

Chicken Salad for the Soul

A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

by

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Chicken Soup for the Soul

began in 1993 with a simple idea:
that people could help each other
by sharing stories about their lives.
Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen
wanted it to soothe and provide comfort,
just like their grandmothers' cooking.
They published more than 250 books,
which have become the best-selling
trade paperback book series of all time.

This book has no relation to theirs.

Their books are **interpersonal**.

This book is **intrapersonal**.

There are many jackasses out there
that you might like to pin this tale to.

But there's only one donkey:

you.

So, pin this tale of candor to yourself.

Don't be a stubborn mule.

Take this tale to heart.

It has no beginning, middle or end.
I won't be coaxing myself off a ledge,
or discovering true love by the last page.

I won't try to make love to you,
or try to make **you** love **me**.

This is a story that goes nowhere.

There is no climax.

It's more like a walk in the park.

If Jerry Seinfeld could produce
180 episodes about nothing,
I can write a book
about going nowhere,
just to convey the thrill
of where I started and where I'm at now.

When I think of **Chicken Broth**,
I think of Evangelicals who love life,
without the bit [penis] and pieces [testicles]
Jesus Offered of Himself.

Yes,
Christ's Love includes His Genitals!
That's the whole point in Being God and man!
He Set a standard with His Whole Body
that we all ought to live up to.

When I think of **Chicken Soup**,
I think of Catholics who enjoy all of Him
but are too modest to say so out loud.

And when I think of **Chicken Stew**,
I think of Jews
who think Jesus was a Jew Who Said things
that most people then weren't ready to hear.

But today we live in the age of **Chicken Salad**.
We all want to make up our own mind
about what to believe
and how to make our love come true.
Nobody's interested in opening canned dreams,
heating them up and dishing them out as is anymore.
Today everyone's interested in **contributing**,
not **servicing**.

We're all gourmets **and** gourmands.
We seek quality **and** quantity.
We all have a **vision** for tomorrow,
but no one is interested in giving up
his **fantasies** and **dreams** to get there.

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Chicken Soup for My Soul

I couldn't offer my soul chicken soup when my soul was just a conscience. I couldn't even begin to try to spoon feed nourishing, hot liquids into my conscience until it became obvious to One and all that my conscience was on its last leg. It was about to die from severe neglect and malnutrition.

By the time I tried to give my conscience chicken soup, it was too late. I'd already tried to kill myself **three** times! The first time I should have killed my father. I swallowed a whole bottle [100] of aspirins with a full glass of vodka, instead. What a naïve fool that man was. He knew nothing about how anything in this world works.

My father was a Lithuanian-Jew from a very rich family. He was the youngest of eight children. [Spoiled! Need I say more?] He came to America on vacation in the 30's, but then went back to Europe to "protect" his family when things turned ugly. He survived concentration camp. His family did not. That man terrified me as he beat me, but he also wore his heart on his sleeve. [It certainly couldn't be found in his chest where normal people keep theirs.]

The second time I tried to kill myself I should have killed my mother, instead. I drove the car she gave me over a 200-foot cliff. Because I wasn't wearing my seatbelt, I flipped into the back seat as the car rolled over and over down the embankment. The engine slammed into the steering wheel which would have crushed me if I'd been properly strapped in. And because I'd filled the gas tank completely, there was no oxygen to cause the explosion I'd hoped for. I wouldn't have missed those details if I'd been planning to kill my mother rather than me.

My mother was a German-Jewish fugitive from the law who ran from the Nazis in her own country without getting caught. Her father was a German-Christian. Her mother was an Austrian-Jew. My mother thought the Nazis would never come after her because of her national status which took precedence [in her mind] over her religion. She was German

on her father's side and Austrian on her mother's. You've heard of "Queen for a Day." My mother was fool for a day. Thanks to her I couldn't think **straight**. I turned out **gay**.

The third time I tried to kill myself, I should have killed my sister. I picked a huge mushroom from my neighbor's lawn and made it into an omelet. I'd have liked to see my sister's eyes pop out of her head as my huge portion of poison hemorrhaged her brains. Sadly, I didn't even get a cramp or a bellyache from what should have been **her** last supper. In fact, once I sprinkled some salt and pepper on that omelet, it tasted pretty good.

After my parents divorced, my sister was molested by one of my mom's boyfriends. I suppose that's when my sister showed signs of becoming sexually sick and twisted in her own way. She later married a Jewish lawyer who embezzled from her.

Each time I survived suicide, I felt Cursed, not Blessed. I concluded that God Was A Sadist Who Was Getting a thrill out of torturing me.

I finally got through the drama of my twenties with my body intact. But sadly, my conscience didn't survive. It died a gruesome death, leaving me with a head filled with a hodge-podge of memories and a badly broken heart.

And yet, I'm pretty content with the way things have turned out. Both my parents are dead, and even though my sister later stole my inheritance out from under me, we're not on speaking terms anymore. It literally cost me plenty to get her out of my hair, but it was worth it. Who wants to feel family groping around with their hands in your pockets?

My conscience had seemed perfectly normal when I was a kid growing up. Granted, I stole a candy from the corner store when I was about four years old. But when my mother saw me sucking on something, and I told her what it was and where I got it, she marched me back to the greengrocer to apologize. And, of course, she paid for it in money, while I

paid for it by having to do the walk of shame for more than fifty years thinking I was a thief.

As a boy growing into puberty in the 1960's, don't ask me why [father!], but I was terrified of getting beaten up by bullies at school. So, I kept my head down and made it from K through 12 without incident. There was that one time when I came home from junior high and was only about two doors from my apartment building when three big, high school kids surrounded me to provoke a fight. I got the feeling that their football team had lost at the high school just down the block, so they needed a small scapegoat to let their anger out on. But a woman came to her door, told them to get lost, and they did, laughing weirdly as they ran away. I couldn't even look the woman in the eyes after she liberated me from what I thought were the jaws of death. I rushed into my apartment building, went to my room and lay down on my bed. I can't tell you what I felt in words, but it was like I'd gone through something in **outer** space that mirrored a vacuum I'd been trying to avoid in **inner** space that had suddenly sucked me in. I was floating around inside myself, but I felt I was having an out-of-body experience.

Although I was often wracked with guilt over minor issues as an adult, it never occurred to me that I was needlessly worrying about small stuff in comparison to the big picture.

What I didn't fear, losing my conscience, had already become a sad fact of life. And that's not because of my attempts at killing myself. Not having a conscience to guide me also made it possible not to judge others, especially family. But not having a conscience turned me into the horniest person on the planet. I sexualized everything and everyone, including fantasies about my tall, dark and handsome brother-in-law who turned out to be a thief who married a thief [my sister].

Sex allowed me to avoid having to think about matters of righteous behavior altogether. As a young man enjoying

a **vibrant** sex life, I never missed my conscience when it would walk out the door, returning days later without explanation or remorse. Even then, it only showed up to blame others for **their** character defects. It wouldn't dare blame me for my penis having a mind of its own. And it certainly wasn't evolved enough to blame my family for the way I'd turned out.

What happened was that my conscience caught the equivalent of a very bad cold. It started to fill with yucky phlegm. Breathing easy became more and more difficult. It felt congested and achy all over. It couldn't swallow because of fear of reprisal from everyone. Then my conscience developed a hacking cough at the core of me that wracked my head and heart with the equivalent of earthquakes and tidal waves. What was happening was that I was slowly turning into a dick with a big mouth, arms and legs but no soul.

My nose, that trusty appendage that I'd always stuck in other people's business with "helpful" intent, turned red and swollen. There was even a ringing in my ears that sounded like a church bell tolling between my ears.

And my eyes – my poor eyes. They'd fill with tears for no reason I could put my finger on. I was a mess. It felt like my head and chest were in a fishbowl. And every fish [Christian] in that bowl was staring straight at me. It all came down to a conscience that was no longer willing to even pretend to be my guide. It no longer felt it had the authority, the need or the interest to remain in charge of me.

What could I do but trade in my conscience as my guide for my penis? I felt I had no option. The voice of my penis was loud and clear. It knew what it wanted, and it rose to every occasion without embarrassment or shame. My conscience couldn't do that. My conscience was mortified over the littlest of things. I couldn't walk down the street eating a banana while my conscience had been my guide.

My conscience lay on the bed, like I lay on the bed after that time those three boys wanted to beat me up. My conscience was sick and dying. I had to learn to live life without it. It was going to die, and nothing I could do would bring it back to life. I had to be realistic.

Without my conscience as my guide, you would have thought that all Hell would break lose. In fact, nothing of the sort happened. As it turned out, my penis was perfectly capable of guiding me. Out of its mouth came a mixture of good [+] and evil [-] that I began to recognize as my signature style. So, I figured I was fine just the way I was.

For the longest time, I'd been told not to trust the serpent between my legs. I'd been told that it knew too much about those two fruits beneath it. It would beguile my head [Adam] and heart [Eve], they said.

Who are **"they"**, I asked myself indignantly? How do **"they"** know so much about **my** penis and the juice from the fruits that hang down from my awesome tree?

Life can sometimes be a sticky business. You can't believe what others tell you is going to happen. How do **"they"** know so much about **me**? What tea leaves are **"they"** reading? Who even cares whether the price of tea in China goes up or down when there are so many millions of gorgeous Yellow dicks and asses in China? My dick wanted to enjoy **them**. My tongue didn't care about sipping their tea.

My head was firmly and tightly screwed onto my stiff neck. And my heart was beating in my chest, not hanging precariously from my sleeve. I felt better than I had in years.

My penis was in charge, and the rest of me liked it that way. Granted, there were assholes out there that thought everything revolved around them. But I didn't buy it. Whether I used my ass only as an exit or as an entrance, as well, I'd never let **my** anus run my show. What comes out of it is disgusting, even though what I'd allowed into it had been sublime!

I knew I'd never find my head up my ass, like my parents. I'd been through too much to let anybody screw me over.

But in my forties, my Jewish boyfriend of 14 years betrayed me by having sex with his former boyfriend [a Protestant]. I thought we'd agreed to be monogamous. That's when I decided I was through with dry rye.

Granted he was HIV+. I was not, and that had seriously cramped our love life. But we had a child to think about! That child was our house. I thought that by always working on home improvements, we were adequately rechanneling our passions. It turns out that a house is not a home without a hot sex life.

It was, coincidentally, once our house was completed that he got diagnosed with AIDS. Then he revealed to me his sexual alliance with his ex. That guy had contracted AIDS, too. So, their penises were on the same page. I became nothing more than a bookmark. They could finally screw each other without restraint. The end was near for both of them. Screwing me over as well was not their concern.

When we broke up, I walked away with enough money to buy myself an apartment in San Francisco. And since I got the business as well, I had an income for many years to come. What's more, I only had to spend five hours a week running my own firm.

I was fifty years old at the time. Granted, that's about 120 in gay years. But I was HIV-; pleasing to the eye; and had an apartment in the city I'd paid for in cash. And I only had to work an hour a day to enjoy my new, found, single life in San Francisco. What's more, I had my health.

The English [Episcopalians] always talk about the luck of the Irish [Catholics]. Did I inherit the luck of the Irish from my parents, or are we all Blessed? Does God Love me in His Own Way, or had I just gotten lucky?

I'd started out as the best little boy in the world. But along the way, I chose to kill myself rather than those around

me. I'd gotten hooked on alcohol and drugs, but inebriants didn't end up crucifying me. I got clean and sober in 1984 and I'm still clean and sober today. Sure, I got into a monogamous relationship with a Jewish man that only lasted 14 years. But we'd travelled the world, and I got to semi-retire at 45. I even found another boyfriend [Catholic convert from Protestantism] who I've been together with for 11 years in a monogamous relationship that includes a really hot sex life.

Now, at the age of 69, I sit at home in the company of the most fascinating man I've ever met [myself] writing books about spirituality. I'm in great health and without a care in the world. I don't even have to worry whether my books will sell or not. I already have inner fame and outer fortune. I must be Blessed! Who gets this lucky?

This book is about bringing my conscience, [whose name happens to be Lazarus], back from the dead. Although my penis ran the show for a very long time, it was never a good enough guide until it settled on the boyfriend I have now. It had based all its prior decisions on pain or pleasure. And that had not been a good enough principle in the long run.

This book is about how I turned my revived conscience into a God-loving soul. And for a gay man that's quite a feat considering what some people think of us and our Heavenly chances once "perverts" like us are dead and buried.

If ever I thought there was anyone who had the right to make his penis his guide, I'd thought it would be a Jew whose parents had been persecuted by White people. If ever I thought there was anyone who had the right to be spoiled, it was a fruit like me.

People pitied me. After all, my immigrant parents were Holocaust survivors. My half-brother and half-sister had survived the War hidden in Catholic orphanages in Lithuania, something only the richest of the richest Jews could afford in those days. I was the product of a broken

home. I grew up with a father on the East coast I never got to see because I lived with my mother on the West coast. I was a straight “A” student in school who wouldn’t have known what to do with a social life with really fine people if it had been served to me like a head on a platter. I was the lone wolf they talk about on the news.

But I never got into trouble growing up. And when I graduated high school, instead of going to college, I became a ballet dancer. Now what kind of profession is that for a nice, Jewish boy with straight A’s, a scholarship to UCLA and a bright future?

As soon as I got the Hell out of high school, I made pleasure my only principle the way the wolf made Little Red Riding Hood his *raison d’être*. And I wasn’t going to listen to anyone who told me that my luck would run out some day. I had plenty of disguises. Even when I ended up twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions, my inventive imagination turned the bars on the windows of the nut house into frames around little pictures God Painted just for me of the outside world. I thought I was locked in an art museum! I hit the jackpot without having to pay taxes on the prize.

My boyfriend is 12 years younger than me. He’s HIV-. Did I mention he’s terrific in bed? He’s San Francisco sourdough, not dry, Jewish rye. And who don’t know that sourdough is the best White bread in the world? What’s more, he’s got a sweet, butter pickle, not a kosher dill. You don’t know what you’re gonna like ‘til ya try it.

My boyfriend works in a Catholic church, so he brings home the bacon that he unpacks and lays across my Jewish roast beef. So, if you’re drooling because you want what I have, you should be.

Sex and Suicide

By attempting to kill myself, I “accomplished” two things. [1] I inflicted **pain** on myself. And [2] I inflicted **suffering** on my parents and sister. And we all know that

pain and suffering are the only two sticks that will motivate a jackass to go forward.

I thought about trying to kill myself a fourth time when my first boyfriend betrayed me, but I realized that that would only have expedited his affair with his ex. Neither of them would have suffered if I'd died. Third time's the charm.

I'm glad it all happened the way it did. I could never have forgiven myself for inflicting pain on my family and gotten away with only suffering inside. If I'd killed myself, and my first boyfriend and his ex. had moved in together into my house, I would have been posthumously enraged! Fortunately, they both died separately, not long after one another. God Works in mysterious ways.

I can only tell you that the reason for my decision to put myself through pain and my family through suffering boils down to the greatest taboo in the civilized world: not having sex with your parents.

I love sex, but I don't want to fuck anybody over. I love to get fucked, but I don't like being fucked over, any more than the next guy.

I had no idea that I'd left childhood for adolescence with some serious misgivings about the way my parents had treated me. If having sex with your parents is a taboo, it ought to be a given that your parents fucking you over is an extension of the same taboo.

I was totally unprepared for life on planet Earth by the time I was old enough to move out of my mother's house. I'd had no father to speak of. He didn't even pay child support until he married for the third time when I was in my teens and his wife insisted that he put **her** money where **his** mouth was. Then he paraded around playing father again. Naturally, I took him for every penny I could.

It should have been no surprise to anyone, least of all me, that I'd end up with such low self-esteem that drugs, alcohol, mental institutions and suicide were the only answers to an

upbringing that was severely inadequate for the day and age in which I lived.

Granted, my parents were empty cups trying to fill their children's empty cups. But the collateral damage to society, let alone to their own children, cannot be overlooked. Suffice it to say, it wasn't easy being gay and Jewish in the 20th Century. I hope history will pin my tale to the every donkey's patoot.

Like Jesus

Jesus Was Tempted by Satan in three ways. But Satan surely was the voice of His Own Penis. I was tempted by **my** penis, too. My little circumcised dick was a snake in the grass that couldn't be trusted. It had to be befriended until it could speak solely on my behalf and then let **me** do the talking when it came to my opinions about the outcomes of others.

I want good things for everybody. But my dick would have stopped at nothing to get everything it wanted for itself. I had to bring my conscience back from the dead to stop it. Who else would? My navel, my anus? Get real! Not even my head and heart had the power to stop a dick like mine.

Once I turned my stones [testicles] into bread [a body which I could admit was a gift from God] I could relieve my spiritual hunger by acknowledging that I was in a vehicle on a journey for a lifetime.

Once I jumped from that pinnacle in my soul to relive the Fall of everyman, I could see how much goodwill I had inside for all of humanity. I wasn't evil incarnate. I wasn't living in defiance of God's Will.

And once I worshipped the tempter [my penis] in return for the self-knowledge needed to relieve my ignorance of God's Will for me, my dick turned into my best friend. Making Dick my best buddy and fuck buddy turned out to be a match made in Heaven. What can I say? Brotherhood begins within.

Granted when I was a young man, my penis wasn't as interested in penetration as my ass was in being penetrated. And what a sweet ass I had in those days! But when my first boyfriend and I couldn't enjoy sodomy because of the fear of death during those deadly days of AIDS, my poor penis got sick. I got Peyronie's Plaque, which is a curvature of the penis. My urologist suggested I do nothing; that it might go away by itself – which, thank God, it eventually did.

But having a bent arrow doesn't make you the marksman you secretly dream of becoming. I aimed, and I'd shoot in many inspired ways, but I always missed the mark. If not for the beneficence of The Lord, I'd be a card-carrying member of the NRA today, trying to make up for every perfectly straight dick that got away.

Life is a dream, but some of us sleep through it. Life is a school, but some of us don't come to class each day having done our homework. We sit at the back of the room with the bozos instead of making our way to the front of the class to get closer to The Teacher.

Some of us don't raise our hand with good questions to participate in class discussions. And when test day comes, and each of us is assessed individually, many of us aren't happy with our grades.

Now, every night, I have office hours with a T.A. [Angel] He Asks me questions my penis can't answer. He Helps me make up for all the time I've wasted. He makes me use my head to push heavy ideas uphill like Sisyphus pushed a rock. But for me, I push my thoughts through a winding tunnel that corresponded to my colon. And every morning, I wake up ready to let my new ideas come out my other end.

Brain Farts

When you can't remember the past, you experience a brain fart. When you push an abstract idea through your spiritual operating system, that idea comes out the other end smelling pretty putrid. But, at least then, you don't have to

act on bad thoughts that pollute your head with brain farts. Once you a thought comes out your ass as a fart, you can pretend you never thought that thought. You can move on, clear the air and forget all about what you would have liked to do, but didn't.

Learning how to think saved my life. God Knows growing up, I'd only learned how **not** to feel. So, when your head isn't thinking and your heart isn't feeling, you have no need of a conscience to weigh your thoughts against your feelings to make sound decisions about what to do. Why bother having a scale in your breastplate if you've got nothing heavy enough to weigh in your head and heart?

Just because I could hold down a job didn't mean I was mentally well. Just because I could attract men for one-night stands didn't mean I was emotionally ready for a relationship. And just because I could pretend to care about others didn't mean I had a conscience. I was a head, heart and soul without anything weighing them down. But I got busted for it because there is A God!

Office Hours

Life is a school. I am my major. I'll graduate when I die. Until then, I now go to class every day on time, like clockwork.

But almost every night between 3:00-6:00 AM, as I said, I have office hours with The Teacher or One of His T.A.'s. Every night before the dawn – while darkest – One of Them Comes to me to prepare me for my next day's work.

These office hours have changed over the years. They used to feel almost painful. I felt mentally constipated. Thinking gave me cramps. But I've strengthened my guts over time. Now I can boast a smooth move when I get up out of bed in the morning.

Naturally, I'd rather sleep in, as I used to. But if I've got to be awakened, there's no longer any need for me to toss and turn in defiance of having to spend quality time with

myself. It's far more pleasant to know that I'm working with our Teacher on doing something good that'll not only change my life for the better but will change life for us all. I can now see myself as part of the big picture.

Self-contemplation emanates out of my navel, just as my urges and impulses shoot out of my dick. My feelings still emanate from my heart, and my beliefs still reside in my soul. And out of my anus comes paradox, issues that could go either way.

Sodomy is the concretization of paradox. Life is poem, but there are a lot of sick limericks in God's Anthology. So, you'd better discover the rhyme and reason for you being you before you slip on a banana peel and Fall. Be hopeful! Get directions to the harbor now, so you'll be fully prepared when your ship comes in.

Office hours with The Teacher begin every night by me turning inward to push the thoughts in my head down through my stiff neck. It's about swallowing concepts and conclusions to digest them, breaking them down into opinions that are manageable in size that I can then push through my colon until they come out of my ass every morning as bright, new ideas. That's what it means to have developed a vivid imagination. That's why they call it food-for-thought.

I'm the product of a 1950's early childhood in America. I was a spiritual toddler who wanted to grow up to become a **real** man. But I was a hero worshipper, as well. Who knew I could go from villain to hero? Who knew I could become my own heroic top who bottoms myself? Nobody was more surprised by the way I turned out than me. Nobody told me that the elixir of life that I wanted within me was already in me.

I can allow concepts from the outer world in because I can chew on them. I can let new viewpoints slip down into the fire in my belly where I incinerate them with critical

thinking skills that get to the personal reason why those opinions were brought to me in the first place.

The Teacher Is Teaching me how to learn about myself with Him and His Heavenly Entourage as my Guides. My conscience isn't having to do it alone anymore. I'm soulful.

This creates a Fellini-esque world that really relies on magic and mystery. I know that some of the most mundane events in other people's lives appear to me as peacocks in full plumage in the silence of a snowy-white winter [Amarcord]. But now I love the uncertainty of life. I can never guess what I'm going to learn about myself next, or why.

Knowledge is **cool**, but self-knowledge is **awesome!** It's not the pursuit of knowledge but the pursuit of me that I'm seeking. This is better than learning about the things others talk about. They're only interested in making money to survive. I'm interested in making honey to enjoy the land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] within me.

I can't learn the way others do. I can't bow my head to allow people to pour knowledge into the hole in my head as though my head were a tureen and knowledge were hot, chicken soup. I'm afraid of them doing that anymore to me. Two master's degrees, one in education with a concentration in curriculum and instruction and one in English with a concentration in linguistics confirmed for me that I'm not doctorate material. My higher education proved I could stay in school till the bitter end in becoming a "master" in their system. But I can't promote a formal education anymore. I'm not a teacher's teacher. There's more to life than academia. We need millions of experts in the sciences. But we need billions of amateurs in the arts.

Once I got a **higher** education, I realized I needed a **deeper** education. I needed something they weren't talking about at school. I needed a school that was bigger than a university. I need the school of life to teach me what I needed

to know that would make me proud to graduate just being me.

I'm neither modest, nor humble. I don't want what "they" have. I want what **I** have. And to **earn** what I have, I've had to be willing to **learn** by myself.

Learning may be harder for me than for most. I need office hours with The Teacher at night in addition to a whole day of school with others. Nobody else talks like this. Nobody I know is in love with **learning** as much as I am. I must be the spiritually richest man on the planet.

I don't toss and turn anymore when God Comes around at night. As long as external concepts and conclusions are broken down into opinions I can swallow that will benefit my relationship with myself and all others, I can **learn** anything new. Self-ignorance doesn't frighten me anymore.

This allows me to double down when I'm wrong, without having to be right. I can be stubborn without being belligerent. I can go against everyone else's current because I enjoy doing the backstroke. It shows off my naked crotch and erection.

I love me my way. There isn't a recipe for being me that I have to follow. There isn't a pattern or formula others can give me. I'm becoming anyway I want because I'm in a partnership with God Doing it. The Angels Sing when I walk into a room. That's what puts a smile on my face. I certainly don't smile because of those anxious looks I get around me.

Who I Was

I was a social outcast. Think of me as having an acne-filled face and an overweight body within. Think of me as not only having ugly features on the inside, but missing limbs including the worst of all possible physical disabilities – a small penis.

That's what it felt like having to be me. On the outside, I was a combination of features and faults, just like every other boy who wants to grow up to become a man. But on

the inside, I was a Frankenstein monster who I worried was terrifying the villagers.

I was a love addict like Frankenstein's monster. I just wanted people to cherish me as I was. I wanted to marry the handsomest man in the world. I wanted a life of romance. I wanted love and devotion. I wanted to have my dream and a dreamy guy to live out life with me and only me.

But deep down inside I was a frog, and I thought everybody could see how I felt about myself without having to croak. Until I finally got up the nerve to kiss myself, I remained a cold-blooded reptile at heart. I held a deep yearning inside to turn into a prince, but I was afraid to be the first. Then I'd have to spend the rest of my life looking for another frog who'd done the same.

There are billions of frogs out there. And there are billions of frogs who'd love to be in a lasting relationship with a prince or princess. But there are very few princes who are looking for another prince because the cynicism in doing so is so overwhelming. If you aren't a frog that's kissed yourself, fallen in love with yourself and declared that your loyalty and devotion will always be first, and foremost, to yourself, you'll never meet another [wo]man who thinks as you do.

Last Night's Dream

Last night I dreamt I was flying. I've had many dreams in which I fly. What I find the most thrilling about them is when I'm flying over mountainous terrain and the earth suddenly falls off, leaving a cliff with a crevice below it that I can simply look down upon without falling into it. I had to crawl out of many holes I fell into in outer reality. A dream such as this is A Sign from God. It's not just from Some Random Angel Sent down to guide me on God's Day off.

Unfortunately for me, when flying over big cities in my dreams, I now have to fly especially high because people on the ground nowadays are trying to shoot me down. They hate

me being able to do something they can't. They only want to watch me fall like Icarus, so they can claim my wings were attached with wax that melted. They want to laugh at another Jew who got too close to The Son.

Some people suffer from **wing** envy, not **penis** envy. They wish they could do what I can do, but they've received no instruction in doing it. They can't even tell me how to digest food-for-thought, but they'll swear on the Bible that **I'm** full of shit!

I'm certainly not envious of the wings they're missing, especially in light of the fact that I need no wings. My ability to fly is innate. I was born this way.

To be more precise, I had dreams of being able to fly a foot or two off the ground when I was just a kid. I had to learn to fly faster and faster in those days because I couldn't fly any higher. But when I grew up, I had to fly as high as possible, and never come down around people.

As a kid I yearned to fly higher. As a middle-aged man on the precipice of old age, I've had to learn how to fly lower. Intellectually, they'll never be able to bring me down. But emotionally, I've had to learn how to land. I've already crash landed too many times.

I suppose, with full disclosure, the truth is that I suffer from jealousy. I'm attracted to every large, dark penis and brown ass attached to a pretty face and thin body. And that's just the opposite of what God Gave me.

Wishing to have what other men have been Blessed with was a curse at first. There was no end to the number of big, brown penises I yearned for. Such is the world of lust. There was no end to the life-giving semen in those penises that I hoped would bring me to life. I was good looking as a young man and got my fair share of luscious dicks: Black, Brown, Yellow and White ones. But as life is so good at doing, every one of them turned into a pain in the ass of one kind or another.

Lust drove me to **love**. Love drove me to **drink**. Drink drove me to seek spirituality over liquid **spirits**. And spirituality drove me to **God**.

Trying Something New

I decided that the way to solve my problem with lust was in going from a bottom to a top. So, I looked for a hungry bottom who didn't need a big dick to make him happy. I looked for a guy who needed someone who wanted the elixir of life pumped into him regularly; a cum that was potent enough to satisfy him in many wonderful ways. And I, then, in exchange, learned from him about **giving** instead of **taking**.

That became the beginning of the great adventure my boyfriend and I enjoy today. We have a **like** affair, not a **love** affair. We're not romantically **inclined**. We're spiritually **reclined**.

He taught me how to give. He opened my Jewish wallet with his magic crowbar. And I, in return, have opened his Christian heart to having two Jews in his life, Jesus and me.

It's not a miracle. In fact, what we've done is pretty commonplace. Once you can love One Jew, you can love them all, even crazy ones like me. And once you can love us, there's no end to the love you'll then tap into to love all of mankind.

I've learned how to look at life figuratively rather than literally. I've discovered that the lust I yearned for in the life-giving substance from many men was a preview to filling myself with the life-giving substance in me that I could share with my boyfriend in myriad ways.

When I was young, I got screwed over by one trick after another. They left me with a souvenir inside that did nothing to make me feel good about where I'd been. They only taught me to dream about finding a boyfriend who wouldn't hurt me.

It's not like there's a paucity of good men out there. The problem was that I was trying to solve my problem from the outside in, rather than from the inside out. When **I** turned out to be the guy who'd been hurting me, I was **shocked!**

But why? What's so odd about killing yourself? Look around. You can see it happening everywhere you go. I'm not unusual. I just attempted to kill myself literally. But people are doing so figuratively day-after-day over a lifetime. And some of them are succeeding in ways that make getting old gruesome, painful and very unappealing.

"I thank You, God, for all the bitterness in this world. If not for that, how would I see what not to do? You Give me bad examples to remind me what **to** do instead."

Now I consider every person I meet a good book brought to me by our Teacher, intended for me to peruse. I don't have to judge every book by its cover. And I don't have to read dirty magazines walking around on two legs from cover to cover. I don't even have to write a review of the comic strips people publish for ears and eyes that don't like reading pages and pages of Black and White print.

Now I look for the mystery in me that I can discover by reading lots of good books and pamphlets. In so doing, I'm able to edit my efforts in righting myself by myself.

A Side

It turns out that a new Kinsey study shows that only 35% of gay men like to engage in sodomy. Most are **sides**, not **tops** or **bottoms**. They like intimacy, touching and cuming without anal penetration. Crazy, no? What's the point of cuming **with** a gay man when you could cum **in** one or have one cum in **you**?

How do gay men expect to make an inner baby with their boyfriend? How does the top expect to create a little boy who'll grow up to love him like a father? If his boyfriend doesn't ingest the necessary life-giving semen to produce that child, the two of them will grow old like Abram and

Sarai. Then never experience the joys of evolving into an Abraham and Sarah.

What's the point of gay sex if it isn't to make babies figuratively? I just don't understand today's generation! Fortunately, I don't have to. Let every Isaac thank God for having been born at all. Who am I to judge?

After a lifetime of fucking myself over, I ingested my own cum and made my own baby. My inner child now loves me like no other person on the planet. I'm the inner parent to the greatest kid that's ever been born. And it was God Who Made it all possible. Without His Curious Obsession with diversity, there wouldn't be people like me in this world in the first place.

A Most Peculiar Man

Paul Simon wrote a song called, "A Most Peculiar Man." It's about a loner who kills himself. It's a sad song that suggests we should feel sorry for peculiar people in the hopes that they then won't feel so lonely, abandoned and ignored. Perhaps Simon was implying that people wouldn't try so hard to kill themselves if we treated them a little nicer.

I like to think that song was written about me and was sung for me. And yet, nobody ever came along to relieve me of my loneliness or tried to cure me of my peculiarity. My feelings of abandonment continued well into middle age when my partner of 14 years betrayed me by having his previous boyfriend [who had a big dick] give him something I didn't have to give. The two of them were HIV+, so they could screw each other without fear of getting one another sick. They were already sick. They knew they were both about to die. But I couldn't see it from their point of view. My boyfriend was the one having the affair, but I was the one who was selfish. Looking death in the face changes things immensely.

Becoming a writer to right myself by learning how to edit what I think and say wasn't my idea. It was an idea from God

that made its way through my spiritual system without me paying much attention to it at first. It was food-for-thought that suddenly popped out of me that I didn't even know had been there inside me all along.

Now, it's being ignored by literary agents and publishers that has made its mark on me. But at last, I can't see it from their side. They only want to publish a book that will make them a lot of money. They're not interested in a lasting personal relationship with the shit that comes out of me. I get it.

I haven't bothered to self-publish my last four books. They're only available on my website. One was about the transexual in me. [That was about the mother/daughter relationship I've secretly held inside.] One was about how to find the man of my dreams. [That was how I turned the father/son relationship in me into a Father/Son relationship I could emulate.] One was a tribute to San Francisco, the city that's nurtured me through all this. [I owe it to democracy and the joy of living in the most democratic city in America to give tribute to our air-conditioned city that's now surrounded by thick smoke half the year.] And one was about science friction. [The friction that science is creating today doesn't even come from science. It comes from religion.]

This world doesn't do much to help people like me. I think everything should be about sex and beauty. Climaxes should be sweet and salacious. But having the same warm body in my bed, farting and snoring, will always be my idea of a romantic night in.

I don't need candles to make love to my boyfriend. I don't romantic music. I just need hard-core lust that grows year after year after year. I need to feel that each time is like the first time. I need to feel that each time is like the last time. I need it hot! I need it deep. I need to make one baby after another, figuratively speaking. And I need it all to happen with God Watching.

I, too, am a most peculiar man. God Made me this way. He Made me gay. He Made me Jewish. He Made me odd on the inside and as oval as an egg with a chick in it on the outside. I'm not square. I just have a lot to say about growing up in America at a time when being "kewl" became synonymous with being cold. I'm **cool**. I'm content with who I am and how things have turned out because I run hot and cold on the inside to stay this cool on the outside.

If you don't like the way God Made me, I completely understand. I'm sure you don't like the way He Made you, either. Get over yourself and you'll probably find me a Hell of a lot more attractive! Life's too short to waste your time resisting reality.

Reality, for the most part, is going to remain a mystery for us all. The Civil War was a war to prove to the ancient Jews [long gone] that having slaves was a bad idea to begin with, even if God Allowed for it in the Book of Leviticus.

The sexual revolution of the '60's was a war to prove to modern Jews then that gay life is grand even if God Said He Abhorred it 3,400 years ago in Leviticus. For some strange reason, everyone feels the need to prove things to the Jews. The Christians are now divided between those who want to prove us right and those who want to prove us wrong. This only muddles and mystifies Muslims.

Reality doesn't usually go the way you want it to. Reality has a mind of its own. But to defy reality will only make you miserable. Plan for the worst. Hope for something better without expectation of how that will turn out. And compare and contrast one to the other on a daily basis.

Fortunately, there's so much more to reality than just people. There are animals, plants, places and things. There's land, sea and sky. And there's faith.

I love reality. I particularly love getting through **pain** and **suffering** to appreciate the **guilt** that comes of self-ignorance. Every time I become a little wiser to my previous

intentions, I fall more deeply in love with **hope**. And hope, as we all know, rejuvenates **faith**.

How I Can Love Myself

There's no one way to love myself with faith in God alone. I have a head that's often in conflict with my heart. I have a conscience that tries to weigh my thoughts against my feelings to come to the best belief possible. But that's not always how I act because my penis, like a thumb is always pressing on the scale.

I have a navel that contemplates having been born of woman, just like every other human being on the planet. And below my waist, I have a penis with urges [+] and impulses [-] that have a mind of their own. Out of the mouth of that penis cums the juice in my fruits. And beneath them lies an asshole that doubles down to have it both ways.

Loving myself requires acknowledging **all** these forces within me. I'm not just one voice. I'm many voices. But the more I learn to recognize and honor each of them, the more pride I develop in being myself by myself before God.

The rainbow of emotional colors in my heart describes the range from rage [**red**], agony [**orange**], horror [**yellow**], jealous and envy [**green**] and grief [**blue**] to mystery, majesty [**indigo**] and ecstasy [**violet**]. This is why the LGBT+ [lavender] community was Given the rainbow as our flag in the first place. This is why our hopes spring eternal despite what people do and say about us.

My boyfriend isn't easy to love. He isn't even easy to like! But I like him a great deal as he is, anyway. The problems of being in a couple with him are small. The rewards in being a couple with him are great. Therefore, we stay together like parakeets on a perch. Our sex life has become a great joy to me the more I discover how much he likes me. I become more passionate the more I discover how much I like him.

But I don't use the word "love" to describe my relationship to anyone other than me. I honored my father and mother by not killing them. [5th Commandment] I honored my sister by not killing her. [charity] And I honored my first boyfriend by not killing him, either. [Vengeance is Mine, Saith The Lord] I've learned everything I needed to about honor. And because of that, I've made my way through the Ten Commandments to The Next Two. I now love myself, and I share all the love I can spare with God.

Ultimately, nobody's grades are going on my report card. The Teacher Has Given me a study partner with whom to study **myself**, not my neighbors. The more I use my boyfriend to come to better know myself, the more useful he is to me. But he has his own assignments, spot quizzes and tests. He'll graduate with his own degree. And his degree won't be in being me.

I have terrible memories of my school days growing up. And I have magnificent memories of the school days I'm making with my boyfriend today. If that's what it means to believe in God, our Teacher, in this school for fools, then I'm a confirmed believer. I feel my grades have been improving steadily since I got my head out of my ass, despite what I said earlier. I feel that existential loneliness has dissipated into something I'd now call: **solitude**. I wouldn't exactly call what I enjoy: **happiness**. I'd call it: the **pride** that comes in learning how to make **learning** fun.

How I Can Love Life

Search for Mr. Right for as long as you live. You'll never be disappointed because that search will, over time, become internalized. Whether or not you come to love Jesus, you can always actualize the search for Him by loving yourself.

Liberate yourself by liberating the world. **Give** in order to **receive**. The more you invest in the wellbeing of everyone, the more you'll receive a portion of the capital

gains of this world as bestowed upon each and every one of us by God.

Love your youth forever. You won't be able to literally remain young most of your life, but the more you invest in your body to keep it in good shape, the more you'll feel young as you grow old. That will keep the child in you alive and well.

Love your body regardless of its imperfections. It doesn't matter how you feel about **it**. Your feelings can change even if your body can't. Whether you hate the size of your penis, hips, chest, belly, arms, nose etc., you can learn to change your relationship to them. You are, after all, a **you** in an **it**. As your relationship to your **self** changes, so will your relationship to your **body**.

Your body is a gift Given purposefully to you for a limited period of time depending on a timing none of us can fathom or predict. Your body is going to change over time. You can already see that in retrospect. So, you should be able to see that your body may disappoint you down the line. If other people have disappointed you in the past, your body may do so, too. Plan accordingly.

Celebrate your inexorable move toward death as a graduation from a great school, as a joy that will be enhanced by further joys in dying slowly and meaningfully day-by-day.

Be inspired every minute of every day. There's no point in simply existing. Live life to its fullest. Love yourself conditionally, unconditionally. Seek wisdom. Seek loyalty to The One Who Gave you life by investing yourself in this world and the betterment of the next generation. Lastly, love yourself and no one else but God.

The Way to a Man's Heart

The way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach. That's just nonsense. My boyfriend is a great cook and a

terrific baker. But it's not what he concocts in the kitchen that appeals to me enough to keep his warm body in my bed.

The way to a man's heart isn't through his penis. That's just nonsense, too. What my boyfriend does for me in the bedroom is amazing! But that's not how he wormed his way into my heart.

Every man has a roving eye. How many men can maintain their vow of monogamy with their partner, whether male or female? If it were just a matter of satisfying the needs of their penis, men wouldn't look left and right for someone to capture their heart and never let it go. But most men do.

By now, I hope you realize that most men are as dumb as chicken soup. Their head, heart and soul have turned into a boiled concoction of concepts and conclusions that have been thrown into a pot and simmered for a lifetime. But when you take a sip of their soup, you realize that everything tastes the same. Most of it has the texture and sogginess that comes from mindless agreements with the lowest common denominator they were stewed in. Consequently, they're manipulative and scheming inside, without even knowing it. They can't trust a living soul even if they have a conscience to guide them.

The way to a man's heart is definitely not through his stomach [or his penis], even though that adage has practically risen to the height of the Golden Rule. Is it any wonder that if you give a man a gun without requiring him to pass a test and maintain a license to make sure he's mentally and emotionally capable of using it responsibly – he's going to pull the trigger at the least little provocation? Men confuse their penis with big, black guns that they yearn for to make up for what they got between their legs, instead. They yearn to hold something in their hands that will make them feel more powerful. They yearn to pierce this world with what they hold deep down where The Son don't shine.

The truth is that the way to a man's heart is through his funny bone. A man who can't get anyone to laugh at his jokes isn't going to believe that anyone loves him. He isn't going to trust anyone, not even himself. Every man wants to prove to the world that he's a good sport, even if he has a bent wrist that makes him look like a gurdy girl when he throws a ball.

Men secretly wish everyone would laugh **with** them. They don't want to be made fun of, chided, ribbed, ridiculed or taunted. That makes them feel excluded and weird. They want to be relieved of the pressure of thinking they're hopelessly damaged, sick, twisted and different from their fellow man.

Men especially want other **men** to laugh with them. They don't want to be humiliated. Humiliation is God's Department. That's what He Does to men who can't laugh at themselves or at where He Planted them to take root and grow.

If you're a normal man with an average-sized funny bone, you'd especially love it if people would laugh at the jokes you make about yourself. If you think your life is amusing, and you try to describe that predicament to others, the least people can do is laugh at your comments to make you feel a bit more human and humane.

On that topic, I'm reminded of the British, prominent chef and food critic who later became known to a wider audience as a television and radio personality: Clement Freud, the grandson of Sigmund Freud. He once told jokes in which his delivery was even funnier than his punch lines.

Clement Freud had an unusual **affect** that produced an unusual **effect**. He spoke in a monotonous tone, as though he were in a catatonic state with no ability to appreciate his own existential circumstances because he was so deeply submerged within them. He appeared to have no funny bone to speak of. It was as if he couldn't hear or reflect on what

he said. That's what made him so funny. [And he knew it!] Here is one of his jokes:

"My uncle owned a glass factory. He fell in. He made a spectacle of himself."

I've written 23 books before this one. They were all comic books if you ask me. They were all hysterically funny because they described how deep a stupor I was in until I learned more about how God Had Made me in one of His Myriad Images.

But not a single literary agent signed me up and not a single publisher published a one of them. I've had to self-publish everything I've written, with the exception of a linguistic treatise on metaphors in gay speech in July of 1993 called, "The Queen's English." That, Cambridge University Press published in a now defunct journal called "English Today." You can read it at my website: barryzeve.com

People don't like books that blame. They want everyone to be forgiven. They want bad luck to go unquestioned. They want the promise of rewards for all. Hitler was a Catholic, but Christians would like to think that Jesus, The First Openly Gay-Jew, Would Forgive even Hitler.

I've got news for you. God Loves everybody. But He Doesn't **like** everybody. Do you? Hell is filled with people God Doesn't Like. It's got nothing to do with His Love for His Creation.

I've got even worse news for you. There are many names for God. You don't get to choose the name people decide to use for God. The only thing you get to do is tell them that doing things in God's Name had better be in everybody's best interest, or they're going to find themselves eating a knuckle sandwich. Chicken salad sandwiches are only for a select few.

What happened as the result of my feelings of literary failure is that my humor has gotten shriller and sharper over the years. When you have to explain that your jokes are hysterically funny, you lose your audience. Your jokes

become more instructive than entertaining. You no longer feel funny inside unless you can see what a spectacle you've made of **yourself**. You feel like Clement Freud's uncle. You feel like the joke's been on you. And then you worry that you're going to shatter like glass.

That feeling is called: **humiliation**. That's not something any one person is doing to you. That's God's Lesson Plan for **your** curriculum alone that you can learn to laugh about with our Teacher if you're adequately educated about the meaning of your life. That's when you become humorous on an existential level of awakening that's personal, profound and intimate.

Clearly, if the joke's on **all** of us, then everybody ought to be laughing. But we're not. Instead, a lot of people are getting meaner and less patient with one another by the day. Meanwhile, I'm giggling inside because so many are missing the punch lines. That's what had happened to me.

I'm laughing at well-educated, middleclass parents who won't wear a mask or get a vaccine and who defy their local board of education by ignoring national health standards for their kids – while their kids are fine with following new rules to keep everybody safe. I think that's going to lead to a poetic justice by the end that will leave a lot of people doubled over in a belly laugh that will be very painful.

I'm laughing at homeless people who are vaccinated because they don't want to die, while well-to-do naysayers are walking around without a care in the world about whether they're going to get COVID. If that's not a sick joke, what is?

Many people aren't doing a thing for a needy person on the planet. Hell, they've done practically nothing to better themselves other than put a roof over their head and food on their own table! And yet they strut around fearlessly before their Maker reassuring one another that they're one of the best and finest. They're not afraid of meeting God [Jesus] in Person, while people who care for one another are doing

their utmost to stay alive as long as possible. That's a joke, right?

The way to a man's heart is through his funny bone. If you can make him laugh at his worries, failures and losses, you've proved the adage that laughter is the best medicine. And that's hysterical if you ask me.

People don't need a pill to deal with mental health. What they need is a cast to hold their broken funny bone in place until it heals. If doctors would focus their attention less on brain function, and more on heart, they'd surely make their way down to the funny bone which, I suppose, is located at the elbows, from which all the world's problems arise.

So put one hand on your hip like Mae West with your funny bone sticking out and put your other hand in your pocket to cover up how glad you are to see yourself. And then look in the mirror and laugh.

Patriarchal Consumption

Most people are patriarchal, traditional, conservative and intimidated by life because they want to grow up big and strong like daddy. Well, if your daddy was small and weak, what then?

Sadly, people who are like me may still want to grow up big and strong like **other** people's daddies. And if you're gay, you may even look for a man who's virile, manly, tall, dark and handsome to substitute for your father who was a disappointment in many ways. You may create a dream of replacing your father with a guy who'll not only protect you from this terrifying world. He'll also hug you, hold you and infuse the life-giving force within himself into you.

I supposed some straight guys are just as disappointed in their mother and wish to infuse the life-giving force within themselves into a woman who they believe won't fail them like their mother did. And I suppose the definition of a bisexual is someone who had two messed up parents, not one.

If you notice, when you get really scared and guilt ridden, you involuntarily swallow hard. Swallowing your saliva is a poetic way of telling yourself through body language that you yearn for your own semen, the life-giving force within you. You don't want your father's. You don't even want the semen of a replacement dad to substitute for your own.

Growing up from a boy who's looking around for models of courage in others into a man who's looking for it in himself is about finding ways to figuratively infuse yourself with things that make you feel alive, virile and manly. Most men choose the vehicles of money, power and prestige. They chase the almighty dollar, a job with status and a trophy wife to help them prove they can be a dad to another little boy, one who they assume will turn out a lot like them. And they usually get what they're seeking, albeit at a terrible cost to their heart and soul over time, to say nothing of what it does to ruin family dynamics and the environment.

Becoming a **man** in the spiritual sense of the word means that you're not only proud of what you've produced around you, but also what you've achieved within.

There's a part of a man who's a woman. There's a part of a man who's a child. There's even a part of a man who's a devil and An Angel in disguise. Once you can find those parts of yourself, the stand-up comedy begins. That's called your daily routine.

Retirement Has No Bells or Whistles

When I was a small child, my mother told me what to do. Life was one long schedule of activities, and she was in charge of them all. Even playing, as every child does, was hard work interrupted only by my mother's agenda, which also fell into the category of work.

When I was a little older and went to school, my teacher told me what to do. Recess and lunch were brief times set aside to play. School was made up of a day filled with

learning lessons, and my teacher was in charge of all of them until I came home in the afternoon. Then my mother resumed her job until the next morning when I went back to school to obey the school bell again.

When I got older, I had many teachers. They stayed in their room, and I traveled around the school to get to them. And each of them spent an hour of my life each day to tell me what to do to **know** more and **do** more using a regiment separated by even more bells. That was about the time when I began to rebel against my parents and society generally.

My mother was a nymphomaniac. My father was a tyrant. Growing up in a broken home, it was impossible to compare them side by side to see how twisted they both were.

But on his deathbed with little oxygen making its way into his bad heart, my father pulled out his penis and pointed at me in a threatening manner. That's when I realized that I'd been threatened by patriarchal consequences for not obeying men all my life. Him flashing me before meeting his Maker only made that all the more obvious.

And while in an institution for the demented in old age, my mother told me a couple of years before she died that it was too bad there was such a great difference in our ages. She thought we would make a wonderful couple.

In the greater scheme of things and while looking back with sorrow rather than rage, I'd now say that my father used threats of murder and my mother used threats of suicide to get me to follow their leads. He was my archetypical patriarch, and she was my archetypical matriarch. And I was the dumb fool caught in between them.

My parents were **damaged** by the Nazis, but they were also **sickened** by family dynamics that continue to this day. Jews, Blacks, gays and Latinx were historically **damaged** by Whites worldwide. You can see the difference in that **damage** when comparing us to those from Southeast Asia

and the Far East. But the **sickening** effect of family dynamics is also real and pervasive in societies everywhere.

I couldn't shame my parents when they were alive. They were too **damaged** by the Nazis. I didn't have the heart to tell them they'd been deeply **sickened** first by their family upbringing and then further **damaged** by White people.

I can't say exactly how badly **sickened** they were firsthand. I never met any of my grandparents, uncles or aunts. They were all murdered by White people before I was born. But I can see the effects of my parents' family dynamics better now than I could before.

It's only now that I can face my raw feelings about my father and mother and gather personal information about how the upbringing of others in the early decades of the 20th Century shaped them. It's only now that I can review my own growth from childhood through puberty to adulthood. I couldn't fully do that while my parents were still alive. It might have taken too great a toll on them. I now see that I had to remain psychologically arrested for their sake while they were still living.

I honored my parents by loving them like a child all the days of their lives. Now I no longer need to do so. Now I can just honor them for what they taught me that was right and unlearn the rest of what they modeled that I can now see was wrong. I don't have to claim to love them anymore. I've grown up and they've died, thank God!

I'm **thankful** to my parents; **appreciative** of myself; and **grateful** to God. But I reserve my **love** for Those I choose to love. And although I have greater feelings for my boyfriend than any other person in the world, we enjoy a **like** affaire, not a **love** affair. Neither of us wants to go down the slippery slope of romantic love presented to the world by Hollywood, Bollywood and Nollywood.

We prefer the sexual intimacy that leads to liking one another. It's easy to love people. It's hard to like 'em. I reserve love for The Stranger within me.

I now see why I felt so unsafe around my parents while needing them desperately to address an existential loneliness and angst I once thought only they could fill. As a child, I didn't have the tools I needed to deal with life. So, I was psychologically crippled into thinking that some issues can only be solved by family. Today I know that there are some issues that can only be solved **without** family.

Once I left home in late adolescence and got a job in the "real" world, there were bells telling me when to start and when to stop. But if I wanted whistles, I had to wait for the weekend to get them.

As a young man, I sought **freedom** from chains I couldn't see. I sought **liberty** from someone I didn't yet know. And I yearned for **emancipation** from a totalitarian system of governance within me that I had no idea then I was subjecting myself to.

My life was scheduled from the day I was born until the day I retired. But now that I'm old [69] and have nowhere to be, I can tell you that I'm not even in a hurry to walk from one room in my apartment to another. In fact, I force myself to move as slowly as possible to overcome the urge to do anything in a hurry anymore. That's because there's still a voice inside me that insists I have to save **time** the way I had to save **money** my whole life.

As it turned out, I'm psychologically slow by nature. I've always been this way. The psychiatric community branded me with terrible labels to say that their own way. And I was so naïve and inexperienced that I believed them.

Now, I'd say that I'm about 20 minutes behind everybody else. I'm a little **tardy**. Those who take the short bus to school may, in some way, run even slower than me. But all the rest are rushing around like chicks without a head.

Don't compare. Don't contrast. Now that I'm an old cock with an old cock, I can do a lot more with **it** than I could

before. I only compare and contrast myself to who I was the day before.

When I swear because I lose my keys, forget my mask or misplace my phone, I contradict the voice inside that berates me for getting upset over nothing. It's **not** nothing! It's a sign of a loss so great that **it** can hardly be put into words.

Although there are people in this world who are suffering problems much greater than mine, I celebrate my "champagne problems" with whispered curses under my breath and by brushing away the few crocodile tears I still shed. I never thought **it** could get this hard! But I never thought **it** could be so worth it!

Gratefully, I'm not on a schedule anymore. I've got nowhere to be. Nobody's waiting for me. I'm alone and in good company. There are no bells. And even though there are few whistles, I look in the mirror when I dance in my garage, and I whistle at myself! I love what I look like. [I look strong.] I love how I move. [I move gracefully.] I love how I feel. [I feel good about myself.] And I'm not about to ruin this relationship by getting back on anybody's schedule. Honk at me on the road on life if you must. I'm inured to anyone's bells. I'm forgetful. I'm slow. Get over **it**.

I'm in Hawaii [paradise], figuratively speaking. My boyfriend painted our garage walls tropical green and put pictures of Hawaii up to remind me of our vacations there. All I have to do is pull out the car, turn on my music and dance. There are already mirrors on both walls and a carpet on the floor, that he provided. I'm in Seventh Heaven in my dance studio with an audience of One. All I have to do to escape my body is to dive further down into it.

I'm not going to be in this vehicle on the journey of my life forever. It's already suffering from wear-and-tear. It even has a few dents that the body shop [A.M.A.] isn't able to fix. And the A.P.A. [American Psychiatric Association] has nothing to offer me that's worth my while. I'd rather learn from my boyfriend who introduces me to pop culture

in ways I can understand my connection to young people. I'd rather dance out my cabin door after a romp in the hay than fight over a place on a lifeboat onboard this Titanic. And I certainly don't want to sit with the pessimists on the deck chairs listening to sad music.

I write for young people. I write for the young man in me who needed me when I was his age. I write for the hole in my donut. I write for God.

I finally figured out that I'm not immortal. This timed experiment is going to come to an end. If I haven't figured out the meaning of my life by the end, I'll be bitter. The end will be bitter. And I'll leave here very disappointed in myself when I get There, wherever That Is.

“You’ve Got A Friend”

by
Carol King

When you're down and troubled
and you need some lovin' care
and nothin', nothin' is goin' right
close your eyes and think of Me
and soon I Will Be there
to brighten up even your darkest night.
You just call out My Name
and you know, wherever I Am
I'Ll Come Runnin'
to see you again.
Winter, spring, summer or fall
all you have to do is call
and I'Ll Be there.
You've got A Friend.
If the sky above you
grows dark and full of clouds,
and that old north wind begins to blow,
keep your head together

and call My Name out loud.
 Soon you'll hear Me Knockin' at your door.
 You just call out My Name
 and you know, wherever I Am
 I'Ll Come Runnin', Runnin', yeah, yeah
 to see you again.
 Winter, spring, summer or fall
 all you have to do is call
 and I'Ll Be there, yes, I Will.
 Now, ain't it good to know that you've got A Friend
 when people can be so cold?
 They'll hurt you, yes, and desert you,
 and take your soul if you let them.
 Oh, but don't you let them.
 You just call out My Name
 and you know, wherever I Am
 I'Ll Come Runnin', Runnin', yeah, yeah
 to see you again.
 Winter, spring, summer or fall
 all you have to do is call,
 and I'Ll Be there, yes, I Will.
 You've got A Friend.
 You've got A Friend.
 Ain't it good to know you've got A Friend.
 Ain't it good to know, ain't it good to know.
 Ain't it good to know
 you've got A Friend.
 Oh, yeah, now, you've got A Friend
 yeah baby, you've got A Friend
 oh, yeah, you've got A Friend.

Carol King, the king of soul probably had no idea she was singing from the viewpoint of Jesus. Our Jewish "King" sang from The Heart of The Prince of peace, and nobody even knew it. All it takes is a few capitalizations and the secret is out: every Jew sings with every other.

When I moved to Israel at the age of 18 to dance professionally at Bat-Dor, a modern ballet company, I couldn't get away from my mother and sister fast enough. I couldn't get away from America fast enough. I just didn't realize that I was also running away from me.

A dear friend from L.A. sent me the lyrics to Carol King's "You've Got A Friend" about six months later, and I burst into tears reading it. I didn't yet know the meaning of the word **homesick**. **Homesick** when you're sick **of** home and sick **for** Home.

I was homesick at 18 living alone in Israel. I was surrounded by my people, the Jewish people. I'd gotten my dream job at the age of 18. I was dancing for a living. But I was alone and all on my own for the first time in my life. Not a single person could tell me anymore what to do. But Carol King and Jesus, two Jews, touched me in a place that no other person on the planet could reach me, even in Israel.

I didn't know that I had a friend in Carol King up until then. I'd never before heard of her in 1971. And it's only recently that I've been able to say that I have A Friend in Jesus. Jesus is just another name for God. I'm not going to fight with anyone over God's Names. I did all that in my previous books. If you're looking for the outcome of that fight, there's a list of my books at the end of this one.

I now know that we're all saying things that we don't realize can be interpreted on other levels of awakening. I now know that **I** need my approve. And my approval isn't something I need other people to approve of **for** me or **with** me.

Going Against the Wind

When I lived in Holland from the age of 20-23, I worked in a bank and got the opportunity to buy a home at a very low mortgage rate. So, I bought a houseboat! But I didn't live on one of those houseboats you see on the canals of Amsterdam. My houseboat was 60 feet long, and it was

located on the Schinkle by het Amsterdamse Bos, a lake just outside Amsterdam on the way to Amstelveen where scores of houseboats are docked. My boat was on a choice location at the end of a pier with a view of a forest. Once, I was sitting in my living room listening to Mozart while a family of ducks paddled by my window. A sight like that is one you never forget. It becomes an engraving, not just a photo in your mind's eye. I've since turned it into a video I play over and over again, reminding myself that life is a dream surrounded by Sleep.

There's so much I could tell you about **Woonboot** [Dutch: houseboat] **Dafka** [Hebrew: ornery]. But my memories are all locked up in my nose. On cool, summer, late afternoons after work I'd open a beer and sit out on my front deck, like the captain of my own schooner, surveying the whole world as though I were out at sea. I'd smell the cool air mixed with pine needles and beer. I'd smell my old boat. I could inhale centuries of Holland with one breath. I was at the top of the world.

What motivated me to even bring up this image was the concept of going against the wind. It was a 30-minute bicycle ride from my houseboat to my job on the Frederiksplein. But it seemed the wind was always with me going to work. I'd get there in no time.

It was coming home that was a bitch. The last bit of roadway past the Olympich Stadion where there were far fewer buildings, I often had to get off my bike and walk against the powerful Dutch wind that has made her windmills so famous.

I've been going against the wind all my life. If you asked me what I was going against, I couldn't tell you. How do you describe the wind? It's a force of nature. Some people are going with it, and some people are going against it. And you can immediately tell upon meeting them, which way the wind is blowing, on their face or at their back.

Getting It

What I had a hard time **getting** was how deeply emotional, caring and beautiful a person I was. I had a hard time in gay bars because I didn't want to let other men know that I was coming to them from my dick. My mother didn't bring me up to talk from my dick in public. Consequently, I was shy and afraid to speak to men I found attractive.

Once I realized that if I came from my dick honestly by letting a guy know that it was my dick that was interested in him, the rest was in his court. He could come to me from his dick if he found me good looking. Or, if he was a jerk, he could come to me from his asshole and make me feel ashamed of myself for figuratively exposing my dick to him in public.

I can handle assholes now because I know what an emotional, caring and beautiful person I really am. I can tell people to "Have a nice day" in a way that lets them know I'm looking for a dick that's connected to a head, heart and soul. I'm not interested in assholes [figuratively speaking].

People who are assholes don't realize how bad they smell at both ends. Their words stink like shit. But now it's so easy to cover my nose and walk around them. I'm not here to wipe anybody's ass or clean up their discourse. I'm interested in learning about life through the serendipitous lessons The Teacher brings me day-by-day. Now that I "get it," I really can get on with it. My good fortune rests on how I come to class prepared each day having done my homework from the day before, and how I interact with The Teacher during my office hours with Him at night. All the rest is commentary.

Housekeeper

My best friend is 38 years old. He lives in Minneapolis, but I'm his housekeeper, and I live in San Francisco. He calls me when his inner abode is a mess. And I drop everything, run right over, dust the skeletons in his closet and pull back

the rug where he sweeps God-Awful assumptions about his life under it. I put his opinions away where they belong. And I mop up after he leaves the water running and floods his place with tears.

He's the gay son of a Baptist preacher. In other words, he's an orphan. His parents think an LGBT+ education should start with Sodom and Gomorrah. He's had a hard time embracing reality without shooting God in The Foot.

I once told him that I wasn't his daddy. I wasn't going to replace his father. I wasn't his lascivious, gay uncle. He doesn't have to worry about me trying to get in his pants. I finally conveyed to him that I was more like his grandpa, a gentle, old soul who just has his best interests at heart. But I recently stated that better by describing myself as his housekeeper.

Don't think of me in one of those French maid outfits with a garter belt around one leg and a feather duster in one hand. I'm not **made** like that kind of **maid**.

And don't get me wrong about my friend's ability to handle himself. He's a great guy who keeps his place immaculate. He comes from German background, just like me. So, you can practically eat off his floors.

But when it comes to his inner dwelling, he's always needed a housekeeper. He's still too young to run his household all by himself. But he's **learning**. You should have seen how he lived a dozen years ago when we met. You could hardly get in and out of his place without stepping on some crazy conclusion lying around. His life was spiritually disheveled.

The reason he trusts me is because I'm realistic. I don't try to change reality to protect the innocent. Recently, his boss didn't promote him to a management position because he did the job he was doing so well. And soon after that, my friend's boyfriend who'd moved in a week prior left him because the boyfriend realized my friend wasn't the man of his dreams.

When he lost the job promotion, I helped my friend by fanning the flames of rage at being overlooked despite being an exemplary employee. And when he lost the 22-year-old boyfriend, I helped him by fanning the flames of grief at being overlooked despite my friend being an exemplary human being.

Rage is red. Grief is blue. If the rainbow in your heart can't associate your feelings with the colors of the rainbow, you're emotionally colorblind. And that will cause you to ignore all sorts of messages coming to you about reality that you don't want to see, leaving you in a world that's Black and White.

My friend turned burnt-orange with agony when his parents threw him out of the house at the age of 16 for being gay. He was yellow with terror at having to go out into the world to make it on his own. But now, he's filled with indigo, the mystery of life as it reveals itself to him through everything he does.

Who isn't forest green with jealousy of other men's lovely long penises, and spring green with envy at those who penetrate society with worldly success that he can't achieve on his own? Who doesn't want something the other guy got that he didn't?

Black and White thinking [logical] is just as abusive as 2D thinking [flat and unimaginative]. If you can't think in color and 3D, you aren't evolving. If you're watching the world through a B&W TV screen, you're seriously behind the times. You don't just need a housekeeper to straighten up inside you. You need an IT Administrator to upgrade your whole operating system.

$$\mathbf{I}^x + \mathbf{I}^y = \mathbf{1}$$

“**I**” is the me inside **it**. **It** is my body. **I** am inside **it**. Circumstances arise in my life in which I have to learn new things about myself. I've accounted for those circumstances in the equation above with the symbol: **x**. We're all solving

for **x** every day. But external circumstances have an effect on the spiritual process occurring within me, too. I've accounted for that in the equation above with the symbol: **y**. We're all trying to solve for **y** [why] as well.

Becoming whole, I describe using the number "1". The **me** that interacts with the world around me [**I^x**] has an effect on the **me** that I have to interact with within me [**I^y**]. And the combination of the two is slowly making me whole [**1**], at one with God.

How to Forgive

Forgiving people is easy once you know how to do it. Take my father and mother, for instance. I couldn't forgive them for punishing me when I was little. I thought they had a lot of nerve teaching me with negative reinforcement. But because I needed them so badly, I allowed them to do to me whatever they thought they needed to do. But believe me, I never forgave them. I simply overlooked their previous, bad behavior.

When I got old enough to leave home and live on my own, I began to realize that I'd never really forgiven my parents for anything. In fact, I gathered more evidence over the years to suggest that much of their negative reinforcement was a projection of behaviors they should have punished **themselves** for, not **me**.

They had great expectations of me that they should have had of themselves. I wasn't the great disappointment in their life. They were. If they'd done what they'd really dreamed of doing, they could have accepted me as I was. They wouldn't have needed to punish me for being so odd and out of step with the world.

The topic of forgiveness that must be learned by everyone never really came up in our family. And the older I got, the more I began to realize how difficult it was for me to forgive anybody. Granted, I could **excuse** the little things in people. And I could **exonerate** the huge things, like the

Holocaust and January 6th because I hadn't personally witnessed either of them. But everything in between begged for **forgiveness**. And I didn't have a clue how to do that.

Little did I know that **excusing, forgiving and exonerating** others is a preview to what will happen to us all. God Has a conscience. And He Reveals it at His Discretion. If you don't learn when to **excuse**, when to **forgive** and whether to **exonerate**, be prepared for what may come next.

It was only as my parents got very old that I began to see that I'd nailed them to a cross. I'd crucified them for all things they'd done in life that were wrong. I couldn't make the claim that my conscience could be **my** guide, but I thought my conscience was well enough to guide them.

Fortunately, as I grew, my parents shrank. And as they shrank, the crosses I had them nailed to shrank with them. Now that my parents have been dead for years, I can see that I've grown enormously, especially now that they're both dead. They aren't nearly as large and imposing as they once were. And their crosses are tiny, too. I can look down on them to see them as quite harmless and small in the greater scheme of things.

I still have my parents on crosses to this day. But now they and their crosses are so small that I can laugh at their errors of judgment then. I'm not the least bit threatened or angry at them anymore.

And that's the way I forgive people. I grow until I can look down with a perspective that's so great that it changes my mood about all that I went through.

Forgiving Jesus

Jews need to forgive Jesus. He Forced the ancient Jews out of their head and into their heart. He Turned the abstract rainbow God Created in order to ask for forgiveness from mankind into a concrete rainbow in His Own Heart.

The rainbow in our heart shines after storms. The greatest of the storms we've all been through was puberty, when we were forced to build a boat and bring all our animal instincts onboard with us until adolescence was over. Then the sea receded, and we could let our urges off our boat, two by two, onto dry land in a safe harbor somewhere: a place we chose to call our own reality. But it was really just a small piece of a greater reality that we're all subject to.

Jesus Was that rainbow in the flesh. He Personified the rainbow that Moses had described up in the sky in the story of Noah. Jesus needs to be forgiven for that. Nobody expected Him to open our hearts to love. Who knew that wisdom without love amounts to a huge waste of time?

Just the thought of forgiving Jesus has taken 2,000 years. And there are still Jews today who refuse to let That One Jew off the "hook." Needless to say, you can imagine what those Jews are doing to gay-Jews who are still being crucified for their love.

Forgiving Jesus is a chore, but it's a chore that many White people can't be bothered to do, so you can imagine how difficult it is for the rest of us.

There's no need to forgive Jesus for Having a penis. He Had an anus, too. There's no need to forgive Him for Being human, unless you can't forgive anyone else for the "sin" of being a man.

I have no problem forgiving Jesus. It's some Jews and Christians I still struggle to judge fairly. And when it comes to some Muslims, don't get me started.

Pyramids and Inverted Pyramids

Moses created Torah like a pyramid. ▲ It stood up perfectly on its own. Jesus Created the Gospels like an isosceles trapezoid. ▽ He Even Put Torah above His Own Words. That gave the Prophet Muhammad the opportunity to add his isosceles trapezoid below His. ▽

This is what religion in the Western world looks like, one huge pyramid. And it's all precariously topped off with something the Jews have believed in for 3,400 years.

In the Far East, religion looks very different. Almost 3,800 years ago, God Came to the Hindus and Gave them an isosceles trapezoid of their own.  Under that, the Buddhists added their own isosceles trapezoid.  That included all the dogma about reincarnation without any of the gods. And then the Taoists added their little pyramid of paradox onto the bottom of it. 

The West is one big pyramid constructed over millennia pointing up to God. The East is one big pyramid constructed over millennia pointing down to the earth.

Together the world looks like a Star of David, two abstract pyramids pointed in opposite directions interlocking today with a modern faith in One God that fastens the two together.

If you wish to understand yourself as the product of a father who looked up for signs from God and a mother who looked down to the earth for matters of survival, then you're the personification of the Star of David, yourself. You're a child of God who was given two triangles, two arrows pointing in opposite directions.

This makes you a mystery. This makes you a participant in a great tale that's being told on the stage we call: **reality**. If you want a starring role, all you have to do is embrace wisdom [head]; love [heart]; and loyalty [soul]. And to do that, all you have to do is embrace separation [navel]; penetration [penis]; and paradox [sodomy]. Being an ambassador of goodwill is easier than you might think.

Danishes and Donuts

A danish is a sweet bread with a creamy or fruity surprise at the center. All human beings are born danish. That's why we look at babies and want to gobble them up. God Makes

babies like danishes with good reason. And it's not just so that we'll care for them and love them.

God Wants us to compare danishes [young people] to donuts [old people]. What happens to children over time is that they eat up the surprise at the center of themselves. That's what turns them into a donut. A donut is nothing more than a danish with the center eaten away.

Adults then spend a lifetime trying to fill that hole inside themselves, but they don't realize that they were the one who created it in the first place!

Do you think that ghosts go around eating the surprise filling in danishes, and what's left after they've filled their belly is a donut? Don't be ridiculous! Donut holes aren't made by ghosts. People create the hole in their own donut. And then they try to fill it with all sorts of other things.

Aren't you glad that I've explained this to you? Now you can stop trying to fill the hole inside you. Just leave it as is. God Likes donuts. Who doesn't?

Paranormal Psychology

My friend in Minneapolis believes in ghosts. And I don't disagree with him. Why would I? Why would I tell him that I can't go where he goes, when there's a place I can meet him halfway that we can share together: paranormal psychology mixed with spirituality?

I think of ghosts as people who've eaten the creamy filling [baby fat] in their own danish and are now looking around for someone to take responsibility for the hole that's now there.

I've told my young friend that he's able to fly now that his parents pushed him out of the nest. I've told him that he's capable of moving through walls now that he can see all the walls people build around themselves that he can see through. He's no longer just a fly on the wall. He's a friendly ghost who can help others. He has no desire to haunt them. He can see the demons within them, and he can chase them

away, leaving that person like a luscious donut with a hole at their center.

Ghosts don't eat the holes in donuts. People do. People are a hole with a mouth at one end and an anus at the other. And the more they yearn to fill that hole inside them, the less interested they become in learning about themselves as they truly are.

Reality is a study of paranormal psychology mixed with spirituality. Reality is an acceptance of the friendly ghost in you, the Casper that you are, regardless of your skin tone, if you're willing to use your powers for good.

If you feel like a ghost that people can't see; that they walk through; and ignore – don't be surprised. People say they don't believe in ghosts, and then they turn around and treat you like one. I'm sure God Would Love to know what you're going to do about that. Even my inquiring mind wants to know.

Aging Awkwardly

Aging gracefully is an art. But there ought to be art schools you can go to, to learn how to do so. It's a sad state of affairs, but there aren't any schools that are teaching this important subject. People suddenly find that they're old, and they don't know what to do about it. They've aged awkwardly, and they don't have anywhere to go or anyone to ask about how to fix that "problem."

It's awkward when you're old, and you don't know how to forgive. It's awkward when you're old, and you're suddenly ugly. It's awkward when you're old, and you get sick. How can you forgive yourself for being ugly, old and sick if you never practiced the art of forgiving on anybody else?

You may have watched your parents age. But I wonder whether they ever discussed aging gracefully with you. Because my parents divorced when I was six, I got to watch

my parents grow old gracefully with new partners. I got to watch four parents age rather than two.

Of the four, only my mother had to face existential loneliness. She lost her second husband at the age of 90, eight years before she died at 98. Who wants to suffer a loss that great when you're very old? And because I live in San Francisco and my mother lived in Los Angeles, I couldn't help her deal with existential loneliness combined with dementia in old age. That's not how I'd like to go.

My father died of heart trouble in New York. He'd had two quadruple bypass surgeries in ten years, and there was nothing more that could be done for him. I was with him at the hospital the last week of his life. But I had a plane to catch home the day that he died. I visited him that morning before my flight. I later learned that he died 15 minutes after I'd left. He died alone at the age of 84, of a broken heart - literally. I don't want to go that way, either.

Perhaps we all die the way we lived if we look at people imaginatively. Perhaps cancer is a way of eating yourself up inside, and COVID, a way of snuffing out the fire within you. Perhaps strokes are bombs people detonate in their head and heart attacks are ways to let yourself know that you didn't love the one you were with.

I find that forgiving people for the way they lived and died is easy, provided they only hurt me, and no others. It's when people hurt lots of people that I can't forgive them. There should be a place to send people who none of us liked, including God. Let them go There when they leave here. I can't imagine running into them in Heaven.

I've moved through embarrassment of my body. I've moved through shame of my character. But exoneration of a life badly lived is none of my business. I leave that to God to deal with. I seek justice, not Revenge. Vengeance isn't mine. And I don't want anything I haven't earned.

Simon Says

Let's play Simon says. Below is a song about Jack and Jim. Read the lyrics while doing what Simon says.

“Smackwater Jack”

by

Carol King

Now Smackwater Jack, he bought a shotgun

[Simon says hands on your penis.]

cause he was in the mood for a little confrontation.

He just let it all hang loose.

[Simon says squeeze your balls and then let go.]

He didn't think about the noose.

[Simon says draw a noose around your neck.]

He couldn't take no more abuse,

so he shot down the congregation.

[Simon says stick your index fingers out,

pull the triggers with your thumbs,

and shoot in every direction.]

You can't talk to a man with a shotgun in his hand.

Shotgun!

Now Big Jim the chief stood for law and order.

[Simon says palms over your nipples.]

He called for the guard to come and surround the border.

{Simon says hands on your waist.]

Now from his bulldog mouth

[Simon says hands over your mouth.]

as he led the posse south

[Simon says point to your penis.]

came the cry, “We got to ride to

clean up the streets for our wives and our daughters.

You can't talk to a man when he don't want to understand.

No, no, no, no, no, no

The account of the capture wasn't in the papers.
But you know, they hanged ole Smack right then
instead of later.

You know the people were quite pleased
[Simon says rub your stomach.]
cause the outlaw had been seized.

And on the whole, it was a very good year
for the undertaker.

[Simon says point to the ground.]

You know, you know, you can't talk to a man
with a shotgun in his hand -
shotgun in his hand

[Simon says hands on your penis.]

Smackwater Jack, yeah
Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun
Yeah, Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun
Smackwater Jack, yeah
Smackwater Jack, yeah

Talkin' about Smackwater Jack, yeah
Talkin' about Smackwater Jack, oh
Talkin' about Jack and his shotgun
Talkin' about Smack, talkin' about Jack
Smackwater Jack, yeah

May I suggest that you play the song in front of the mirror and dance naked to it. I'd also like you to consider exaggerating your facial expressions to make your opinion of the words coincide with Carol King's tone of voice.

Crying My Eyes Out

I cry easily and often. I wasn't always this way. I remember going years, more than a decade sometimes,

without crying. I guess I've changed. I've softened inside. Something has ripened. I'm sweet inside now. I used to be hard and green, like a peach that needs more time on the tree or grapes that need more time on the vine.

I cry easily and often. I'm often tender. Romance does it to me. When the guy gets the guy, I cry.

The reason for this is simple. I'm not lonely anymore. I have a boyfriend who likes me enough not to sleep with anyone other than me. I have a boyfriend who likes me enough to spend his time away from work in my company. He doesn't need to run away to do things on his own.

He cooks for me. He bakes for me. He cuts my hair when he decides it's too long. How would I know when my hair is too long without him? I don't know things like that about myself. I know things that matter more to me. But he knows what I should wear and when to cut my hair. I like him because of what he knows that I don't need to think about.

We sit together at night and watch the news, Rachel Maddow and Jeopardy. He looks at me when he gets a Jeopardy question right. He smiles because he knows he's smart, and he knows that I know he knows things I'll never know.

I used to count my losses. But then, over time, conscious awareness of my gains overcame my losses. And now I find myself crying because I've run out of losses to cry about. Now I can fully see how much I've got to lose.

I'm in a **like** affair with my boyfriend, and boy, do I like it. He's the best friend I've ever had. He locks the windows after he shuts them. That's how I know I can trust him. It's funny what you need in order to feel you can trust another person.

My boyfriend is like the guy at school you always wanted to talk to. He's like the kid at camp you would have liked to go for a walk with in the woods. He's like the boy at the bar you were waiting to show up at 2:00 AM to take you home.

But he's here with me now. And so now I cry a lot. Who wouldn't?

Loneliness Is My Achille's Heal

I was always afraid of loneliness, which is odd because I was almost always alone. I didn't want others to know how alone I was. That was also a sign of my loneliness.

I was terribly alone because I always felt lonely. It didn't matter where I was or how many people were around me. It didn't matter if they were family, friends or strangers. I still **felt** alone. Being by myself only exacerbated my loneliness. I was always looking for people to join up with because I couldn't go it alone.

I tried praying standing with the Jews, kneeling with the Christians and prostrate on the ground with the Muslims. And I still felt alone – only then I felt lonely before God.

From my exploration of prayer, I discovered that God Liked me when I was alone and lonely. He Taught me through loneliness to be kind and considerate of others. He Taught me through loneliness to be compassionate and caring. Whatever I do, I do with awareness of other people's existential loneliness. I've experienced how loneliness is like a shovel that digs into my chest to remove flesh and bone and replace it with a hole in which love can pour out of my heart into that hole to turn it into a soul.

A soul is nothing more than a space you make inside that's then available to contain your own love. I love me. And it was loneliness that made that possible.

Now that I've filled the hole inside with my own love, I find myself with a boyfriend on the side, as well. And not just any boyfriend; a boyfriend I can truly trust.

He sees my love for me. He sees how soulful I am. And he respects that. He'd never hurt me. The only thing he could do to hurt me is to die. That's my Achille's heal.

I've gotten out of my head. I've made my way through my stiff neck down into my heart. From there, I've continued

down to my navel, where I've discovered that we were all born of woman. That's the first wound all of us received. That's what we literally have in common.

From there, I went further down below my waist to my penis, and I discovered a friend for life. Dick and I have a great bond. He tells me what to want [-] and what to desire [+]. When he talks, I listen.

Beneath my dear friend Dick lives an asshole who retains and expels whatever it wants. Watch out for assholes. My boyfriend has the greatest asshole in the whole world. But there are those who aren't like him. Beware!

Continue down even further, and you'll find yourself at your knees, weak in the knees. You'll know so much of yourself that you'll be amazed at what that tells you about everybody else.

But loneliness is my Achille's heal. I can now stand tall knowing that my boyfriend is by my side. If I lose him, I'd have to find a very good reason not to try to kill myself a fourth time. The fourth time would be for wanting to kill him for leaving me here all alone.

Living for me, myself and I with him is a soulful experience thanks to having a boyfriend who trusts me and whom I can trust. If he died and I had to suffer that loss, I don't know how I would cope. I suppose I'd have to get past my Achille's heal by finding a way, with God's Help, to become solemful.

Where Humiliation Lies

Embarrassment of my body lies in my head. Shame of my character lies in my heart. But humiliation before The Lord lies beneath the blanket that conceals the rest of me when I'm naked in bed. There are sights and sounds down there that I don't want anybody else to see or hear. But that seems to make no difference to Him.

I've been buked. I've been disparaged and I've been criticized. I've been told that I don't know what I'm talking about. And I'm sure on many levels of life, "**they**" are right.

But I do know what humiliation from The Lord looks like because I lost my mind. Needless to say, I found it again. But I lost it more than once. And when you've lost your mind a few times, you realize that mindfulness is more valuable than anything else on Earth. Without it, you're a spiritual pauper.

I have a 96-year-old friend who's lost a small part of her mind – her short-term memory. She's got all the rest of it intact. She just can't remember what happened five minutes ago.

That doesn't deter us in the least from having a grand time every day on the phone and once a week in person. I've told her a million times that she's the richest woman on Earth. She's got a wealth that makes living in her body as beautiful as a Taj Mahal of love.

She's got hot and cold running feelings. [And she grew up in a shack in the countryside of Maine without hot and cold running water!] So being able to turn on the tap in her heart and produce hot compassion instantly and cold, tough love on demand is a luxury few people have attained. They may live in great neighborhoods with sought-after zip codes. They may be surrounded by well-manicured lawns and tree-lined sidewalks, but they have to go outside to pump the well to carry back a pail of feelings for anyone other than themselves. And they can't be bothered to do it.

My 96-year-old friend has a skylight in her head that offers her a view of Heaven. And she sits in her room in the Catholic home for the aged staring up at The Angels waiting for Jesus to Bring her Home. How many people even have windows the size of castle arrow slits in their inner abode? Most are locked in a dungeon without a fire or in a cell with a neon light and a metal mirror. They couldn't be more spiritually constrained.

I'm glad I lost my mind because I appreciated it more when found it. I'm glad I cherish words because they're the keys to freedom. Words unlock the meaning of scripture – whether you're a Jew, a Jain or a junkie. Words will teach you to plummet the depth of your soul to find someone to love.

I found someone to love. I love me. And God Led me to me. I'd been a stranger unto myself. And with words alone – well, words with copious servings of humiliation – I found a great guy inside who's got enough love to love himself for a lifetime. I've even been able to squeeze out a little extra love I don't need to give to God. [Just be glad if people like you.]

Pillowcases

I have a friend who weighs twice, maybe three times, what I weigh. I don't really know how to compare such measurements when the numbers on the scale go that high. I texted her this note just the other day:

Just wanted to share with you that I recently learned that the Mandarin word for “pillowcase” refers to people who have little inside in the way of wisdom, love and meaningful experiences. It refers to the unevolved.

I thought that was interesting in light of the Western idea of filling the hole inside with substances rather than food-for-thought. In that sense, you did both. You're an example of a big pillow and a pillowcase that covers a whole lot inside it. Perhaps you always needed to show the world that there was a great deal inside you that wasn't as apparent in many others. Perhaps you've actually had a method to your madness.

It was while stuffing the pillows in our garden furniture after Will washed the pillowcases that I realized how comfortable **I** feel with **your** big body. Of course, it pains me deeply to see you sick so often, but having a big

pillowcase is only a booby prize if you haven't got it well stuffed. And that you certainly do!

Lyrics

The best way to remember lyrics is to put them to music. The words in my head used to slip through my fingers as I perused my mind for meaning to my experiences. It was only when I made my way down to my heart that I began to discover a rhythm in being me that led me to a melody I hadn't heard before. Once I realized there was a melody to my madness, it was easy to write lyrics to go with my tune. Words create meanings that tame the savage beast.

Life is a song. If you're walking down the street or driving to work and there's no spring in your step, you're without rhythm. You've lost your own beat.

If you can't keep the beat that was Given to you, you won't be able to hear the melody in your heart or harmony in your soul that will make your song meaningful. A man without a song is like a man without a penis. Even a penis needs to learn how to sing.

The problem with most jobs is that people feel that their job is forcing them to keep the beat of a different drummer. They feel that it's destroying their own song.

If you don't hum The Creation Story to yourself as you're working, especially the part where the serpent sings to Eve that she needs to learn good from evil, you won't appreciate Adam's song of defiant joy at cuming alive. The Creation Story is the story of Moses's first orgasm.

In other words, sex will set you free, but only if you seek freedom **with** yourself, not **from** yourself. You need a job to survive. But you need a song inside to live.

Winston Churchill said, "Never give up on something that you can't go a day without thinking about. If you're going through Hell, keep going."

This is what Adam and Eve gleaned from the serpent in The Creation Story. This is what any penis will tell you as it

cums while singing its song. Fuck your job. Fuck it with all the sweetness you can muster with your penis. If you don't learn how to fuck your job with your own rhythm and to your own tune, you'll never learn to give away your freedom.

God's Love

God Loves everybody. But He Doesn't Want to be surrounded in Heaven by people He Doesn't Like. He'S Reserved a place in Hell for those He Doesn't Like.

How can you like people who kill other people? How can you like people who cheat others; people who steal and lie and are jealous and envious of anyone who has something they want?

People aren't all that likable. They're all loveable. They're just not very likable. So, when you worry about what's going to happen to those who don't get caught and don't pay a price for what they're doing, remember how likeable you are. Remember that you believe you're the kind of person God Would Want around in Heaven near Him for eternity.

Discovering your disappointment in others is a preview to discovering the feelings of abandonment we all have to endure. Those are the feelings God Felt when He Discovered that He'd Lost two amazingly important fruits from His Private Tree. Disappointment and abandonment are the feelings His Son Felt when He Was Betrayed, too. Your experiences aren't any different from God's. So, take them more to heart.

Vengeance isn't necessary when you're a likeable person. Likeable people don't seek Revenge. Revenge Belongs to God. Good people seek justice. Once you hear bitterness in someone's voice, you know that they've crossed the line from justice to vengeance. Angry people are mad.

If you could be a fly on the wall in Hell, you'd see a lot of vindictive people down there, too. Teaching people

lessons by using Revenge as your tool makes you a god, not a judicious person. I wrote a book on Hinduism called, Playing god with God. It's really about vengeance.

Our Big Yellow Chair

Will and I went to Macy's to check out their furniture department. I wasn't planning on buying anything there. It was above my price range. I just wanted to have a look around. But once we were there, I sat in a big, yellow chair that changed the way I looked at life. It turned out not to be a **chair**, but a **recliner**. And that's when I discovered that reclining is my favorite pastime. I had to have that recliner. They had a matching sofa, so we got it, too.

We live in a one-bedroom condo, garden apartment in San Francisco, so there isn't much room in our living room for much beside these two pieces of furniture and a big TV. So, the question had to be asked, "Who gets to use the recliner, and when?"

Will is such a sweetheart that he doesn't want to take up a lot of space. He told me he's perfectly comfortable on the sofa. But that wouldn't have been comfortable for me. How can you recline when others have to sit up straight?

So, I sit in the big, yellow chair writing all day. And when he comes home at night, he gets to sit in it, and I sprawl out on the sofa with a micro-fleece blanket over me to watch him reclining while reminding myself what softness, warmth and cuddliness is for. On weekends, I enjoy the recliner all morning, and he enjoys it from lunchtime through to end of day.

It's not possible to recline in leisure unless others can recline, as well. I don't know what billionaires do, knowing that the people who work for them can't afford a recliner from Macy's while **they're** sitting around in chalets with their feet up. Inquiring souls want to know.

Who Doesn't Want to Scream?

My 96-year-old-girlfriend told me that there's a woman down the hall from her who screams constantly. And my girlfriend worries about her. She also asks me how the staff can allow that to go on and on without doing anything about it.

My girlfriend is on a dementia ward, so I suppose it isn't surprising that people who have no idea how they got old and frail and weak might scream out in horror at what's become of themselves. That said, my girlfriend complains to me that the staff empty her garbage can without her permission. Who knows what questions the staff have to deal with that have no answers?

My friend goes off on a kick every now and then about there being no locks on the doors on her ward. What am I supposed to tell her? Clearly, God Has Brought this dilemma to me to improve my sense of humor. What else could it be? I can't tell her the truth, but I can't leave her in her misery either.

Things like this matter a great deal to me because I'm mostly interested in talking to my girlfriend on a level of life that's concerned with how she got to be 96 in such good shape. We both love taking long walks and talking about death and dying. So, we're big mouths God Brought together with good reason.

I was mentally ill. Obviously if I've survived three attempts to kill myself, pain and suffering were punishments in life I desperately wanted to avoid. That hasn't changed. I'm just not ashamed anymore to talk about it.

I just can't watch needles going into arms! Since we've gotten the vaccine for COVID, every night on the news, there are shots of people getting shots in the arm. I cringe at the least little hint of other people's pain and suffering. But I can't seem to take my own pain and suffering as personally. I've projected a lot of my pain and suffering onto the world. Many parents have the same problem with children

everywhere and loving pet owners feel that way about animals in nature.

Now that I'm no longer young anymore, I've become very interested in learning how to avoid pain and suffering rather than go through them with the cavalier attitude I was able to muster in my youth. That's the secret my girlfriend knows that I'm learning from her.

She eats an orange a day. I could never do that. I even regurgitate virtues I can't stomach. The last thing I need is citrus fruit to give me more heartburn. But she also eats her vegetables and has little appetite for meat. That I do, too. But that's not the secret to her secret in enduring pain and suffering at her advanced age.

My girlfriend tells me that when you live your life as though you're never going to die, you get old without having prepared for it by aging gracefully. She says that your body has to be strong enough to endure pain, and your mind, strong enough to endure suffering.

In the medical world, if you can't endure your own suffering, the word they use to describe that condition is called: **dementia**. But I call it losing your mind by leaving bits and pieces of it in places where you hope no one will find it. In that way, you won't have to account for opinions that would offend others.

Having lost my mind many times, I can tell you that it's a lot like losing your cell phone, wallet or keys. It's a deeply arduous and onerous experience. Worry shoots through you like lightning. And from the thunder that comes out of your mouth after the lightning has lit you sky high, you can surely appreciate this image as awful, not awesome. It's like God Indirectly Screaming at you to give more thought to what you're doing.

You don't want to lose anything, least of all your mind. If you don't become more and more mindful day-by-day, there's a good chance you may unconsciously try to hide what you're thinking from yourself.

My girlfriend has hidden her rings from the staff because she says they just waltz into her room whenever they wish since there are no locks on the doors for the [demented] patients to lock them out. Now she can't remember where she's hidden her valuables. What can I say?

There are people who end up accusing people like me of being crazy, when, in fact, I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place in an effort to be nice. The rock is my head, and the hard place is, well, you already know all about my hard place.

My 96-year-old-girlfriend told me I'm crazy just because I told her that ghosts don't eat the surprise at the center of danishes, leaving behind donuts. I say people do that to themselves. But she thinks I've got an overly-developed imagination. At least I make her giggle. That's all I really care about. Laughter is the best medicine, but it's truth that motivates laughter.

She seems to think that the woman down the hall is screaming because she's lonely for company. I told her that I think the woman is suffering from existential loneliness. She's screaming for the part of herself that ate the surprise in her danish, leaving her with a hole in her donut. She's screaming about an aspect of reality that nobody ever told her to anticipate. I think she's angry with herself. And she wants to know what inquiring minds have to say about it.

Inquiring minds should be asking people important questions like how they're preparing for death. That's a topic of conversation people should be discussing in detail when they answer the question, "How are you?"

"I'm preparing for death," you should say. That's a great ice breaker to the topic of how to die with all your marbles.

You can't help people overcome their existential loneliness by just spending time with them. The company they're missing is company you can't keep. They're missing a part of themselves that set sail without them. The person you

see is at the end of a pier gesticulating wildly while yelling to a stranger to come back. But it's too late.

When you grow old without growing up, you end up a spoiled child again. You end up childish or infantile for the second time. And that usually means they have to put you back in diapers.

People who are that lonely can't be convinced they should stop screaming, especially since, when you think about it, their real reason for screaming makes all the sense in the world.

My girlfriend and I may not have all the answers, but when I see how many people are screaming for ice cream when they're young. But then they having to suffer the broccoli and spinach of old age. There must be a better way for all of us to get our daily dose of essential, spiritual vitamins and minerals.

Days of the Week

I don't need to state that there are seven days of the week. The reason for this is because Moses was the first to describe time using integrals of sevens. He said that God Chose to do it this way, and everywhere in the world they now use the Jewish creation calendar for telling spiritual time as well as numerous other calendars to tell time for agricultural purposes.

Here is a table that will further describe the universal importance of being able to tell spiritual time:

Day of the Week	Faith	Meaning
Sunday	Christianity	Day of Creation
Monday	Indigenism	Day to Create nature
Tuesday	Hinduism	Day to Create gods
Wednesday	Buddhism	Day to Step out of the way
Thursday	Taoism	Day to Create paradox
Friday	Islam	Day to Create the soul
Saturday	Judaism	Day to Rest

Sunday [Christianity] is the day when God Decided to create. He Started with the entire universe as a whole and Made His Way down to the last little detail from there.

Monday [indigenism] is the day when God Created nature. Mother Nature is a metaphor for the raw materials God Used to create man. It reflects everything about God's Designs without His Intentions.

Tuesday [Hinduism] is the day when God Created the gods. Who wants to create a masterpiece without anyone to commend you for it?

Wednesday [Buddhism] is the day when God Got out of the way so man could see himself rather than always having to stare up at Him. You can't give your faith to God if you haven't first given your faith to yourself. Nirvana is nothing more than Heaven without God and gods [Angels].

Thursday [Taoism] is the day when God Created paradox. Things are going to look 180 degrees different depending on which direction you come to them from. That's why the topic of sodomy is so important today.

Friday [Islam] is the day when God Created the hole in man's chest which we then attempt to fill and call a: **soul**. If you don't have a soul, it's like going to a school that doesn't offer grades. You're going to complete your education without a transcript. And then, you won't have a clue where you're going when you graduate because you won't even have a record of what you've accomplished.

Saturday [Judaism] is the day when God Chose to rest. Doing nothing, promoting nothing and accomplishing nothing is what Jerry Seinfeld insisted he wanted to do with his life professionally. Because God Created Saturdays, it's possible to see this world as a school for comics. With that perspective in place, you can laugh through your tears. And isn't that going to be important when The Teacher Opens His Roll Book and Gives you a look at your grades?

Chicken Scrawl

If you could see the words you utter inside yourself, you might see what bad handwriting you have when trying to figure out right from wrong. Your words may not exit your brain as though you were typing them on a screen. The operating system you now have may actually be underdeveloped, like a typewriter or the Gutenberg printing press.

Look at what comes out of your mouth in relationship to what you're thinking. Look at what comes out of your heart in relationship to what you're feeling. If you were to look at what you're doing with your life in relationship to what you believe to be true, right and divine, you might agree that what you look like externally is quite different from what God Sees inside you.

This inner view of you can be upgraded simply by figuratively improving your handwriting while communicating within yourself. You may find this kind of communication to be tedious at first, but it's no different than learning your letters as a child and combining them painstakingly into words on the page. You did it then. Surely, you can make your way through your impatience to do it again figuratively.

It may well be that the sentences you form in your mind won't remain in a straight line because of the curvature of your inner world. The sentences you form inside may even hit a psychological wall you've built against others that's now cramping your style. You may be running into yourself when you write to yourself. There's a potential for a diary in everyone. To become your own good book requires taking your faith to the next level.

Learning to create an inner word processor that produces uniformly well-formed letters that you can combine in any combination to create words in the abstract is only the beginning. Those letters have to be produced in straight lines

that include all the forms of punctuation known to man from a perspective that's personally meaningful.

Unless your mind has produced an inner word processor as sophisticated as a computer, don't for a New York minute think you're a good thinker. Don't believe yourself when you conclude that your critical thinking skills are adequate. Nobody will ever edit you like you do. If you're still writing words by hand and they look like chicken tracks inside you, you're defiant, ornery and anti-Authoritarian.

It's one thing to be anti-**authoritarian**. It's quite another to be anti-**Authoritarian**. An anti-Authoritarian doesn't believe in God. S/he doesn't believe that s/he was Made in God's Image, an image that can be improved upon with effort. Read my book [The Buddha Within](#): Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who Yearns for Peace of Mind.

An anti-Authoritarian looks like plastic flowers and plastic fruit. They think they were formed perfectly and life-like. But they don't smell. They don't ripen. And they certainly aren't edible.

You may be an anti-Authoritarian because you don't wish to be eaten. You may not wish to age or rot. But you must face the fact that you may not ever ripen, either. Your pedals will never know the joy of opening in the morning to The Rising Sun. You'll never experience the dew on your leaves weighing you down or the autumn rays that remind you that the end is always drawing nearer.

An anti-Authoritarian doesn't believe in death. S/he thinks s/he's going to live forever, like plastic flowers that never wilt and plastic fruit that never rots. They only gather dust.

If you see yourself as only dust, you'll never see yourself as anything more than dust. All your accomplishments will look like a film over reality that, with one finger, you can draw a line through.

Rimming

I once suffered from a stomach and bowel ailment that turned out to have been caused by rimming. It happened a second time with my boyfriend who I wanted to prove my loyalty and devotion to.

My doctor told me that what I was doing was dangerous and ill-advised. And I listened to her, although to this day my boyfriend insists that I should go back to rimming him.

Defying my boyfriend's wishes and following my doctor's advice hasn't been easy for me, especially in light of what I said before. I did it as an expression of my **loyalty** and **devotion** to him. How else can you prove to another person that they mean the world to you?

This rhetorical question is asked in politics all the time. In both parties, either the leader or a member of the party insists that everybody get down on their knees and rim the one who needs his loyalty and devotion proved with the whole world watching. They politely call that "making sausage," but it's really rimming those whose egos have to be assuaged.

As my doctor said, rimming is a practice that's ill-advised. And that applies as much to politics as to matters of the heart [and anus].

But there's another scenario in which rimming is common, and that's in the religious realm. Leaders in religious institutions insist that the laity prove their loyalty and devotion to their name for God by rimming Him, as well.

I know this idea may come as a shock to you but hear me out. If man was Made in God's Image, then God Has an anus, too. So, the question is whether licking His Anus is kosher and halal, or not.

And why stop there. If God Has an anus, then He Surely Has a penis. And then the question of licking His Precum and swallowing His Semen become activities that the institutions of faith ought to promote as life affirming. [I'm joking.]

Let's begin by looking at the evidence some of the leaders in the world's faith are doing now or were doing in the past. I think by starting there, that will help us determine whether we want to do as they tell us to, or whether we'd rather abstain from rimming as being unhealthful and unnecessary in proving our **loyalty** and **devotion** to anyone, including God.

Praying for love and money is a like rimming God. It's an exchange of what you want for what you believe He Wants. Earning your rewards will be much more gratifying than getting them through trade.

I suppose the question boils down to whether you think of God as a man and whether you think He'D Want to enjoy carnal relationships with His Creations. The next question would naturally flow to whether God Would Want to top or bottom. And from there the questions of rimming and fellatio wouldn't be far behind.

If expressing loyalty and devotion are so passionately practiced in the bedroom and in politics, we ought to ask ourselves whether this is happening between leaders of the world faiths with their followers before we ask ourselves whether this is a practice that Emanates down from Above.

The quick answer is "Yes" and "No." There's a lot of rimming going on in the institutions of faith. If Catholic priests were molesting young boys, then the whole Catholic Church was figuratively molesting the world. I think that's a given. But I don't believe this dangerous practice Emanates down from God.

That's not to say that the Protestant and Orthodox faiths have performed any more admirably. In fact, we all know that Spinoza was excommunicated from Judaism just for rejecting the Old Testament. And Islam has its own list of horror stories that are the result of primitive practices that misinterpret God's Intentions.

Rimming God isn't the way in which I'd like to express my **loyalty** and **devotion** to Him. God Doesn't Need to be

stimulated by me. People need my **love** and **attention**, not my **stimulation**. So, I can give all my **loyalty** and **devotion** in wise and loving ways to humanity, without rimming anybody, literally or figuratively.

As for fellatiating God, I think the life-giving substance in Him is best described as a fire, not a liquid. God's Breath is used in Genesis to describe the life-giving substance within each one of us. And when our own breath stops, we tend to poetically believe that the spirit within us then leaves our body like a flame being extinguished.

I'm fine with that interpretation of scripture. If God Came to Earth as man, then man has certainly used the best and worst of practices to express his **loyalty** and **devotion** to Him. The more we can talk about such matters, the more I think we'll all come to see just how easy it is to take candor from big babies. We don't have to express our faith the way our ancestors did in the past.

Setting Unreasonable Goals

It's unreasonable to ask gay men to give up sodomy. But it's equally unreasonable for men to figuratively screw one another over in an attempt to show their loyalty and devotion to God.

It's unreasonable to ask gay men to stop sucking cocks. But it's equally unreasonable for men to figuratively stimulate the genitalia of one another through unsavory business practices, including advertisements that promise outcomes that are overblown and unrealistic.

It's unreasonable to think of gay men as degenerates when some straights are far sicker and more perverted.

It's unreasonable to ask gay men to not to hold hands or kiss in public when straight men and women allow that for themselves. A country where men can't kiss one another in public is a country where there's a lot of kissing ass, instead.

Lastly, it's unreasonable to ask gay men not to raise children when you look at some of the monsters straight people have brought into this world.

I know that there's a lot of righteous indignation on both sides, but you know you've crossed the line when you're behaving in ways that are maddening. Take it from an expert on madness.

Setting Outrageous Expectations

It's outrageous to suggest there are double standards for gays and straights just because Moses said so. Moses was a homophobe. He wouldn't have had a speech impediment if he could have thought more slowly and carefully before he spoke. Jesus Never Set double standards, although others in the Gospels did. The Prophet Muhammad was a homophobe, too.

Setting outrageous expectations of people today is common, but unwise. Who wants to go back to the way things were. All you have to do is look at history to see how much we've improved our understanding of ourselves over our ancestors. Going back to go forward isn't going to change things for the better. From here we have to continue forward, making this world a place where everyone respects standards that apply to one and all.

The LGBT+ community has been Given the task of showing straights how to meld lust into society in ways that protect children from physical and psychological harm. But because there are so many immature adults who act like children, the job is harder than it looks.

Mrs. Ed

Dedicated to Rachel Maddow. From all the Wilburs out here:

“Hello, I'm Mrs. Ed!”

A horse is a horse of course of course,

and no one can talk to a horse of course.
That is of course unless the horse
is the famous Mrs. Ed!
Go right to the source and ask the horse.
She'll give you the answer that you'll endorse.
She's always on a steady course.
Talk to Mrs. Ed!
People yakkity-yak a streak,
and waste your time of day,
but Mrs. Ed will never speak
unless she has something to say!
A horse is a horse of course of course
and this one'll talk 'til her voice is hoarse.
You've never heard of a talking horse?
Well, listen to this:
"I am Mrs. Ed!"

Some straight people have weird expectations of gays and lesbians. They think all superpowers are the same. If you read the lyrics above, but you couldn't imagine them sung in a high register, you've got unreasonable expectations about lesbians that you can't yet overcome.

Straight people still think gays and lesbians are inhuman just because we express our sexuality differently than them. They can't even imagine that we express our sexuality differently from one another. They watch us in wonder that we can communicate with everyone just like they do, even though we're so "queer."

Well, gay men are like Wilbur and lesbians are like Ms. or Mrs. Ed. We've got a secret that we share easily and openly with one another in the privacy of our "barn/architect office." But when riding around in public, we know how to zip it. If you could talk to women the way gay men can, and do, you'd realize that our secret is out. And if you could listen to Ms. and Mrs. Ed and really hear what they have to

say, you'd be more amazed at their wisdom than at their ability to speak.

We're not the freaks around here. It's the people in television land with unrealistic expectations of others who are frighteningly freakish.

Black Glue

I've had sex with a lot of Black men. So, you might say that I overcame my prejudice against Black people one Black penis at a time.

But there was one Black man who stands out in my memory above all the rest. He was a guy who drove through my neighborhood when I was a young man living in L.A. He called to me from his car window, asking me how to get to Griffith Park, [which was no easy task from the Wilshire District.]

I took one look at him, and I could tell he was interested in going up there to look for sex. So, I decided to ask him if he'd like me to get in and show him the way. Needless to say, I was cute. He was hot. And we did it.

Because it was summertime, the brush in Griffith Park was dry, and there wasn't a whole lot of shade. So, it wasn't like we were going to take off all our clothes and roll around in the thorny grass and brambles. But he had a beautiful cock that I really enjoyed getting down on my knees and sucking.

But when he was about to cum, I jerked him off into my hand. And he then exclaimed with some dismay that I shouldn't have taken his cum in my hand. But I felt it would have been disrespectful to let him shoot on the ground if I didn't let him shoot in my mouth. And besides, holding his warm cum in my hand felt particularly loving, gentle and kind. That's just the kind of guy I am.

Now, however, when I think back to that hot and horny summer day, I see the event somewhat differently. What stands out in my mind is that I looked at the cum in my hand and noticed that it was white. That surprised me somewhere

deep down inside. Although I'd had sex with a lot of Black men before him, they'd always cum in my butt, so I'd never really gotten a look at their cum. When this fellow came in my hand, I guess in the back of my mind I was so naïve that I thought his cum would be black like his skin.

The reason I can tell you this story with the candor I have is because I'm a gay-Jew who's the son of a slave. The White men in Germany who enslaved my father thought that sort of thing would be just fine with God. They didn't care what color my father's skin was. They judged him by his faith.

Even though my father was liberated before I was born, I was indirectly damaged by those White people. But I never held a resentment against them for it. When I went to Germany for the first time, I was **terrified**, not angry. But I met a gay-German and we worked out our parents' issues in bed. That's just how we do **it**.

Because of that, I've never been **angry** at White people for all the ways I was damaged by my father who'd been damaged by White people. I healed the wounds I'd inherited from my father my own way. And I healed America's wounds with Blacks the same way.

The reason I'm telling you this in relation to Black men is that I've always known intellectually that White men have white cum. But emotionally I thought White cum was white because they were White. Sure, I was a bit surprised to discover that Black men have white cum, too. But that made me think about Jewish cum and German cum being just as white. By the way, Brown and Yellow men also have white cum. I find that spiritually interesting. If you're looking for God's Designs, I suggest you look into the details.

I can't imagine that in 33 years of life on Earth, Jesus Never Had a wet dream. What's the point of His Father Having Created Him as a man without Having Given Him the experience of ejaculation?

So, surely Jesus Noticed that His Semen was white, too. And I wouldn't be surprised to learn that He Discovered that other men's semen was white, too.

Surely, it's no coincidence that our Father Chose to spread Christ's Word first through Europe among White people. And it's surely no surprise that some White men think their cum is white because they're so much more special and pure.

But that's just not so. Take it from a gay man who's known all kinds of men in the Biblical sense of The Word.

White Glue

In the spirit of helping men realize what the spiritual glue is that binds all men together, I'd like to start by telling you about Torah as the recreation of Egyptian pyramids in the abstract. Torah is a spiritual triangle in the abstract and a 3D pyramid in society that points us all up to the sky. Torah emanates out of the soul of the Jewish people. The scrolls you see in synagogues are just place holders for the Torah in every Jew's soul, whether or not they've read it.

Granted, people have always thought Jews to be patriarchal, and that's not at all good. But God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Created two other faiths which He Constructed like isosceles trapezoids that point up to the sky as well. Although they don't look like arrows, Islam stand firmly on the ground, and Christianity is firmly lodged between Islam and Judaism.

Torah is constructed upon the main metaphor of Moses described in the first story of Genesis. Moses described man as a tree of knowledge with a talking serpent in his tree. The Creation Story is the story of every man's first orgasm. God Made it very clear that He Didn't Want man to pick the fruits of knowledge of good and evil from His Tree. But every boy who leaves childhood with his first orgasm knows that he couldn't help himself disobey God. Such is the boundary between Eden and life on Earth.

Needless to say, that was God's Idea of reverse psychology. All God Ever Wants is for us to get to know ourselves and glorify His Creation [us]. That should be obvious.

But what's a little more difficult for people to see is that God Reused reverse psychology many times in Torah, the other major incident of great importance today being in Telling us that for a man to love a man is an abomination.

In other words, it's bad enough to know **yourself** in the Biblical sense of The Word. But if you love another **man** as intimately as you love yourself, that would be **completely** unforgivable! Clever, no?

God Is invisible. We can see right through Him. But His Methods and Motives are not. They can be quite opaque. When we look at all scripture, and not just the one we were given by our parents, we increase our perspective on His Awesome Designs.

Of course, we know that God Was Tempting the Jews to do just that because He Sent the Archangel Gabriel to the Prophet Muhammad to construct an isosceles trapezoid that was spiritually larger and more stable to hold up the isosceles trapezoid that Jesus Had Constructed upon which He Held up Torah and the ideals of the Jewish people.

The isosceles triangle of Jesus is constructed upon symbolism: bread and wine. When you realize that you are God's Bread and through your veins flows His Wine, you realize how much you have in common with Jesus [God]. You realize that there's A Method to His Madness.

The Quran is constructed upon 114 similes for God that go from the most obvious at the beginning of their scripture to the least obvious by the end. These 114 similes get wider and spiritually longer as they create a base that's more secure for the spiritual psyche of man, producing an isosceles trapezoid in the abstract for each of us and a Western pyramid of Abrahamic faiths that are meant to point to the sky and to balance the inverted triangle and two isosceles

trapezoids created by the East that point in the opposite direction – to the Earth.

How do we know this? We know it because in a perfect world those two huge triangles would be glued one to the other in the shape of the Star of David in each and every child of God. And in those children whose imagination has been evolved to believe in One God Who Created all of us, they produce the white glue that pastes all the pieces of this puzzle together.

The white glue is the milk of human kindness. In women, it comes out of their breasts as liquid love that nourishes the body of **infants** and **children**. And in men the white glue comes out of their penis as liquid love that nourishes the body of **adolescents** and **adults**.

And how Did God Show us this puzzle that we all need to construct with the help of every person on Earth? He Did it by Sending His Son to Earth to model the use of His Glue in human form: love. Brotherhood is the glue that binds all men and women together.

Christ's Glue is love. It's white. All glue is white. All men use the glue they create in their fruits to produce love that gushes out of them when they're ecstatic about someone they love, even if only briefly in that moment. And the more glue men produce, the more they ought to be able to seal together the two huge, spiritual triangles that look like the Star of David in every child of God to produce peaceful societies around the world that share God's Designs.

Gorilla Glue

My glue is like gorilla glue. It's extremely adhesive. I go on a flight of more than an hour, and the person sitting next to me on the plane becomes a friend for life. In my previous book, *Star Drek [shit]*, I describe the nail polish remover I had to apply to a 10-year relationship with a friend in order to separate myself from him.

My precum is figuratively sticky and viscous. Once I get close to people, I figuratively get a raging hard on and precum starts oozing out of me. Before I even know their name, I've entered them and am penetrating them deeper than they've ever been pierced before. Some people fear me, thinking I'm some sort of weird form of home robber who wants to steal something out from under them. But I'm really quite harmless if you're aware of how enlightenment brightens up everything in and around you.

If you'd like to learn how to do what I do to yourself, here are a few tips:

1. If your face and body are ugly, you're probably into getting rimmed. People won't be easily or often attracted to you sexually. Therefore, you may get bitter and cynical over time at the lack of sex you've had. Therefore, you probably spread your legs to let people know that they can appease you in other ways. I suggest you learn to sit down and cross your legs. You're never going to get what you want the way you're going. Read my book, How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallion. That will help you differentiate between those two holes south of the border.
2. If you've got a small penis or a big vagina, you're probably going to compensate by talking too much. Penetrating people with words are your bullets. Be careful you don't get your hands on the equivalent of a tommy gun. You may become dangerously egotistical. Read my book Star Drek: A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet. That will help you see that you, too, are full of shit.
3. If your chest is too small and you're female, or it's too big and fleshy if you're male, you probably had problems during puberty adjusting to reality as you

entered the world of sexuality. You've got problems with your heart and soul. You give your milk in inappropriate ways. Read my book Home Schooled: why my inner child refuses to go to college. That'll teach you how to parent your inner child.

4. If your self-esteem is so low that you have to rim everyone you meet, you're a hopeless romantic who wants to French kiss the hard way, by sticking your tongue up their ass until you're licking their tongue without them having had to open their mouth. Read my book It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device that Emits It. That will help you to differentiate between your **tongue** and your **dick**.

Spreading Legs

If you spread a woman's legs apart, what you see between them are two holes. Out of one of the holes comes **life**. Out of the other hole comes **death**. Straight men are usually attracted to the hole out of which life emerges. And straight men like to contribute to that creation and production of life with a milk of their own.

If you spread a man's legs apart, what you see between them are two holes. Out of one of the holes emerges a glue that figuratively greases the wheel and later a milk that can literally help create life. Out of the other hole comes death. Gay men are attracted to both holes in men. Gay men have a thirst for milk. And gay men have a hunger to feed the celebration of life that ends with death.

Sodomy is a symbolic way to add more life to death. Sodomy is our way of celebrating death as an extension of the mystery and mastery of life. Sodomy is our way of maintaining our faith in life after life. It's our way of defying the horrors of death with a lust for life everlasting.

When we open our legs to another man, we're opening our heart and soul to God, as well. We're opening ourselves

to our faith in a faith that proclaims that God Made everyone in His Image. We're opening ourselves to hope in the spiritual efforts of all mankind.

It was easy for God to tell Moses that he couldn't look at His Face, or he'd die. Moses was a homophobe. Surely, if he'd looked God in The Face and saw how much He Loved him, It Would Have Killed him. Instead, God Let him look at His Heal as He Past by. I'm convinced that was a clue to us that Moses had an Achille's heal: homophobia, which is always a projection of self-hate.

It was easy for Jesus to defy Moses by insinuating to the ancient Jews that His Father's Face Didn't Frighten Him in the least. Jesus Never Said anything against abortion or homosexuality. It was only the men around him who made such horrible proclamations. Jesus Wasn't Afraid of His Father's Love. And He Wasn't Afraid of the life [baby] that comes out of a woman or the death [shit] that comes out of everybody every day of their life.

Jesus Certainly Was a man, but He May Have Also Been An Aspect of God. Either way, it's vital that the secret of His Glue cements humanity together in a way that no one can deny.

My Literary Lobotomy

I thought I found a literary agent for this book. She's a brilliant thinker. I know so because she called me a **genius** and a **unicorn**. She only had one criticism with my writing, but she expressed her reservation tactfully. She insinuated that what I need is a lobotomy.

Well, when I figured out what she was trying to tell me, I was, at first, shocked, to say the least. When people you've never met in person tell you they can't understand what you're saying in writing because you talk too fast – that means you've got to slow down.

So, I took her advice and gave myself a lobotomy. And I can't tell you what an improvement this has made to my **righting** process! She was so, "**Write on!**"

If you, too, think too fast and you'd like to learn how to lobotomize yourself to slow yourself down, let me begin by telling you that I strongly encourage you to do so!

Please don't think that I'm changing the subject, but this brings to mind a girlfriend I had when I went to L.A. City College in my twenties. She'd been in a relationship with a guy who figured out he was gay while he was dating her, and she wanted me to meet him. She thought the two of us would hit it off.

She was married by the time she decided to play matchmaker, so we arranged to go out on a double date. We met in front of her ex-boyfriend's house and the three of us walked in together.

I have to slow down my telling of this story by describing something I wasn't prepared for when I took one look at the guy. After introductions, I turned to my girlfriend and her husband and asked them who he reminded them of that the three of us knew. They had **no** idea, but it was **very** clear to me. He reminded me of me! I found him very attractive. But I'd never had an experience like that before. It was quite a turn on.

Well, the reason I brought this guy up in this story about a lobotomy is because he only had one leg. He took L.S.D. one night during a storm and decided to take his motorcycle out for a ride while tripping. He got into an accident and that's how he lost his leg. Acid figuratively burned off one of his legs. He lobotomized the wrong end of himself.

Excuse me for taking another detour, but I have to tell you something about sex with him that I can't resist sharing with you. He and I slept together a couple of times. It was the second time we were in bed together that I decided to get up the courage to touch his stump. I figured if I could be so intimate as to French kiss him and suck his cock, I should

get up the courage to touch his stump. I felt common courtesy required that much from me.

As we were kissing, I slowly sent my hand down his waist, past his hips and down his leg. But then something horrible happened. I reached his knee! I was on the wrong leg, and I had to start all over again on the other side.

All this was a literary detour I wanted to share with you for a reason. Remember, the point of this story is about how to lobotomize yourself, not how to have intimate sex with an amputee. But from my experience with him, I'll never forget the feeling of literally holding a man's pain and suffering in the palm of my hand.

You can do that yourself now by cupping your brain tenderly as you separate the seam between two halves of your brain using your imagination. Your brain should be very valuable to you. You want to protect your mind from all forms of harm. You never want to lose it.

Walking around on an artificial leg for the rest of your life because of something stupid you did in your youth is one way to slow yourself down. I don't recommend you use the technique that fellow used. The outcomes of his self-hate and mine were very different. I only have a small scar by my left eye as the result of glass that cut me when I drove my car off the cliff. [God Has a weird sense of humor by which He Delivers His Punch Lines.]

So, I suggest you figuratively lobotomize yourself to make the separation between the two halves of your brain more distinct by thinking about what you're thinking about so that you can reflect on your actions from either hemisphere of your brain. That will give you the impression that you're looking in a mirror inside in which you can see an opposite side to every issue you raise. That will help you move through denial. And it will make you more judicious.

The bridge between the two halves of the brain is called: the great longitudinal fissure. It's the deep groove that separates the two cerebral hemispheres of the brain in

vertebrates. The two sides of the brain are joined at the bottom by the corpus callosum. The corpus callosum connects the two halves of the brain and delivers messages from one half to the other.

So, when Dr. Jekyll got stuck in his head, it was the **bottom** [the bottom of his brain] that literally connected him to the other side of himself. I find that poetically fascinating when you give greater thought to the spiritual importance of sodomy with regard to Mr. Hyde screwing him over.

As you contemplate your own denial, you'll soon discover that there are thoughts beneath your thoughts; feelings beneath your feelings; and beliefs beneath your beliefs. There are a whole host of spiritual forces echoing within you. To stop this tin can affect inside that can reverberate all sorts of maddening thoughts, feelings and conclusions, all you need to remember is that the walls of your head are padded on outside.

It's called hair. Dampening down the irritating effects of other people's thoughts, feelings and beliefs to keep them from getting in and bouncing back and forth inside of you like an echo is no more difficult than growing your hair long. That's what hippies did in my generation to think for themselves rather than follow society mindlessly.

But when the hippies lost their hair in older age, they were forced to create a filter in their mind that would soften the reverberations on their skull from the inside.

You'll need to do the same by creating a padded wall for your cell, too. You don't want to bang your head against a wall all your life. That's what that guy who took that acid trip must still be doing 45 years later.

My prospective agent didn't know how to tell me that my literary efforts needed editing from the inside out. She was having difficulty understanding my concepts. She didn't know how to tell me that I was in a prison cell with cement walls, not the padded cell of someone in an insane asylum who can't hurt himself or others. She didn't want me to

worry unduly about talking too fast and upsetting my readers.

Now, I give myself a lobotomy every six weeks, like a haircut that neatens up and frames my whole face. Now I prune myself as needed like a tree in winter. Now I edit what I'm saying before it goes out of my head into my fingertips and then out onto the page.

And the added joy in doing this it that I don't have to worry anymore about what's spewing forth from other people's mouth. That's really not something I can control, anyway. We all have to suffer through denial.

Venting

A lot of people just want to vent. They aren't interested in solving problems. Solutions to problems don't solve their problems. Their problems are internal. The external problems they talk about aren't what they need to be talking about. They need something you and I can't envision. They need a spiritual guide.

Trying to solve their internal problems is a waste of our valuable time. What we resist having to them is that they're complaining about living on a dementia ward where there are no locks on the door. They really ought to be more realistic! That's never going to happen.

When God Brings me good books that present problems that can't be solved, I naturally have to ask myself why God Would Do that to me. What's His Point? Why Would He Send me down onto a Möbius strip that's nothing more than an endless loop?

The answer to this question revealed the meaning of my life. That mission began with getting a hobby so that eternal life wouldn't hang heavy on my hands.

For me, life as a school for comedians. If I don't see the jokes, I'm not going to leave here laughing. And if I can't laugh at humanity, I'm never going to be able to laugh at myself, either.

If I can graduate this school with a smile on my face, I'll receive my Ph.D. in The Human Comedy. I now believe that only comedians conquer this world joyously. Everybody seeks reasons to laugh. Everybody wants to enjoy life.

Spiritually Sick

There are many Republicans who are spiritually sick. They believe the White lie that elections are being stolen if they lose them. They believe that a man whose name is "Q" is exposing pedophiles and cannibals in government, a mission Donald Trump has taken on to try to defeat. They don't believe gay people are no different than straight people. They believe big black guns will save the world.

There are many Democrats who are spiritually sick, too. They don't believe there is A God. They don't believe that Israel is the land of milk and honey He Gave to the Jews. They believe they can do no wrong to themselves if they only focus on helping others.

Donald Trump said, "There are fine people on both sides." What he didn't say is that there are spiritually sick people on both sides, too.

All thieves are spiritually sick. All anti-Semites are spiritually sick. All anti-Zionists are spiritually sick. And all traitors to America, like Roger Stone, are spiritually sick, even if they happen to be Jewish.

The Romans were spiritually sick. The Jews who were glad the Romans killed Jesus were spiritually sick. The Jews who participated in slavery in this country were spiritually sick. And the Jews who believe that God Hates gay people are spiritually sick.

There are Jews on either side who are spiritually sick. My parents were Holocaust survivors who were spiritually sick. My siblings are spiritually sick. And if this is true for Jews, this must be true for everyone unless you believe that Jews are different from all other people.

We're God's Chosen, Chosen to show the world that we're all in this together, Jew and gentile, gay and straight, the physically whole with physical amputees.

I was spiritually sick for a long, long time, myself. But I've been Healed. And I'm still gay, and I'm still Jewish. But I'm not nearly as spiritually sick as I once was.

“Bury Me in my Overalls”

by

Malvina Reynolds

Bury me in my overalls.
Don't use my gabardines.
Bury me in my overalls
or in my beat-up jeans.
Give my suit to Uncle Jake.
He can wear it at my wake,
and bury me in my overalls.
The undertaker will get my dough.
The grave will get my bones,
and what is left will have to go
for one of those granite stones.
But this suit cost me two weeks' pay,
so let it live another day,
and bury me in my overalls.
The grave it is a quiet place.
There is no labor there.
And I will rest more easily
in the clothes I always wear.
This suit was made for warmer climes,
holidays and happy times,
so bury me in my overalls.
I gave a hand to clear the land
and make the cities rise.
I helped to bring the harvest in
and lay the railroad ties.

I boomed about from East to West,
It's time I had a little rest,
so bury me in my overalls.
And when I get to Heaven
where They Tally work and sin,
They'll Open up Those Pearly Gates
and Holler, "Come on in!
A workin' stiff like you, We Know,
has had his share of Hell below,
so come to glory in your overalls!"

Malvina Reynolds is one of my dearest friends, even though she was born in 1900 and died in 1978 before I'd ever listened to any of her magnificent songs. It's funny how some of the people who feel know you the best are people you've never even met. It's also a little sad that those who claim to know you well may not have a clue who you really are.

My Favorite Words

Intimacy with another person is the result of intimacy with yourself. The **more** you yearn for intimacy with others, the **more** you need to dive down within. The **less** you yearn for intimacy with others, the **more** you need to dive down within.

Do you even know what your favorite words are? I have three favorite words. The first is: **specific**. **Specific** is like **pacific** on ice skates. The word **pacific** zooms across the frozen lake of communication, slips and falls on its ass. Try to be pacific while talking to yourself and others. That will magically help you become more specific. Your tongue will move about in your mouth more slowly.

The other two words that I'm very fond of can be used in conjunction with one another: **cottage** and **cheese**. **Cottage Cheese** is a combination of curds that are rich in fats. You aren't going to appreciate these two words unless

you say them slowly putting great physical emphasis on the “**ge**” of cottage and the “**ch**” of cheese: “cottage **cheese**”. ge-ch, ge-ch, ge-ch. Your tongue is the little engine that could.

If you’re not a word lover, you’re going to have to look around for what it is you do love. It would be a shame to die, meet your Maker and not have anything to tell Him if He Should Happen to asks you what you liked best about the life He Gave you.

Prepare for the big questions now. You’ll never regret it.

Touching Yourself in Public.

Stroke your hair.

Stroke your arms and chest if you’re male.

Put your hand lovingly on your waist if you’re a woman.

And then touch somebody else.

Hell,

you can even blow your nose in public

without embarrassing yourself anymore.

You don’t need your mother for that, either.

Previous Books

23. **Star-Drek**
A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet
22. **It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco...**
A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device
that Emits It
21. **How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by
Intensifying Your Orgasms**
A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild
Stallions
20. **Lampshade for the Light**
of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year
19. **Call Me Glinda**
a book for friends of Dorothy
18. **Home Schooled**
why my inner child refuses to go to college
17. **Lazy Susan**
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought
16. **Your Buddha Within**
Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian
Who Yearns for Peace of Mind
15. **Playing god With God**
Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself
14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**
Volume 1 High Lights

Volume 2 **LAND:** How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet

Volume 3 **SEA:** How to Love Life

Volume 4 **SEA:** How to Love Life

Volume 5 *Sky:* How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 6 *Sky:* How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 7 **Flames:** How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. **A Guest at Their Table**

My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:

Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body

Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood

Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**

Torah For Straight People

Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You

Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers
and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**

Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**

89 Poems of My Love for Me

If you suffer from penis envy, I recommend you read my books in the reverse order in which I wrote them [23-1]. In this way, you'll be able to see everything I didn't know previously that you now do. You'll be able to absorb the details of my ideas like semen that explodes in you like pop rocks. Using this order, Given to me by God **retrospectively**, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me as a sexual act with many climaxes that you won't have to feel guilty for experiencing, even if you're married or in a committed relationship with another person.

You'll be able to enjoy the process of reading like phone sex with many happy endings that will never leave you literally dirty with another person's hands groping all over you.

If you **don't** suffer from penis envy, I recommend you read my books in the order I wrote them [1-23]. In this way, you'll be able to see everything I learned in the order it Was Revealed to me by God. You'll be able to read about the details behind my ideas as they exploded into print on the page. Using this order, Given to me by God **chronologically**, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me in a way you won't have to feel in any way guilty about.