CRAZY CULTURE.

NUMBER 12

DISLOCATES

STRANGE

SOLD FROM...
"But has anyone ever heard of a frustrated conspiracy at the foot of the throne, of a great palace revolution nipped in the bud at the beginning of the glorious rule of the All-Powerful? Thrones wilt when they are not fed blood, their vitality grows with the mass of wrongs committed, with life denials, with the crushing of all that is perpetually different & that has been ousted by them. We are disclosing here secret & forbidden things. We are touching upon state secrets hidden away & secured with a thousand seals of silence."

-BRUNO SCHULZ
**CULTURAL VIOLENCE**

**SOMEDAY**

Even tho I've written little about you since we first met  
And written very little since we first met  
Written mainly for madness exorcised  
Losing the little poet in me  
Someday darling  
I'll write you Ulysses (  
Which is to say the odyssey)

The wick of the day swells  
Yr fixture of a face is graceful  
Society is churning towards oblivion  
But then I find some respite  
---> Mostly in you these days.
skeptical of the psychiatric industry and pharmaceutical industries. We do not stigmatize nor judge those who open themselves up to said industries, however, as radicals we would like to form communities of support and autonomy to share experiences and emotions which would otherwise be termed mad that can endure beyond the monocultural corporate solutions of most psychiatry.

Document from ‘crooked beauty’ film screening.

‘Crooked Beauty’ is a documentary film which starkly displays the profound struggle of one person to try and live her life without pharmaceutical drugs while trying not to fly too close to the sun. She says some intense things about her struggle and altogether seems to find her life without meds still worthwhile. Icarus Project certainly sees value in this decision especially considering how marginalized such a response can be amidst the psychiatric juggernaut. However, at least us at Icarus Project St. Louis want to point out that this is only one possible response to having what gets termed these days as a ‘mental condition’. Some of us while still being vastly skeptical of the pharmaceutical industry do decide to take medication and while this is not the path portrayed in the film, it is one which some of us, including myself, have chosen in order to keep our minds in check. Therefore Icarus Project takes no hard line on the question of whether to take meds or not, but appreciates what they call in anarchist communities ‘a diversity of tactics’ when dealing with problems of the mind (or the body) which so often gets discussed in our meetings.

FLOODING THE INVISIBLE MARKETPLACE

What you are holding in your hand is the twelfth issue of “Sols From Strange Dislocales” or “Soliloquies From Strange Dislocations”. That’s more than quite a few zines, books, movies, series of things. Yet a lot less than others. Why have a stuck with this zine series so far I ask myself? Partly to blame is its quality as mutation. While the zine has kept the hardcore artsy-fartsy pretensions which it started with, other things have changed; the sharpness of revolutionary intent, the styles of art (started with drawings, then messy incomprehensible calligraphy, now still sloppy but better studied calligraphy), the words said (from nihilist haikus and other stream of consciousness poems to revolutionary rants, to whatever prose angst is now in place) and how its laid out (sloppy cut and paste zine to cleaner artsy cut and paste zine to digital back now to cut and paste). What hasn’t changed is how its distributed and who (doesn’t) profit(s). Copies are still for free and no one (much less me) makes any profit. So the satisfaction and motivation hinges on the possibility of response or resonance. Which makes me question sometimes what the point is...
In a world so inundated with information, trashy ads everywhere, dotting the skylines and the landscapes, we are bombarded with language (*language abused for Advertisement, language used like magic for power on the planet, Black Magic language, formulas for reality*). Black magic formulated by the enemy to bludgeon us semantically until we are so numb and borderline incapacitated as to be oblivious to any sort of depth of speech, patterns of resonance which might otherwise catch our eyes. Even on the smaller, friendlier local level of advertisement, it's a lot of the same in a different form. Fliers for every show everywhere, dotting the hip neighborhoods trying all sorts of approaches to catch your eye. Flashy descriptions! Color! Sex Appeal! IRONY! DIY! A whole cavalcade of attempts. So why try? Well, after persistence and reluctance alternating and battling each other, I'd like to think this amounts to a minor work (if I was ever to have some sort of canon) but a work nonetheless. A humble strike against insincerity and apathy, (even when I fall guilty to those things myself, it's still for the sake of some sort of honesty) for wanting to restore the power of personal perspective and surreal word flourishes in a post-consumer atmosphere. For rebelling against everything, against conspiring towards some sort of 'proper marketplace' for rage and poetics. And finally for shits and giggles, urgent hopes and a lot of free time. May these subtle motivations always be present for me and hopefully others too…

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The Icarus Project

St. Louis Icarus Project Bi-weekly Mental Health Check-In
Preamble and Outline

1) Premises. Radical Mental Health

A) Mental Health/Mental Illness.

We may or may not self identify as ‘crazy’ or ‘mad’ people. Regardless, these terms carry some sort of varying resonance within our-selves and experiences. We may or may not have been through the psychiatric ringer, however, throughout various points of our lives and experiences, if we have not found ourselves as psychiatric subjects, have at least been scared/startled that if we were to open up about our states or mental conditions and adjoining experiences that we would be subjected to and or suggested/steered towards such processes.

B) Radical.

Some of us may hate the state, patriarchy, racism or dominant society, or at least ardently desire forms-of-life that are emancipated from these things which we view with emotions ranging from skepticism to disgust. Some of us wish to build earnest and more genuine forms of interaction without having to rely on these prevalent things which we find ourselves often at odds with. Furthermore, as Icarists or Mad People, or those who feel affinity for Mad People, we are especially
ON "THE ICARUS PROJECT"

Here are documents which concerns St. Louis Icarus Project itself and something crafted for a film showing I helped facilitate. Our group takes the form of a bi-weekly support group. Icarus Project hinges a lot on the concept/identity of "mad pride" which basically means a lot of things to a lot of folks, but to me, it means that no matter how crazy we get we (the individuals, the mad ones) are the only ones entitled to define the terms of our madness.

As I write this, I feel Icarus winding down/myself for better or worse the primary actor in the project, getting what activists would inevitably call 'burnt out'. I'm likely moving soon as well and going for a month long trip between then and then, and without me it seems to struggle to happen. Man what a weird feeling!. Also, these meetings do help but I often feel myself coming no closer to explaining my madness/ my so-called schizophrenia nor it being often inquired about among friends/comrades. Maybe not only sanity for me but true sympathy towards my (in)sanity by everyone / among 'the movement' / 'the scene' or anyone on the earth is as Tolstoy would say 'meant for the kingdom of god' / meant for nether forms-of-life beyond this. Sometimes it seems anarchy and communism are doomed to this relegation as well.

However, I don't mean these haggard ramblings to truly define Icarus Project experience for me though since it has been glorious and mutual comings-together around suffering as well. Maybe we are getting closer to the Kingdom, but in this fucked up world, progress comes sure and slow.
Solution

and DESTINY
SHEER NEGATION

"some nights I thirst for real blood/ for real knives/ for real cries And then the flash of steel from real guns. In real life. Really fills my mind."

- okkervile river

The car is rattling. The font doesn’t resonate. I feel naked without my wallet. The computer is going too slow. The Internet connection is faulty. Traffic is thick as smog. Destroy Everything (then). The public is toxic and apathetic. The private is bickering with itself for the 112th time today. No one relates. No one comments. No one makes eye contact. It’s a masquerade of ghosts. Hollow as hollow as hollow. The totality, is well, total. The actions are pre-prescribed. The body is a multiple choice test where every answer is wrong. Destroy Everything (then). The poetry falls mute on deaf ears. The academia flourishes. I have seen the sweetest of my friends rattled by madness. Sometimes my own brain feels scorched, destroyed. I want to destroy everything. Everything that stands in my way which is everything. I know no one will listen, no one will see. This world on a spiraling death urge. This might be propaganda, this might be short sighted, nonetheless, this is what sup with me. Destroy everything. In an insane world that persecutes the insane. Subly. In a pantopican world that will always want to drink the blood of every prisoner. It must be destroyed, nothing can remain. Destroy Everything. No hope, no future, no punk rock. Destroy everything. Thaumagogic Catharsis. Destroy Everything. There is no security with Them doing the raping and pillaging. Destroy Everything.

Most nihilism is kitsch... but this, this can be folded up, packaged used as a tent, melted, turned into bullets. Destroy Everything. Your cell phone is ringing destroy it. There can be no humanity while there is cell phones. Destroy them. The cult of authorship must be destroyed. Don’t listen to authors they are full of shit. Don’t listen to me, just Destroy everything.

I caught a glimpse, now it haunts me."

-the knife

My stomach is knotted up and I may or may not know why, but perhaps through enough bare emotion via word transcription there can be some form to delineate, to decipher whatever crazed mix-up, dazed cocktail manifests itself in my brain and soul. Not unlike sleek electro-music with a dark backdrop of longing, destitution, desperation, beauty, crushing and unmanageable. Navigating the cracks of trust, going through too many precautions, feeling too many times over burnt, fucked, misfires, et al to justify letting caution to the wind and letting my jaws flap about my conditions. It brings up the worst memories of bottling demons. Pickled slaughtered angels. Not knowing who to turn to. Because what often happens is not an emergency but a constant barrage of emerging minor crisis, that overlap the way one would imaging different revolts happen, in crisis and musical discordance. But this is not revolt, this is a mix-mash of different consciousnesses pulling and tugging in disjointed ways attempting some sense of coalescence. Needless to say it’s not exactly working. Was it ever? No it was never. This overlap of repression and normality is the standard by which I am accustomed to examine my reality. The gash is just beneath the sweater. No need to worry I’ve always had a calm disposition. The paranoia the jitters, the collapse, the want, the seldom finding, the finding on other forms. I’m desperate as ever, but too coy to admit it save for this form. The thin line between support and oblivion. I’m just supposed to ask for this from folks, then it will make sense. But how do you ask to become a burden? It’s not just the sessions of madness, the psychotic breakdowns, it’s the residue, it’s the muzzle of social interactions, it’s the want to hide out forever, it’s breakdown microcosmed out in even little bits. I am only now thinking I have some inkling of how to disperse the pain, but it’s a slow summoning.
MAD ANARCHY

Madness and anarchy are utter impossibilities yet I inhabit them often. In that both put me forever at odds with a world that I will never understand. In that they are instantaneous realities for a squall of a million unheard voices. In that no one will ever know them the way I know them, I am atomized within my situated specter of them, yet I must believe they are possible for all. In that until madness creeps up lurching and terrifying and nabs me off guard I disbelieve it. Thusly I am reminded and will always carry it with me. In that I attempt to make both known entities within my social self yet are always lost in the fray. In that I am neither one until they are realized. In that they both have other names for their unrecognized status; insanity and anarchy. In that they both hate war yet must commit it to actualize themselves. Like I said, both are responses to the state of things in society-at-large, Empire, if you will, one utterly miserable, and the other ecstatic, both are with me from inside and a force from outside, I am forever haunted by their spector, both as impossibilities and as social statements and stigmas branching out from respectively, a dystopia, and a utopia. --- Mad Anarchy.