

THE OUTSIDER WRITING OF ANTHONY MANNIX

THIS REPERTOIRE OF WRITING IS DESIGNED TO DOCUMENT THE STATE OF PSYCHOSIS AND ITS LANDSCAPE. IT IS AN ATTEMPT SOMETIMES TO REPRODUCE SCHIZOPHRENIA, SOMETIMES TO FIND AN INTELLIGIBLE OR EMOTIONALLY COMMUNICABLE CORE

WHICH CAN BE IMPARTED TO THE LISTENER. THERE IS ALWAYS AN EYE TO MAKING THE WRITING COHERENT BECAUSE EVEN IF THE LUNATIC IS UNINTELLIGIBLE HIS OR HER EXPERIENCE IS COHERENT AND BECAUSE FLAWLESSLY BELIEVED BEARS THE WEIGHT OF EXPERIENCE. IN PLACES THE WRITING IS AUTOMATIC, TO REPRODUCE, WITH A DEBT TO THE SURREALISTS TO TRY TO WOO YOU INTO A SIMILAR STATE THAT MAY HINGE ON

YOUR OWN RELEVANT LIFE-TIME RECOLLECTIONS. IN OTHER PLACES IT MAY BE CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT AND PRECISELY DESIGNED TO TRIGGER THE UNCONSCIOUS.

EVEN THOUGH THE FASCINATING QUALITY OF PSYCHOSIS IS FOREMOST THERE IS AN EFFORT TO GET TO ITS WORKINGS AND PROCESS EVEN IF ITS CORE REMAINS A MYSTERY OR SOMETHING FELT FROM A GREAT DISTANCE. THERE WERE TIMES I FELT BEING

SCHIZOPHRENIC WAS A VOCATION ALBEIT NO CHOICE IS GIVEN AND I HAVE CONSCIOUSLY TRIED TO PROJECT IN MY WRITING SOME OF THIS RELIGIOUSITY.

THIS WRITING DOES NOT GLORIFY NOR IS IT APOLEGETIC BUT AIMS AT REPRESENTING AND EVOKING A STATE THAT IS COMMON-PLACE AND FOR ALL WE KNOW COMMON-PLACE SINCE WE BEGAN. THE LAST FRONTIERS THAT WE HAVE ARE SPACE AND THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND.

The creation of these prose and prosaic pieces is a long story...sometimes they flowed out of the typer...sometimes they had to be pryed loose from the brain with a crowbar. When in a particularly mad state, affected or disturbed, I would reach for the typer and pound away and pound out anything that would come into my head without any attempt towards planning...i might have been destined for an illustrious career in writing surrealism had i not gone mad and avoided them and gone mad in such a manner as to lead to outsider writing and the aberrant paths...

Although this prose has been pounded out in many cases or has sprung from the mind when mad, it still at some stage has been considered and then to an extreme. As with my drawings, i would constantly grow dissatisfied and in destructive fits would partake of their lives. i often delighted in committing sheets of written work to the flames of Vulcan via my father's incinerator...

It's remarkable, what will appear in the mind, seemingly out of nowhere and bother one until one does something about it...i must say i had trouble with the typewriter for the recollections were never as i wanted and the typer stuttered and stammered and caused endless trouble... sometimes the writing seemed to splutter from the very keys, automatically and i had no say in the business. over the years, i have had a variety of typewriters as in recalcitrant fits or madnesses, i would tear them apart, hoping that that would solve my writing career and aspirations.