

Editorial

There are those who incite the beastly nature; however, the discombobulated nature of common decency might justify that the vast majority of those who are subjected to scorn and fits of ridicule are an indecent lot of self-serving ignants, who deserve nothing other than to be berated; nevertheless, the contemplative state in isolation considers generosity towards the shiftlessly minded and the crippled imagination. Reflecting on the origin of the unbridled self, a wish is directed towards the stars, "Help me make a break for it, Goddammit!" But soundness of mind shaped by the courtesy of kindness is a gentle grace that has the power to ascertain the tenderness that hides in the myth of beauty, resting amidst Nature's chaotic deceptions, where the power to divine character depends on the transmutation of thought and the reconfiguration of morbid forms. From horrid disfigurement into the Freak, life is assembled not unlike a William Burroughs' Cut-Up.

But without recklessness and hideous mutations there may be no path to understanding or discovery, no invention, no development, no enhancement, no construction of the self; the letting go and the reigning in, the child and the parent mutually intertwined into that which is wholly lucid, endlessly situated in the paradox of an existing and non-existing past, present and future time.

The process of becoming a Freak: whacky, rebellious, not giving a shit, giving too much of a shit. With manners mastered in an absurd attitude of restless meaningless my Vietnam vet, nut-check collecting uncle purchased a ceramic bust of President John F. Kennedy from a thrift store: A Freak's find indeed. He sawed off the back of its head. I thought to myself, "Oh, no, he's not going there?" He did not. Rather, he reconstructed the statue of the former president into an image that reflected his ideal self. Trimming the hair of one of his white miniature poodles, he glued a shaggy afro on top of JFK's head, hung a peace sign medallion around his neck, painted his suit into a 60's hippie vest and tie-dyed T-shirt, glued some more of his poodle's hair on JFK's face, pasted a doobie to his lips, tied a bandana of an American flag around the head, dotted a cheek with a Marilyn Monroe birthmark and placed a pair of John Lennon, shaded spectacles over the bridge of his nose.

The Sage Freak transmutation was complete. "But why cut off the back of JFK's head"? Had he changed his mind, originally intending to reduplicate JFK's skullcap blasted out by an assassin's bullet?

The Freak designs in a hermaphroditic state. The mind fluently chang-

ing and growing into a Divine Wonder, wandering into the unknown gates of a Kingdom where the Universal Theater of Dramatic Arts creates and recreates beings that are unlike anyone and simultaneously like everyone rolled into one Grand Kingdom Freak.

~Jim Lopez



Photo Sharpie Marker Art by Jim Lopez