined point in the future. At times, the options for action available to me seem to be dictated by others rather than by myself.

Why are you doing what you're doing instead of

something else?

The question would not be answered by doing something else. The reasons for action can be found in thought, will, perception and what other people have called subconscious impulses. We are doing this because we have set ourselves this task. We'll do something else as we pause and when we've finished.

If you can't explain what you're doing, then why are you doing it?

Because what is done does not necessarily call for explanation. Because I recognise the value of action in itself, on its own terms. Because I arrive at explanations en route, and they shift and change, because nothing is certain and everything is provisional. The question acquires meaning only when applied to particular concepts that require purposeful communication to others, or to ourselves.

Do the actions you take result in the objectives you hope to achieve, or do they serve some other purpose?

This question only acquires meaning when applied to particular projects with predetermined objectives. It is not universally applicable. It does not take proper account of the desirability of adventure and experiment

for their own sake. It does not properly recognise that actions taken without reference to predetermined objectives serve a potentially greater purpose.

To what extent are supposedly involuntary acts intentional?

Assuming that there is motive underlying action, involuntary acts can be understood as acts that are performed without the involvement of conscious will. Accidents might well be accidents but they are often grounded in a lack of awareness of what is going on around us.

To what extent are your actions in harmony with your thoughts and feelings?

Are thought and feeling the best foundations for action? Thought and feeling shift and actions that are dictated by them are unlikely to be harmonious if thought and feeling lack harmony. To what extent are my thoughts in harmony with my feelings and actions?...

Do you approve of the ends your actions result in or do you merely act to fill time with a semblance of purpose and meaning?

I'm conscious of the reality of acting to fill time with a semblance of purpose and meaning and I'm aware of the frustrations that might arise from such recognition but I can also see the value of such actions in terms of the reality of the immediate experience of now, which is the ground I seek to occupy and work from.

Will we be held responsible for the consequences of our dreamlike actions in an unreal world?

In a sense, we are held responsible for the consequences of our actions regardless of their nature or the substance of the world they are performed in. Our responsibility is worked out immediately in the here and now and in the future that they are constantly becoming. The responsibility is as dreamlike and unreal as the world it stems from. It can be conceived of as a mechanical process that looks after itself and is not worthy of any particular attention.

What do you have to do if you want to be heard?

You have to identify an audience and address it through the appropriate media. You have to maximise the possibility that the audience will respond by pitching the message correctly. You have to overcome any inhibitions you have, which might stand in the way of conveying your message clearly and directly. It's

probably a good idea to act as if you respect your audience and it's likely that assessing the characters of the individuals that make up the audience will help you to do this. You need to develop proficiency in the use of technology, skills and other techniques that you use to address your audience (this doesn't mean traditionally accepted 'expertise'; indeed the notion of 'expertise' might prove to be a stumbling block or impediment to you being heard – refuse the unprofitable tyrannical standards of others).

Is the end in everything that precedes the end?

It has been said that everything that has a beginning has an end but the truth of this saying resides in the acceptance of logic, observation and supposition that has no basis in the experienced reality of Present Time. Present Time knows neither beginning nor end. What is known as 'the end' is generally a resting place that allows Present Time to be controlled or comprehended by a pseudo-logical convention that represents itself as truth. And what we take as the beginning is nothing more than a passing point in Present Time.

Where do you begin and where do you end?

I begin nowhere. I end nowhere. I occupy a space between beginning and end, which is constant but

seems to change. I expand and contract. I fill all space. I am nowhere. I'm told that I have a history but the sorry fiction related to me is grounded in the fictions of others and their manifestation as personifications of socially conditioned roles. I begin nowhere and I do not end.

Is death consciousness futile consciousness?

We are not conscious of death. We are conscious of what we imagine death might be. Frequently, what we refer to as 'consciousness' is fantasy, based on desire or fear. 'Consciousness' of death is no more futile than 'consciousness' of anything else. Through observing the fate of others, we conclude that we will die. Surely our imaginings regarding death can bear no relationship to death's reality? Death cannot be experienced more than once. We can't become familiar enough with death to know what to expect from it. And our observations of the deaths of others are experiences of life, rather than experiences of death. We don't fear death. We fear what we imagine death will be. We fear pain. We fear what we conceive of as oblivion, extinguishment, being no more. We fear the lurid fantasies of others concerning what might await us after death.

Patrick Wood | 15 August 2017



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