

“Terrible, this thing sucks”

-Person who still 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 in the Summer of ‘23. Or maybe it was the desire to prove everyone (the author) wrong.

“Psychoactive Stirfry Vol. 1” released in August 2023 and seemed to be liked. So there was a desire to commit to a Vol. 2. Soon.

Of course that never happened but it was the realization that an annual zine is special and cool that it became just that, and not because the author was distracted, lazy, and unmotivated.

While “Psychoactive Stirfry” initially sought to incorporate a theme, that was as wishful thinking as having a Vol. 2 a month later. Instead, we offer you just a pleasant collection of a group of artists’ own personal expressions. It’s more interesting that way right?

While it is always important to make for Thysel, the only feeling that can rival that of creating a piece of art you love, is for it to be loved 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 is slowly making more little zines and is feeling like a real artist nowadays.

King loves to draw either the most serious art or stupidest art. No in between.

Find Basil King rarely active everywhere
[@hetmeansno](#)

PSYCHOACTIVE STIRFRY

2nd EDITION

A
Collaborative
Art
&
Writing
Zine

Vol. 2

B a s i l K i n g

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PSYCHOACTIVE STIRFRY VOL. 2

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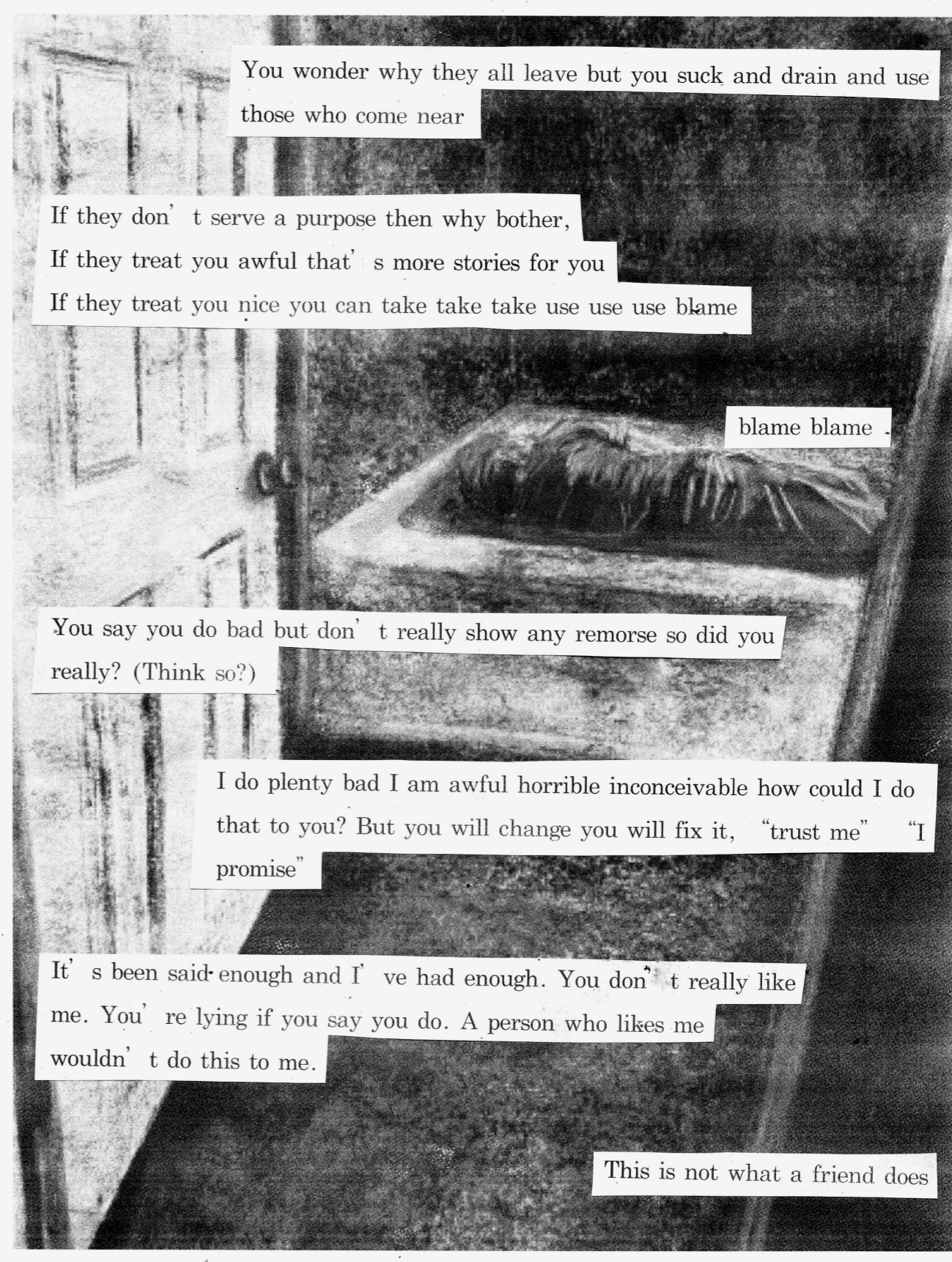
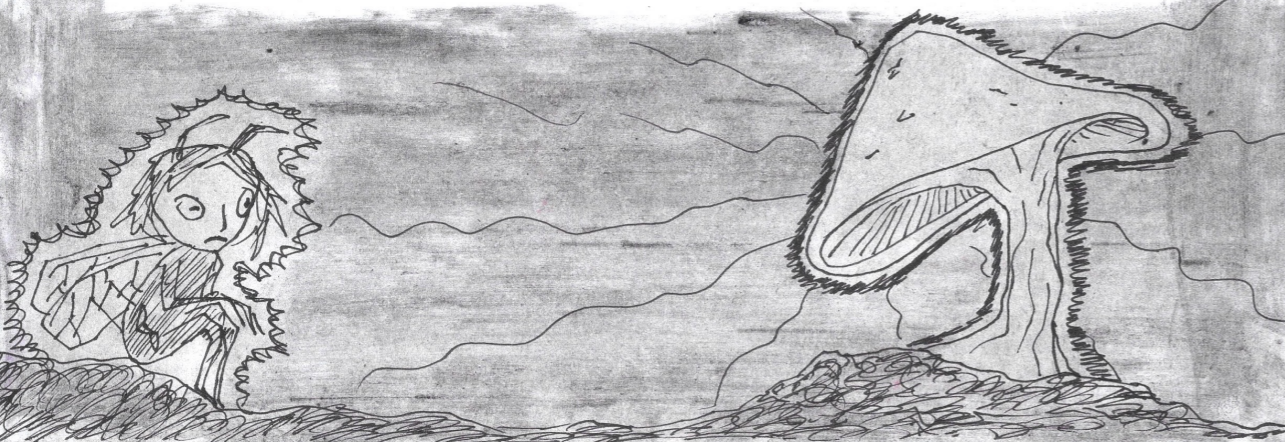
NON
LIFE
~~COINCIDENTAL~~
INTENTIONAL

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Change comes for us all. Good or Bad, here and there it is. Everyone reacts to **change** differently. Some thrive off it some despise it, some want it in a controlled environment. I'd say I reside mostly within the latter. I can choose to **change** my hair my clothes my job my home my goals my mind. But am I really in control or is the closest one can get to feeling in power? Regardless, we know when **change** we didn't choose happens. Often it occurs in a cruel fashion, at times a mild inconvenience, others, an event of good fortune. But I find even those **changes** of good can bring the same anxieties that of frustration bring. I still have to adapt to a whole new set of ways. And you are not met with pity because why would you, it's good right? You should be happy right? So why does it feel heavier than if it was bad?

Like every thing, there's a multitude of factors that contribute to each feeling. It's never one thing. It's never black and white and maybe not even grey. Its a color not even visible to our eyes. But some people claim they possess the rods and cones for it.

No matter the color, no matter the event though, in one way or another we are forced to *move on*. This is the thing that truly makes **change** hard. **Change** is an event, it doesn't have sentience, but the person involved does. And it has to react, somehow. To ask someone to *move on* is to ask them to sacrifice a piece of themselves. Its not easy to take a knife to the ego. *Moving on* is also an invisible color. But people claim they have the tools to paint with it. Maybe for themselves. Everyone needs different tools. Some look for the tools, some just hide it in the back of the shed, letting it rot and slowly permeate the floorboards of their subconscious. And therefore soon the whole house has an issue, if only it was addressed earlier. Burying the corpse is unpleasant, but the one left to fester is much worse. So dig the grave, say a little closing prayer, and walk back to your healthy home. This is for nature to deal with now. It will deal its karma through the fungi, for they can see the whole spectrum of light.



You wonder why they all leave but you suck and drain and use those who come near

If they don't serve a purpose then why bother,

If they treat you awful that's more stories for you

If they treat you nice you can take take take use use use blame

blame blame

You say you do bad but don't really show any remorse so did you really? (Think so?)

I do plenty bad I am awful horrible inconceivable how could I do that to you? But you will change you will fix it, "trust me" "I promise"

It's been said enough and I've had enough. You don't really like me. You're lying if you say you do. A person who likes me wouldn't do this to me.

This is not what a friend does

What A Shame It Is

A Redacted Replacement

What A Shame It Is when someone reveals their true side.

What A Shame It Is when it is a putrid, foul-smelling, rotten one.

What A Shame It Is when someone's infections begins to putrefy and pustulate all over you, believing you to be willing to carry on their disease.

What A Shame It Is when the necrosis of self has already begun to infect.

What A Shame It Is when the maggots have already begun to infest.

What A Shame It Is when you are forced to leave them, for you want nothing of this disease.

What A Shame It Is to see everyone else do the same.

What A Shame It Is when prions take over and the world they see is only their own.

What A Shame It Is when they think their thoughts are their own.

What A Shame It Is when the parasites lead them astray

What A Shame It Is when they now are primed to believe this is the worthy path.

The Light, it shines.

Upward, they climb.

But all it was,

All it ever will be,

Was a mind lost, a mind controlled,

Controlled to think its free.



“In Stars and Time”

Heaviest Husk

I'm tired of not being able to breathe
Heaviness crushing my lungs
Silently losing my breath

And it is unfortunately
To my utter dismay

I just wish to be hollow
Cavernous with nothing in between

Nothing to hurt

Nothing to squeeze

Left only to feel the tactile sensations of the outside

Feelings of only the soft goods of life

A breezy afternoon

Fields of soft grass

A gentle stream

My Epidermistic existence

The simplification of what it is to exist

Rather though I am left lost and dried out

the heaviest husk I know

Sinister sifting

Sorrowful sounds

Seep through the seams

Of my sutured lips

I'll ride the ride

Up down up down

Feeling content

Until it dips

There can be no release

Unless manufactured

An addition stabbed in

This lever i must grip

It dulls and it aches

As restless hands search

Deal denial yet the mouth salivates

The saliva drips

Little Sister

Pictures of family, only thinking of you

And in every some sense, I could cry

Bubbling scars from peroxide you'd pour

Whenever I'd fall off your bike

Now I'm volatile like ethanol, flammable like oil

Yet still could never hurt you if I tried

It wouldn't even hurt if I tried

Nothing

at

all

I'm sick of swing sets in my dreams
Just to find a new plan or scheme
Cuz I've been seeing more of you lately
And I've been seeing fires

Pedals, pills, post-humanism
The creation of cars and trains
I've seen this horse fall down a billion times
It's driving me insane

You've been so mean but maybe one day you'll be sweet
No longer choking Barbie dolls or grinding teeth

Not acting like a criminal
Trying to be my idea
Cuz you're a work of art
And you're scuffed beyond belief

I toiled for every crease
I cried the sea and creeks
Until every rock and pinecone

cry my name

I'll be spilling my blood for you

You will find me
Standing on your front

← # general



olisagrad.the.known



Esteemed members of the Black Adam (2022) fan guild discord, I am compelled to inform you all of a grave injustice!



greeblesnatch-jones

Yes?

olisagrad.the.known



Dearest companion, a deed most foul hath taken place!



greeblesnatch-jones

Oh no! I'm sorry to hear that! What happened?

olisagrad.the.known



Rather what did not happen my friend! It is my shame to say that one of our fellow men has not met their promised viewings quota of Black Adam (2022) this month! I know not if this was done by negligence, or maliciousness, but our terms were violated, and justice must shall be had!



greeble

Oh my! Who was it?

olisagrad.the.known



I shant spill names until all of the Black Adam (2022) fan guild is present. Justice demands an audience, and this fiend shall be unmasked in front of their peers.



-- Spiru --

wasnt me



Charlie.

Not Charlie!!!

← # general



-- Spiru --

it was fucking charlie



greeblesnatch-jones

Spirulina, I don't know if it's appropriate to be accusing people like that. Olisagrad will tell us when it's time. So I don't see a reason to be throwing around accusations like that.



-- Spiru --



greeblesnatch-jones

What?



-- Spiru --

malding



greeblesnatch-jones

Sorry?




-- Spiru --

shut uuuuuup


you prob did it


← # general





 greeblesnatch-jones
Why would you say such a thing!?


 Spira
idk


 greeblesnatch-jones
Who else are we waiting on?


 Spira
The Endless and Cruel Void

 greeblesnatch-jones
Well where are they?

 xrt1/K01d
Hey guys sorry I'm late!


 greeblesnatch-jones
No it's quite alright. Olisagard, I hate to impose, but can we please get this over with?

 xrt1/K01d
Yeah really sorry guys, I didn't mean to make y'all wait.


 Spira
dont worry v this is all greeblesnatchs fault


← # general





 greeblesnatch-jones
Why do you keep doing this?




 olisagard-the-kudon
Comrades. Before we continue we must share in speaking the Black Adam (2022) fan guild oathe.

 olisagard-the-kudon
Hierarchies powerful are changed beneath him. One must find that pleasant.

 greeblesnatch-jones
Hierarchies powerful are changed beneath him. One must find that pleasant.

 xrt1/K01d
Hierarchies powerful are changed beneath him. One must find that pleasant.

 Spira
Hierarchies powerful are changed beneath him. One must find that pleasant.

you wanted my art SO BAD

but not because you really liked it

but to say that YOU had it

when you were done with me

you left behind the piece you had wanted so bad

clearly it didn't really mean anything

but why would I dare to expect different?

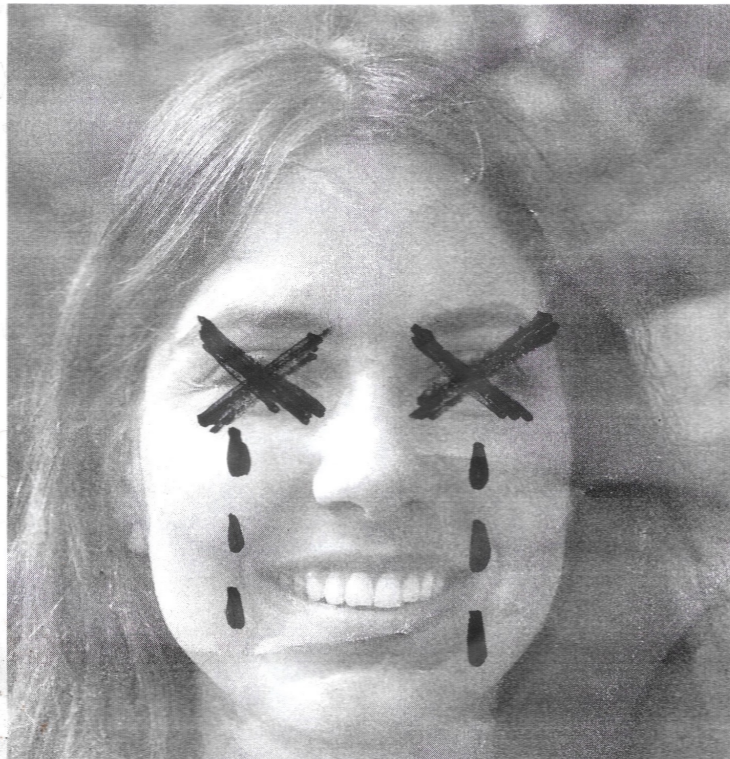
at least I got it back

ON A VERY SPECIAL EPISODE OF... DUMB EFFIN' KOMIK BY HET! MEANS NO!



~~DEAD~~ ~~MISSING~~

Christina Cotard



UGOYS
SUCK!!
DEAD
GIRL

NO
REP
STOP!

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR SEARCH PARTY!

Volunteers needed to aid in the search for Christina Cotard. Christina was last seen at her home on Primum St. around 8:00 p.m. on June 6, 1994.

AGE: 18

EYES: Brown

HEIGHT: 5'6"

WEIGHT: 120

UNDER

What: Town-wide search for Christina Cotard

When: 6:00 p.m. Friday June 10th

Where: Nocere Police Station

there is still hope!

TOO LATE

BRING FLASHLIGHTS, SNACKS/WATER, BRING A JACKET AND WEAR WALKING SHOES

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION OR QUESTIONS CONTACT NOCERE POLICE

DEPARTMENT: (777)-
USELESS



HET!

Im going out... dont expect me back

And there I kneel

At
Your
Feet

at the bed of your nails

Same as your foot

As I look up with pointed queries

questioned answers

answered questions

Motive and deflection

denial

denial

To bite down

Let it bleed

Or to boldly jump;

attack

And gamble the beat down

Once I chose wrong

And therefore

Never again

Will I sing my song

Bite down

Bite down

Til it bleeds,

Til it bleeds

Bite down

Let it bleed

Swollen

My wound needs tending

Swollen

Scar red

Stitches, mending

But I'm left to let it fester

Abscess, Abysss, gangrene

Until I necros

Let it bleed

Til it bleeds

Lay down

Lay down

I can ignore

I can ignore

What it is I need

And let it bleed

Can't speak if there's nothing to speak

Can't feel if there's nothing left to feel

The cycle is cut

Let me escape

This will do it



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

Chloe Auger

pg. 4

@mebe_chloe everywhere

Jonathan Decker

pg. 7* 8*

*Writing

Trinity Miller

pg. 19

Insta & Tiktok:

@popprokcs

Basil King

pg. 1 2 3 5 6 7* 8*

13 18

Design & Layout

*Drawing

One Mr. Evan Auger

pg. 9-12

@hetmeansno everywhere

And thank YOU for reading!

If you are interested in
submitting a work to this Zine
please email
kingbasilscourt@gmail.com or DM
@hetmeansno on Instagram :)