



# 10 QUESTIONS

*for*

PATRICK WEIR

&

MARK REEVE



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## 10 QUESTIONS FOR PATRICK WEIR

The art entity known as Patrick Weir was born under another name in Aden, Yemen in 1962. His earliest still-remembered memory is of being trapped on a burning Spanish galleon at the age of 5 and despairing at the thought that he was going to die at the age of 100. This was followed by an all-pervading sense of being enclosed in a grid and a growing awareness that it was possible to escape this confinement through the activation of an inherent visionary capacity that promised a direct superhighway to bliss. He now lives in a pleasant suburb in Sheffield, England.

QUESTION 1: Are you a human, and if so, what is a human?

ANSWER: Yes, I am a human. Beyond the obvious, a human is a receiver and generator of signals, which arise from who knows where for unknown purposes. More specifically, a human is the consciousness of the immediate experience of now, which is that which reasserts itself no matter how often it is denied. This implies that a human is activated consciousness and suggests that dead humans are no longer human. One could argue that animals possess consciousness and an awareness of the immediate experience of now but as no animal has ever informed us that this is so, this possibility can be disregarded in this context. One could argue that other entities possess consciousness and awareness but I have little interest in speculative supposition concerning the ways of being of supramundane spooks.

At the same time as being fully human, I am also a Child of Faerie, descended from 'Tam Lin and the Queen of Elphin', as the saying goes.

QUESTION 2: Do you accept Jesus Christ as your only Lord and Saviour? And if not, why not?

ANSWER: No, I do not accept Jesus Christ as my only Lord and Saviour, but I cannot deny this seemingly irrational proposition with comfort or certainty.

I don't think that people are talking about the same thing when they talk about Jesus Christ. The Jesus Christ derided by TOPY, for example, is a groundless nonentity created by a misguided reaction to an absurdity vaguely delineated by bureaucratic Christianity, and the Jesus Christ abstracted from the practices of the Nine O'Clock Service, for example, is a self-serving sledgehammer whirling about in the realm of non-existence.

The idea of Jesus Christ beyond TOPY and NOS possesses great force for me and I firmly believe that meditations on this idea are more profitable than engagement with reveries associated with other spiritual entities. This belief is grounded in shifting consciousness in the immediate experience of now, which has equipped me with an ability to see Jesus walking on the sea as if it were a living reality, or to see Jesus as the fourth person in the burning fiery furnace, alongside Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-Nego. It also enabled me to experience a kind of mystical merging with the Saviour of the World as painted by El Greco and displayed in the National Galleries of Scotland in Edinburgh and to stand before the Master of Delft's Scenes from the Passion of the Christ in the National Gallery in London on numerous occasions in a state of rapt transcendence and

wonder. I have also felt what I conceive of as the Christ-force in St. Marie's Cathedral in Sheffield and Westminster Cathedral.

Something's going on; maybe it's the temporary manifestation of Christ within me? I strongly feel that it would be wrong for me to rush to a conclusion about what this experience signifies, and I feel even more strongly that it would be wrong to dismiss it as insignificant.

QUESTION 3: 'Reality' when seen honestly, straight-on, comes down to "existential angst" or simply "despair". Why bother doing anything?

ANSWER: Although I think that reality is characterised by angst and despair, I don't think that this is necessarily what it comes down to. Other people might conceive of reality in different terms, and although I think they are probably deluded in thinking in these terms, I can't assert this with anything resembling objective certainty.

I often wonder why I continue to live, and there is no convincing answer to this question on a theoretical or pseudo-philosophical level. However, life as it is lived has nothing to do with theory or philosophy, as it is an experiential process.

Recognising life as an experiential process means recognising the necessity of doing something at all times, whether or not one is bothered about doing it. Doing nothing is not an option, because to do nothing is an experiential impossibility. So, the challenge becomes doing what is contextually most meaningful in the circumstances and conditions we abide in.

QUESTION 4: What is really going on (in a secretive conspiratorial sense)?

ANSWER: It's true that governments are evil and that journalists are untrustworthy hyaenas. It does not follow that David Icke is a wise man or a prophet.

It's true in a metaphorical sense that rich and powerful people worship the devil, but the devil that they worship is not an evil spiritual entity opposed to a good spiritual entity, but rather a base and confounding monstrosity derived from money as the root of all evil, which could be termed "Moloch", and is the same confounding monstrosity worshipped by the conspiracy freaks who say they oppose it.

It's true that I man must tread forward out of Babylon, although it's not necessary to insist on it.

It's true that this very earth is hell and that humanity is the devil.

The propagation of conspiracy theories is a tool in the armoury of real world powers, which makes it easier than it might otherwise be for oppressors to perpetuate their oppressions as a means of pursuing and consolidating vested interests.

The New World Order is the Old World Order. The Illuminati are a darkness inhabiting the chaos that has been implanted in people's minds.

New World Order Illuminati merchants are servants of the forces they purport to expose and condemn.

QUESTION 5: Please detail the best no-doubt-about-it UFO/demon/related encounter(s) you have experienced.

ANSWER: In 1986, I walked through the breathtakingly beautiful West Sussex countryside and took up my station at the Market Cross in Chichester, where I met two future versions of myself, one of whom was a tramp, and the other of whom was an irascible old man, who left the gathering to converse with an old woman, who drifted through the city dressed in a costume from another age.

Earlier that year, I saw a White Hart bounding across a narrow country road in the dark hills of the South Downs as I was being driven through the night in the company of friends and acquaintances, none of whom remarked on this apparition.

Later that year, I encountered a pack of wolves on Stoke Clump, which my companion insisted was merely two golden Labradors.

The following year, I perceived 'the Holy Ghost' in bodily form perceivable as I was waiting for a train from Chichester to Bosham, and shortly afterwards I encountered this presence on the threshold of the house I was living in on Terminus Road.

The year after this, I beheld a spectral city shimmering in the distance as I sojourned on Cissbury Ring in the hours around midnight, and I conceived of this city as a manifestation of the New Jerusalem.

And these are just a few of the things of this nature that I have experienced, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the

books that should be written.

QUESTION 6: Whether they know it or not, the Right- and Left-wing are part of the single bird: the Brotherhood controlled by the Secret Masters. Arguing with each other during the day in Parliament then all laughing together in the subsidised House of Commons bar in the evening. So why do you specifically lean towards that Left-wing stuff, especially the cult of Jeremy “Magic Grandpa” Corbyn?

ANSWER: There is no Brotherhood. There are no Secret Masters. There are fundamental differences despite the debased commonality. The arguments are generally insincere, through being subsumed in shallowness. There is little to recommend parliamentary democracy unless it is compared with other forms of government. I know that certain esteemed and ennobled former Labour politicians are happy to relate that future Tory ministers were once babysitters to their children, which is indicative of a telling milieu. I recognise that the whole ghastly crew cannot be trusted to any standard of authenticity that can withstand scrutiny. I am by inclination an anarchist, immersed in a dream of productive collective endeavour, which has never been realised, and which is probably incapable of realisation.

However, we return to the primacy of immediate context, and I have no doubt that the enactment of the policies espoused by the Magic Grandpa would have resulted in greater fairness, greater opportunity for self-realisation, and greater happiness in the commonwealth, when compared to the policies endorsed by the power holders that were elected to govern in his stead, and I support him and his supporters and the Left-

wing stuff you allude to because I support fairness, equality of opportunity, and the promotion of self-realisation in the social realm, to the extent that this is possible.

QUESTION 7: “Sex magick” was originally presumably a sacred rite of passage that has since been corrupted into furtive virgins guiltily wanking over the underwear section of the Grattan home shopping catalogue in the 1980s, and who knows what degeneracy nowadates. You were in Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth (TOPY) in which sex magick played an important role. But does anyone know what they are talking about? And does it work? What sayeth ye?

ANSWER: The idea that orgasm results in one pointed consciousness leading to gnosis is an absurd verbal construction that people like the sound of because they're obsessed by sex and fond of the notion that their biologically grounded obsession can be ennobled and presented as a pursuit of the numinous and transcendent. All of this spiritual bunk-up business is a marketing ploy designed to attract followers, or cash, or power and control. Like all magic/kal techniques, it's nothing more than a psychological confidence trick. I think wanking over the underwear section of the Grattan's catalogue might possess greater ritual power than the TOPY-derived-from-the-OTO techniques because it possesses greater sincerity. Having said that, the stains produced on the sheets of my offshoot TOPY Station in the mid-1980s following deeply satisfying spiritualised bunk-ups with an alluring occult-minded partner contained a beauty and grandeur that can be likened to the frottage paintings of Max Ernst.

QUESTION 8: You help disadvantaged people a lot during the day as a nice guy, but at night you produce acerbic cultural critical articles and audio projects such as Cunt FM/RADIO CUNT. Are you some crypto-nihilist playing sardonic games? Explain yourself man!

ANSWER: People are not one thing or the other. They are many things operating in context, sometimes consciously, sometimes not. My commitment to upholding the human rights of disadvantaged people is sincere and longstanding and probably indicative of a fundamental quality that might have become even more pronounced were I not exposed to and inevitably corrupted by the monstrous cruelties of the world. Ultimately, I prefer fairness to unfairness and justice to injustice and I align myself with people who are treated unfairly against those who wield the tools of injustice. But I can't deny the compulsion towards scorn that resides within me without doing a grave disservice to the idea of truth, which is also a concern or abstraction that I hold myself somewhat accountable to. Truth dictates that I produce acerbic cultural products, and awareness of the nuances of the situations I find myself in whilst pursuing my career as a do-gooder dictates that I choose to utilise deliberately crass and obscene means of expression with the intention of offending people I deem worthy of receiving offence through what I judge to be their shallowness and hypocrisy. Pursuing a career as a do-gooder frequently involves coming into contact with arseholes who push false messages that can be reduced to the level of an insistence that we are invulnerable

butterflies and all that is necessary to live forever in a land of ineffable bliss is to look in a mirror at the brightness of our wings and fly. This is an offence to anything that might be termed a reality worthy of appreciation. And as well as being a disappointed idealist and a scornful exposé of hypocrisy, I am also an advanced comedian and exponent of cunning aesthetic ploys. Only a cunt could be offended by the use of the word cunt. And they're the cunts that duty demands we offend. I am not a crypto-nihilist playing sardonic games. My explanation can withstand scrutiny if I'm the one doing the scrutinising.

QUESTION 9: What is the main message to take away from your Cross of Light Temple (COLT) and the Sheffield Patrol Group (SPG)?

ANSWER: The message to take away from Cross of Light Temple is that it's possible to develop an increasingly complex metaphysical system based on personal experience and experiment and to keep it going for 14 years, devising rituals and other forms of esoteric practice as you go, and applying learning gained from engagement with this process to artistic endeavour. However, you should also be aware that this activity is likely to take place in a vacuum, that supramundane pursuits are antithetical to social living, that the oscillation between COLT-type activities and mundane necessity can prove extremely stressful, and that commitment to the cause might lead to madness.

The message to take away from Sheffield Patrol Group<sup>1</sup> is that it's possible to develop an approach to investigating the world around and within you that need not be constrained by predetermined theoretical concerns, guided by promptings that arise in the immediate experience of now and indicate that they should be followed up. For this approach to be as successful as it can requires trust in the integrity of the self that determines what should be done, and I think that it is only possible to acquire this self-confidence through prior commitment to artistic production, regardless of one's views on whether or not the products are successful. In a sense, anyone could do it, but on a

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1 <https://sheffieldpatrolgroup.wordpress.com>

higher level, and in this context, only I could.

Sheffield Patrol Group could contain Cross of Light Temple but Cross of Light Temple could not contain Sheffield Patrol Group.

QUESTION 10: What are you going to believe?

ANSWER: I am going to believe that it is possible to investigate my potential to lead an authentic and contextually meaningful life through the deployment of my intelligence and creative abilities, aesthetic judgements and interactions with other people, to the extent that they are necessary.

I am going to believe that there is no authority more reliable than myself, and that I possess the necessary resources within me to know what I need to know and discover what I want to discover.

## 10 QUESTIONS FOR MARK REEVE

Mr Mark Reeve was born in 1968 in the county of Norfolk, England. His earliest still-remembered memories are of feeling very different from everyone else and perceiving strange phenomena, that was soon followed by what could be termed “UFO and alien close encounters and abductions.” After this terrifying yet rewarding series of events he developed an intense and continuous interest in Otherness and the possibilities of an expanded consciousness. Later on, he co-re-founded the magical-art “cult cult” the OKOK Society (aka: “OKOK Research Bureau”). Now he makes in myriad mediums/genres near transceiving quartz-filled mountains in Wales.

## QUESTION 1: Who are you?

ANSWER: That is indeterminate. One is invited...persuaded by others to believe that one was created and born from human bodies or a test-tube, whatever, but this cannot be satisfactorily proved by the person involved. One 'has' to take it on faith, like a religion. One cannot know who one really is until one experiences reality directly, not through symbol systems, masks, habitual modes, and so. However, I tend to believe that: "I am not me," or rather, I am many Is that exist on multiple dimensions simultaneously. And sometimes I feel like a ghost, so maybe I am a ghost sometimes, or for a longer while.

As for Mark Reeve, his real name may be "Marker Eve", a hesitant ancient Greek philosopher; conduit of tricksterish propaganda; a man without horse but who always gets there of/on course. He could be/he is a conspiracy-minded operator on the occult-extremist fringe. A well-meaning sociopath/psychopath. A polite misanthropist. A closet sex pervert (consenting adults only). A galactic channel; Master Decoder; disturbed fantasist; the UK Chief.

Overall, YOU suggests U: a container, yet ever-open. In the derelict plague hospital you are not alone. If you're lucky the dogs will throw you a bone.

## QUESTION 2: Why are you here?

ANSWER: I work as a (these days not-so-secret) agent of what are known as the “extraterrestrials”, “ultraterrestrials,” or simply “aliens”, who contacted then abducted me regularly, starting when I was four years alive. They performed some type of brain surgery on myself that enables two-way communication with them. I am sent information from them and they extract information from me. This is often done automatically in the dream/trance state or the close-to-sleep state, to bypass any conscious interference, and is usually announced immediately beforehand by an extremely pleasurable electrical-type tingling in my third eye, or the zone in the middle of my forehead where the third eye is said to be, dancing with the pineal gland. This is almost certainly not temporal lobe epilepsy, internally-produced DMT hallucinatory or other humano weirdery. It comes from outside. I rarely initiate contact, however, for it is a definite case of: “Don’t call us – we’ll call you.”

I am not sure what my exact mission is, or the reason for all of this interaction, if there is a reason, or one one can understand. Perhaps top-down declassified or unknowingly-created clues or answers by myself are hidden in some of my artistic creations that can be found online:<sup>1</sup>

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1 <https://markreeveother.blogspot.com>

### QUESTION 3: Where are you going?

ANSWER: Nowhere hopefully. Somewhere probably. Most of us are heading towards the next world, aka the “spirit world”, that is likely to be just as unfair, annoying and bureaucratic as the physical one. Thinking deeper upon this, I inkling-suspect that the hyperspace metamorphosizers may have reserved a place for me in some inexplicable  $n$ th dimension, that appears on this side of the wall as an empty patch of space in the Earth’s upper atmosphere, where I will have my sojourn with full memory, personality and ability, until I am primed about then beamed off to my next assignment.

QUESTION 4: What is the earliest thing that you can remember writing?

ANSWER: My parents had an antique Remington typewriter and as a child aged around 6 years alive I used to type intelligence reports, sometimes up a tree inside a haunted orchard. I'd actually title them "TOP SECRET," then add a codenumber, as if they were authentic, which of course they were, to some degree. I didn't keep any but recall that the general idea was to surveil Planet Earth and its inhabitants, both visible and invisible, and type up my reactions and ideas about them. When typing them I would go into a kind of trance, that led to other things: the writings I do today. This may or more have something to do with my aforementioned contact with aliens, or MI5 or similar. Perhaps a combination of both. That is, I am a little eye spy for the Big I-SPY in my little eye: something beginning with  $\infty$

## QUESTION 5: What did you do the last time you were in a city?

ANSWER: I can't remember the last time I was in a proper city, apart from Bangor in North Wales, that calls itself a city but is a rather small one, although it does have a cathedral and university so I suppose it counts.

I walked to this Bangor via a long rural route and began to feel more and more physically sick the closer I approached the place, and indeed nearly vomited. A bys stare on the road, cloaked by no-colour cold.

Once recovered and there, I felt positively stimulated by some of the structures and activity and disgusted by some of the other structures and activity. The attraction-repulsion joke; binary bumbling; grandmother in the grandfather clock. I was happy when it rained.

I mostly drifted around drinking disguised alcohol whilst wondering if there was anything I wanted or needed to buy and realising that I don't like humans. Getting bored with this, I had a flash to go looking for the secret, liminal sites, several of which I found. The first was the golf course. Over the manicured bumps and chicanery I came across a four-pointed star made by each point a golf ball, white on green, then fell down the 18th Hole to wander amongst hanging gardens and entities out of shot, tunnels endless in stim-buzz, until a gnome approached and told me: "You don't belong here." Cut to the beige marble gents toilet in the upper buildings of a certain Bangor facility. A luxurious and unnecessary choice of décor perhaps, unless the old picturesque stone also has a different purpose...

## QUESTION 6: What do you feel when you see the sea?

ANSWER: First during sunny day microdot LSD on the promenade's concrete steps affording me a higher view farther back vantage point sunk into the concrete or our molecules merged for a while gazing at the sea in the distance I was scared of what may be underneath it: the hidden water monsters, outer-spacers and their craft, sinkholes into Hell.

Second under the night sun with magical mushrooms inside me on the beach, sitting close to the shore watching and hearing the waves coming in and out, which provoked much feelings of bliss that gradually transformed into wisdom.

Third a sober twilight meditation, sand circled between the fingers, 579,000 crystal balls hypnotising, the sea becoming a metaphor for, and reminder of, the cosmic and more rarefied waves always impinging upon Planet Earth and its denizens, effecting this way and that. In every class it teaches.

On darker visits the sea evokes the King of Storms who gifts nightmares, the no way out ship-in-a-bottle too scared to break the walls; too contented to grasp the helm.

## QUESTION 7: What is reality and where is it experienced?

ANSWER: Reality, i.e. Magic, is everything that is, physical or otherwise, including vague or unremembered thoughts. It is experienced in this now, right in front of one's eyes and right behind them in the mind. Some claim that if we experienced the totality of reality we may struggle to cope or even die from shock, but adept schizophrenics and the like seem to manage cognising more reality than normal. Why, William Blake saw: "a World in a Grain of Sand / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower" (*Auguries of Innocence* [1863]), and it didn't seem to do him any harm. And the Atlantis Primal Therapy Commune believed that everyone knows everything all of the time, if they could or would but realise it. It's a matter of information sorting and control, and the RESULTS.

I sort-of like the Reality-Is-A-Computer-Simulation theory also, an Artificial Reality created and maintained by an Artificial Intelligence, that itself was created by who knows what. The regular glitches in the matrix would explain those science and physics law-confounding things like a living frog found encased in a millions-of-years-old piece of coal, that ancient cog computer pulled from the sea, and the giant skeletons too large to be able to support their weight. And that's just what's made public. That reality is a non-God construct is evidenced by the "built-in obsolescence" undergird apparent in its Crash Course code-programming that is currently manifested in the racial-pandemic-environmental triad. But is it us who cling to reality or is it reality that clings to us? Which needs which the most?

QUESTION 8: What leads people to assume that they are suitably placed to act as controllers of human behaviour?

ANSWER: Generally it's a case of Small Man Syndrome; being bullied or otherwise abused when younger; thinking or knowing that they are more intelligent and capable for the task than other people. Or to paraphrase Charles Manson's observation regarding Adolf Hitler, when one has achieved order in your own life, you have to try and create order in the world around you. Then of course there is the argument that some humans are unknowingly or knowingly possessed vehicles controlled by non-physical non-human entities who seek to control humanity for some reason, perhaps just for the thrill of it, to feel the physicality of existence and all that lot, emotions and weather, whatever. Have met a few people who could have been and been told of others who congregate in Porthmadog, near "The Prisoner" village of Portmeirion.<sup>2</sup> A young woman on the shop till with more whites of the eyes than normal and pupils that seemed to swim in it. An older man handshake that shewed his hand to be fragile, like a bird's wing. When commented on he made a peculiar face gesture then let out a loud shrill cry like a feathered flyer, which went right through.

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<sup>2</sup> <https://portmeirion.wales>

## QUESTION 9: How do we achieve liberation from authoritarian conditioning?

ANSWER: As HL Mencken warned: “The urge to save humanity is almost always a false front for the urge to rule.” As a victim and survivor of childhood trauma mind-control, which is certainly “authoritarian conditioning”, I have not yet found a lasting effective solution that liberates me. Alcohol and drugs can help for a while, and greatly, not to block the horror out but to forge doorways into helpful interesting states of consciousness that leave the horror far behind. I suppose that is the, or an, answer: to disempower the horror so that it is no longer relevant, just as a Buddhist monk drops his or her sexuality and becomes concerned with higher matters. I remember Austin Osman Spare writing in his *The Book of Pleasure*: “Genius, like heroism, is a matter of bravery – you have to forget fear, or incapacity somehow.”<sup>3</sup>

I don't recommend joining groups or any form of cult in the hope of escape routes being revealed. Nine times out of ten you get more entangled in the very real illusion of prisons outside and within you. Instead, take advice from yourself. It's a matter of generating or otherwise obtaining as much personal power and agency as one can and using it for the very best purposes, i.e. DON'T BE STUPID. I would also recommend instantaneous exorcism/banishing. And at the end of the day it is the person involved who CHOOSES to be happy or sad, free or restricted.

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3 <https://hermetic.com/spare/pleasure>

QUESTION 10: Are there any institutions that are not corrupt?

ANSWER: Midwifery perhaps. Or a secret cult monastery high in the remote mountains. Or an alien-human cooperation base deep under the ground. Its inhabitants not corrupt for they are incorruptible, and operate with perfect will, their actions always for the overall good. Yes, there should, or must be, such a wondrous redoubt, impossible to be infiltrated by enemy agents or otherwise fooled by illusion and wrongness. I don't have their address at the moment though.



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