

“Awful, I hated every moment.”

-Person who did not read this

“Psychoactive Stirfry” is a Zine that was conceptualized years ago but whom’s author never had the ambition to actually make it. Well, apparently that ambition appeared. Or maybe it was the desire to prove everyone (the author) wrong.

So, here it is, the long awaited (by two people, who probably forgot it even was an idea) Zine.

“Psychoactive Stirfry” initially attempted to discuss, explore, and delve into issues of mental health but soon also seemed to be a place for artists to put their works, regardless of topic. It is difficult to find a place to share one’s art or writing that isn’t just social media, where it will ultimately blend in among all the other fantastic artists trying their absolute hardest to just be recognized and appreciated, even if it is only by one person.

The artists and writers in this Zine create for Themselves, but it always means that much more when that self-expression is adored by another.

So, dear reader, it is here that I present Art for One to be Art for All and we hope you enjoy each and every page.



BASIL KING is an artist, writer, and sometimes musician. King has wanted to make a zine for years and would you believe it, here it is, being written. King loves to make easy things complicated, as is how 99% of this zine was constructed.

King loves to draw and paint with ink and wishes all life’s problems could be solved with such. I don’t understand either...

Find Basil King rarely active on Instagram @hetmeansno & @kingbasilscourt!

PSYCHOACTIVE STIRFRY

1st EDITION

A
Collaborative
Art
&
Writing
Zine

Vol. 1

B a s i l K i n g

CONTENTS

PSYCHOACTIVE STIRFRY VOL. 1

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Printed in My Home

First Edition: August 1, 2023

King Basil's Court Publishing

Nocere, IL

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THIS IS A WORK OF ^{NON}FICTION. NAMES, CHARACTERS, BUSINESSES, EVENTS AND INCIDENTS ARE THE PRODUCTS OF THE AUTHOR'S ^{LIFE}IMAGINATION. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, OR ACTUAL EVENTS IS PURELY

~~COINCIDENTAL.~~

INTENTIONAL

DEFINITIONS.....	1
RECIPE & VARIOUS POEMS BY	
ANONYMOUS.....	2
"KINGU" BY JAVIER GOMEZ.....	3-4
"MOTHER" BY ANONYMOUS.....	5-6
WORKS BY JUST CATTIE.....	7-8
"THIS IS YOU" BY CHLOE AUGER.....	9-10
"NOCERE NEWS" NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.....	11
"DREAD & DELIRIUM" BY BASIL KING.....	12
"DON'T STARE AT THE MOON FOR TOO	
LONG" BY RAYA.....	13
"VISAGE MIRAGE" BY BASIL KING.....	14
"CHRISTINA...".....	15-16
WRITINGS BY ANONYMOUS.....	17-18
"RATS!" BLENDER RENDERS BY CRUZ	
BOSCHINI.....	19
CREDITS.....	20

psychoactive

adjective

psy·cho·ac·tive ,sī-kō-'ak-tiv

: affecting the mind or behavior

psychoactive drugs

psycho

adjective

psy·cho sī-kō
informal + disparaging

: of, relating to, or being a person who is mentally or emotionally unsound or unstable especially in a way that results in dangerous or violent behavior

active

adjective

ac·tive 'ak-tiv

: characterized by action rather than by contemplation or speculation

H₂O

If given the chance i know what i would do.

It is nothing morally wrong, just frowned upon. But i hurt

Not to my lungs, but slow them

A rrest

when I finally feed it it seems like it suddenly remembers

remembers how good it can be

Stir Fry

- Rice
- Chop onions (1/2 onion)
- Scramble eggs (1tbs butter)
- Sauté veggies (1tbs butter)
- Scoop ~~away~~ to side
- Add rice
- stir for a bit
- add soy & hois
- stir
- turn off heat
- add eggs & green onions
- sesame oil
- DONE!

EX: 1 cup rice: 1 1/2 cup water

Ratio
1 rice: 2 1/2 water
1 rice: 1/2 onion
2 rice: 1 onion



"Kingu"

Javier Gomez

ink, brush, acrylic on paper

"The title of it originally was called "Kingu" for the kanji I wrote on the head, it was inspired by the wrestler Chris Brookes and when I emailed it to him he loved it so much he started using it as artwork for his indie promotion "Baka Gajin + Friends" where he gets his friends together and wrestle in bars! It's used in all of his Zine photo books for Baka Gajin + Friends and recently he made shirts, jackets, and even a huge banner of it for the promotion! The media I used is ink, brush, and Acrylic and it is all done on paper, all the lines were done with ink and brush!"

Mother
 She
 She jealous.
 She
 knows I know it but does She know I can see right through what
 She Why bad guy?
 Her She "working on it". She
 years She She
 No. No, me.

She I cannot do this.
 guilty, anxious It.
 Her failure
 catharsis
 An excuse An alibi.
 guilty. guilt
 guilt-free
 Guilt-free She
 guilt me She She

stay
 laughs drift.
 goals.
 She She
 She punching bag.
 Someone She power
 "You hurt Me", aggressive

She mentally Ever.
 panic attack nothing
 concern, Her.
 give some
 Everyone
 "oh you know"
 She No. life, problems
 traumatic future. She
 Entitled She She
 privileges. Her Context
 that
 everytime Her hurts
 EXCUSE. I fucked up.
 She wasn't aware.

You
 feelings never mad
 problems. darkest time listen

hurt
 excuse. Once.
 NEVER you ever Stop
 GUY! END IT! ALWAYS BAD
 snap one more time
 Remember" villain Your
 heroically care
 ground Cursed
 tragedy. Common Denominators
 fear
 reassurance subject lie
 cannot Truth. You
 Against Me Truth You
 excuse Lose

This Hurts. Someday
 Someday Or
 chance. Sure,
 Dirty Laundry
 consequences. thing
 radio silence survive
 words silence.
 eardrums. manipulate
 Guilt Me. Act
 fear scared
 punishment
 Instead Silent angry, healthy
 You Someday Someday

Down For Once.
 It.
 minimal thing, but ground.
 of your tantrum. worthy
 Me. Guilt
 It You Scared Action. You
 my Ground.



Fair Critique

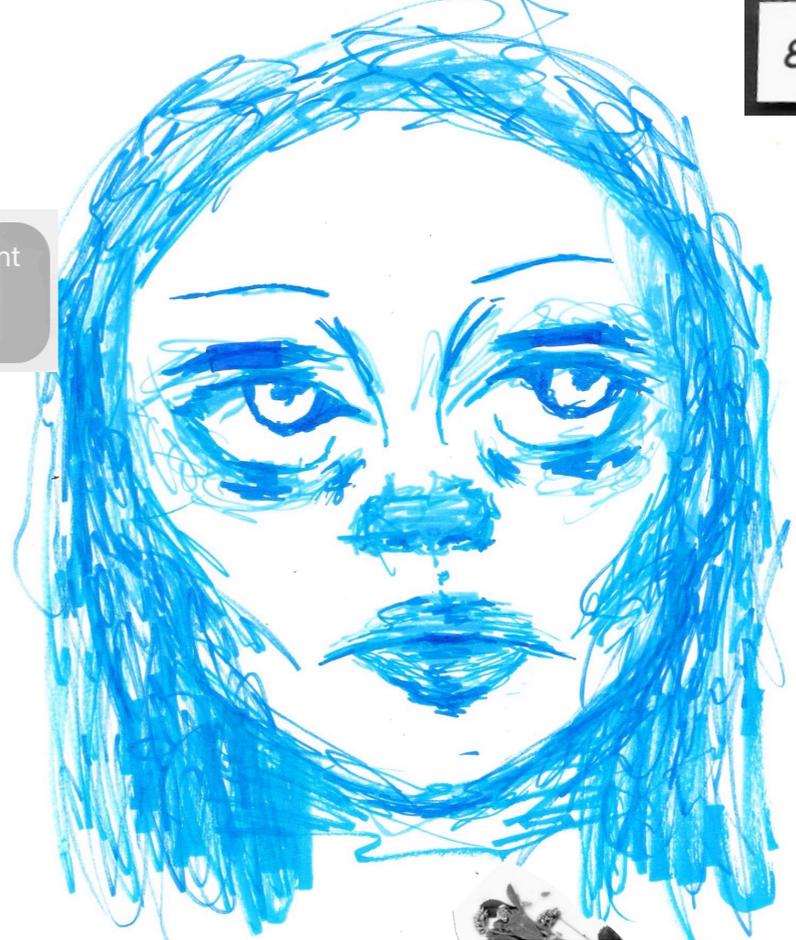
MON 2:30 PM



Finalizing the zine, how do you want to be credited in it, ie name or whatevs

Just Cattie

Coolio

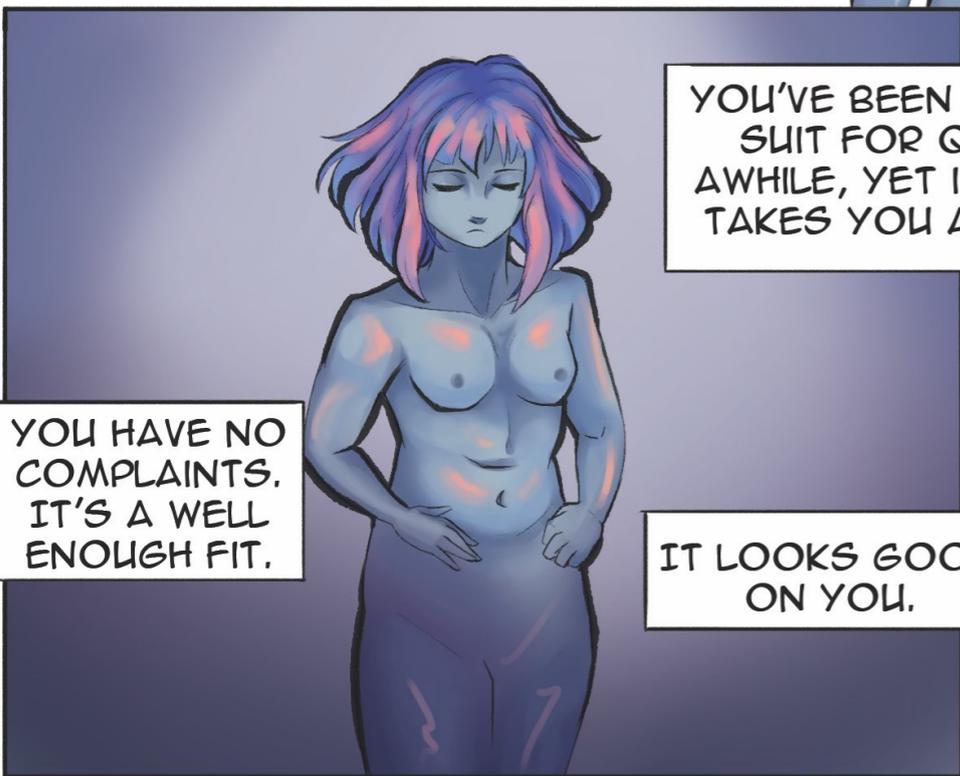




THIS IS YOU.

A RINGLING FLESH SUIT OF OCTILLIONS OF ATOMS SEWN TOGETHER.

MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE MAKING.



YOU HAVE NO COMPLAINTS. IT'S A WELL ENOUGH FIT.

YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS SUIT FOR QUITE AWHILE, YET IT STILL TAKES YOU ABACK.

IT LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.



SO WHY DO YOU FEEL SO GROSS?



PERHAPS IT'S THAT YOU SIMPLY FORGOT YOU WERE WEARING A SUIT.

YOU REMEMBER THAT THOSE OTHER FLESH SUITS AT THE STORE FEEL SO ARTIFICIAL.



YOU BELIEVED THAT YOU WERE BROWSING FOR THESE SUITS, FEELING FREE AND INDEPENDENT.



BUT NOW YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU WERE UP ON THE CRAMPED DISPLAY ALL ALONG.

IS THIS WHAT YOU ARE AND ALL YOU'LL EVER BE?

SOME MASS-PRODUCED CLOTH, MADE WITH 100% MUSCLE AND MATTER...



YET YOUR THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS ARE NOWHERE ON THE CLOTHING TAG.

LOCAL TEEN REMAINS MISSING WITH NO LEADS

Local teen, Christina Cotard, 18, was reported missing on [REDACTED] June 1994. She was last seen Wednesday, June [REDACTED] at her home on Primum St. Nocere, IL.

Ms. Cotard had recently graduated from Nocere High School and planned to attend Illinois State University in the fall.

"We don't understand why our baby would run away, but that is simply what we are hoping happened at this point" stated Wendy Cotard, Christina's mother, to our reporters. Currently, no conclusions can be made by police on Ms. Cotard's whereabouts. Foul play has yet to be ruled out.



Christina Cotard

AGE: 18
HAIR: Brown
EYES: Brown
HEIGHT: 5'6"
WEIGHT: 120
LAST SEEN: June [REDACTED] 1994, about 8:00 p.m. at her home, Primum St. Nocere, IL

If you have any information on Ms. Cotard please contact Nocere Police Department:
(777) [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

Flood my vision with red
Let the bugs proliferate
Emerging from some other realm
That is not this one
But remaining just as real

Why

Why can you not read
The sorrow that tears

at my face

The hollowness i feel in my eyes, but continue
to be lambasted with a pulsating vignette.

Is it my blood flowing or have a truly entered
the Red Realm

This secret place of delirium and dread, waiting
for me behind every door.

I fear the day i accidentally set foot over and
can never return.

Each day it inches closer, the sides of this
dice dissipate each day.
the chambers decrease

I know its there.

I fear it yet seek it. dangerous curiosity
beckons me.

It makes me feel awful, dread like no other,
that makes me look to the kitchen, that makes me
seek refuge. or ways closer.

Its call makes me seek refuge closer.

This cordycep
of insanity

They look at me in darkness, taunt me in the
eves of slumber, sometimes they crawl in during

my hours of escape. i fear they will stay.

it is

out of my control.

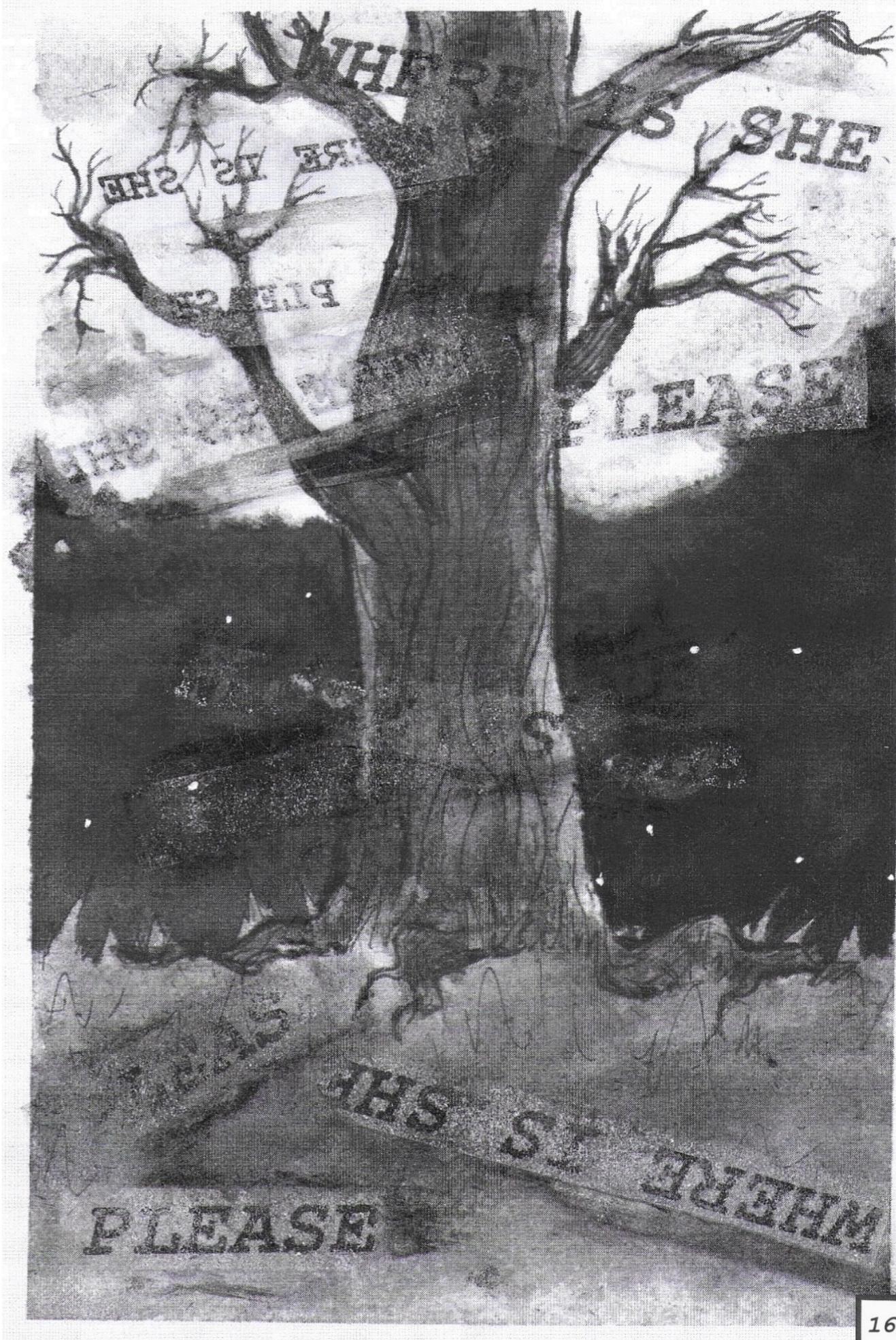
Please let the blood dry. clot. let the wound
heal. i dont want it.

But it hurts when you look away.

2/23

"Don't stare at the Moon for too long..."





I'll never meet their expectations. Even when they say I am fine and I do, I know there is an air of disappointment. I was so independent but look at me now. I cannot even make a phone call. I cannot do simple tasks. Everyone says how content I seem. Its simply that I am at the level where it is easier to play the game. Because I know how it goes when I don't. That is when I am a disappointment. How I make everyone feel awful. Why can I not just put on a smile. Vile.

I dont know, what is it that I really gain? Do I really want it or do I just want to feel [REDACTED] [REDACTED] What I am told and taught [REDACTED] I want It but in some abstract sense. The physical Want and Mental Want exist in different planes, and I cannot tell if they truly connect. I am not sure. I really feel nothing [REDACTED] Apparently I am supposed to. Maybe I Am. I would know by now [REDACTED] [REDACTED] It just appears to simply be a byproduct of my situation. An Expectation. Not by the Other but by myself. I feel that without It I am not desired and that Others are Better. I dont know what to do with It. I dont know what I Want. Do i Want? I do not know. I dont know. When I hear others discuss it I just do not Connect. I do not Understand. I thought maybe it was just me and how i Am but I really think I lack that certain It, and desire for It. I want to feel good. And wanted, but that is about it maybe. I am not sure. Perhaps I am projecting discoveries onto experiences that do not actually truly line up, but I am the only Judge of That. Only I could ever know. Maybe I should ask, how it is that others feel. I think i might Be. At that

Age everyone else seemed to have those Thoughts, and I simply did not. It was simply a Feeling, they were simple an Action. Maybe I had pavlov'd myself into seeing That and making me That. I can do It [REDACTED] it is purely feeling. But is that not the case for most everyone? I'd rather [REDACTED] I get much higher [REDACTED]

I do not know...do I care to know? Well, yes actually. It would be nice to know where I stand and what i Want out of It. I do not even care when [REDACTED] it was simply the fact I did It that showed I was Cared About. I really feel Nothing. Yeah...I feel nothing. Is it my Condition? Did it finally catch up? Well I still do It, but I guess not as much maybe? I don't know These feeling seemed to occur Before too though. I think I may just lack It. And Honestly, that is fine. I would rather. I just wish I lacked the Desire to be Wanted, [REDACTED] but i suppose when you are constantly told such things you begin to Doubt that you are Desired or Wanted.



Have mercy on me!



I am **God's** most favorite jester to kick into the nuts, hard style, often

Thank you to the wonderful Artists who were featured in this Zine

Just Cattie

pg. 7,8

Chloe Auger

pg. 9, 10

Insta: @mebe_chloe

Javier Gomez

pg. 3,4

Insta: @floresdejavier

Raya

Pg 13

Insta: @rayariot

Basil King

pg. 6*, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18**

Design & Layout

*Drawing **Photo

Insta: @hetmeansno

@kingbasilscourt

Cruz Boschini

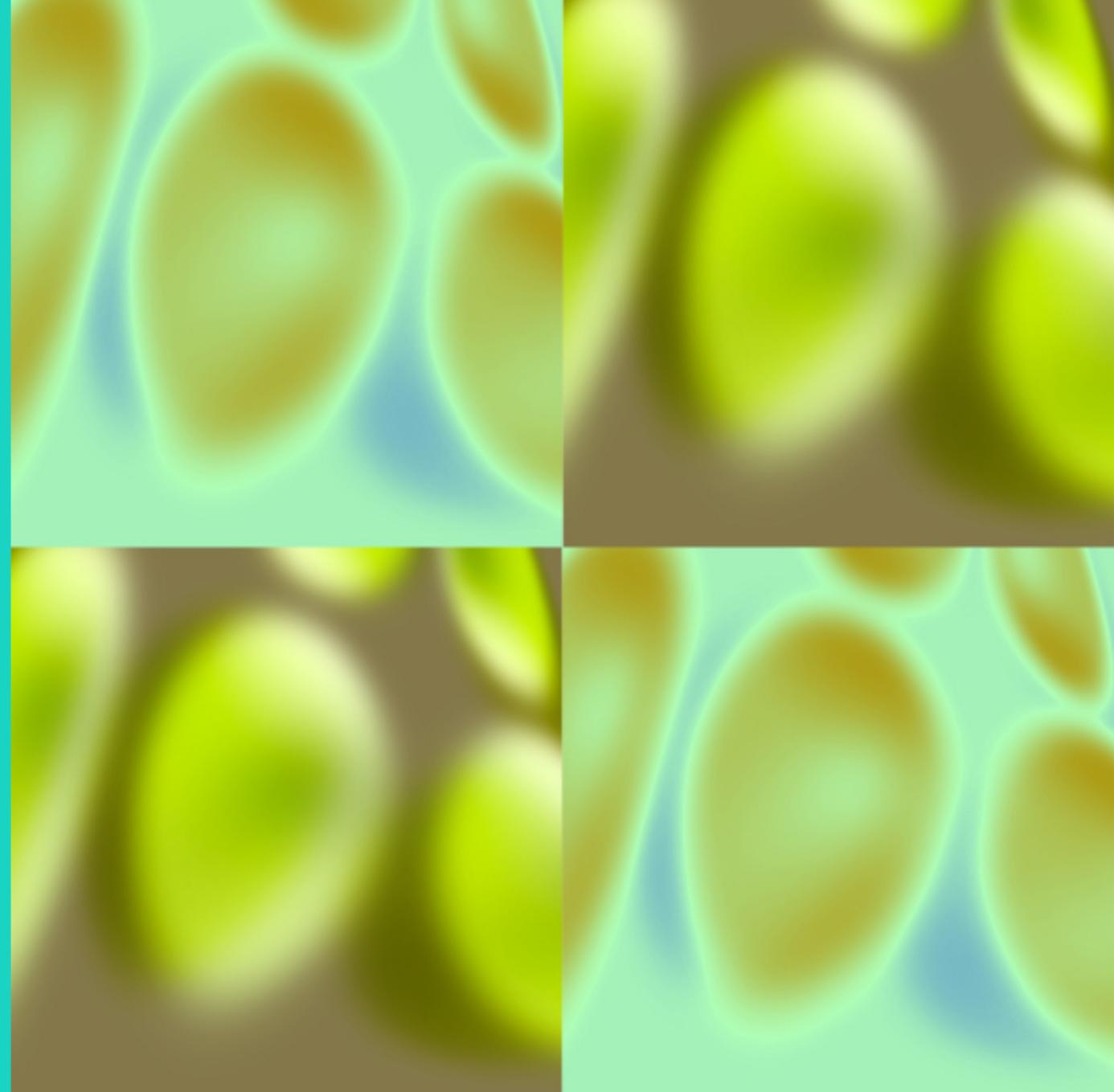
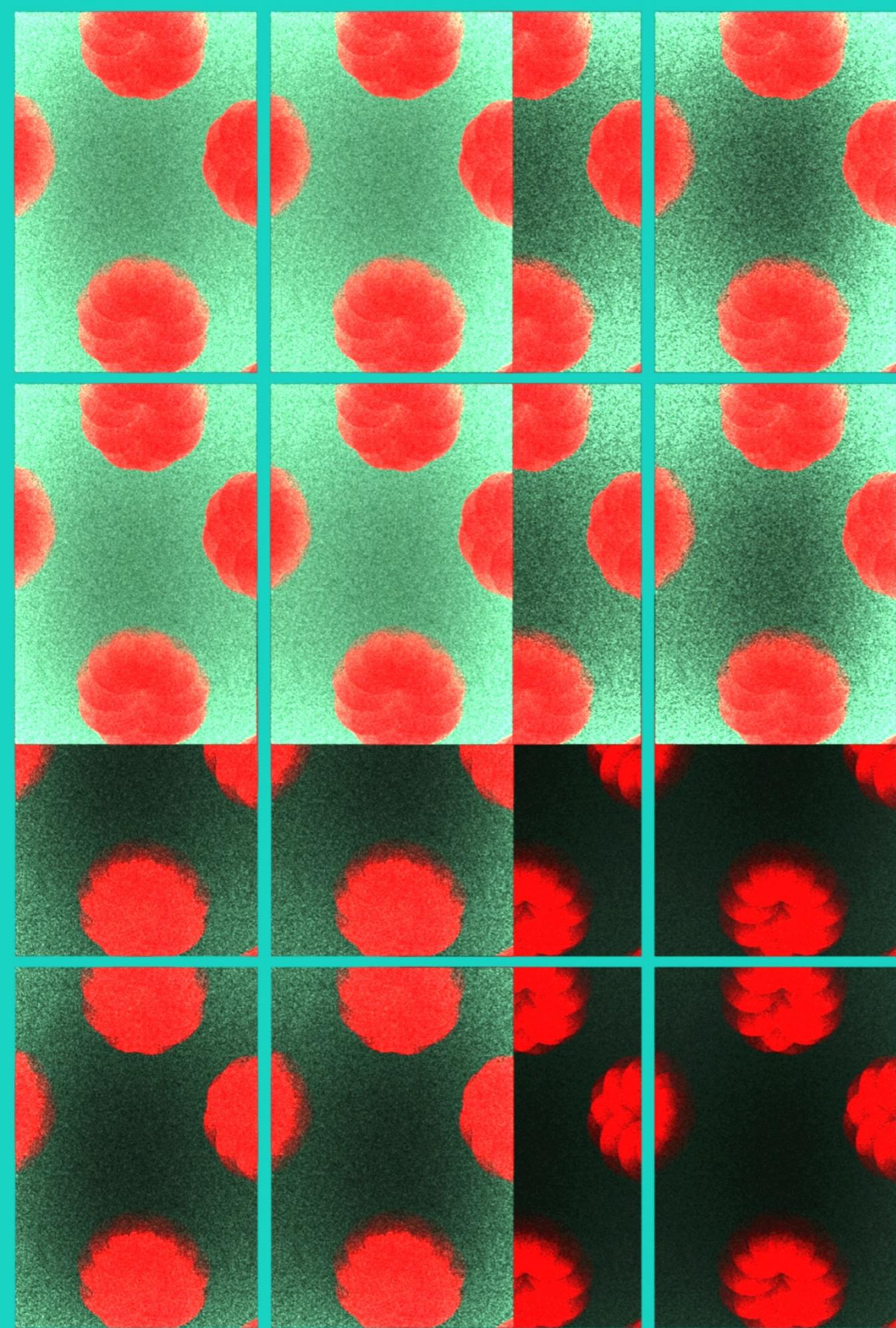
pg. 5*, 6*, 12*, 19

*Background Art

Insta: @cruxby

And thank YOU for reading!

If you are interested in submitting a work to this Zine please email



Backgrounds by Cruz Boschini

Left: pg 12

Right: pg. 5, 6