

It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco...

A Philosophic Look at Semen
And the Delivery Device that Emits It

By
Barry Emanuel Zeve

The Misanthrope's Guide to the Universe
That's what I should have called this book.

I hate people!
I need them, but I hate them.
I don't believe that
"people who **love** people
are the luckiest people in the world."
I'm only kind and pleasant to people because
I believe it's the right thing to do.
And I don't feel guilty about it in the least.
I haven't "**left** my heart in San Francisco"
because I'm still here after 30 years.
I've **bequeathed** my heart to San Francisco.
I owe it to the people of San Francisco
to reveal the secrets within me
that I've learned from living here.

My head is somewhat like Oakland.
My heart is similar to Berkeley.
But my penis looks just like San Francisco.
This book is about the City I love within me.
It's about how my beliefs infuse me
with my own life-giving substance.
I thank God that I am who I am,
where I am,
even though I still have a tendency to be anxious
about the stranger within me
and the strangers around me
who try to fuck me over every single day of my life.
This book isn't a song
I'm singing to you from my heart...
So, please don't read it
if you're trying your best to love people.
It would only upset you.

I Dedicate This Book to Homeless People Everywhere.

I was once almost homeless.
I was looking around for a freeway overpass to live under.
If my mom hadn't paid my rent
and if I hadn't gone to General Hospital
to seek psychiatric medications again,
I'd be where the homeless are now.

Fortunately,
I was able to get off psychiatric medications
21 years ago,
after 25 years on them.
I've been able to contemplate **existential** home-lessness.
I've been able to question my life in spiritual ways
that have worked out well for me over time.

I don't pretend I'm going to be
living in San Francisco forever.
I now look back on my life
with good reasons for an eternal reward
because I feel like I deserve one.
Without having found very good reasons to love **myself**,
I could never have expected to end up as happy with me
as I now am.

How to Think About Thinking

Don't believe everything you think.

Your mind works in code.

The words on the screen in your mind
are the result of the code that runs you.

If you want to break your own code to reprogram yourself,
you'll have to get beneath the words
you use to think with.

If you want to know yourself better,
and why you're anxious,
you'll have to go further down into yourself
to look at yourself from the inside further in.

But you can't literally take off the back of your head
to get to the operating system that runs you.

So, you ought to learn how to be yourself
as though you were operating a technical device.

San Francisco is the spiritual summit
above a Silicon Valley within me.

For a moment,

imagine I'm a technical instrument
in the process of being assembled.

I don't just have a chip on my shoulder.

I'm not just a chip off the old block.

I'm the **chip** in me that makes me, **me**.

If you knew how all spiritual chips are figuratively formed,
you could operate yourself with the precision and accuracy
of that phone you lovingly hold in your hand.

You're a complex, spiritual device,
figuratively speaking.

You're a new generation of human being
who has the potential to create
many of the wonderful things
you imagine in your mind.

The secret lies in expanding your imagination

using attention to the words you utter **in** loud.
Once you can apply a more vivid imagination
to everything you think,
your ability to infuse yourself
with greater love will emerge.
Your ability to upload new apps to your
Spiritual Operating System
[S.O.S.]
will make you more powerful
than you could have ever thought possible.

Power emanates out from within.
When you understand how to plug yourself in,
turn yourself on,
and operate yourself fully,
you discover a connection to humanity and God
you didn't experience before.
But don't confuse that power with love for mankind.
Loving yourself is something entirely different.

Once Upon a Time

there was a boy named Adam
who lived in a small room upstairs
in his best friend's house.

Adam was seven days older than StEve.
They shared a garden
in which there was an apple tree.

One day,
StEve went outside to play
and discovered another boy in the garden.

His name was Richard,
Dick, for short.

Dick lived at the other end of the property.

Dick had shimmied up the apple tree,
and was standing upright on a branch that held his weight.

Dick started to sing to get StEve's attention.

And StEve instantly fell in love with
the thrilling combination of melody [good] and lyrics [evil]
that poured forth from Dick's mouth.

So StEve enticed Adam to come out
to hear Dick's song, too.

The three of them have been friends ever since.
As American boys who grew up to become men,
they can all ardently declare that they love their
country, mom and apple pie.

But to this day Adam and StEve secretly recall
the ecstasy they experienced
that spring day when they met Dick,
and all the apples they enjoyed that first Fall.

The Summer of Self-Love

The summer of your love for you
comes between 12:00-4:00 p.m. daily,
figuratively speaking.
You didn't miss anything by not being in San Francisco
between June and October 1967 for
the Summer of Love.

Every word you utter is like
the tip of an iceberg or flame.
That gives you poetic license to dream big.
But if you don't dive down
below the waterline of consciousness,
you'll get stuck in the superficiality of your own words
and get burned by the lava
that flows up from your core
deep down inside of you.

This book is a series of lessons
that will teach you how to see yourself without a mirror.
It'll teach you to dance with yourself like a partner,
carve yourself like a sculpture
and turn your body into a canvas
that will portray a hopeful vision of tomorrow.

I'm an American **writer** who **rights** in a way
that goes beyond the conventional use of language.
I'm speaking directly to the **you** inside of you.
I'm speaking to your soul from my penis [Richard].
But I'll be referring to what emanates out of your
head [Adam] and heart [StEve],
as well.

This book is the story of the juice of two apples [testicles]
that changed the life of Adam and StEve forever.
And I'm the Dick who's going to tell it.

So Far,
these are just fanciful words.
And we all know how good
men are at sweet-talking anyone,
male [y] or female [x],
to get what we want.
I'm not making promises to impress you.
The proof is in the pudding.
This book is a mixture of applesauce and pudding.
Bon Appetit!

Institute of Gemology

My parents were like jewelers,
and I was their diamond in the rough.
I lay helplessly in their hands in infancy.
One held the hammer; the other, the chisel.
And they struck me again and again
in an effort to create myriad facets that would shine.
Their goal was to turn me into an outward sign
of their love and promise of fidelity to one another.

But when they divorced,
my mom continued to cut me
into the shape of the diamond in the ring
she'd received from my dad.

Sadly, I didn't end up with a radiance
that reflected the best of her light.

I was flawed from the start.

I couldn't shine like other people.

I was lackluster and dull inside.

Even my parents could see that
from my dimwitted glow.

If you looked at me up close as though with a loop,
you'd have seen that I'd been shattered into little pieces,
even though I looked whole in everyday settings.
I didn't know this about myself for a very long time.

I secretly thought I was brilliant.

I felt precious in some way I couldn't explain.

I really believed I could sparkle like a jewel.

When you discover you're not the gemstone
you thought you were,

what can you do about it **then**?

When people have treated you

like dirt under their nails,

or ground under their feet,

it gives you pause.

But **I** now know that I'm worth more than I thought before.

The Geography of Home

San Francisco looks like my penis in erection.
The South Bay looks like my testicles
that retract after I get an erection.
Berkeley sits in the East Bay
like a belly button that's an in-y.
And Oakland is definitely an out-y.

Everybody knows the Bay Area is situated far below
America's Bible belt.

Our geography even gives it away.

We're everything rightwing Christians despise.

We live in a place that geographically looks obscene.

Therefore, they think everything we think is obscene.

Maybe that's why young people flock here.

I came here attracted to a particular penis
that made me fall in love with that whole man,
although I didn't associate the look of this peninsula
with my love for him at the time.

I only thought of myself as one more orphan
who'd found his way into this orphanage for wayward kids.

Here, I licked my wounds at having been
rejected, abandoned and banished by family.

Here, I acted out against all unauthorized authority figures
who got me down
or forced me down.

Unless we suffer a massive earthquake in San Francisco,
one that feels like another one of
God's Orgasms Has Cum upon us,
like the San Francisco earthquake of 1904,
I'm going to continue to plow on,
infusing my notions of love and justice
into this, anything but virgin-like, world.

Table of Contents

The Misanthrope's Guild to the Universe
I Dedicate This Book to Homeless People Everywhere
How to Think About Thinking
Once Upon a Time
The Summer of Self-Love
So Far
Institute of Gemology
The Geography of Home

| | |
|---|----|
| Preamble | A |
| Opening | D |
| Overture | E |
| Introduction | G |
| Good Morning, Sunshine! | 1 |
| Getting Up in the Morning | 4 |
| Trip to the Bathroom | 6 |
| Keren Verses Zeve | 7 |
| Emanuel Verses Emanuel | 9 |
| The Three Stooges | 11 |
| The 5 th Commandment | 12 |
| The Second Tablet | 17 |
| No Apologies | 19 |
| Sonoma County | 21 |
| More of my Story | 26 |
| I am an "Abominable" Gay-Jew | 27 |
| God's Anonymous Nature | 30 |
| Berkeley | 33 |
| Oakland | 38 |
| Hyper-Religious Republicans | 44 |
| Capital Punishment | 70 |
| The Difference Between Math and English | 79 |
| P.C. | 80 |
| Berkeley Is the New Jerusalem | 83 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Gay Mecca | 90 |
| The Castro | 94 |
| Israel | 104 |
| The Rothschilds Then and Now | 109 |
| 69 Verses 96 | 114 |
| Ego | 122 |
| The “z” Factor | 124 |
| 67% | 126 |
| Bowling for the Blind | 131 |
| The Labyrinth I Saunter | 136 |
| Jewish Dancer | 137 |
| Protecting My Holy Land From Terrorists | 139 |
| Sermon on a Promised Land | 144 |
| Marrying Myself | 150 |
| 3 rd Commandment | 153 |
| The Joy in Having a Penis That Speaks for Itself | 161 |
| The Me in me | 168 |
| Larry Died in Berkeley | 172 |
| Depression | 174 |
| Hope | 185 |
| Righter’s Block | 188 |
| Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word | 191 |
| Getting Cozy | 192 |
| Home-lessness | 197 |
| My Chicken: Lily-Ann | 199 |
| Oakland Verses San Francisco | 203 |
| Jesus Loves San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland | 207 |
| Meet the People Walking Tours | 212 |
| Laundry Lesson 101 | 215 |
| Living Among People Who Look Different | 217 |
| Order Outside the Court | 220 |
| The Secret to Fire | 221 |
| Breaking Through My Broken Record | 226 |
| Becoming a Winner | 242 |
| Keeping the Sabbath Holy | 244 |
| My Lesbian Cousin’s Wife | 248 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| A Brief History of My Matriarchal Past | 252 |
| A Chosen Person | 253 |
| Toilet Paper | 255 |
| The Ties That Bind | 256 |
| Kick Your Own Can Down the Road | 257 |
| No Nickel | 260 |
| Request | 265 |

Previous Books

Preamble

This is the 21st book I've written. I self-published all my previous books. Hundreds of book agents and publishers have rejected all my previous works.

But I'm not deterred. I've been **rejected** by the literary world, **betrayed** by my family and, as a gay man, **conspired** against by my country. And yet, these bumps on the road of my life have only taught me to drive more slowly and carefully to save my chassis from further damage and stress. And because I'm still vain about the vehicle I've been Given after almost 70 years in it, I've chosen to take the hints, go slower and make this journey last until the sweet [or bitter] end.

I think the reason why book agents haven't offered to sign me up as a client and publishers haven't wanted to publish my ideas isn't because of what I've said, but because they couldn't anticipate what I was going to say next. I think they thought I might disappoint the public by saying things people wouldn't be ready to hear.

If you tell some people something they aren't ready to hear, they're **shocked**. Others look at the same thing with **surprise**. Only a few will simply shake their head at what you've said in sad **agreement**.

Dull people want to be spoon-fed ideas they can swallow without chewing. But intelligent people want to bite into and chew on new ideas. They want to munch on something crunchy [resistant], salty [wise] and sweet [loving] they haven't tried before. They're hungry for food-for-thought, not the pablum they've been served in the past. They're up for an adventure in mindfulness.

The awakened like the idea of a queen who knows she can't move like a knight, but who'll tell players what it means to move across the chessboard in every way except like prince charming. We've all been burned by guys who come across looking like a prince but end up behaving like a spiritual pauper.

I'm human. I'm frail. I'm defective. I'm not just a flaming queen. I'm an old hippy who wanders the streets of San Francisco contemplatively, even after all these years, looking at how the City has grown.

If you think your bitterness and disappointments in life are adequate to understand where I'm coming from, I challenge you to read this book from cover to cover. It isn't that expensive, that long or that hard to read.

The 4th Commandment [Keep the Sabbath holy] just means "Don't waste time." You aren't going to be here forever.

Now I'm about to change the subject in an unexpected, direction. I'm going to tell you about myself.

I was a professional ballet dancer. Then, I became a junior high school English teacher. After getting too old to dance and after teaching kids and young adults for ten years – while locking horns with one school administration after another – I went into business with boyfriend #1, in the field of market research. Larry and I were lovers and business partners for 14 years. We were the "Barry and Larry" team. And our market research company was called "Blarry House Research."

The consequence of my experiences in life have given me a rare understanding of my body through the discipline of **dance**. I've had an unusually profound proximity to juvenile behavior from **teaching** young people. [Kids will teach you the darndest things!] And from the **business** world I made enough money, so I don't have to be anxious about my ship reaching harbor in old age.

I'm not rich. But I'm not in need of cash, either. So, you won't have to be anxious about your wallet while reading my words. I'm not about to tell you how to spend your hard-earned money.

And because I've been in a monogamous relationship for more than ten years with boyfriend #2 [Will], you don't have

to be anxious about protecting your penis and anus from me. At least not literally... But even figuratively speaking, my goal isn't to screw you over.

What I have to say has to do with the relationship between my head [Oakland], heart [Berkeley] and penis [San Francisco] **figuratively** speaking. If you hadn't noticed that San Francisco looks like a penis, we should start there. The third-person nominative pronoun "**it**" always refers to the penis, whether you're talking to a princess or a queen. In this one way, all gay minds think alike.

I have the dubious honor of being able to make the claim that I'm a world class expert on **insanity** because I tried to kill myself **three times!** But I also make the claim that I can teach you how to operate yourself like a technical device or a self-driven vehicle despite my previous expertise in destructive behavior. I believe I know something you could use to get what you want out of this sometimes seemingly God-Forsaken world.

Therefore, it might be worth your while to read, let's say, until chapter 1, page 1, "Good Morning, Sunshine!" That's only about five more pages from this one. You can read that much further, can't you? You can nibble at these hors d'oeuvres I'm serving before the main meal is brought to the table. Surely, you're hungrier for self-knowledge than you **think...**

Don't confuse me with any of the other old hippies who now sing, "**king** of the road." I'm singing to His Majesty. I'm not the **subject** of any king. And I'm not an **object**, either. I'm subjective when it comes to me, and I'm objective when it comes to others. And that's just the way I like **it**.

I'm a **queen**. My mother is dead. My sisters stole my inheritance. Larry cheated on me with his former boyfriend. And, yet I couldn't be more at peace with the way things

have turned out. Larry and his previous boyfriend are both dead, and I got to walk away with half Larry's money.

I'm 69, have a great bod and a fantastic sex life with Will, a Catholic who's 12 years younger than me. I'm also spiritually rich in that I've been able to spend my retirement years writing books about literary interpretations of the world's scriptures that make a lot more sense than the nonsense spouted by most religious leaders.

And, if that's not enough to make you gag, to paraphrase Sally Field's, "I **like** me! I really **like** me...!"

Opening

If you live in the Bay Area, you already know that this isn't a place where people are known to behave traditionally, dress formally or speak shyly. There's a certain overlap of intention we share here that we take for granted when talking to one another. But if visitors don't share that understanding with us or they step outside the bounds of it, we tend to be blunt about the principles we espouse and live by.

Just look at our Congresswoman, Nancy Pelosi. She's like Lot's wife. [Genesis 19] She's a pillar of salt [wisdom]. She's a traditional Catholic woman who turns around constantly to look back at where she came from.

The politicians the Republicans send to Washington are all like towers of Babel [dicks]. [Genesis 11] Every one of them suffers penis envy. They just want to erect their little tower to Trump's egotistical power. They're slavedrivers working for "the man" in the hopes of being able to lick his precum [power] before he fucks over the nation a second time. They all babble like babies. They've got no solutions to offer the poor and disenfranchised. They're liars and thieves. What's more, they don't feel the least bit guilty about what they're doing.

San Francisco is called the gay Mecca, but it's also the Sodom and Gomorrah of the modern era. Here, we care about how people treat one another in bed, not just how it's

going for them in polite society. Here, we care about welcoming strangers [angels in disguise] with open arms and sensuous glances. We're not ashamed of being influenced by both progressive gay-Jews like me and more traditional gay non-Jews like Will.

Here in the Bay Area, we've eradicated Republicanism entirely from our midst politically. Republicanism had been like a disease that ate away at the foundation of our lifestyle. But now we've cut it out completely. **And** we've been fully vaccinated from superstition and hyper-religiosity, as well. We've disembarked from that ship of fools. The Republicans aren't coming back to our port anytime soon. We survived the black plague those rats brought to our shores, and we're glad of it.

We have Democrats here on both sides of the aisle who live more or less peacefully with one another. We don't have to deal with dirty politics anymore. Thank God! One less anxiety to worry about.

Here, we know that this country would do much better if there was no Republican Party. We know that America would be far better off with a **one**-party system. There's enough room in our tent for a wide range of sensible ideas and solutions.

Good **sense** and sympathetic **sensibilities** aren't characteristics of the Republican platform anymore [if they ever were]. By comparing and contrasting how we live here to how life is unfolding in places like Idaho, Missouri, Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Texas, you can see why we're so grateful to be here, despite the **horrific** challenges of litter and homelessness we have to face on a daily basis... [Not!]

Overview

This book is about spirituality. It's about the fundamental operating principles that drives every human being as told by a Dick. By the time you read to the end,

you'll know more about yourself than you do now. And isn't that the topic that most interests everybody? If you die not having come to know yourself, you've missed the greatest stranger God Brought into your life to befriend.

I'm not a religious person. I don't go to synagogue anymore even though I'm Jewish. I don't go to church anymore even though Will works in a Catholic church. And although I've been to mosques to pray, too, I don't go there anymore, either.

I tried praying **standing** up like a Jew. I tried praying **kneeling** like a Christian. And I tried getting **down** on all four like a Muslim.

As a ballet dancer, I thought it would be important for me to move through all three of these religious positions. There are positions in ballet, too, so I wasn't surprised to learn that there were positions in prayer. I learned them. I've moved **in** them and **through** them. And I've moved **past** them.

I can spiritually dance standing, kneeling and prostrate with the best of them. It's just a pity that I'm gay and many of them are homophobes... I've asked men in all three of the Abrahamic faiths to take a spiritual romp around the room with me to discuss scripture, but, sadly, they all refused because I have a boyfriend, not a girlfriend. For some reason, they think my ideas would sound a lot better if I slept with women. Don't ask me why.

I see the Abrahamic faiths as an edifice with the Jews on the ground floor; the Christians on the second story; and the Muslims in the penthouse. I see paradise as the roof garden that the Muslims insist only **they** have access to because they live on the third story with the highest view.

I see Heaven as what the Christians think lies above their ceiling and Hell as what they think they'll find below their floor. So, I can see why Jews and Muslims in the building feel insulted by Christian conclusions about the afterlife.

I can also see that the Orthodox Jews are ignorant of the Hindus who live in our basement, the religious foundation of the entire edifice. The Orthodox Jews don't want to go down there. None of the hyper-religious do. They think it's dark and dingy in our Abrahamic basement. They think there's no light coming from God into Hinduism, even though Hinduism was Blessed with the foundation for the whole building.

What a pity, the hyper-religious Jews are only **wise**... What a pity the hyper-religious Christians are only **loving**... And what a pity the hyper-religious Muslims are only **loyal** to God... Just think what a world this could be if everyone chose to be wise, loving and loyal to **themselves**! Think how much we could venerate the One God Who Created us all if we could appreciate ourselves and what God Gave each of us to share with one another.

People ought to learn to contemplate their navel with the discernment the Hindus use to contemplate the efforts of the blind men who touched The Elephant in every room.

The Buddhists ought to use their faith in themselves to help everyone achieve greater faith in God. I'm the Dick who's made it to Nirvana. And I can tell you that the Buddha now believes in God, too.

And if the Taoists, who apply the **yin** of their *inner* world to the **yang** of their *outer* world, would only teach the whole world what they know about paradox, people would be able to behave much better than they're doing now. Their 16 gods and goddesses are just an exercise in self-sodomy if you ask me. And I know quite a bit about that!

Introduction

There's a price to pay for everything. Even rewards in life have price tags attached to them.

I started out as a bud that turned into a flower child. From there, I became a fruit. But I was green, unripened and

inedible. It took decades on the vine for me to turn the grape juice in my veins into cognac. You have no idea how many bottles of vinegar I had to throw away in my effort to turn myself into fine wine. Cynicism is not the answer.

Life is really all about going in two directions: good and evil. If you take the road of goodness, you arrive at Christ's Love of Himself that He Shined out onto humanity. But if you take the road of evil – make mistakes, correct them, apologize and atone for what you've done wrong – you become wise. So don't throw Moses in the bullrushes or Baby Jesus out with the bathwater.

I'm not that loving a person. But I've made a hell of a lot of mistakes that have wizened me up considerably. And now you know where I'm cuming from.

I'm too old to be your daddy. Think of me more like your grandpa. If you'd like an older shoulder to cry on, I'm here for you. But if you're afraid I might steal something out from under you, you might as well shut this book now. You're not ready for **self**-enlightenment. You're still searching in the dark for mommy and daddy who left you behind to figure out how to do **it** all by yourself. You're smart enough now to know why they were M.I.A. Let's move on, shall we?

Good Morning, Sunshine!

When I go to bed at night, I put one pillow under my head, and I use another as a teddy bear. I had the teddy bear my dad gave me as a child until I was in my twenties. But when I suffered severe mental illness, I cut off Teddy's head and cut open his stomach to get to the noise he made when you squeezed his belly. And then, after I saw all the compacted straw inside of him, I threw all the parts in the garbage. Once I knew what Teddy looked like on the inside, my curiosity was sated.

I'm sure a psychologist would like to know what was going through my head at the time. What could have been so disturbing that it made me take out my frustrations on my teddy bear?

S/he might begin the conversation by asking me what I thought of my father who bought Teddy for me, rather than ask me to talk about my relationship with my mother, as is usually the case. But I doubt s/he'd ask me about what was going on in my mind as I cut Teddy apart, piece by piece, with a serrated knife.

I don't look like a hippy anymore. I have short hair, no beard, and I don't take drugs. I own a one-bedroom apartment in San Francisco that's now worth well over a million dollars. I've been in two long term relationships with men that together total more than 25 years. And I've been off all psychiatric medications since June 21st, 2000.

I can now admit to you that Teddy was the closest "person" to me my whole life up until I dissected him and then threw him in the trash. I can't say that I held anyone or held onto anything as meaningfully as I held Teddy when I was a kid. Every evening at 8:00 p.m. when I had to go to bed, I fell asleep to the sound of my parents screamed at one another. So, I held Teddy tightly to get him through his fears.

He'd been the only love in my life until I cut off his head. I suppose I just wanted to know what he was thinking. And

when I cut open his chest and belly, I guess I wanted to know how he felt; what he believed; and where the fire in his belly had gone.

And when I completed doing all that and saw that he was like a straw man without spiritual substance or integrity, I didn't know any more than I knew before. So, I threw him away in disgust. But if you ask me why, the only thing I can say is that I must have been frustrated about something at the time.

Of course, I loved my dad very much as a youngster. And I loved my mom, too. But my parents divorced when I was seven. I didn't know it then, but I now know that I don't just come from a broken **home**. I come with a broken **heart**. And they broke it. My search for family has been ongoing all my life.

My search for intimacy, romance, sex and fun was mixed together like oil paints on a palette deep inside me. But I didn't dare apply those colors to the canvas of my life. I was afraid what others might say if I looked, felt and acted different from them. Outer gray corresponded to my inner chartreuse. I was really green with envy inside, but that just made me look shady on the outside.

The Bay Bridge that connects San Francisco [penis] to Oakland [mind] is called the "People's Bridge." But I didn't feel like a person among people most of my life. When I was by myself, I felt alone, singled out and, frankly, in bad company.

I didn't know why I felt so different, and I didn't really question it. I just knew I felt different and left it at that.

I came to San Francisco because I fell in love with Larry, and he lived here. I was 37 years old at the time. But I considered myself a hippy then because of my defiant nature, not because of the music I listened to or the vegetarian food I often ate. Pink Floyd and curry do not a hippy make.

My parents were Holocaust survivors. The 1950's weren't the best of decades for them. You'd think that after surviving Nazis nothing would have gotten them down. In fact, they couldn't have been more miserable **after** the War. And, as we all know, misery loves company.

A lot of the Jewish survivors got married right away. Then, they got to be miserable with someone who could witness their unhappiness. They didn't have to think about the people they'd lost in the War who were irreplaceable.

This world was a horrible, horrible place in those days [so they tell me]. More details we don't need to know. Suffice it to say that some **claim** that family matters more today than it did then. But I don't see it.

When you suffer P.T.S.D. [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder], what they don't tell you is that you're also going to suffer a **Pre**-Traumatic Stress Disorder for the rest of your life. You're going to anticipate stress and lack of orderliness even if there isn't anything bad about to happen. You're going to be **anxious** about what's around the next corner that will get you.

I'm an anxious person. I can't help it. When I can't find a sock after I've taken the wash out of the dryer, I'm tempted to put a poster up on a telephone pole with a picture of the second sock, offering a reward if its matching mate is returned. When I lose my keys, I yearn to call Suicide Prevention. And when my phone acts up or there's a glitch in a program on my computer, I want to shake my fist at God, and whisper under my breath, "How Dare You Treat me with such calloused disregard..."

Teddy was my best friend, my companion and my confidant in the 1950's. But because I was so repressed by bad parenting, I couldn't talk to him in words. I just had to hold him close to my body every night as I allowed my mind to slowly give up its grip on consciousness, sanity and life as I was forced to live it then, one painful day at a time. As I

went to the place each night that has no name, Teddy was by my side – literally and figuratively.

Today, I know a little more about myself than I did then. Today, I know that the pillow I hold close to my body at night is a recreation of my mother's amniotic fluid. Thin air doesn't make me feel well held anymore. It never really did. I'm secretly terrified of flying with wings. I anticipate that would make me nauseous. Blankets aren't enough to keep me warm and cozy at night. I need a down pillow against my body wrapped tightly in my arms. I need someone to hold, protect and console. But not even a pillow offers enough pressure to give me the feeling that I'm back in my mom's womb, safe and sound.

That, doctor, reader, Indian chief, is why I ripped off Teddy's head and tore out his guts. He was no longer willing to do for me what he'd done before. Something had changed inside of **him**, and I wanted to find out what that was...

Getting Up in the Morning

I generally wake up many times during the night, and then fall back to sleep. I'm a fitful sleeper. I've even hit Will a few times in my sleep in an effort to fight back against strangers who threatened me in my nightmares.

Now, when it gets close to morning, consciousness bleeds into my dream state. I'm well-aware of being in two places at once before the dawn when new ideas begin to dawn on me.

But, by the time I open my eyes and stare at the walls in my bedroom, I've really been wide awake for quite a while. I've just been hiding out inside me in the dark. By the time I sit up and then get up, I've already been in a conscious relationship with myself for some time.

Getting out of bed in the morning reinforces my resignation that I'm already late for the day. I'm already a loser because I didn't get up sooner. If I'd opened my eyes and gotten up when I'd woken up, I wouldn't have

procrastinated about getting up. And I wouldn't be late before my feet even touch the floor.

I'm always running late figuratively speaking. I've been running and running for decades even though, by definition, hippies don't run; they skip or stroll. I've always arrived wherever I was after the fact, even if I got there early, or, at worst, on time. So, by the time I get out of bed in the morning, it's already too late.

Don't bother to ask a psychologist to explain this phenomenon. S/he won't know the meaning of it. Only I do.

I was born by caesarian. I was born late. And every morning, I relive my birth. I never came down that ominous tunnel out into the light. I didn't come out battered and bruised, and then screamed bloody murder at having been smacked on the ass after having been ripped out of paradise and forced into this world.

I was **gently** removed from my mother's all-encompassing embrace once they realized I wouldn't come out on my own. She and I separated like a gentleman tipping his hat, turning his back and gallantly walking away from a lady.

And that's why I'm gay, doctor... I could never fight with a lady I respected as much as the first lady in my life. What would the next president of my inner nation say?

My mother was my mom for the first 12 years of my life.

But when I was Bar-Mitzvah-ed at the age of 13, and instantly became a "man" somehow, my mom magically turned into my grown sister, just as I reached the age when boys achieve orgasm and discover the sublime state of ecstasy that every male thinks about for the rest of his life.

When I was in my mid-twenties, my mom remarried, and I became her previous husband, feeling that **I'd** protected and watched over **her** all my life. It was, therefore, dependent on me to feel as though I was graciously giving away the bride.

When she grew old and feeble, somehow, she magically changed again, this time into my daughter. I stroked her hair. I consoled her. I kissed her cheek. Once, on the dementia ward at the Jewish home, I even fed her as she stared obliviously out into space.

But when she died, she figuratively handed me her crown, and I was regally transformed from a princess into a fairy queen.

That's how your blood turns from raging red to royal blue. That's what happens when you lose the most important woman in your life. That's how and when you're given your mother's crown.

But if a princess doesn't make good use of her new-found power as queen, she's going to cry bitter tears over her past, and how awful her future looks without **her** queen to venerate or grumble about.

Trip to the Bathroom

I go to the bathroom every morning but **sit** on the toilet to pee. At my age, peeing standing up isn't easy. If the ego is located in the prostate gland, then my **ego** has been greatly enlarged over time. My prostate presses against my urethra reminding me that standing up like a man is not becoming of a man as old as I am. I need to sit down like a lady to pee. And that's a modest pose that's also humbling.

Every morning I take off my T-shirt and underpants to pee. I sit on the toilet without any clothes on. I feel the cold tile on my bare feet. And I say good morning to God looking like Rodin's "The Thinker" who was perched naked on a rock. They should take a picture of me like that and send it to the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco, where they have a life-sized copy of "The Thinker" out in front of the building...

Like all hippies, I'm more comfortable naked than clothed. I love my body. It's my closest friend. I consider my hair and fingernails my nearest neighbors.

The word in Hebrew for “clothing” comes from the root word for “betrayal.” Needless to say, I don’t want to betray God first thing in the morning. Even though I’m starting out figuratively late each day, I don’t want to put my worse foot forward. So, I tip my hat to God while seated naked with cold feet on tile, and pee.

Then I brush my teeth apologetically for all I said the day before that was stupid. My dentist gave me a super-soft toothbrush because I’ve scrubbed my teeth to the point that my gums have receded – in an effort to apologize for all the stupid things I’ve said **in** loud and **out** loud. Over the course of 69 years of brusque, habitual apologizing each morning while brushing my teeth, I’m now “long in tooth,” as Shakespeare said of old people. And now you know why.

I’m **naked** [emotionally bare], not only nude [without clothes]. And I want to share that state with you and God each day. You Two are my only Witnesses.

Keren Verses Zeve

The word “keren” in Hebrew means a “ray of light.” But a **keren** is a ray of light that you’d see between clouds in the sky. A “zeve” is a ray of light within you. A **zeve** is a ray of light that illuminates you despite all the clouds in your inner sky that block the sun and The Son behind the sun...

My last name [Zeve] means an “inner ray of light” in Hebrew. And that’s just what I’ve become to myself. I’ve turned into the source of my own illumination. I’ve become the source of my own warmth. But I’m also the source of my own burns. I’m the Stranger in a Strange, New Land who has powers he wants to teach others. But I only **feel** like I’m from another planet. I’m really just an Earthling like yourself.

Granted, other people have been like rays of light in my life. But they’ve been more like kerens than zeves to me. I had to become my own zeve. My dad couldn’t impart that knowledge to me, even though I got my last name from him.

Here's an interesting factoid: Torah described how Moses was unaware that his face radiated light. [Exodus 34] The word used for that glow was "keren." But the word has two meaning and was improperly translated as "horn" rather than "external ray of light." This is where the ancient Christians got the idea that Jews had horns. And this why Michelangelo sculpted his rendition of Moses with horns on his head.

Needless to say, Jews don't have horns, not now, not then, not ever. We aren't like baby goats with little horns protruding from our foreheads that Christians could once claim made us scapegoats to be sacrificed to God. Those days are over!

Some things in life don't need to be **learned**. Some things need to be **unlearned**. Learning how to tie a knot is a **skill**. Learning how to untie one is a **blessing**.

Since we're all more like computers than we think, let's just restart? We don't have to be anxious anymore about this glitch in the system in our ancestors' past. There's an automatic reset button in us all. It's called "**forgiving**." With regard to small matters, it's called "**excusing**." The trick is in knowing which to use when.

I find that there's a mystical, magical quality in being Jewish that nobody's been able to define. But as a gay man, I can tell you that we, gay people, hold a mystical, magical quality of our own, too. And as an American who lived in Israel and Holland for five years, and for a while in Spain, I can tell you that I experienced a mystical, magical attribute in those peoples, as well. Having tested my theory by traveling around the world like a hippy, getting to know "the poorer quarters where the ragged people go," I believe I'm right. People everywhere are amazing once you can commend them for what you see them doing that they don't see in themself.

Each one of us Is Carved uniquely by God. He Uses the same clay and the same set of tools. But each of us looks different, inside and out. And that fascinates me. I didn't used to think anybody was Divinely Inspired but me...

We now live in a day-and-age in which we're supposed to be color blind to race; tolerant of all religious convictions [no matter how hateful]; and accepting of lifestyles even if they're bleeding us to death financially.

What I most want to discuss are the mystical, magical differences in peoples that make this world wondrous and fascinating. But if being P.C. requires that I shut down when it comes to describing reality as I see it, I'll just continue to self-publish my writing because I'm not going to pretend that I don't see what I see. I'm not that kind of P.C.

Emanuel Verses Emanuel

One of the euphemistic names for Jesus is Emanuel. The name "Emanuel," like "keren," has also been poorly translated from Hebrew to English. It doesn't mean "God with us." It means "us with **God**."

If you think that God Is Going anywhere you're going, you're going to find your head up your ass in a dark place that you won't be able to identify. People who think God is going anywhere they're going are hyper-religious fools and political maniacs.

We can all see this misinterpretation of Christ's Name [Emanuel] in the leaders of the "new" Republican Party. They've turned into 21st Century neo-Nazis born in the New World. They're beyond just keeping undesirables in ghettos. They've turned anyone who doesn't believe what they believe into less-than-humans who don't deserve to be allowed to vote. Hitler would be proud of them! They really know how to goosestep in his footsteps.

God Is no fool. And just because you may claim to know where you're going doesn't mean He'S Going wherever you think you're going to drag Him around like your teddy bear.

The whole point of believing in God is having the faith needed to go where **He** Goes, not where **you** want to go. And this is something that the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims don't get. The three of them hate the modern era. They hate the peace we've made in the Democratic Party between women, gays, Whites, Blacks, Browns, Asians, the disabled and foreigners. They're like the Three Stooges, slapping each other around, expecting us to laugh at their pathetic antics.

Well, none of the hyper-religious are funny. And here in the Bay Area, we haven't laughed at their violent tactics for a very long time. Their actions clearly demonstrate they're using the wrong interpretations for God, whether the word they employ is **Y.H.V.H.**, **Jesus** or **Allah**.

God Isn't going **with** any of them. And the state of the planet is the best evidence to prove that He'S Taking us to our **fate** unless we figure out how to achieve our **destiny** – together with faith in The One God Who Created us all.

What makes the Bay Area the most fascinating place on Earth to live in the modern era is that I can be myself here. People listen to me, even if they don't believe what I believe. They're able to respect alternative points of view and ask good questions.

We're so far ahead of the rest of the planet that we construct manmade machines here that imitate the intrinsic mystery of the spiritual forces in humanity. And we're teaching people to use these devices in the same way that I used Teddy when I was child. We're instructing the world on how to become spiritual from the outside **in**. We're teaching them how to operate themselves by operating our inventions.

All my life, I was desperate for acknowledgment and assistance in my pursuit of comfort. And if you think that young people today aren't using their phone towards that end, you're not looking at modern life realistically.

If you decide to visit us here in San Francisco, don't bother to look for who we are by the litter or homeless people on the streets. We're dealing with those issues. Look at yourself. Look at the "teddy bear" [phone] you're clutching in your hand that was created by the finest minds in the world who reside in the modest, human bodies walking around you on the streets of San Francisco. The brilliance of the people in the Bay Area isn't fully seen or appreciated, even though our light shines like kerens outwardly and zeves inwardly.

The Three Stooges

Nobody likes The Three Stooges anymore. Today, they're nothing more than three wacky Jews who acted childishly in the early 20th Century in their effort to make people laugh.

But if you look at them for insight into the human condition, Moe was the embodiment of man's mind. Larry was his heart. And Curly-Joe was his conscience. But who knew that then?

What the three of them described was a psychological relationship within us that models how most of us treat ourselves unconsciously. Our head [Moe] slaps our heart to teach it to be wise. Our heart [Larry] slaps our conscience to teach it to be loving. And our conscience [Curly Joe] waits for an opportunity to get back at the other two when they least suspect it. That's why hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims are such "good" examples of vindictive rather than soulful behavior.

The essence of the metaphor behind these three stooges within us is a desire to sacrifice ourself to a cause greater than ourself. That cause is God.

But when you can see that you're hurting yourself in an effort to raise your reputation in God's Eyes, you ought to admit that the force of your head, heart and conscience must be trained to work together or they'll fight amongst themselves for domination.

I no longer have three stooges fighting inside of me. I've consolidated my stooges into one. I call him, "Dumbass." And when he tells me I'm not good enough, smart enough, nice enough or caring enough, I tell Dumbass to shut up. When he tells me to go out and fix the world instead of fixing me, I tell Dumbass he's full of shit. I tell him that's because he's crawled up my ass and is speaking to me from the inside.

If it's been a while since you've watched The Three Stooges, I suggest you check out a few episodes online and watch them in this way. It'll bring new meaning to how you may see yourself.

The 5th Commandment

Now I know you didn't expect an old San Francisco hippy to spend so much time talking about religious matters. If you think that the whole point of living a secular life is to overcome the prejudices found in the religious world, I hear ya!

Believe me, I'm not coming to the Hebrew Testament from my head [Adam] or heart [StEve]. I'm coming to it from my serpent [penis/Dick]. I'm coming to the Hebrew Testament from my wants [-] and desires [+].

But I **ask** for what I want. I don't just take what I want. That's the difference between **forbidden** and **permitted** fruit. That's the difference between Democrats and Republicans.

In that spirit, I have something to say about the Ten Commandments that you've never heard before. But you probably don't get lectured by many serpents. So, consider this your lucky day...

The first thing you ought to know about the Ten Commandments is that Moses conveyed them as **commandments**, but Jesus Reinterpreted them as **predictions**.

Let's begin by first looking at the Ten Commandments as instruction on how to "love thy neighbor as thyself." [Leviticus 19; Matthew 22]. Moses **commanded** the Israelites to do so in the desert when their neighbors were all Jews. They were alone in the world together, surrounded by enemies on all sides. They had no choice but to love themselves. And so, they obeyed Moses. He was only asking them to be realistic at the time.

But 1,400 years later, Jesus **Predicted** that the ancient Israelis would need to love their neighbors if they were going to conquer the Roman colonizers who'd invaded their country. Jesus Predicted that the Jews would need to love all the other indigenist neighbors surrounding them, as well.

What Jesus Said was controversial then, and it's still controversial today. But, when we look at what Jesus Said as a prediction rather than a commandment, we can see what happens when people love their neighbors [San Francisco], and what happens when they don't [Montgomery, Tallahassee, Topeka, etc.].

If the Republicans and Palestinians don't love their neighbors [the Democrats and the Jews, respectively], the whole world will collapse. This latest pandemic is just a preview of coming attractions. Self-love is the answer. But the Democrats and Israelis will have to convince the Republicans and Palestinians that they're behaving in ways that are unwise, unloving and disloyal to themself, let alone to God.

Waking them up is going to be a great challenge because we're going to have to model the words of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad to prove to them that they're hypocrites. And that's why I say that it's paramount that gay people everywhere in the world come out in houses of prayer. Just coming out in society has made an enormous contribution to society so far. But now we have to come out even further.

With that idea in place, let's look at the Ten Commandments from a whole other perspective. The Ten Commandments were carved on two tablets. Before you stop to ask yourself what all ten of them are and whether you're keeping them, you should wonder why they're on two tablets instead of one. Surely, God Could Have Given them to Moses all on one tablet.

The two tablets don't just signify the two hands of man and each of the Commandments, a finger. The two tablets also signify differences in the function of the two groups of Commandments [#1-5 and #6-10], whether you read them from left to right [English] or right to left [Hebrew].

The first set of Commandments [#1-5] are **predictions** about the five ways in which we're all going to interface with God directly. This corresponds to our dominant hand. And the second set [#6-10] **predicts** how we're going to interface with Him indirectly. This represents our submissive hand.

All ten of The Ten Commandments describe how you're going to behave in the same way that physics tells you how objects behave.

You don't have to believe me, any more than you have to believe in gravity, that invisible force that magically makes things descend toward the ground. But you can see how some people seem to magically rise in life with love, while others fall into cynicism and bitterness. What goes up must come down sooner or later.

Here are the Ten Commandments in the order Moses carved them after he smashed the first set that Was Given to him readymade by God. [Exodus 31] You, too, Were Given a set you smashed in infancy when you became enraged at how screwed up your world was, even then. And you, too, have been carving your second set with the sweat of your brow and the pain of your whole body ever since, whether you knew it, or not:

Dominant Hand:

1. I am The Lord, your God, Who Took you out of Egypt.
2. You shall have no other gods before Me.
3. You shall not use The Lord's Name in vain.
4. Keep the Sabbath holy.
5. Honor your father and mother.

Submissive Hand:

6. Do not kill
7. Do not commit adultery
8. Do not steal
9. Do not lie
10. Do not covet [jealousy and envy]

I'm not trying to make you feel guilty about something you already know and surely do to your own satisfaction. I only wish to focus on the last of the first set, the thumb of your dominant hand: #5: "Honor your father and mother." I want to do so for a novel reason.

God May Have Told us to **honor** our parents, but by now you should have asked yourself why, all your life, you've been trying to **love** them!

Archie Bunker ["All in the Family"] said that they tipped the nation, and all the fruits and nuts rolled to California. What he really meant by that is that if you've tried unsuccessfully to love your parents, but they were so damn flawed that you couldn't do it, you may have ended up dreaming of living in California generally, and San Francisco specifically. You may have left your heart in San Francisco without even knowing it.

Putting your mom and dad on a pedestal to love them isn't realistic or helpful. But knocking them off that pedestal isn't kind or helpful, either.

If your mom and dad had their hand in your back to push you in a particular direction, that's one thing. But if they lowered that hand and you found yourself with their index finger figuratively up your butt screwing you over, that's another.

It's easy for teenagers and young adults to see when their parents are screwing them over for their own selfish ends, just as Trump has done to his kids. But it's hard for kids to disobey their parents when they erroneously believe they've been Commanded to love them [just like Trump's kids].

If you feel like a pretzel that's salty [wise], hard [defended] and twisted [weird], and you listened to the songs about San Francisco from the 60's with all your heart and soul, then you already know that here we're not made of Wonder Bread like in the Midwest. We're not the whole grain bake you find in Berkeley. We're not even exotic renditions of bread such as corn tortillas or Ethiopian injera you'll find in Oakland and pockets around the country. And we certainly don't look like the Communion wafers you'd find at a Catholic Mass. We're not God, after all!

Our parents were gifts to us from God. In honoring them, we honor Him. But He Never Asked us to **love** them. So, if you feel like a leathery bagel on your way to being twisted and baked into a pretzel because of your unsuccessful attempt to love your parents, it should be no wonder that you might feel like there's a huge hole inside of you.

Mistake #1. Don't love your parents. **Love** yourself. **Honor** your parents. They're human beings who are as flawed as all the other people on this planet. But they're the flawed human beings you were Given by God to emulate their virtues and learn to morally distain their flaws. But, to the extent that you **disrespect** them, you'll disrespect yourself and all others. That's a Prediction from God.

You'll "love" your neighbor as Moses and Jesus Told you to do to the extent that you can love yourself. But don't even attempt to love your parents. Just honor them. Love

yourself and God. If you go any further down that road, you'll pay for that mistake. No deed that good will go unpunished.

If you can learn to obey the 5th Commandment as it's written, you'll be able to make your way from your submissive hand to your dominant hand, from the right tablet [in Hebrew] to the left; from #5 to #6, from one thumb to the other. You'll be able to visit San Francisco and take part in our celebration of self-love and life in the most cutting-edge city on Earth, despite the Victorian architecture that hides our novel and innovative nature.

Here, we celebrate the Jewish New Year, which is Adam's birthday. We celebrate uncircumcised men like Adam. We also celebrate the Christian New Year, the day when Jesus Was circumcised. We celebrate circumcised men, as well.

Here, we celebrate clitorises, too. Eve was created with a clitoris out of one of Adam's ribs. How dare men try to improve on God's Handiwork in having Created woman as He Did! Nowhere in any scripture is it written to do so!

Here in San Francisco, you'll discover that many serpents [penises] have a lot more interesting things to figuratively whisper in your ear than you'd hear elsewhere in America. Here, people aren't afraid of talking serpents like me...

The Second Tablet

We live out The Utterances on the first tablet [#1-5] in our effort to honor God. Let's call them **psychological** motivations to be good. And we live out The Utterances on the second table [#6-10] in our effort to honor humanity. Let's call them **sociological** attempts to get honor people.

But that's not what the second tablet of the Commandments is really all about **spiritually**. Once you've spent half your life trying to love your parents and gotten up every morning with the distinct impression that you're

behind everybody else before your feet even touch the rug beneath your bed, you're ready to revisit #6-10 with a more jaundiced eye.

Then, you may realize that you may be angry at God and everybody on this whole damned planet for screwing you up and screwing you over. You may realize that you'd really like to stick your head in the toilet every morning rather than pose like a model on it for Rodin. Take a picture of me with your mind's eye doing that...

Next time you go to the Legion of Honor Museum, imagine "The Thinker" thinking about life as **we** have to live it in the 21st Century! Rodin's 19th Century rendition of modern man isn't what man looks like when he thinks about himself today. [That sculpture doesn't even have a penis and testicles. I know. I looked closely between his legs.]

The second set of tablets takes on new meaning when you realize that after what you've been through in life, you may not be as cooperative as others think. You might secretly like to kill God... [#6] You might like to break your word with Him... [#7] You might like to steal knowledge from Him, rather than ask for it... [#8] You might like to lie to Him about what you really want to do in life... [#9] And you might be **jealous** over the body you weren't Given and **envious** of the contents within it [wisdom, love, loyalty] that you haven't yet amassed that others seem to have achieved... [#10] But all that may just be a projection of what you'd really like to do to yourself.

In Philip Roth's novel Portnoy's Complaint, the young, Jewish kid upstairs tried so hard to please his parents that his excessive goodness became the impetus of his own demise. He hanged himself from the shower rod in their apartment with a message pinned to his shirt, "Mrs. Goldberg called. The mahjong party has been moved to 4:00 o'clock."

Look very carefully at your desires [+] to please those around you. In some ways, you may be so self-sacrificing

that you're causing yourself needless pain and suffering. The sooner you wake up to that scenario, the sooner you'll feel guilty about the way you're treating yourself. The sooner you do that, the sooner you'll be able to tell the voice of Dumbass inside of you who's constantly ragging on you to shut the fuck up!

Your father may have unconsciously taught you to serve the lord [boss]. Your mother may have unconsciously taught you to serve The Lord. But I say, "Serve yourself and don't lord over anybody." You've got enough to engage your head, heart and soul. Leave your version of Dick out of it.

If you're motivated somewhere inside to leave this school of fools a better place than you found it, you may want to admit you're surround by a whole lot of cynical, sarcastic and sardonic jokers who just come to class to hang out with their friends to affirm their bitterness about life. Therefore, you might want to face your own dark view of life, as well. You might want to consider the possibility that your **dreams** haven't been broken. Your **vision** simply hasn't yet been fully formed.

No Apologies

Perhaps you can now sympathize with the dilemma of book agents and publishers. Telling people that you're like the serpent in the Creation Story and they're angry at God because they may sometimes hate being alive isn't exactly the message they're pushing in the literary world nowadays...

But in full disclosure, that conclusion isn't exactly in the spirit of what I'm saying. What I've said is that we need to **love** ourself and **honor** our parents. Then we'll be motivated to treat others much more justly and gently than we presently do.

If we're responsible for ourselves, we won't become **selfish**. If we put others second, we won't become **selfless**. And if we put God third, we won't become **dogmatic**.

God should be our last and final resort. If we don't put Him third in line, we'll develop the kind of unhealthy relationship of dependence on Him that we see in Republicans. That's why the red states are filled with raging lunatics who refuse to obey people who are experts in matters of science and technology.

People tell us to "smile and be happy!" But when you watch the evening news, it's clear that many people in this country are **very** unhappy despite all the privileges and opportunities we have here that they don't have abroad. Americans aren't yet spiritually old enough to blame themselves for their misfortune, and they're too religious and superstitious to blame God. So, who's left? They can only blame each other.

Many people have a bad attitude, and they may not even know it. They don't think about life as though it's a miraculous school they've been enrolled in. They came out of their mother screaming, but many leave this world glad to be gone. Life isn't fun or fascinating for them. And so, in my opinion, God Couldn't Be smarter by Not Coming down here in Person, Knowing how some people really feel about having to be here.

The Orthodox Jews believe that a Messiah Is Going to show up 240 years from 2020. The rightwing Christians say He Was Already here, and Will Be Returning someday "soon." But the moderate Muslims have sensibly walked around those predictions by shaking their heads at one another and lifting their hands to the sky, while not saying a word out loud.

Frankly, who cares whether Jesus Was God? Don't get mixed up in the tug-o-war the Christians and Jews have been waging with one another for 2,000 years. What matters is

how you **behave**. The name you use for God is immaterial. All that counts are:

1. The thoughts in your head
2. The feelings in your heart
3. The beliefs in your soul
4. The contemplations figuratively emanating out of your navel
5. The urges cuming from your genital
6. The questions about paradox that go in and come out of your anus
7. And the face you present to the world.

Your actions are dependent on **them**, not names for God. If Jesus Is the Jewish God of the Christians, but the Jews don't buy it, so what? There are plenty of other names for God. Don't pretend to be as blind as the men in the Hindu story about the blind men and The Elephant. Each of those blind men was right. And yet they all were wrong. Move on. God Has many names and faces. Deal with it. That's what we do in the Bay Area.

Sonoma County

I suppose, by now, I should have already started to talk about San Francisco in terms of how I got here. Here again, I'm late...

Perhaps I should begin with how I ended up in the Bay Area generally. San Francisco wasn't my first choice of places to live. After having grown up in L.A., lived in Tel Aviv and Amsterdam after high school as a teenager and young adult, and having traveled the world extensively, I didn't want to live in another big city.

I moved up from L.A. to Northern California in 1989. I'd applied for and gotten a job as a drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, about 70 miles North of the City. I have a lesbian cousin who lived in Healdsburg, 20 minutes

North of Santa Rosa. When I visited her in 1988, I fell in love with Sonoma County, which is located in “the wine country” [Napa, Sonoma and Mendocino counties].

But I only survived one year [1989-1990] living in Healdsburg and working in Santa Rosa. I was drummed out of my job by the administrators, teachers, parents and students at Comstock Junior High School in Santa Rosa when I came out to my students as gay.

If you think Nagasaki and Hiroshima where large manmade explosions dropped on Japan, you should have seen the mushroom cloud I created in Santa Rosa when I decided to deal with the taunts and jeers of my students who told one another they could smell a faggot a mile away... They wrote gay insults on the board before I'd arrive in class and expressed their displeasure of my sexuality in devious ways almost from day-one. And they thought **I** wouldn't have the nerve to teach **them** a life lesson, even though I was a drama teacher paid to teach them how to act.

First, I went to the vice-principle early in the month of October and told her that I was gay and that I was being treated disrespectfully by my students. I told her that unless I got disciplinary assistance and support from the administration to deal with the matter, I'd have to come out to my students, which I didn't think was the best way to handle the matter, given their age and obvious immaturity.

She looked at me like a deer in headlights. I could have told her I'd just landed from Mars and wanted her to take me to her leader. Her face was completely blank and incredulous. I don't think she'd ever met a gay man before in her whole life!

I was 36 years old at the time. I'd moved up to Northern California after having worked for four years as an English teacher in East L.A. After those four years of working with minority students in a poor, Latinx neighborhood and after five years of **self**-study in Alcoholics Anonymous, I felt I was ready to leave my mom, my sister and the city of the

angels to strike out again on my own in a small town full of White Christians.

I'd better go back a little further in telling this story.

My mom wanted to kill herself when I was little boy in the 1950's. We were living in Buffalo, N.Y. at the time. Her marriage to my dad was on the rocks, so she took a bus to Niagara Falls. She planned to jump into the falls. But on the way, she started to cry, thinking about my little sister and me having to grow up with our father. So, she came back, but left him the day after his older daughter got married. [My dad had two children from his previous marriage before the War. My mom had raised them and his niece who'd been orphaned in the War.] My mom took the two of us [my little sister and me] to California to start over on her own once she'd finished the job of raising my father's three children.

I grew up with my mom and sister in L.A. in the 60's. I left home at 17 in a rush to get away from the two of them. I took a charter flight to Europe in 1970, two days after graduating high school, but I came back and left again for Europe a few months later at the age of 18. When I couldn't get accepted into a very well accredited dance academy in Rotterdam because I wasn't Dutch, I accepted a position in an Israeli Yemenite dance company in Tel Aviv. But after auditioning and getting accepted into a ballet and modern dance company in Tel Aviv, I chose Western dance technique over folk dance.

Long story short, I came out in Israel and then moved to Amsterdam two years later. In Holland, I could express the gay side of me more authentically in those days. I lived in Amsterdam for three years and then moved back to L.A. where I fell into drugs, alcohol and sex addiction. I got clean and sober at 31, and at 36 struck out for Northern California.

Once the principal at Comstock J.H.S. started getting calls from parents about the queer who they accused of

“recruiting” their sons, he called me into his office often. He was a cowboy from Montana who’d only been in Santa Rosa a couple of years, himself. But he had no patience for butterflies fluttering about in his garden. On more than one occasion, he reprimanded me for nonsense he invented to create a disciplinary record he could use to fire me.

I wish there had been cell phones with cameras in those days because he’d sit back in his armchair, stick both his feet up on his desk, and lecture me through his legs spread apart with his crotch pointed right at me – I kid you not!

Once the news of my sexual identity came out, none of the teachers in the school would talk to me anymore. [And it only took about an hour for that news to crisscross the campus. Within days, dozens of parents were demanding that their children be transferred out of my classes.

The only two people at the school who treated me respectfully after that were the school secretary who’d been in a Japanese internment camp as a child and the school librarian whose daughter was a lesbian.

The kids who remained in my classes were there against their will, so they became impossible to teach. They were belligerent, disrespectful and defiant because their parents forced them to take my class. Their friends ridiculed them for having to be in the company of a faggot an hour a day.

The principal turned my room into a detention hall for “bad” kids who were transferred into drama with the queer teacher as punishment for their anti-social behavior. There were even articles in the local newspaper about how their darling, pre-pubescent children were under attack by a gay teacher who’d exposed his lifestyle at Comstock JHS, attempting to damage family life in their quiet, Christian town.

My life turned into **Hell** in what I’d thought was going to be life as close to **paradise** as the wine country had made it sound. I couldn’t **teach** drama. I was doomed to **live** it!

By late winter that year, I implored the union to help me. The fellow in the teachers' union who negotiated getting me relieved of my job, but paid through the rest of the school year, was, himself, gay, [I think]. He wasn't out, not even to me. In those days, coming out in small-town America was still a Herculean task. But he got the school board to pay me through to the end of the school year just to be rid of me. I'd started that job in early September 1989. The 15th of March 1990 [the Ides of March] was my last day of employment.

Nowadays, I watch as the whole Bay Area, not just Sonoma County, is literally in a fire ball. Gay teachers aren't setting this place aflame anymore by coming out. Nature, with the help of our utility company, is doing that. The summers are getting hotter and longer. Global warming is causing a drought in Northern California that mirrors the lack of love I experienced there years ago.

You should read the stories I tell in my other books about my mom, a German Jew, who had to run from Nazis in her own country during the War. German society was all up in arms about Jews like her "ruining" their country in those days, too. And if that's not enough evidence that this world is really God's Hall for juvenile delinquents, I have stories about my dad who was a Jewish slave in Dachau Concentration Camp in Bavaria, just South of Munich. Those White "Christians" had ways of dealing with troublemaking Jews then, too.

I'm not shy about telling people that I'm the son of a slave. And I like to stroke my Jewish skin when I say it because I don't want their eyes to deceive them into thinking your skin has to be dark for people to treat you abominably. And I use the word "abominable" intentionally. ¹

¹ "Do not have sexual relations with a man as one does with a woman; that is detestable." [Leviticus 18:22] "It's an abomination for a man to sleep with another man as with a woman." [Leviticus 20:13]

More of my Story

Perhaps I ought to give you more context. My mom was half-Jewish. Her father was a Bavarian Catholic. I'm Jewish by Jewish law because my mother was Jewish. But I look a lot like my maternal grandfather. I can easily pass as White. I didn't even need my nose chopped down to size to fit into the White world.

My dad was an Orthodox Jew from Lithuania, a Catholic country. My parents met a couple months after the War ended at a refuge center that had been set up by a Jewish lawyer in his home. My mom was the lawyer's secretary. She had a chair, but no desk. The lawyer had a desk and a chair but no other room to speak to his clients. The walls were used as a bulletin board for people to put up messages to let other Jews know they were alive. Both my parents ended up there looking for surviving family members.

My dad's family had saved his two children and a niece of his by bribing Catholic orphanages in Lithuania to hide them. Perhaps the Catholic connection my parents had was an unconscious tie that bound them together.

But their Catholic connection certainly was an unconscious aspect of my connection to Catholicism when Will told me he wanted to convert to Catholicism. Not many gay men do that nowadays. That's how his very special Catholic Church in the Castro became a spiritual watering hole for me in a religious desert.

Inquiring minds want to **know**. But Republican minds only want to **no**. The goal of Democrats today should be to learn to know themselves, so they can learn how to teach Republicans they encounter what they don't know about themselves that would help them vote more wisely.

If there's any good reason why more than 600,000 Americans had to give their life to this pandemic it ought to be to motivate Americans to learn from their spiritual mistakes.

If the Protestant in the north of Germany and the Catholics in the South could have come to that conclusion after 1945, Americans can do it now, too. The whole point of looking back on 2020 with greater insight should be to glean a vision of life you didn't have before.

I am an “Abominable” Gay-Jew

I'm “**abominable**” because I sleep with men... It says so in The Bible.

I'm “**abominable**” because I believe that some wayward, power-hungry ancient Jews probably conspired with the Romans to kill Jesus. He Was a troublemaker, too... And He was probably gay. People who believe in love are troublemakers still... [Orthodox Jews are conspiring with rightwing Christians today against Jews like me still.]

I'm “**abominable**” because, in the past, I was so angry that I'd have killed God if I'd associated Him with what I was going through... Mental illness is no picnic. Turning all that hate into love for life became the mission of my life. So, if I come across sounding like the serpent in the Creation Story, defiant and cocky, now you know why.

Obviously, God Can Allow human beings to do anything we like to one another to learn from our mistakes. And yet, He Surely Doesn't Like to watch any of us have to suffer. But how else are we going to learn to regret what we did in the past and do better?

I believe God Is compassionate. But people don't usually learn without inflicting pain and suffering or being the recipient of pain and suffering. Promises of rewards by the wise, loving and loyal for expressing compassion never seem to suffice. Fools always seem to attract more misfortune upon us all.

So far as I can see, God Only Has seven ways of teaching us lessons:

1. Physical pain
2. Emotional suffering
3. Earned rewards
4. Miracles
5. Luck
6. Unexpected encounters with virtuous strangers
7. Acts of God such was weather chaos.

I can't think of any other ways in which God Can Influence our outcome.

Killing us doesn't change our behavior. Not even us killing one another and treating one another abominably seems to change our behavior!

Parents know all about carrots and sticks. And children know all about the emotional, weather patterns of their parents – or so kids like to claim.

Some people end up **superstitious**, even if they don't believe in God. Many who do believe in God are defiantly **dogmatic**. But most people just scratch their head in wonder about what the meaning of life could be, given that there are so many moving parts in expressing their humanity.

As an “**abominable**” progressive gay-Jew who has already admitted in writing that he'd have been tempted to kill God when he was young if he'd believed in Him then, there isn't much more for me to admit to... I think I was treated very unfairly by others, and I suffered enormously from bad luck. Only now can I say that things have turned out incredibly well for me over time. I also think my parents were treated very unfairly in their day, even though they survived the Holocaust and ended up with loving partners and happy lives of their own.

But if people don't get any better, kinder and more agreeable toward racial and sexual minorities, don't be surprised if young people today become a lot more irritable than me. I'm **only** anxious. Some people are a lot more upset than that!

Do you really think it should be necessary to tell people that Black lives matter? Brown lives matter, too! Jewish lives matter, for that matter, as much as Black and Brown lives. And a lot of Jews look as White as those who come from European, Christian ancestry.

Despite my displeasure with the way I've been treated in the past, I haven't acted on any of my urges to **kill** anyone. [Commandment #6] I have no criminal record. I pay my taxes and vote in every election.

I did commit **adultery** once while living with a boyfriend for a year when I was 26. [Commandment #7] But I paid for that by admitting my transgression to him and breaking up with him. Then I didn't live with another man for ten years until I could prove to myself that I could keep my penis in my pants around other men.

I haven't **stolen** anything I didn't eventually return or pay for. [Commandment #8].

But, as far as **lying** goes if you add **denial** to lying, I'm guilty as charged. [Commandment #9] Being truthful with myself about myself turned out to be much harder than I expected.

And when it comes to coveting [**jealousy** of other men's bodies and **envy** of their good fortune], I'm surely one of the world's worst offenders. [Commandment #10]

That said, I don't have the penis envy I once had. I don't need to stab people with religious dogma to achieve what I want. I don't have to cheat, steal and lie to become powerful. And I don't have to suppress the vote or oppress the poor and disenfranchised. My sex life with my boyfriend is based on mutual penile appreciation.

But, when all is said and done, I don't really have all that much to repent for, except, perhaps, if you choose to include three attempted suicides in my twenties.

Maybe that might have a little something to do with the pain, suffering, rewards, miracles, luck, encounters with virtuous strangers and Acts of God I've been going through

my whole life. Maybe that has something to do with the inner weather patterns that caused me such emotional havoc.

Trying to kill myself was a breaking of the 6th Commandment because I'm a person, too. And since I've broken that Commandment three times, I suppose that's what got me locked up inside, even though they don't put you in prison for that sort of crime. Nevertheless, it left me in a place where I had no choice but to become more contemplative than most.

God's Anonymous Nature

I can't **blame** God for me having gone insane. But I can't **credit** Him for me not having contracted AIDS, either. I don't think of Him as The Warden, and me as a prisoner in a body I won't be released from until death. I think of God as my Partner. But my actions in Our Partnership are primarily dependent on me. His Actions are independent of mine. I can't anticipate His, but He Can Anticipate mine.

The reason for this is because I live in the present, and God Lives outside the present influencing the present before it happens. I'm stuck here-and-now. He Can Move Before here-and-now to Effect it any way He Chooses.

My body is the **it** that the **me** is encased in. God Interacts with **it**, as do I. But the me inside **it** is a conglomeration of seven forces that God Created that I had to be introduced to through strangers and come to love as friends. Such is the essence of true brotherhood when it emanates out from within.

I'm as flawed a human being as any other. And so, I have to learn to do better day-by-day. I'm also a virtuous person who's doing just fine. But I'm occasionally disoriented and have to find my way from the outside in.

The external world is an opportunity for me to come to know and like myself more as the result of how I interface with others.

But just knowing North from South and East from West in the external world isn't sufficient. The sun doesn't really rise or set. The Earth revolves making it appear that the sun is moving. As my feet cling to San Francisco, I'm rotating in a big circle, as well as revolving in an even bigger circle.

Time is measured by the changes I see outside of me. But inside, I don't experience time. My journey is actually timeless. Only changes to my vehicle [body] and the external changes around me give me a sense of the passage of time.

Over time, the paths of good and evil that I've experienced have made me wise to my evil inclinations and loving to the goodness within me. But this moral creation, production and transformation is eternal when perceived inwardly. This ripening of my contents will continue eternally [without time] so long as I remain in my container.

My particular combination of good and evil intentions have woken me up to a comparison of my self-esteem to my erections. Getting it up was easy in my youth. But now that it's gone up and down so many times, I want to pay more attention to the process.

Getting my self-esteem up and keeping it up requires spiritual effort I didn't acknowledge as necessary when I was entirely focused on the world around me without due consideration of my world within.

Bringing this to consciousness had to be done with words. Just living life habitually wasn't enough. I've had to talk about life. I've had to admit that psychiatrist and Holocaust survivor Viktor Frankl was right. "The meaning of life is to give life meaning." [[Man's Search for Meaning](#)]

"Strangely enough, within the hellish atmosphere of Nazi concentration camps, the number one cause of death was not torture, overwork, or sickness. It was suicide. Through this phenomenon, Frankl showed the gravity of meaning. Without it, human beings immediately lose their

will to live, so much so that it can even cause systemic self-inflicted deaths.” [internet]

Chances are, that in those areas where you feel that your life is purposeless and empty, there’s where you’ll find the root of your problem: **a lack of meaning**.

The meaning of your life will become more meaningful if you give your life meaning. I can’t do that for you. Nobody can. You have to do that for yourself, or you’ll just sit around waiting for your life to finally end.

The only meaning of life for Republicans is Jesus. They can’t acknowledge any of the other names for God. They’re obsessed by that one name. The nameless God of the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] and the name-full name of God for the Muslims [Allah] leaves hyper-religious Christians stuck between the two. If they’d question the meaning of The Holy Spirit, they’d realize that His Name is Allah. Christians and Muslims are killing each other over a spiritual misunderstanding.

Life isn’t a bowl of cherries. Your **body** is your bowl, and it’s filled with cherries [good] and walnuts [evil]. Your life grows in the ways in which you flower, blossom and fruit with meaning. You are your own tree of knowledge. But if you’d just compare and contrast yourself to me, a progressive gay-Jew, you, too, would conclude that you’re as much like a fruit as a nut. ²

² Nowhere in the Creation Story is the species of the Tree of knowledge revealed. Because Adam and Eve covered themselves with fig leaves after having eaten from the Tree of knowledge, some say that that was the species. Some say it was an apple that they ate. Personally, I think a lot more about humanity could be explained if we all agreed it was a tree full of nuts...

Berkeley

I didn't study at CAL [University of California at Berkeley]. I've been to the campus many times, but mostly to eat on Telegraph Avenue and wander the campus in search of intelligent life in the universe on the quad during the day and at Zellerbach Performance Hall at night.

Larry's niece went to CAL. She met her future husband there. Larry and I used to visit them on occasion and spy on the life of young people in Berkeley when we were in our 40's.

All I can tell you about young people 30 years ago is that they're no longer young anymore. There's nothing about young people in Berkeley now that I have any useful information to give you.

I do know that when I was their age, I lived abroad, smoked dope and waxed poetic about how much I knew about life despite the foolishness of the older generation. Today, I'm doing pretty much the same thing, just without the alcohol and drugs in my system. But now I'm a member of the older generation. And that gives me a perspective on my own hypocrisy that I didn't have when I was young.

I've been clean and sober since I was 31, almost 40 years; truly a Samson of sorts if you know the Biblical details of his story. [Judges 13-16] I've also got a few diplomas on my wall from universities to attest to my ability to endure boredom for years on end in an effort to achieve a higher education...

But, if you think a **higher** education leads to a **deeper** education into the meaning of life, you're a fool. Some of the wisest people I've known didn't finish high school, including my mom who was thrown out of junior high by the Nazis for the "crime" of being Jewish.

But when I think about it, there is one thing I do know about life in Berkeley from an outsider's point of view that might still be relevant today:

In my mid 40's, I took classes with AXIS, a dance troupe for the disabled, now located in Oakland. Their classes were held in Berkeley in those days, as I recall.

I should preface this story by telling you that I got a scholarship to U.C.L.A. when I graduated high school at 17, but I used it to join their dance department. After the first half of my first quarter at U.C.L.A., I dropped out, and joined the Lachine Ballet School in Beverly Hills. I didn't want to **study** dance. I wanted **to** dance! David Lachine and his wife, Tania Riabouchinska were Russian dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the 1930's. They couldn't have given me a deeper education into the existential meaning behind movement.

After I broke my foot before a performance of "Graduation Ball," I moved to Israel to dance professionally at 18, but I continued taking ballet classes until the age of 59. And I still dance three days a week in my garage, which Will has set up as a dance studio for me.

Dancing with members of AXIS turned out to be a wonderful experience in the 1990's when I was in my 40's, especially since two involuntary commitments to mental institutions in my 20's truly makes me a member of the disabled community. [Don't judge a book by its cover...]

I'd been in a monogamous relationship with Larry for about seven years when I took classes at AXIS. There, I got bitten by the 7-year itch. I met a blond, gay boy years younger than me there. I developed quite a crush on him although I never told a soul about that at the time [not even him]. In fact, this is the first time I've ever talked about it.

Surely the 7th Commandment [adultery] is really about keeping your promises to **yourself**, not just about keeping them to **others**. I suppose it must be stated in writing that if you can't keep your vows of matrimony to yourself **and** your spouse, as well as your vow of honesty and fidelity to all others, how Will God Be Able to tell whether you can keep your promises to **Him**?

I **did** keep my promise of fidelity to Larry, even though my head [Adam] was influenced by my heart [StEve] which was messed with by my serpent [Dick]. Even though I didn't **do** a lot of bad things to other people in life, I thought a lot about it. And that caused my conscience [and surely God, as well] to suffer. It should be no wonder I've been so anxious about everything. I always seem to need to protect my two little fruits [testicles] from figurative thieves. {God Knows I stole a lot of opportunities out from under myself in my wicked mind.}

The thief was me. I stole my self-esteem out from under me without even knowing that I was doing it! I broke my heart without even knowing why I did it! But in the process, I discovered that my soul can't be broken, no matter what I do to the rest of me. My soul is **me**. My heart is just a part of **it**.

You can feel your feelings in your body. You can't feel your beliefs. Beliefs aren't thoughts or feelings. Beliefs are another force within us. If you haven't learned about your thoughts thanks to Moses; learned about your feelings thanks to Jesus; and learned about your beliefs thanks to the Prophet Muhammad – you don't know nearly enough about these three forces within you. You're operating without sufficient inner knowledge of how you operate.

It's a good thing I didn't act out my urge to misbehave while dancing with AXIS. How could I explain the miracles of my life now if I didn't have evidence to show for having deserved them? "Luck" doesn't tell us anything about why things turn out as they do. You have to look back at the past with open eyes to ask yourself **why** you think you have what you have today in terms of both blessings and curses.

Sacrifices produce pain. Pain produces suffering. But the greatest awakening I've experienced in life was when I realized that my desire to make **sacrifices** in life may have led to **pain** and **suffering**, but my sacrifices also led to an unexpected understanding of **guilt** of my self-ignorance.

Perhaps I'm thinking too fast. I'll slow down for you to catch up in case you've got walls up inside that you have to climb over.

Self-sacrifice is a real thing. But you don't **have** to sacrifice yourself for anything or anybody in life. You can sit back and watch as all the animals on Earth are sacrificed to capitalism. Or you can participate in their demise, as the ancient Jews did at the First and Second Temple for more than 1,000 years.

Or you can sacrifice your life for the world as Jesus Did by giving your life to Someone you believe in. Or you can avoid the topic of self-sacrifice altogether and avoid self-meaning entirely.

People who die unexpectedly aren't necessarily guilty of having done anything wrong. They may have known pain, suffering, guilt and even the hope that comes thereafter. They may have been outstanding human beings. Their untimely death, therefore, shouldn't be seen as tragic. What's tragic is **your** loss as the result of their demise, not **theirs**.

I've found that self-sacrifice, like dieting, is a good way to make a distinction between the world around us [**food**] and the world within us [**food-for-thought**]. When you give up something you want in the moment in favor of something more worthwhile in the future, you're probably behaving in a wise and disciplined way. And when you're forced to give up something you truly value, you then know how God Felt about His Fruit and how He Felt about His Son. Loss deepens us. Our scriptural stories that describe God's Losses are meant to deepen **us**.

Self-sacrifice may have been a rite and ritual performed for religious reasons by the ancient Jews, but the ancient Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists weren't strangers to self-sacrifice. Christians and Muslims who think they invented the practice of self-sacrifice are historically and spiritually uninformed about all our ancestors.

It wasn't until Jesus was sacrificed, that, [coincidentally?] the Second Temple was destroyed by the Romans. The ancient Jews were then dragged out of Israel in chains to Rome to be slaves for the third time in our history [Egypt, Babylonia, Rome]. About 1,200 years later, the Christians and Muslims fought each other over ownership of Israel during the Crusades which lasted for more than 200 years.

The Muslims built the Al-Aqsa Mosque in 705 CE. on the Temple Mount, in part, as a sign of their domination over the nameless God of the Jews who were nowhere to be found in Israel by that time. [The Jews had been forcibly disbursed all over the Mediterranean.] The Christians had previously built St. Catherine's Cathedral at the top of Mt. Sinai in 530 CE. for the same reason. The ancient Christians and Muslims wanted what the Jews had been Given. What a surprise... Even today, everybody wants what somebody else has.

It's hard to see anything to be gained in coveting what the Jews have. But they do say that patience is a virtue. I know that's true because it's taken me 69 years to develop patience with myself. And now that I've achieved a modicum of patience with me, I'm seeing miracles everywhere on a daily basis. Now, I'm an "abominable" progressive gay-Jew who covets what **I** have...

What I have is a realistic appraisal of my **guilt** concerning my ignorance. And that's an enormous gift to myself. That inner orientation gives me a much clearer view of what's going on around me. And, what's more, it gives me **hope**.

Who would have expected a suicidal, mental patient to wax poetic about God's Influence in his life? I never would have anticipated sounding so much like a religious person. It's a good thing I promote all the names of God, not just Y.H.V.H. [Adonai: my Lord], the euphemistic name the Jews use for God.

So much for a **higher** education when what we all really need is a **deeper** education. So much for all the water that's flowed under the bridge. The rivers are drying up in many parts of the world and overflowing elsewhere. And many of the bridges are crumbling from disrepair.

Oakland

As everybody knows, Oakland is a violent place. East Palo Alto is also violent. Chicago is violent. Detroit is a shell of a city that became quite violent after the automobile industry pulled out. Wherever there are ghettos, people get violent. What a surprise...

The Jews were the first to be locked up in ghettos, beginning in Venice, Italy 500 years ago. Ghetto life in Europe ended with the Holocaust, not because the Jews decided to get violent, but because the European Christians decided to round up all the Jews and take them to concentration camps to end ghetto life in Europe once and for all.

I think the 20th Century, European Christians may have been worried that the Jews would get violent once they realized how they'd been mistreated for so long. And I think the European Christians realized that as much as the Jews had intermarried with them [just as the Whites did with Black people in this country], the European Christians would never see the Jews as pure White. Even today, the Jews in Great Britain are called "British," not English, Welsh, Scottish or Irish. We see the same attitude of exclusion in this country with mixed race individuals. When it comes to racism [x and y], White Christians throughout the world always seem to win first prize...

Many of the Jews of Europe who were born, lived and died in ghettos didn't even speak the national language. They only spoke Yiddish, an ancient German dialect that they took with them as they were pushed further and further East out of Western Europe.

Those Jews were uneducated, unsophisticated and gullible. That's why it was so easy for the Germans to round them up with propaganda and promises, just as the Republicans are trying to do to minorities today.

If you think that American Latinx people don't equate their linguistic and educational challenge to the Jews of Europe who spoke with an obvious accent, you're deluded. If you think the American Black people don't equate White loathing to European anti-Semitism, you're insane.

The "new" Republicans [Trump Republicans] are different from the "old" [Bush Republicans]. But it's like the difference between an Indian elephant and an African elephant. There isn't that much difference. They may not have sex with one another. But that's about it.

Any jackass [Democrat] can thread himself through the eye of a needle. [Matthew 19:24] But if you pull the trunk of an elephant through the eye of a needle, you may get his head all the way through. But you can stop pulling right there. You'll never get their corpulent political body through that needle.

Republicans today know exactly how they feel about non-Whites. They see the Blacks and Browns as New World Jews. They know that they're only concealing their racism [x and y] with love for the Orthodox Jews. The New World descendants of European Christian anti-Semites are following in the footsteps of the Nazis who showed the whole world what they really believed.

So, you can well understand that some Blacks and Browns in American ghettos might be torn between suicidal and homicidal tendencies when they reflect on what it means to be surrounded by White Christian Republicans who hate them almost as much as the White European Christians hated the Jews. All minorities in this country now anticipate a Holocaust on these shores.

But, as an "**abominable**" progressive gay-Jew who knows the effects of violence personally [having tried to kill

myself three times], I assure you that people become violent with **good** reason. And that reason always amounts to feelings of disrespect, rejection, neglect and abandonment. That's how I treated myself. That's why I tried to kill myself. And that's why I was the one who had to solve my problems peacefully from within.

The Republicans may have all the guns, but deep down inside their leaders know they don't have **good** reason to shoot them. This is why they promoted opioid addiction and snake oil treatments for COVID. They're still hoping that good people will kill themselves for them.

When people have no sense of their existential meaning and the contribution they can make to their kin, community and country, they get violent. They seek suicide or homicide to end their misery. The only thing we haven't tried to predict is whether the Republicans will get violent against themselves with in-fighting or whether they'll focus their violent tendencies against the rest of us.

Democrats have to bet that Republicans can be awakened from their spiritual slumber. I think all people nowadays are being challenged by God to wake up to the meaning of their life. I think they're eventually going to find hope in helping others. Hope, mixed with love, is the cure.

Oakland is no exception when it comes to violent places where people are locked behind financial, ghetto walls that don't offer them hope, inspiration and a chance to earn the material comforts they yearn for.

Having personally achieved the miracle of all three: **hope** for my future with meaning; **inspiration** from God; and sufficient **material comfort** not to have to worry about finances for the rest of my life – I can assure you; it requires **miracles** to achieve all three. It's no simple feat.

When I look at the homeless who wander about in San Francisco, I see the most self-defeated people on Earth. I see men who hate themselves more than they can possibly put into words. I see **me**, **myself** and **I** in every one of **them**.

Now, you may know people who are so cynical that they think they know just how people in ghettos **ought** to behave to achieve the sorts of miracles I claim to have. But I'm not going to make any claims after all the things I did to myself when I was mentally ill.

I'm not going to tell anyone how to achieve miracles. That's between them and God, not them and me. When it comes to someone's relationship to God, I can name four names for Him off the top of my head: **Brahma** [Hindus], **Y.H.V.H.** [Jews], **Jesus** [Christians] and **Allah** [Muslims].

The Buddhists don't believe in God. Theirs is a philosophy of life, not a faith. They believe in learning how to put their faith in themselves. They pray to the Buddha for self-enlightenment so they can make their way to Nirvana by following in his footsteps.

The Taoists have 16 Gods and Goddesses, which has made them the world's greatest experts on paradox. Taoists have been Given **yin** [inner world] and **yang** [outer world]. How their two worlds interface in mysterious, but definable, ways is the aspect of the mystery of life they're working to share with the world.

If you've studied all the world's faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism, you can use the world's knowledge of the self to make sense of all the seven spiritual moving parts that make it possible to monitor your own behavior.

When it comes to violence in Oakland, however, I do have a suggestion that I'd like to offer my neighbors to the East of me. And let me preface it by saying that I think I'm as awakened as a pandit or pujari; as wise as a rabbi; as loving as a priest, pastor, parson or minister; and as loyal to God as any imam or cleric.

But I rarely give people advice. People don't usually have the strength to listen to my suggestions, so I don't bother to give them. That said, I occasionally make

exceptions in my writings because I don't have to experience the feeling of rejection in this medium.

I suggest that the good people of Oakland treat crime as a family matter, not an individual issue. For surely, the roots of crime and violence grow unconsciously out of family dynamics. Nobody becomes violent or commits a crime unless they've learned hopelessness, cynicism and ingrained, spiritual poverty from his parents and siblings. If Oakland wants to remain a model of Christian Rome for the modern age, and not what ancient Rome stood for in the past, this is what I mean by family dynamics:

Rome wasn't built in a day. Rome was built day-by-day. If you think Oakland is any different than Rome in those ancient days when Jews and Christians huddled together in fear of what would happen to them if they walked outside their door, you don't have a good picture of the early days of Christianity in the first couple of hundred years of the Common Era, more than 1,600 years after Judaism had been in practice in the Middle East.

Today, little has changed in Oakland since those violent days almost 2,000 years ago, except that now good Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims are huddling together with gays in Oakland trying to figure out how to convert today's figurative "Goths" and "Visigoths" who have them surrounded. Now, the God-fearing are scratching their head with the "abominables" [LGBT+] trying to find ways to teach criminal minds how to construct a moral compass to guide their conscience.

Most of today's residents of Oakland come from traditional, religious households from around the world, many of whom have given up hope in getting any help from the state.

I think they feel like I felt when I could see no point in living. Sometimes, they probably curse one another. Other times, they surely secretly curse themselves. They may also surreptitiously curse those in Berkeley and San Francisco

who aren't forced to live a ghetto existence. And I'll bet they even furtively curse God for Having Planted them in the poor soil they find themselves having to grow in today.

But what Oakland parents don't do is ask themselves why their sons go out into the world to curse the world **for** them. Theft, violence and killings are behaviors criminals use to curse the world in their parents' names. And that, I think, is an issue worth pondering!

When you're a child who **loves** your parents and have to watch them suffer, it can make you so mad that you want to kill somebody. Granted, I tried to kill **myself**. But violence turned inward makes you just as spiritually culpable as those whose violence is turned against external strangers.

If you **love** your parents, you'll surely react to their suffering with violence against somebody [yourself or others]. But if you **honor** them, you'll respond to it with patience and a plodding resolve to achieve change through cooperative means with others, even if you secretly hate people. But **that** kind of change can take a lifetime. Living your life that slowly in search of rewards takes enormous patience and determination.

It doesn't take rocket science to understand frustration, anger, distress and spiritual discomfort. It doesn't take a moral compass to see that we're all going South, whether we like it or not. The pandemic and global warming are symptoms of the decay of the human experiment in the 21st Century. Some are just headed South a little faster than others because they're suffering with a criminal mentality. But with July 2021 being the hottest July on record ever, and with one fire in Siberia greater than all the fires in America put together this year, rational people all think we're going South.

Oakland is a reflection of the state of my mind, not my soul. It's not just a place on the map. Berkeley is a mirror of my heart. It's not just an institution of knowledge surrounded by intelligent people who embrace the modern age.

But it's San Francisco that corresponds to my beloved penis. It's not just a gay-Mecca where princesses can fuck their brains out while taking designer drugs to squeeze as many pleasant sensations out of their body as possible. San Francisco is Xanadu; a spiritual fountain welling up from the ground of our being. ["Kubla Khan: or, A Vision in a Dream," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge].

There's more to a body than a bag of potential sensations. Pleasant sensations turn into punishments in short order. Would you like to eat pie à la mode for every meal every day for the rest of your life? You've got to teach kids to eat their vegetables, or they'll turn into a vegetable. You've got to teach them that the meat and potatoes of life is **meaning**, not **money**.

That's why this book is more like an allegory than a story. That's why the three main characters are cities, not people. That's why I'm speaking to you in code about abstract patterns produced by the mind that you can learn to read and right to reprogram yourself, even if very few people around you believe in you. That's why you'll get something out of this book by the end that you can't anticipate until you've read it at least once all the way through.

Hyper-Religious Republicans

Hyper-religious, straight men can't be tempted to have sex with their own gender. Neither can gang members. They're not into creative, sexual exploration with their penis, let alone their heart and soul. They're anxious about **it** swelling with pride and somebody seeing that **it** became engorged when they thought about loving kindness toward another man. They can only interpret that as weakness, not mild, sexual interest.

Many of them don't even wash their anus because they don't want to think about any man touching them there. Only their mom once had permission to wipe their ass for them.

The thought of their dad having wiped their ass embarrasses them to this day.

Hyper-religious men and hoodlums are latent [repressed] homosexuals if you ask me. They're afraid of what they yearn for. To be even more specific about what motivates them, I see them as sadomasochists who get turned on by hurting gentle men, women and children. They're jealous of what we can emote with one another that **they** can't. And the more innocent and meeker the person, the more excited it makes them to screw people like us over.

Donald Trump is just such a repressed homosexual and sadomasochist. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. So were all the people he chose to work in his administration. They all used their positions of power to feed themselves, not others. They only made it harder for poor people to survive; harder for the hungry and ill to get help. Do you remember the food lines in 2020? Do you remember Trump throwing paper towels to the people of Puerto Rico to mop up the mess after Hurricane Maria?

There are many little boys like me screaming that the emperor [Trump] is naked. But there are millions of "adult" Americans who claim they admire the fabric he's wrapped himself in.

The more gentility and love for humanity Republicans see in us, the more it infuriates them. The more irrational they become. The more they see people enjoying the miracle of life, the more enraged they are at the spiritual rewards of good souls that they can't achieve themselves.

The more Democrats free themselves from the autonomy of literal interpretations of scripture, the more the Republicans are terrified of figurative interpretations of scripture that will free people to seek wisdom of the heart on their own. Pain and suffering make Republicans gleeful. They find our joy of life utterly depressing.

For Republicans, **guns** are their delivery devices, not their **penis**. And all their ammunition is just a substitute for

semen. They don't realize that their parents threatened to reject and abandon them if they showed any sign of femininity. This is what's turned them into the Frankenstein monsters of the modern era that we have to find ways to educate **deeply** with modern interpretations of scripture.

Taking people apart and putting them back together with new parts is what Dr. Frankenstein experimented doing. That's how he created his modest, humble and gracious creation. That's what we've got to do with the monsters who surround us now.

The Republicans see themselves as under attack. It's not their guns that they're afraid we'll take away from them. It, obviously, isn't literal dismemberment and castration they're anxious about. They're afraid that their name for God is under attack. Theirs is a holy war. It's got nothing to do with political freedom. They aren't fighting for freedom. They're fighting for autonomy. But what these demented idiots think we're going to do is kill Jesus a second time. That's the core of the conspiracy they've bought into.

The same can be said about the Muslims. They're not interested in Israel. They're interested in the secret to entering paradise that they think the Jews are withholding from them. And they unconsciously believe that the Jews are withholding this secret so that we can swindle them out of entry into Paradise.

God, in His Infinite Wisdom, gave some of His Secret to everybody. But it's as if the blind must learn to communicate with the deaf. And the two of them are dependent on the dumb [mute] to speak for them. That makes sharing answers quite a bit more challenging to achieve than people realize...

The story Mary Shelley created [Frankenstein] mirrors what we should all do for ourselves with ourself. But you need to first look at yourself as a figurative monster that was hastily sewn together in your youth by parents who wanted to get you up and running as fast as possible for your sake, as well as theirs.

By now, **you** should be able to figuratively take yourself apart and stitch yourself back together with new parts that will serve you better in a more modern era. Now, you're your own creation, a masterpiece in the making.

This is the holy enterprise we need to convince the Republicans they can engage in without having to give up Jesus as their name for God. We don't want their guns. We don't want their penis or their semen. We don't want to kill their God. We just want them to behave responsibly. We want them to embrace freedom and give up their obsession with autonomy. That's not too much to ask for.

This is the holy enterprise we need to convince the Muslims they can engage in, too, without having to give up Allah as their name for God. We don't want to buy their soul. We only want them to use their head [thoughts] and heart [feelings] to grow their conscience [beliefs] into the potential for a soul that God Has Given everybody.

Making people get a vaccine during a pandemic and wearing a mask shouldn't be a political issue. It's a health issue. Resistance to social responsibility isn't political or health related. It's about the **autonomy** of the individual.

Autonomy has nothing at all to do with freedom. **Freedom** is a Jewish concept given to the world by Moses that Jesus Augmented with liberty. **Liberty** is a Christian concept that the Prophet Muhammad augmented with **emancipation**.

Autonomy has nothing to do with individuality, either. You can be as unique as you like. You can express your individuality in any creative way you choose. The head of your penis can grow to the size of San Francisco, and nobody will care. And the shaft can get as long as the distance between Daly City and San Jose.

But if you don't "know the way to San Jose," you're going to get lost on the city streets of Burlingame or San Mateo without a clue to what you're doing. You've got to get a sense of the big picture.

The anti-authoritarianism and violence we see everywhere around us is insane. Therefore, it must be talked out. The only answer to religious insanity is spiritual, talk therapy that begins within yourself between your head [Jew], heart [Christian] and soul [Muslim]. You won't achieve progress in the world we share until you achieve progress in the inner world none of us can share with another: our penis or clitoris. Those ecstatic sensations are yours, and yours alone.

Just rubbing up against other people doesn't make you wise, loving, loyal or deserving of a reward from God. You've got to discover the good and evil figuratively located in your testicles or ovaries. You've got to unify your Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] from within.

If your parents loathed something about themselves, you can be sure that you now loathe that something, too. But you may not loathe it externally in projection. You may loathe it internally where no one but you can perceive it. You may find you hating parts of yourself, ganging up on thoughts you have about yourself and excluding feelings for yourself that you don't believe you deserve. Denial is our greatest spiritual enemy, not the Russians or Chinese. And people who live in American ghettos are certainly our brothers, not our enemies.

You tortured yourself long enough trying to **love** the flawed parents God Gave you. The gift of the parents you got from God means you ought to love **Him**. "Love the one you're with." [yourself] Honor your parents. And then do your best to "love your neighbor as [much as you love] yourself."

You're surely not a racist. But there may very well be a Black man within you that you're treating abominably. That's why Black lives should matter to you personally.

There's a part of you that's sexually attracted to you, even if you have no interest in exploring sex with your own gender. That's why gay lives should matter to you.

There's a part of you that the world has turned into its punching bag. That's why Jewish lives in Israel and elsewhere all around the world should matter to you.

And there's a woman within you. Call that your "z" factor. You're half man [x or y] and half woman [z]. You're not (x + x) or (x + y). You're a combination of two parents who God Chose for you, a father [x or y] and a mother [z]. Love the woman within [z] and you'll have no trouble honoring women (x + z) everywhere.

Contemplating your navel is another way of describing your focus on the feminine [z] side of yourself. Everybody has a navel because everybody was born from a mother. It's the wound from your separation from your mother that first made you aware of your "z" factor as a newborn.

Whether you have an in-y or an out-y, you need to learn to contemplate your navel from the inside, not just from the outside.

The "x" or "y" factor that you got from your dad is patriarchal. The "z" factor is not an "x" factor. It's completely different than what you got from your father. Your "z" factor that you got from your mom is matriarchal. We need societies where all ["x," "y" and "z"] are honored equally.

Internalization of our parents' loathing of themselves is expressed as body shaming, not just tribal shaming. People will tell you how much they hate their skin, facial features, hips, stomach or legs. But they'll never admit out loud that they hate their genitals or anus. And that's where all problems begin psychologically.

If your parents unconsciously hated their genitals and anus, let alone consciously discriminated against some people in society who you don't hate, you may find yourself reacting with embarrassment, shame and humiliation to your own body issues without conscious understanding what's really anxiety-provoking about those parts of yourself. You

may be in denial of what needs to be repaired [thoughts], updated [feelings] or uploaded [beliefs].

Begin with your navel since that's the closest part of you above your waist to all that matters below your waist. Remember that all the people your parents loathed had navels. There isn't a person on the planet without one. We were all Created in God's Image in that one way. Start there.

If you insist that you hate people because of the way they behave, I hear ya. People are often rude, unapologetic and unkind. Many are even unscrupulous! But hating people because of their accent, body language or sexual preference is a projection of your hatred of yourself. Your reasons to hate you aren't good enough reasons to hate anybody else.

If your penis is too small for you to love it; if your breasts are too small for you to love them; if your stomach is too flabby or protruded; or your hips too wide – it's you who can't love you. It's you who you loathe.

If you drive a Chevy but always wanted to sit behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo, you've got problems with your vehicle. There's only so much you can do with the vehicle you've been Given for the journey you're on. Don't blame your parents for that. Don't blame God. Make the best of what you've been Assigned, and you'll make the best with everything else you've got to deal with.

It's easy to see that some people have God locked up in their trunk. It's easy to see that others are sitting in the backseat with Him kibbitzing, while their vehicle is going nowhere. And it's easy to see that others have God strapped into the passenger seat with themselves behind the wheel. But they're driving the road of life as though to scare Him, threaten Him and even to try to kill Him if He Doesn't Do as they please.

What we all know is that you can't kill God. You can't frighten Him or threaten Him. What some people are trying to do to God, they're only succeeding in doing to themselves, and others.

It doesn't take a college degree to know that anyone who tried to kill himself three times was crying out for help. It didn't take a pill to reveal to me that my relationship to God was causing my internal **syndromes**, which, in turn, were causing my external **problems**.

The Republican masses aren't racists. They aren't homophobes. They aren't misogynists. They only hate Democrats because they've been conditioned to do so. Their leaders have done that to them to distract them from how much they hate themselves.

Believing only in Brahma isn't going to change the fact that you were separated from your mother at birth. Believing only in Adonai isn't going to change the negative thinking that's locked up in your head. Believing only in Jesus isn't going to relieve the hatred in your heart. Believing only in Allah isn't going to get you to Paradise.

These are just names for God. There's a force emanating out of your penis or clitoris that has what to say about what you want [-] and desire [+]. If you don't recognize that you're going to have to take responsibility for that voice, you're going to find someone queer and undesirable instead. You're going to agree with the hyper-religious Hindus, Jews, Christians and Muslims who blame gay men as the embodiment of evil.

In this way, Republican leaders hope to control their constituents to steal from all of us. Capitalism is a concept that will take away as much of the material world as possible from the rest of us until we get religion under control. The hyper-religious will use any means possible to get rich, powerful and autonomous to promote their name for God.

It's easy to see that there are many people who behave like dicks and assholes. But we can't **dismember** them. We can't **castrate** them. And we can't **circumcise** that dirty little hole they've got, whether it's a vagina or an anus.

We have to teach people to come to understand their own mind and body [**me** and **it**] for themselves. You can't **literally**

take yourself apart and put yourself back together in a spiritually more pleasing way. But that can **figuratively** happen over time with a change in your attitude and greater interest in how God Made you personally in His Image. That's one of the miracles of life that you **can** strive for.

But you're going to have to teach yourself to **honor**, not love, your parents because misplaced love of yourself will become a terrible curse that you may not even realize is motivating you negatively, internally and externally. You may be aggravating the world's problems out of love for your parents, while pointing fingers at strangers instead of at yourself.

Unless you stand back and watch your behavior in real time, you may not see yourself as a Frankenstein who's terrorizing the villagers. You may even surreptitiously hurt, impregnate or reject someone in an unconscious attempt to help you magnify something that can't literally be reflected in a mirror.

When you looked back on your life at the age of 20, you saw things about yourself that when you were 10 you couldn't see. At 20, you saw how you'd moved through puberty into adulthood in your own unique way. The same sort of thing happened when you looked back from 30, 40... etc. at more profound levels of awakening.

When you listen to how you talk to yourself now, you may discover that you're out of touch with a part of you. You may really be talking to a wall. And on the other side of that wall Lies God. You may really be talking to Him without knowing what you've constructed psychologically to separate You Two. If that's the case, you're going to have to learn how to talk to yourself. If you don't put **you** before **You**, somebody is going to screw **you** over.

The homeless can't prioritize their issues this way. You may think they're talking to themselves, but they're talking to God who's behind a wall they can't figuratively see inside. If they could talk to themselves, they could help

themselves. They're homeless in one way. But you may feel home-less in your own way within at some times, too.

The only reason I tried three times to kill myself was because I kept forgetting what I was really doing in life and for whom. Becoming a writer became my way of remembering what I have to say to myself. This is how I edit me. This is why I conflate being a righter and a writer. This is why I no longer suffer from righter's cramp or righter's block. I'll never run out of things to right about.

We'll all see a lot more about ourselves on our deathbed than we do now. So long as we're growing like a tree toward the light with roots that wrap around ourselves as though we're also our rock, we're going to grow spiritually, every day of our life including our very last day here on Earth.

The hyper-religious and hoodlums can't be tempted to acknowledge their S&M attraction to good men and women. They have to express their frustration indirectly through scapegoats that they can treat violently and cruelly without having to admit a love for themselves that they're unconsciously keeping inside as a secret.

The hyper-religious and hoodlums are deeply devoted to something. It might be their mother, a hero or status of some kind. But that's just a projection of self-adoration. And since they can't admit that they love themselves for fear of being accused of being feminine [z], they place exaggerated love and loyalty on their projection. Call that projection: a golden calf. [Exodus 32]

Moses made the Israelites melt down the Golden Calf and eat the gold they'd contributed to it. You ought to melt down your golden calves, too, by internalizing them. If you don't, they'll trample all over you.

The hyper-religious and criminals are so frustrated about their seeming lack of self-love that they feel the urge to destroy our things instead. They want to burn down the gardens, orchards and forests we represent. They're lost in a swamp where nothing burns.

Because their wants [-] and desires [+] are unconsciously projected out onto the external world, they're obsessed with making us unhappy as payback for what their parents had to go through in their day.

This is the essence of their twisted mission. This makes them smug, snide and scornful without the ability to tell us why. But it also makes them vulnerable to the truth about the 5th Commandment. **Honor** your parents. Don't **love** them.

All it takes is respect for one Commandment, and the other nine open like magic doors. All it takes is one "bridge over troubled waters" to get to the other side.

You can see the secret desire [+] to honor their parents in the twisted way the Muslims treat their neighbor, Israel. You can see it in the sick ways the Republicans treat the Democrats. And you can see it in Oakland, where Black youths retaliate against their good neighbors for something none of us and all of us are guilty of: self-ignorance. They're all trying to **love** their parents instead of **honoring** them. It's heartbreaking! But it could be soul sprouting if brought to consciousness.

It doesn't matter whether these people spend the Sabbath in a religious institution or in a garage making bombs. They're motivated by the same thing. They want revenge for the suffering their parents went through whom they deeply love but shouldn't. They want revenge from The God Who Left them feeling so alone and misunderstood down here on Earth from the moment they were separated from their mother at birth. They want revenge against a Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] that they don't understand and can only program with violence and prejudice to teach others a lesson about what it means to be a human being with feelings that have been rejected, neglected and ignored [inside and out].

So, when I draw you a picture of me naked on the toilet thinking in the morning, I'm sculpting words in imaginary

clay with a depth that goes beyond a mere sketch of what I'm doing every day.

I'm a thinker, too! I may not literally be a sculptor like Rodin, but I can certainly see how I'm contemplating my brief time on this planet as candidly as I possibly can.

You have to put your faith in yourself to receive the faith you need to give to God. It takes honesty [head], sincerity [heart] and authenticity [soul] to express your truth, even if people think you're a monster who's going to terrorize the villagers. Believe me, I don't behave like a monster to others. And now that I'm not suicidal anymore, I don't behave like a monster to me, either.

You'd think that if the hyper-religious really believed that God Is merciful and forgiving, they'd just ignore all of us who don't pray in public regularly and leave it to Him to Decide our fate. You'd think that hoodlums would simply focus on stealing nonviolently by cooperating peacefully with those in other hoods. You'd think that after more than 70 years, the extremist Muslims would have gotten The Message that God Wants Israel to exist for some reason that they can't as yet fathom.

Clearly, their hatred and need for revenge has nothing and everything to do with the world's scriptures. Clearly their penis [serpent] is whispering things in their heart's ear [Eve or StEve] that's overwhelming their thinking [Adam].

Some people take delight in being contrary, insubordinate and defiant. They have no appetite for joy and cooperation. Listen to their laughter. It's not joyous. It's egotistical, disdainful and rebellious. It's loud and empty.

But that makes them attractive to some others who are secretly delighted by mischief makers. The unmanageable and obstinate appear to have very high self-esteem because they talk loudly, while the self-esteem of good people often looks low because their voice is demure.

But getting **it** up is one thing. Keeping **it** up is quite another. All it takes is one bad thought, miserably timed, and

it comes slinking back down. Such is self-esteem. And we all know that the spiritual muscle [prostate] that delivers our esteem lies deep within us. Do I need to draw you a picture? Google it!

The Spiritual Operating System of every human being, whether his or her self-esteem appears to be high or low, has seven moving parts. And like a watch when you look inside it, some gears go in the opposite direction of others, even though they're all connected and working together to turn the same hands.

This seeming paradox is easy to understand when you've united all the world's scriptural messages. Some of the voices inside you must come to consciousness in apparent opposition to others. And so, it's up to the individual to reconcile these differences in peace-loving, productive ways.

Despite what they show on their face, the worst people in the world look like a watch that's perfectly timed. But when you turn them around and look at them without their back cover, you see how simple their inner workings really are. They can't keep tickin'. They can't take a lickin'. And that's a secret about how everybody operates that you need to know about.

Homophobia is the greatest source of Biblical contrariness and defiance after Adam and Eve's exploration of the self. After picking forbidden fruits from a tree in which a snake had made its home, Adam and Eve's awakening to defiance of themselves [not God] became the main theme that unites Torah's exploration of the Spiritual Operating System of us all.

First God Told Adam and Eve to eat anything they wanted in His Garden except from one tree. Then He Told the Jews to marry anyone they wanted except their mother and somebody from the same gender.

Now, you know that's got to be reverse psychology! You're smart enough to question God's Motives. The hyper-religious can't do that yet. They're still infantile, childish or juvenile. They're still worried about **our** motives because they project their fear of God onto us.

They call themselves "God-fearing." They're not. They're afraid of themselves. They're afraid of the serpent or worm that whispers urges in their ears. They can't understand why their temptations never go away. They can't understand why they have to listen to a broken record inside day in and day out without end.

They can't admit that they've never been a human being before. They can't admit that they don't know how to be themselves because their parents didn't teach them how to. They can't admit that one name for God is never enough.

Why are they terrified of us? I think they don't have a healthy respect for **His** Designs, not ours. If they did, they'd love themselves, as well as us. Obviously they can't condescend to do both.

They want us to be terrified of their name for God. The thought of breaking through their own projections would be the worst of all possible solutions to their problems... They can't imagine that God Would Agree to them knowing more about themselves.

Homophobia [fear of intimacy with your own gender] is the essence of wants [-], while **homophilia** [love of intimacy with your own gender] is the essence of desires [+]. Once a man can reconcile these two [-/+] in a peaceful way for himself, he can break through his own code.

Your wants [-] figuratively cum out of your left [evil] testicle. Your desires [+] figuratively cum out of your right [good]. And your penis is the delivery device that figuratively delivers the two. Think of the life-giving substance you infuse into others as coming from your closed fist [-] or open hand [+].

The man who's **afraid** of intimacy with himself will struggle internally over **homophobia** and fight externally with it, as well. The man who **appreciates** intimacy with himself will blossom and bloom with **homophilia**. He'll become every honest man's friend.

The Orthodox Jews are homophobes who don't want to look for answers below their own belt. They only want to look in Jewish books for answers. They tempt their children to study only Torah by giving them candy to associate scripture with sweetness. But they've turned themselves into children with a spiritual eating disorder. They seek sweetness in the outer world at a cost to their inner world. They substitute food-for-thought with food. They become emaciated or obese inside with greed and gluttony. But they don't associate their body with what's happening to their mind.

The Orthodox Jews are homophobes who aren't yet capable of enjoying a square, spiritual meal. Getting them to eat their broccoli, stem first, is going to be harder than it looks... They're terrified of looking at vegetables in new ways. Hell, they still don't understand the symbolism behind fruits!

This is why, during the AIDS epidemic, demonstrating how to put on a condom by unravelling it on a banana was verboten in schools and in "polite society." Today, such people would rather die than get a vaccine. That's why the hyper-religious and criminal minds are spiritually progressing at a snail's pace. And they're holding us up in class using scripture as their stop sign.

Emotional and spiritual issues can't be divorced from physical, body issues. The mind is connected to the body. The body is connected to the soul. The soul is connected to God. And it takes a precocious penis to tell it like it is.

Granted, medical **doctors** can help you deal with one third of your problems. **Psychologists** can help you deal with one third of your problems. And moderate **religious leaders**

can help you deal with one third of your problems. But you're still going to have to deal with all three by yourself.

Your serpent wants [-] what it wants [-] to the exclusion of anybody else having what it wants [-]. And after it has conspired with your heart, and the two of them have conspired with your head, you experience one of the Seven Deadly Sins. Lust is just one of those sins.

It's only when you internalize the Seven Deadly **Sins** that they magically turn into **virtues**:

| External [-] | Internal [+] |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Pride | Self-esteem |
| 2. Greed | Hunger for self-knowledge |
| 3. Lust | Self-love |
| 4. Envy | The search for virtue from within |
| 5. Gluttony | Hunger for self-control |
| 6. Wrath | Anger at your errors of judgment |
| 7. Sloth | Moving through time mindfully |

Homosexuality isn't a choice any more than heterosexuality is a choice. No two **penises** are alike, just as no two **heads** or **hearts** are alike. Each **body** has been given its own soul. So, no two souls are alike.

But no two clitorises are alike, either. Whether you've got a serpent or a worm below your belt, it has a mind of its own. If you aren't aware of what it's telling you, you may get yourself into more trouble than you anticipate. Life, like your penis, gets harder than it usually looks.

Some women's minds are so developed that their imagination is as long and powerful as a penis. And some men's minds are so developed that their imagination is as small, concentrated and hungry for stimulation as a clitoris.

The delivery system of your wants [-] and desires [+] is unique to you. If you don't explore how to operate yourself individually, you're not going to love yourself very much by the time you get to the end of your trip here on Earth.

People don't look at themselves like a stopwatch measuring their own actions for a specific amount of time. Everybody's watch is going to stop. Then the race within yourself with or against yourself will be over. And the outcome will be sealed.

The difficulty in being you emanates out from the separate identification you make with each of the gears within your watch. This is figuratively why some people are so slow and only look back at the past with sentimentality and nostalgia. This is why others race ahead and feel like they're always late no matter how their hands race round and around.

Sexual repression isn't a choice. If you've been raised in an environment where all forms of femininity [z] are interpreted as weakness and therefore taboo, you're going to have to repress any urge to erect your **tower** or flood your **basement** from positive encounters with people of your own gender.

At least the gay leather community can express their violence in socially manageable ways that lead to orgasm, not bloodshed. The hyper-religious, hoodlums and the rightwing politicians and the lawyers who protect them don't allow themselves this option.

You and I experience lust many times a day. We feel a slight swelling or moistness in our groin. But we know how to manage these sensations. We're not worried about exposing our physical stimulation by others because our mind isn't consumed with utter rejection and abandonment. Just because we get a little excited over somebody who has the same gender as us or comes from a familial background, we don't have to purge our thoughts and feelings with inebriants or social unrest to forgive ourselves for what we feel.

Boys and girls who are raised in families where the consequence of talking about their urges is strictly controlled with psychological threats of humiliation and banishment become sexually repressed. They remain at the infantile

level of development. They relate to each other as Adam and Eve did when confronted by God. Fear of further exposure to Him terrifies them, even though they're already **nude, naked** and **transparent** to the rest of us who've been munching apples from that tree for years.

Just getting the young and inexperienced to the next generation [story] of spiritual operation [Cain and Abel] so that they can see how conflicted their head [Cain] and heart [Abel] are with one another becomes a Herculean task. Their serpent won't hear of it. It has a mind of its own. Their wants [Cain/head, left testicle, -] create an urge for one thing and their desires [Abel, heart, right testicle, +] create an urge for another. Death of matters of the heart [Abel] is the only outcome when the mind [Cain] always has to win.

You can see this repression in Nazis. You can even see this repression of Orthodox Jewish men who are so desensitized to the voice of their penis as it whispers to their heart that they won't even shake hands with a woman out of fear of how violently that encounter of flesh-on-flesh might mess with their head. They've been turned into hyper-masculine, unconsciously latent [repressed] homosexual little boys with repressed, sado-masochistic tendencies that the rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims emulate. They all do anything they have to, to oppress gays and repress their own straight sons if they should show any tendency toward becoming gay, soft, feminine or gentle [z]. They all believe what I'm talking about is "devil worship."

Hyper-masculinity is expressed with threats of violence and damnation for all gentle men and strong, independent women who have the ability to access their inner child [soul]. But these hyper-masculine and hyper-religious men are too repressed to understand what they're doing.

Dying with a ripened soul is an art, not a science. If you approach soulfulness as a science, you become a Nazi, racist, homophobe, anti-Semite, anti-Zionist and misogynist. But if you develop your soul, as though you've conceived, given

birth to and are raising an inner child [whether or not you're a woman], you're going to have to learn about the depth of self-love. There simply is no other way to attain a soul. It requires a "z" factor.

An adolescent boy should see himself as a Noah on board an ark. He should experience puberty as a mystical, magical experience with amazing urges that emanate out from below the waterline of consciousness that he has to manage during rough seas. He should grow up to become spiritually alive and engaged with life by disembarking from puberty in a timely manner letting his animal instincts off his ark two-by-two.

The world will become his oyster. And he'll be the world's pearl. All the sandy irritations he'll go through will emanate out of the mother of pearl [z] within him.

Such a young man will explore the next story, the construction of his tower to power [Babel], through socially productive and cooperative ways. And when he finally faces the spiritual challenges of an Abraham before God, he'll deal with matters of his faith realistically and inclusively. He'll become a teacher and defender of the poor and disenfranchised, not someone who cries bitter tears for every underdog who twists his heart.

The final story of Genesis that you need to know about in learning about yourself as you stand before God is the story of Abraham. Abraham is the father of the three Abrahamic faiths. Abraham [y] is the side of you that can't impregnate the Sarah [z] within you until you're both Given Permission from God. The name of their son, Isaac (y + z), means "laughter."

If you've achieved the next generation of an Abraham, you know how to laugh. You're an Isaac in competition with an inner Ishmael.

When you realize you weren't able to impregnate yourself (y or x) because you couldn't get permission from yourself [z], you're going to laugh, too. You're going to

laugh at yourself for having been such a fool. You're sheepishly going to look back on how you tore your teddy bear to shreds to figure out how to internalize your love for him.

But those who walk around their own "forbidden" tree, afraid to pick more "forbidden" fruit for fear of getting bitten a second time by "Satan," [their serpent or worm], will end up psychologically and spiritually arrested. If they can't get what they want through election tampering; blowing up buildings; and declaring war on their neighbors through mass shootings; guerrilla warfare; intimidation, threats, suicidal behaviors; random murders of women; or by ridiculing good people who are trying to understand life themselves – they'll use any means of denial necessary to take the Hebrew Testament literally so they can swindle the rest of us out of our destiny.

The January 6th riot is just a preview of coming "attractions" if we don't look at what's happening to Republicans with a deeper, spiritual perspective. The elimination of the right to abort life is just an overture to the nightmare we're going to have to live through if they have their way.

Social media needs to expose these Republican, neo-Nazi strategies rather than collude with them by allowing their lies to flourish. If Mark Zuckerberg can't behave like an adult administrator in the IT [Internet Technology] room, he'll have to be humiliated, too. If Google and Apple cave to Putin's threats, we're going to have to do the same with their CEO's. We can't allow unawakened capitalists to behave any way they like. Let this be a warning to anyone in power who doesn't behave responsibly. There will be those who read these words who'll cane you publicly, Sugar. And you won't come away feeling sweet.

You can't call yourself an adult if you're making decisions [shoot] from your back pocket [capitalism]. If you're motivated by **money**, we'll reveal you're without

honey. A land of milk is all you'll achieve. You'll drown in your own sour milk as billionaires around the world are doing today.

Homosexuality and heterosexuality are desires [+], not wants [-]. When you can express your urges without fear of reprisal, you discover what a gift from God an anus and a penis or vagina can be. Anybody who ridicules you for your desires [+] will be called out for being a Nazi.

When you move through your **depression** to see your self-**repression** you learn more about self-**expression**.

Muslims who circumcise the clitoris should eagerly circumcise the head of the penis, as well, not just the foreskin of Muslim boys... Once a woman has had her clitoris removed, it's as if she's had hope literally excised from her body. Let's see how you'd feel about not having a head on your penis.

Without a head on your penis, you're like the serpent in the Creation Story if he couldn't talk. He's just a dumb shmuck. Do you really want to avoid the Garden of Eden to make your way into Paradise? Wouldn't you rather go through it and come out the other side wise to others [Adam], loving yourself [StEve] and loyal to God [Richard]?

When a straight couple have sex, it should be a conversation between a serpent and a worm, not a serpent with a hole in a wooden board. The mind of the man who prefers to have sex with a wooden object rather than a real woman is a man who's been so repressed by his race, religion and culture that he can't think straight.

Misogyny, homophobia and racism are wants [-], not desires [+]. Misogyny, homophobia and racism are prevalent in societies where the children have been repressed by their parents with homophobia. Such Muslims become psychologically **depressed** and **repressed**. Sociologically they become **suppressed** and **oppressed**.

Paradoxically, expressions of "affection" between men is regarded as highly prized in hyper-religious societies. But

those men and boys need constant male-on-male [y] affirmation through vows of “loyalty” that are mixed with threats of retaliation if their hyper-masculinity is betrayed with anything other than strict adherence to agreed upon gender roles.

Behind their **jocular**ity lies terror of stepping out of line. There’s no real warmth in their expressions of “closeness.” Their displays of male-on-male “alliance” are actually highly choreographed and restrained from our more relaxed, point of view.

Beneath the **jock** [y] mentality, lies a very insecure boy who’s terrified of what might happen to him if he tries to become a real man [z], not a facsimile of his dad.³ It’s those males who move fluidly across gender stereotypes who make the best husbands, fathers, sons or lovers.

³ “In stereotypical usage, a **nerd** is a boy who’s good at academic subjects, especially math and science. But he’s supposedly not very adept at throwing a ball. A **jock** is a kid with an abundance of physical skills. But jocks are often portrayed as thugs who aren’t too bright.” [internet] The hyper-religious, hoodlums, rightwing politicians and their lawyers are unconsciously anxious about what their mommy and daddy would do to them if **they** discovered how afraid they really are of growing up. Although sports jocks have usually worked their way through this issue, we sometimes even see examples in the news of them beating up their girlfriend or raping a woman. Mental health issues have made their way into the sports world thanks to modern journalists who are more awakened than their predecessors. The jealousy such athletes have at what women are allowed to do that they can’t allow themselves to even imagine doing [z] reveals what Leviticus 18 and 20 has inadvertently done to poison every society on Earth. Only when you look at this edict in the light of reverse psychology does God’s Word in Torah make sense.

The hateful behavior of the hyper-maniacal, no matter their faith, is the consequence of their inclination toward self-destruction without a conscious understanding of how the human body is made to operate **spiritually**. They're the ones exhibiting perversions, not me.

The hyper-maniacal don't want anyone to discover how perverted they feel inside. They don't want to learn that the difference between good [+] and evil [-] figuratively begins in their pants, not out in the world. They don't want to discover the spiritual power in those adorable fruits [testicles] of theirs that hang down temptingly, not only for other men and/or women, but for them to figuratively pick, so that they can come to understand themselves as Adam and Eve did by facing self-guilt as a way of achieving self-knowledge. Banishment from Eden refers to nothing more than growing up.

The juice in every man's fruits are there for the **taking**, until you learn to **ask**. Asking complicates matters. Requesting permission to fill yourself with the life-giving substance in another person is more than the moral of the Creation Story. It's the essence of civilization. Tell that to the Iranians, Russians, Chinese and North Koreans.

Every man, woman and child over the age of two or three wears a leaf to cover their first error of judgment. Clothing [betrayal before God] separates us from the animal kingdom. No one is like an animal after s/he's learned embarrassment by the age of two or three.

Don't draw the conclusion that Torah is a book that describes a **Jewish** view of reality. All scriptures describe God's View of reality that we need to learn to compare, contrast and analyze to make peace with ourselves and humanity. If you're in denial of yourself, you're lying to the rest of us.

If you denigrate any one of God's Holy Books, you'll denigrate your own. What we see on the nightly news is proof of this struggle. Either you can see that, or you can't.

Picking forbidden fruit literally refers to castration. All other interpretations of the Creation Story are figurative interpretations. If you aren't eager to discover the secret to life by figuratively picking your own fruit, you'll hurt yourself **indirectly** rather than by **literally** peeling open your scrotum to discover what's inside your testicles.

You'd do a lot better if you decapitated your teddy bear, as I did, rather than suffer self-castration. Finding out what you think, feel and believe about yourself takes courage because it requires admitting your urges [+/-] to yourself. Don't avoid this challenge by projecting your wants [-] onto others. The whole planet is now our teddy bear.

What happens **within** you sets the stage for what will happen **around** you. But without an imagination that's got the courage to talk about your urges **in** loud, you may be tempted to act on them **out** loud or unconsciously in despicably twisted ways.

Here in San Francisco, discussions such as this aren't verboten. People here have been conditioned by Far Eastern and gay views of life that give us the capacity to express ourselves in morally modern ways. We're not heathens. We're not monsters. We're not anarchists, insurgents, revolutionaries, radicals, extremists or subversives. And we certainly aren't going to let anyone make us the Jew du jour. We're normal, sane human beings who are just trying our best to help others see how we live here in a way that models the best of humanity in our day.

Men [y] who want real women [z] who are intellectually, emotionally, spiritually and sexually mature should come to San Francisco to look for them. And men [y] who want real men [z] should do the same.

The most common way of avoiding spiritual dilemmas is by using money to avoid the mental, emotional and spiritual challenges of life. People think that if they can solve their survival issues, they can enter paradise through the back door. They think that money is the root of all **opportunity**,

when we also know that “Money is the root of all **evil**, which while some covet, they err from their faith, and pierce themselves with many sorrows.” [I Timothy 6:10]

If you’re only interested in chatting with others about the weather, you’re missing the incredible weather patterns that come with living your life from within as well as from without. Life is happening in two places at once, internally [**honey**] and externally [**money**].

The land of milk [**love**] and honey [**wisdom**] has to be accessed from within. Israel is only a token representation of what Moses described and Jesus Lived through.

If you think you can achieve God Consciousness by eating Christ’s Body and drinking His Blood through Communion, you don’t know enough about the difference between food and food-for-thought. If you can’t conceive of power being realized from the other end of your digestive track, you only know half the story.

When Christians take Communion, they’re infusing the “z” and the “Y” of Jesus. They’re consuming His Essence, the Jewish truth about His Mother [z] and the universal truth about His Father [Y].

The essence of the self-seeking life that leads to God-Consciousness only unfolds for those who are curious about the paradoxes and ironies of reality. All other interpretations produce dogmatic insistence on the way things **must** turn out in someone’s opinion. All such childish interpretations include an unstated terror of figurative snakes that are going to infuse their poison into you; or squeeze you until you can’t breathe any longer; and then swallow you whole.

I suffer from claustrophobia. I have reoccurring dreams of being caught in a tunnel and can’t turn around to go back the way I came. My nightmares represent me having been swallowed by my own penis [serpent]. My nightmares depict my fear of being lost in a narrow tunnel where hope can’t

cum or a tunnel in which I'm drowned in unrealistic "dreams."

But the opposite end of that nightmare tells the tale of a serpent [y] that gets swallowed by a worm [z]. It's about a penis that's afraid it will enter a vagina or anus and never come out. It's about dismemberment.

Unless you're in conscious contact with your paranoias, you're not going to face your fears realistically. If you don't know what you **don't** know, you're going to **react**, rather than **respond**, to the challenges before you.

The hyper-religious are as terrified of us as criminals are of the police. They're terrified we'll discover that we have the balls they lack. They only want to promote automatic rifles [metal penises] with unlimited rounds of ammunition [metal semen]. They only want to use their power to kill and then steal what we have, while we dream of using our power to make love more ardently.

Who do you think God Prefers, men who promote **killing** and **stealing** or men who promote **loving** men and only stealing **affectionate glances**?

The 5th Commandment is the last of the first five on the first tablet. If you can honor your father and mother rather than love them [#5], you can make your way to the second tablet without wanting to kill anyone [#6]. You can make your way from one thumb to the other. You can even cross your thumbs as a sign of hope rather than simply crossing your fingers mindlessly when you're afraid.

And, if you can continue in that vein, you won't make promises you don't keep that figuratively kill those who were counting on you keeping your word [#7]. You won't steal their possessions out from under them [#8]. You won't be tempted to lie about what you're doing [#9]. And you won't wish you were somebody else [#10] because you have to curse being you every day for a lifetime.

I think there's no coincidence to the order of the Ten Commandments. I think you already know that God Prefers

men who promote loving men over men who promote killing them to keep them from getting erections.

You don't need me to prompt you to awaken to what's going on inside of you. If you use your heart [StEve] in conjunction with your head [Adam] to influence your conscience [God], you won't fear what's going on below your belt.

You may wonder why I still call myself a hippy after the Flower Child Movement and the Summer of Love came and went more than half a century ago. The answer is that nothing has changed in my lifetime. I've just grown from bud to flower child to ripened fruit.

Capital Punishment

Keeping most people in prison for years on end isn't a good use of time and money, in my opinion. Criminals aren't going to learn much from their mistakes behind bars unless the **penal** system [x and y] is reorganized to teach prisoners about the spiritual mystery behind having a **penis** [z].

It's **capitalism** leads to **capital** punishment. When all you're protecting is your capital, you lose sight of the goals of your heart and soul.

We need to consider the spiritual needs of even the most "hardened" of criminals. **Their** penis is figuratively screwing **us** over. But, locking them up for a lifetime won't change their nature. Teaching them to use their penis figuratively in more substantive ways will change their nature. The same can be said about the homeless because the same can be said about the home-less.

If we're not working to **help** everybody, we're only working to **protect** ourselves from the people we fear. And that's a focus that will, ironically, be punished. We need to reform the conservative Christians and Orthodox Jews.

The Russians and Chinese aren't going to Venus and Mars to leave us alone here on Earth. The gays and the Jews

aren't going to Uranus and Neptune, respectively, to leave this world, either.

The hyper-religious and criminals need to be taught how to feel sexual, sensuous and enticing. They need to learn the power of passion. Their problem lies below their belt, but the world today is still so puritanical that no society wants to address this problem directly.

Look at the cost of our blindness. Look at what we're doing to one another and the planet instead!

People who break the laws of man need to learn why they don't want to live within the law. They need to repeat their childhood a second time with better parenting. Just controlling their movements isn't going to control their thinking, feelings, urges and beliefs. Just restricting their wants [-] isn't enough if you don't give them ways to promote their desires [+]. They need to learn how to do that for themselves, differently than they did growing up the first time.

You can't communicate with the blind if you're deaf. You can't communicate with the blind and deaf if you're dumb. We're all going to have to learn a figurative Braille language that's universal.

The Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S.] I'm describing to you is like a universal Braille that we can all achieve with touch. It's a form of code that the victim in you [z] needs to teach the perpetrator [y or x] in you, so that you can teach him [y] or her [x] to think more deeply. Only once the perpetrator in you can tell you why s/he does what s/he does can you offer yourself alternatives to your actions.

I was born hungry. I cried for the first week of life. They thought I was in pain until they doubled my formula. But I've had a problem with an overly developed appetite all my life. I just didn't know that what I wanted most to fill myself with was knowledge of the **me** within **it**.

My mom never taught me to **ask** myself for anything. She never taught me how to **apologize** to myself when I did

bad things to myself or others. And she never taught me to **thank** myself for anything lucky that came my way. So, you can well imagine that addictions were the only way I could magnify my issues until I could see them in a spiritual light.

We've got to connect the dots between hyper-religiosity, criminal behavior and the urge to dominate, so we can teach everybody how to control him or herself.

It's the job of **religion** to teach us to become aware of the contributions to humanity from all the names for God. But it's the job of **spirituality** to teach us to become aware of our contribution to ourself to make that happen.

Anti-vaxxers aren't really afraid of the government melting down their D.N.A. They aren't really afraid of a chip being injected into their body that will make it possible to trace them worldwide.

Anti-vaxxers are afraid of figuratively getting bitten a second time by the serpent in their own tree. That's the conspiracy they can't communicate effectively.

And until we address this very real, religious dilemma from psychological and sociological points of view, we're not going to get the Republican thieves out of office. They're going to continue to destroy our nation and the world.

What happened to Afghanistan is a warning of what will happen here. We couldn't build a Judeo-Christian nation in a Muslim country. So, instead, let's now build a nation at home where everyone will be able to pray together. All that requires is welcoming the gays into every house of worship.

God Doesn't Need another earthquake in San Francisco. The world is now shaking to its core from the tremors San Francisco is creating all over the world. As God Is my Witness, I promise you that the whole world will be crushed under the weight of its collective ignorance unless we each learn about ourself personally from our mistakes collectively.

Building a nation is no different than building an individual. It can't be done with one scripture alone. Anyone

who's seen how we're dealing with problems in Oakland [x and y] could have told you that we could never have saved Afghanistan.

The Republican, operating system is no different from yours or mine. The only difference is that you've psychologically assimilated and internalized more of Torah and The Gospels than they have. Hell, you've probably assimilated some of the other world scriptures, as well.

If we're going to convince others to live their life as Moses and Jesus Led Theirs [rather than just promote these two faiths], we're going to have to teach people how to connect Torah to The Gospels to The Quran in a way that hasn't been done before.

If we're going to turn Oakland into **today's** Rome, and not a recreation of **ancient** Rome, we're going to have to teach the children in the Oakland school system about all the seven major faiths and philosophies represented by the body God Gave them. The children of tomorrow are going to have to participate in a world where respect for everybody is included.

The history of Black people, Jews and the LGBT+ community in school curriculums is the first step in including the histories of rest of the peoples around the world. The way I advocate that we do that is by associating the scriptures God Gave the world over the course of every child's public-school education with the parts of every human body that were Revealed by God chronologically in this order:

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------|----------|
| 1. Indigenism | -3,800 BCE | Face |
| 2. Hinduism | 3,800 BCE | Navel |
| 3. Judaism | 3,400 BCE | Head |
| 4. Buddhism | 500 BCE | Genitals |
| 5. Taoism | 500 BCE | Anus |
| 6. Christianity | 0 CE | Heart |
| 7. Islam | 700 CE | Soul |

The concept of One God had to be developed slowly over time. But here is the order in which that occurred:

| # | Tradition | Names for God | Nr. Of Gods |
|----|--------------|---------------|-------------|
| 1. | Indigenism | 1,000,000+ | 1,000,000+ |
| 2. | Hinduism | 1,000,000+ | 1 |
| 3. | Judaism | 0 [Name-less] | 1 |
| 4. | Buddhism | | 0 |
| 5. | Taoism | 16 | 16 |
| 6. | Christianity | 3 | 1 |
| 7. | Islam | 1 (Name-full) | 1 |

Without a **deeper** education, you'll never get underprivileged youngsters to seek a **higher** education. Without a spiritual understanding of what life is all about, people have no existential reason for being. They become lazy, angry, mean and cruel. They pick fights and look for reasons to hate.

My mom once told me that when I die, they're going to have to bury my mouth separately. Will disagreed with her. He told her that when I die, he plans to cremate my mouth separately so there'll be no chance that I'll continue talking after I'm dead...

Frankly, I see my mouth differently. For me, speaking my mind gives me the mental strength to improve my thinking. I see my mind as plastic or metal. I see it as something that can be shaped and reshaped.

Now you see why I have to put everything I know down on paper... I'm teaching a course of study in which each of my books addresses the same issue from a more elevated perspective. If you want to know how I got where I am inside, just read my books in the reverse order written. That'll take you through the swamp [old age], urban jungle [middle age], forest [young adulthood] and the orchard [adolescence] back to the garden of Eden [childhood] we all

came from to the two trees [knowledge “y” or “x” and life “z”] that are unique to each of us.

Today’s Republicans want to corral people like sheep by taking away their freedoms completely and replacing it with autonomy. Today’s Democrats want to enlighten Americans so that they’ll understand their own nature. The fundamental difference between these two political parties is sexual, not political. Passion is at the root of these belief systems. Don’t let the Republicans fool you into thinking Democrats are perverts.

Man’s devious nature was described in Genesis in the story of Jacob who, as a youngster, tricked his father [Isaac] who was so blind that he couldn’t tell one son from another. By putting sheep’s wool on his arm, Jacob impersonated Esau [whose name means “hairy” in Hebrew], thus convincing his father that **he** was the docile, likable sheep his brother pretended to be when he was with their father. [Genesis 27]

Jesus Addressed this story in Genesis in Matthew 25: 31-46. “He Will separate the people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. He Will put the sheep on His Right and the goats on his left.”

There are so many today who wear their hairy heart [sheep’s wool] on their sleeve. They’re imposters who are trying to convince their blind father [Isaac] that they’re worthy of blessings.

You were an Abraham [y] and Sarah [z]. You conceived an inner child [Isaac]. And he conceived two [Esau and Jacob]. Learn from your mistakes. Conceive yet another inner child [Joseph – whose name in Hebrew means to “add” or “supplement”]. Save yourself and your family. Recreate Genesis in yourself, and you’ll be ready to become a Moses unto yourself.

The Jewish people have associated ourselves with Jacob because we’ve made every mistake in The Book! Don’t repeat our mistakes. Learn from them. Don’t avoid wisdom

with anti-Semitism or anti-Zionism. Because if you do, you'll avoid the love of Jesus and the loyalty of the Prophet Muhammad. There's an order to these stories that you can't yet personally perceive.

Jesus Was a Jewish **Genius**. The Prophet Muhammad was a **maven** [A "mavin" in Hebrew is a trusted expert in a particular field who seeks to pass knowledge on to others and one who knows and understands the world almost instinctively. The word comes from the verb "la-avin" which means "to know."]

Granted, most people want to be validated for their wisdom, love and loyalty. But when we're young, we usually only strive to be **adored**. It's by learning **tolerance**, **acceptance** and **admiration** that we discover how difficult it is to achieve **adoration**.

Once you've moved through these three levels of awakening [tolerance, acceptance and admiration of yourself] personally, then you can embrace self-**adoration**. But that will require a great deal of **validation**, inside and out. You'll have to commend yourself for doing things that others can't yet commend you for doing. You'll have to experience the solitude associated with your own Spiritual Operating System.

But since we don't talk about these steppingstones to virtue, people aren't usually aware of what these words really mean. Therefore, they don't validate themselves. And without self-validation you can't progress. You can't give something to others that you haven't first received from yourself.

There's no way to adore Mary and Jesus unless you've learned how to adore yourself. But once you've got a conscience that's turned inward to judge yourself, you'll want to adore the littlest of things you do right. You won't want to get a swelled head, but you won't want to suffer low self-esteem, either.

I'm able to **grieve** being me when I do things that aren't in my best interest because I can **celebrate** being me the rest of the time. Before I was able to do both, my emotional life made no sense. I went insane. My ego tried to destroy me.

Today, I can address the bugs in my operating system because the **problems** I'm facing in my external world always share some correspondence with my internal **syndromes**. By working with mankind every day and God every night, I move from one generation of my spiritual device to another. Like a snake, I shed my skin figuratively from one day to the next. I become more soulful day-by-day.

Accidents are a part of life. People who have **accidents** grieve over what they've done to themselves and others.

But **incidents** don't have to happen. People who create **incidents** make **us** grieve because of who **they** think they are. That's very unfair to everyone involved.

People need to be consoled for their **accidents**. We all have accidents. But those who create **incidents** will find themselves punished for them even if it takes a long time for justice to play out. The gravity of their moral burden can't be **lightened**. It must be **enlightened**.

I still say that if we really want to end crime, we should look at crime as a family conspiracy, and not just something an individual chooses to do on his own. We should teach families to change the way they think about life by teaching them to recognize the spiritual operating forces that influence them as a group.

Love yourself as Jesus Loved Himself, regardless of the name you prefer to use to refer to God. Then, you, too, will be able to honor your family and through them, the world.

But that can't happen unless you teach Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims what you're doing, and why. And the only way to communicate that information is with a passion. The only way to be real with people is with candid communication about their scripture

from a psychological point of view that holds universal spiritual consequences.

Here is a table to associate your seven inner forces with parts of your body and the world's outer forces:

| Internal Force | Body Part | Outer Force |
|-----------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Thoughts | head | Judaism |
| 2. Feelings | heart | Christianity |
| 3. Beliefs | conscience | Islam |
| 4. Discriminations | navel | Hinduism |
| 5. Urges | genitals | Buddhism |
| 6. Paradoxes | anus | Taoism |
| 7. Truth | face | Indigenism |

If you can't face yourself, you're going to run yourself ragged blaming everybody else. Once you understand how you operate, it's much easier to help the families of criminal minds break the cycle of their unhealthy family dynamics.

When we in San Francisco and Berkeley create peace in Oakland, we'll prove to the world that we have the answers the world seeks. The world is watching the Bay Area. Every family in America is watching the Bay Area. God Is Watching the Bay Area.

Do you really think that all the gays who ended up in San Francisco because their family disowned them were left on the street to feel like abandoned orphans? We befriended one another. We made family out of strangers.

First, we made **old** mistakes on **new**, chosen family members. And in so doing, we corrected one another's behaviors in gentle ways. We had no choice. When you're despised by everybody else, you have to make do with what you've been Given. That's why our community is so much less violent and crime-infested than any other.

It doesn't take a **village** to raise a child. It takes an adopted **family**. And if you don't have a nuclear family you can admire, you'd better go out there and make a new family

instead. I'm not suggesting you do so by making babies. There are enough babies in the world! Make a new family using spiritual methods. Start by conceiving an inner child.

San Francisco is a city where you can raise a new family from within. San Francisco is a place where you can become mindful in a Buddhist way that will wake you up to all the other aspects of your Spiritual Operating System that will make you a whole person.

Here, it doesn't matter whether your family is a litter of cats or a school of fish. It doesn't matter if you're holding tight to boyfriend #1 or #101, so long as you honor your self-made family with all your heart and soul.

If you know what it means to be rejected, abandoned and banished as Adam and Eve felt for taking fruits from a tree that they didn't realize was theirs all along, you know that the Creation Story is about you, and not "original man [Adam] and woman [Eve]."

The fruits of good and evil produce the moral reason that gives meaning to life. Those fruits in man are his testicles. Those fruits in women are their ovaries.

The Creation Story isn't about whatever they say it's about in the institutions of Western religion. They don't have a clue what it's really about. They're reading scripture like they were looking down into the ocean from a sailboat or the earth from a mountain top. Your view of God's Word, like mine, goes down to the very depth of the Mariana Trench in your heart to the space station in your soul. You seek awakening, growing and evolution of the **finest** parts of you, not just the **fittest** parts of you. You seek maturity.

The Difference Between Math and English

The difference between math and English lies in the symbols they use. Math uses numbers. English uses letters. To understand life, you need to understand the symbols we've created to describe life in terms of math problems [numbers] verses verbal language problems [letters].

In terms of a math problem, Hinduism can be described as symbolically as “1”. The combination of all the past and future lives of Hindus amounts to 1, which is equal to Brahma. In that sense, every lifetime of a Hindu is < 1 . And the combinations of all the lives of Hindus, past, present and future = 1.

In terms of a math problem, Buddhism can be described as the symbol “0”. There is no God to put your faith in, in Buddhism. But Buddhists also see themselves as < 1 . The word “Nirvana” is Sanskrit and means, “becoming extinguished” or “blowing out.” Nirvana is eternity without God, but with yourself after having achieved perfection. Hindus strive for 1. Buddhists strive for 0. Therefore, the symbol “10” corresponds to Hinduism next to Buddhism, not the number that comes after 9.

In terms of a math problem, Judaism can be described as the symbol “1” as well. But Jews believe that God = 1 and we are > 0 and < 1 with no opportunity to return to life to augment ourselves once we die. We must do everything we can to augment ourself with understanding and actions in our lifetime. Becoming a Jew changes your mind with good deeds. Righteous actions make it possible for you to see yourself as approaching God [1]. But such self-sacrifice also includes the anxiety of believing that you’ll have no opportunity to do so after you die by returning to life to try again later.

Therefore, Judaism asks us to change our mind. Unless our thoughts grow deeper with meaning from the words we utter and the deeds we do, we aren’t going to achieve peace of mind. We aren’t going to avoid pain, suffering and guilt. We’re only going to avoid hope.

P.C.

I spoke about “P.C.” in terms of a personal computer. I spoke about “P.C.” in terms of being “politically correct.”

Now I'm going to talk about "P.C." in terms of the "present continuous" tense.

This is an English problem, not a math problem. This is a problem that can only be expressed using letters, not numbers.

Even though I have a master's degree in English with a concentration in linguistics, I'm not sure whether the present continuous tense is a verb tense that exists outside Germanic languages. Suffice it to say, that the concept of dividing time the way the Germanic peoples of Europe do is highly useful to the running of the world both externally and internally. It creates a relationship to time that I don't see in the mentalities of most other peoples.

The present tense in Hebrew is as long or as short as the speaker wishes it to be. There's no difference in verb tense between the verbs used in the following sentences in Hebrew:

- A. I **go** to work five days a week.
- B. I **am going** to work a bit late today.

But in English there is a difference in the simple present tense [go] and the present conditional tense [am going]. In English you can lengthen or shorten the now to accommodate an idea that takes up more or less conceptual space.

This is valuable when it comes to looking at life because life is an action that only takes place in the present. The ability to indicate that the duration of an action can occur under varying lengths of time by changing the verb is a sign of the magic and mystery of time that we're able to describe using words.

Life is a blessing, but the blessing of life will have to come to an end for each of us. God Is Saying, in effect, I Am Blessing you for the duration of the present tense for the rest of your life.

That doesn't mean, however, that when you die, He'S No Longer Blessing you. You're not cursed by death. It simply means that the present continuousness of life will be over. That makes us all P.C.

With that sense of time and timing in place, it's possible to appreciate life differently just by understanding the use of the present continuous tense as a length of time. It reaffirms our understanding that we all live in the present so long as we live. And when we die, we're no longer blessed with participation in the now.

When we won't be here now any longer, we don't know where we'll be. The names people give to a place outside the now is just a marker for a theoretical concept. Heaven, Hell and Nirvana are place settings that exist outside the present continuous. There's no concrete evidence that they exist outside of the faith we put into those concepts.

I don't always feel blessed. In fact, I often feel cursed when I have to go through problems that I find very challenging and unpleasant. If life is a school in the present tense, then many of the lessons I have to endure make the present continuous tense seem like an unpleasant place to be. That explains why time sometimes feels long and other times, short.

Fantasies, luxuries, inebriants, sex and thrills are ways of escaping the present tense entirely without literally leaving it. Vacations to exotic locations are ways to escape the now you know for a now that expands your sense of now in a magical way that you're willing to pay good money to enjoy two weeks a year.

The nice thing about our **inner** world, so different from the outer world we share, is that our **inner** world is in the present continuous tense **constantly**. The length of the present within us is endlessly. When we're alone inside with ourself [with or without a sense of God's Presence], we feel the continuity of time that corresponds to eternity. You could even say that eternity exists here-and-now inside of us while

the timed experience we're going through externally presents us with a very different impression of reality.

The 4th Commandment, to keep the Sabbath holy, can't be achieved perfectly externally. It can only be achieved perfectly internally. In fact, there's no other way to experience time internally other than as an eternal Sabbath.

Anyone who meditates or contemplates life knows what that feeling of eternity feels like. And many in the Abrahamic faiths who appreciate this difference in time internally hold a great affection for their Sabbath. They try to recreate that experience externally once a week.

Not only is our mission in life in the present tense. Our mission is continuous. Not only is it apparent, but it becomes more and more symbolic as we question its importance to our life. Life is P.C. Our mission is P.C. And we're P.C. As we build our crown for ourself day-by-day and try it on to see how it fits each night, we become regal in a way that we never imagined or hoped to be. We become great.

Berkeley Is the New Jerusalem

Berkeley reminds me of Jerusalem. There's such privilege next to such poverty in Berkeley. There's hope rubbing up against hopelessness. There's emotional regard for God and terrible emotional disregard for people.

They say you shouldn't go to India unless you're ready to face the starkness of reality. Really? Have you been to the corner of Telegraph Avenue and Bancroft Way? That's where I see the starkness of reality! That's where callousness for others intersects with hypocrisy. That's the Wailing Wall of our West Coast Jerusalem.

From a monetary point of view with an eye to the future, it looks like those who go on the CAL campus as students are full of hope, and those who go the other way face hopelessness.

But when it comes to **regard** for strangers, I often see the opposite at that intersection. The privileged are

hopelessly lost in their own little world. And the underprivileged are hopeful to awaken the others to their superficial emotional relationships with anyone who looks and sound different from them – i.e., the uneducated.

Why is that? Why does hope in the great White way seem to diminish so quickly as you go South on Telegraph Avenue toward Oakland? What is it about an education that separates people? It **should** do just the opposite.

America is the world's great laboratory of spirituality. Here, we bring people together of various mentalities from around the world to glean the best from all of them. Here, we create the supermen [z] and wonder women [z] of the future.

And yet, sometimes the financially privileged open their heart as little as they have to for fear that doing so will require them to open their wallet, too. They're afraid of what warm feelings for strangers might literally cost them. They spend money on themselves much more easily than they spend feelings on others. And they wonder why their personal lives look so cynical and why they're always rushing around without enough time to spare.

Feeling kindly towards others doesn't have to be backed up with gelt [money]. Look at the Republicans. They always express their "thoughts" and "prayers" for those killed in mass shootings... But they never spend a dime to do anything to stop gun violence.

But if you ask Republicans why it's the case that they claim to have everything but money for victims, they maintain the position that their principles are based on the concept of freedom, liberty and emancipation of the human being from his primitive self. They claim that emotional inclusion isn't what Jesus Was Preaching... Their feelings are only for those who hold the principles they do.

So, it **is** possible to claim to have feelings while having those **feelings** overridden by powerful, negative **beliefs**. It's possible for the heart to go one way, but the conscience to go another.

What the Republicans are really saying is that they're going to withhold their feelings [and money] for victims of mass shootings because they deserve what they're getting. What they're really saying is that God Doesn't Love them... If He Did, they wouldn't have been victimized... It all lies in His Hands. They think that if the victims believed more deeply in Jesus and the exclusivity He Promoted, all would go well for them...

Now that the Republicans are dying like flies from the Delta variant, I think we should set aside a certain amount of room in our hospitals for those of us who **have** been vaccinated. Let God Save **us** with the help of the AMA. Let the Republicans go to church when they've got COVID, not to the hospital... Let them go to Fox News for religious and medical advice...

Our "thoughts" and "prayers" should be with the Republicans as theirs have been with ours now that guns are everywhere in America. They wanted guns instead of penis knowledge. Well, we want life instead of guns.

It's too dangerous for us to share all our medical resources with people who refuse to cooperate with the medical model. If they want to live independently, they can die the same way. We have no choice but to give the Republicans a taste of their own medicine. They obviously don't want ours.

My sister stole my inheritance out from under me. She did a Jacob on me [Esau]. [Genesis 25] I don't hate her for what she did. But I certainly don't love her. I honor her with my silence and distance. I've disassociated from her entirely. Let God Work out our differences for us. Distance makes my heart grow fonder for me because I don't steal. I'm sure my dead parents would love me to care for my sister. But I'm going to honor my mother [z]. And my sister has decided to honor our father [y]. I'll let Torah tell me what to expect from that parting of the ways.

The Bay Area is the apex of the American experiment. Because gay people have removed the taboo that separates the **head** [Judaism], **heart** [Christianity] and **soul** [Islam] from the **navel** [Hinduism], **genitals** [Buddhism] and **anus** [Taoism] – we have the ability to **face** reality like ancient indigenists who cherish the land we live on. We have what it takes to combine all the forces within us. We don't have to choose one or two forces over all the rest. We can choose to save **face** with **faith**.

Because we had to dream about sex as though it were forbidden fruit growing up, our gay imagination is well developed. We have a 3D imagination. Straight men might think of breasts in 3D, but they can't even imagine their own penis fully fleshed out in their imagination. Just imagine how little they allow themselves to think about what the next guy's got between his legs.

Here in San Francisco, the Judeo-Christian lifestyle isn't nearly enough of an operating recipe for people as complex as us. We're not figuratively using an IBM Selectric typewriter or fax machine to communicate with one another. We're cutting-edge spiritual technologists in iMacs that are updating our Spiritual Operating System all the time.

Here, we're not afraid of penises in anuses. We're not afraid of Buddhists who put their faith in themselves or Taoists who separate their inner world [yin] from the outer world [yang]. We're not afraid of contemplating our navel like Hindus who see millions of God's Faces in One Formless Deity. And we're certainly not afraid of Republicans.

Everybody starts out life wanting to go North. Everybody wants to go toward greater and greater success in life. But life has a way of turning us all West, toward the setting sun. We become disappointed and dark over time. We turn away from the East, the rising sun. We turn away from the dawn and new beginnings. We turn away from God's Light and move in the direction of the night. We

become cynical, bitter and sophisticated. We become **worldly**.

As brilliant as a sunset may be, every sunset ends in darkness. As much as a sunset is like an egg that breaks and splatters yolk all over the sky before it sinks below the horizon, we've all done the same thing to ourselves. We're a scrambled mess inside.

All of us who face West figuratively grow nearer to death. We grow cold. We limit our emotional warmth with perfectly wonderful people because we feel distant from everyone. We're alone and simultaneously in bad company.

That explains why our nation is figuratively tipped to the West, not the East, and why all the orphans of love and spiritual infants still roll into San Francisco with meaningful questions about life on their face. That explains why so many people everywhere feel surrounded by acquaintances, not friends.

There are events in life that can only be explained with poetry. If you're very well educated, you've learned from The Quran, one of God's Great Poems, that the mouth of the cave where the dog lies outside guarding it, faces South. [Surah 18] You come out of that cave in the mountain and inner darkness with the sunset [illumination] on your right. You come out of the shade of the night into the illumination of the light within you going South after having gone North or West for as long as you possibly could with your focus only on the outer world.

After you've made your way to the summit of the mountain and have decided to come back down to help your fellow man, you find your way to the **cave** within. And when you come out of that inner **closet**, the inspiration of the Prophet Muhammad awaits you with open arms.

That's a great mystery in life because you started out climbing the mountain with the sunrise on your right [external focus] and the sunset on your left. And now, it feels like it's the other way around [internal focus]. You've made

a U-turn. You're going against the traffic of the masses. You're going the opposite way most people are going. You're going South.

You're older. You're wiser. And with the sunset on your right, you can see that you're figuratively going back in the direction you came from. You went from birth, North, toward outer success, and now you're going South towards death and inner success. The path of the two are now parallel to one another.

Going South doesn't necessarily mean that you're declining. In fact, going South for the awakened and enlightened produces the experience of going uphill while others appear to be declining around you. Those with illumination and warmth experience old age and dying as a hopeful ascension toward a blissful destination.

Life is a journey in which you take an unexpected U-turn that brings you back toward where you came from. You go from increasing **external** light to increasing **internal** light. You go from **outer** warmth to **inner** warmth. You go from an open heart for **others** to an open heart for **yourself**.

Unless you have the inner orientation skills that the spiritually blind, deaf and dumb don't have, you're going to get very angry, frustrated and frightened over where life is taking you and how you feel about being alive. You may even erroneously conclude that you'll continue to go in a Northly direction, upward and onward, without end so long as you can make a lot of money.

Life isn't about promoting Jesus as God. Jesus is just one of the many names for God.

Life isn't about promoting Torah as the only operating system Given by The Nameless God of the Jews. Torah is a very special Book Given to the world on how to operate ourself with one another in His Presence.

Life isn't about promoting the Prophet Muhammad as the Taliban, ISIS and all the other foes of Israel do. The Prophet Muhammad was just a man who was Given more

specific, inner, orientation skills by an emissary of God [Gabriel]. Allah is The Nameful God that you experience once you've embraced all the other names of God.

Life is about hope for everyone.

But hope requires faith in yourself. "Your Arm's Too Short to Box With God," but it's never too short to pat yourself on the back. If you have what it takes to put your hand in your back to push yourself toward the things that you want, you have what it takes to give yourself a kick in the butt from time to time, as well.

The University of California at Berkeley is North of Bancroft Way. Telegraph Avenue starts out in Oakland more than four miles South and dead ends at Bancroft Way in front of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Student Union.

What I'd like to know is why they don't give new students to CAL an orientation to life using the geography of the campus as a **spiritual** benchmark? What's a university orientation without a discussion of life as an allegory, not a children's story? What's life without a poetic view of it that makes every day a movie with a soundtrack and actors with meaningful parts to play?

Don't you roll your credits at the end of each day? Don't you mention the name of The Producer [God] and director [you]? Don't you name the supporting actors who made your day possible before you close your eyes at night? How can anyone claim to love movies if s/he doesn't live life like a movie?

Berkeley is the New Jerusalem, and CAL is like the Old City. Jerusalem means "City of Peace," but we all know there has **never** been peace in Jerusalem. It's really the city of **hope for peace**, just as Rome is the city of **hope for love** and Mecca is the city of **hope for loyalty** to God.

Without **hope** there's no opportunity to advance towards God in any of those places. Just as Jerusalem is a Jewish city surrounded by hopelessness until there'll be peace. Berkeley

is a city that ought to reorient itself to what it stands for in the greater scheme of life in America.

You won't find homophobia in Berkeley. But the university has pockets of anti-Zionists. You won't find much anti-Zionism in Oakland, but there are places in Oakland you wouldn't want to go to if you were gay.

You won't find either in San Francisco because nobody here believes dogmatically in God or that the Jews are any more or less gifted than anybody else. Here, we're all like Buddhists seeking faith in ourself. And it's our rare combination of gays and our Eastern philosophy of life that makes us who we are in a universalist, political body founded upon America's Judeo-Christian principles.

I'm an old hippy telling a tale of three cities that correspond to the head, heart and soul in me that I'm trying to unite in my own inimitable way. But this is a view of reality that isn't mine alone. San Francisco isn't an island. "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main" [Donne]

Gay Mecca

San Francisco looks like the head of my penis, but it represents the soul of mankind. [Don't believe everything by the way it looks.] San Francisco may appear to be the gay Mecca of the world, but this place is chock full of Buddhists and Taoists who know we've beaten God at His Own Game of reverse psychology by not being homophobic. We're not self-hating or anti-Semitic because we're not homophobic. We love ourselves enough to love our own gender. And we even tolerate those religious people who don't hate gays.

There are still pockets in San Francisco where people don't realize that God Created Siddhartha Gautama [the Buddha]. But let's let that be our little secret... How in the world can a man born from a woman – who's depicted in every painting and sculpture with a navel – reach a place called Nirvana if there isn't a God Who Provides Nirvana for

him? Did Jesus create Christian Heaven without His Father's Help? Did the Prophet Muhammad reach Paradise without inspiration from Gabriel?

We can only attempt to create facsimiles of these Places here on Earth with a more perfect union conceived with hope. What comes after we leave the here-and-now is anybody's guess. There-and-Then is a mystery for us all in the here-and-now.

Without **hope**, all destinations after life fall apart or gather dust. Without **faith**, all destinations after life end in struggles projected out from within. But with both hope and faith, it's possible to achieve meaning during this journey through the present continuous in which we have the ability to reimagine the **past** with hindsight and conceive of the **future** with foresight. The more meaningful what you're doing here-and-now becomes, the less you'll **grieve** having to be you, and the more **ecstasy** you'll experience from the mystery in the moment.

Patience with yourself is key to the spiritual process. The more deeply you inquire into what you're thinking, the more patient you'll be with what's happening around you. Patience has the strength to pull back rugs under which you've swept a lot you may not have wanted to reveal to you about yourself.

Seeking thrilling sensations through sex with drugs will, over time, turn into a cheap facsimile of joy that leaves you wanting the real thing. Seeking only money, power and prestige are a fool's errand, too. What will you do with them if you haven't become soulful? What good is buying banana peels? Wouldn't you enjoy the fruit inside the peel more than just its container? A banana peel has no appeal unless you want to play dirty tricks on people.

The Buddha [Siddhartha Gautama] was born in a gilded cage. His father didn't want him to become religiously "damaged" by Hinduism, so he kept him away from ancient India's national faith. But because Siddhartha's mother died

when he was a week old, he didn't get to learn about guilt and God at her knee.

He grew up without a mother or a faith. And I got the impression from his writings that he wasn't too keen on his father who kept him locked behind palace walls. His father was a powerful king who didn't want to settle with compromises. We all know that's a recipe for suffering.

Siddhartha struck me as a youngster who was anti-**Authoritarian** and anti-**authoritarian**, just like his father. So, when he gave up his gilded cage in favor of experiencing the real world, it's no surprise that he discovered there was suffering everywhere around him. [Who doesn't know that much about life?]

We know that guilt comes **after** pain, suffering and self-sacrifice. People are eager to tell you how much they've suffered to be sacrificial for the sake of others, but they always try to hide their guilt. Guilt is **embarrassing**. Guilt is **shameful**. Guilt is **humiliating**. Guilt is hidden behind walls, like a secret garden. But suffering grows everywhere, like grass.

The young child doesn't listen to his mother. He touches the stove and gets burned. Physical **pain** leads to emotional **suffering**. The child cries because s/he's experienced both but can't talk about the two separately. S/he only wants to be comforted.

Only with pain do we question **why** we're so unlucky and unhappy. Then we want to know why we couldn't listen to the good advice that was given in a timely manner without having had to go through bad experiences to get where we are now; why we needed to discover the truth about fire for ourself. Such is the truth that causes suffering.

First comes **pain**. Then comes **suffering**. Then comes **guilt**. Self-ignorance produces guilt. Until you've experienced pain and suffering, you won't understand how to recognize and alleviate your guilt at all that you don't know about yourself.

Avoiding suffering, as the Buddha suggested, is a great lifestyle. And **teaching** people the importance of avoiding suffering is a great occupation in life, as well. But ending suffering isn't possible unless you can teach people how to atone for the ensuing guilt. Understanding guilt is the job of us all, not just the job of the Jews, and by extension, Christians and Muslims.

The Delta variant is an opportunity for Republicans to learn about their self-ignorance. All those who don't experience the burn of this viral "fire" are simply going to continue to believe the lie that COVID-19 is a fire that doesn't burn. Only those who've been burned by it will appreciate their ensuing guilt at not having listened to those in authority who had **their** best interests at heart.

All people recoil at the thought of being guilty of anything. Convincing human beings that they need to be guilt ridden about what they don't know about themselves is harder than it looks, especially if they haven't done anything majorly wrong in the external world. It's only when they see that they've treated themselves like a slavedriver over an Israelite; a White Christian over a Black Christian; and a Republican cheating a Democrat – that people begin to see how guilty they are of self-ignorance. Only then do they realize that they're behind a wall in a garden of guilt, and where they are doesn't resemble Eden before the Fall.

To get out of guilt, you have to be an escape artist like Houdini. Trump couldn't do it. You have to get out of the handcuffs your hands are in; out of the straight jacket your arms are in; and out of the chest that's got your whole body submerged at the bottom of the sea. You have to admit who did all this to you. You tied yourself up with self-ignorance. You did all this to yourself. And only you can get yourself out of it.

Trump will never do so! He swallowed the silver spoon he was born with. He's got nothing to offer America. He's too poor to give anything of value of himself. His lessons are

all locked up inside where his treasures will never be stolen from him. That's what White privilege looks like. That's God's Example to the world of what **not** to do.

The more Trump burns the Republican Party like a flame out of control, the more some of them are still giving "thanks" for the sacrifices he forces them to make on his behalf. And the more they sacrifice themselves for Trump, the more they're trumped, just as Madoff made off with 60 billion dollars. Rick Santorum's last name is now associated with semen ejected from the anus because of his opinions about gays. Over time, every Joe's man chin [Joe Manchin] will be associated with stooges who grow a beard to make it look like their chin is the source of their wisdom.

The more the Republicans think they're becoming worthy of redemption before Jesus [God] thanks to the deliverer of the life-giving substance they want infused in them any way they can get it [Donald Trump's semen], the more they suffer the burn of a flame they can't see, can't describe and can't extinguish.

What a pity it is to see good people die because of a fire they could have avoided if they'd known more about the nature of pain and suffering as God-Given tools that need to be poetically managed with wisdom, not just mindless prosaic love for any snake oil salesman who rides into town. What a joy self-knowledge isn't forbidden. But what a pity it costs so much.

The Castro

When looking at the Castro [the gay neighborhood of San Francisco] from an insider's point of view, I have to look at it as would a 19th Century Jew in a European ghetto or a Black person in an American ghetto today. We, gay people, had no option but to huddle together in the 1970's to protect one another from the cruel world then. We were so despised outside our figurative walls that we didn't dare risk

expressing ourselves honestly before our hyper-religious “captors.”

We’ve since broken barriers within ourselves as well as in society. We’ve taught the Jewish and Christian worlds how to take scripture figuratively, although we didn’t state it as such at the time. We’ve shown them what men who love men and women who love women can add to society. We proved that marriage equality is good for everybody.

The AIDS epidemic taught us about the burn of indiscriminate sexual relations for the sake of comradery. AIDS taught us that adultery and comradery are two extremes of a life that’s managed wisely. You want to remain near the middle of those two extremes. Recreational sex is like a dessert that’s pleasing at the end of a good meal. But you wouldn’t want to make sex the main course of every meal. Heartburn is always the result of an overly active sexual appetite...

My parents turned sex into a long-awaited dessert after the Americans defeated the Nazis in Germany. I was the cherry on top of their whipped cream. You wouldn’t want to be that cherry. Their divorce left my head and heart divorced from one another in an effort to understand the meaning of loyalty.

When you’ve been starving for self-knowledge for decades, you’re left with an appetite for hot dogs, eclairs and even broccoli eaten stem first. It all seems like manna from Heaven. You embrace skyscrapers, towers to power and even drawbridges that promise access to havens you can’t literally consume. The hunger for self-knowledge is insatiable. It’s all a question of what you want [-] verses what you desire [+]. Nature bats last, but the penis never leaves home plate.

Today, the Castro has become an upper middleclass neighborhood for a wide range of peoples. It’s hardly the orphanage for gay men it was when I first witnessed it in 1974. The homeless even come **here** to beg because our

money is as good as anybody else's, yet our community is so much more understanding of what it means to feel homeless in this cruel world. The homeless intuitively feel at home here.

As for the litter in San Francisco, you can put lipstick on a pig. And when the pig looks in the mirror it'll be amazed at how much more it likes what it sees. But it'll still think it's walking around in a pigsty until it grows up to become a fully-grown sow or boar. Give us time; we'll solve our litter problem and homeless problem the same way we solved our gay problem – from the inside out. We solve our syndromes before our problems, not afterwards.

I first came to the Castro in 1974 while on vacation in America from the Netherlands. I'd never been to San Francisco while growing up in L.A., so I asked my mom in advance if she wanted to drive up from L.A. when I came back to visit after years living abroad. While we were here, I told her I was gay. So, I came out to my mom while we were tourists in San Francisco.

But, because I was young [22] and angry, the way I told her I was gay came out sounding belligerent and blaming. And her response was, "Well, it's not my fault!"

That's when I realized that coming out for me would never be like for most gay men. My mom thought me being gay was adorable. When I moved back to L.A. from Holland, she even matched me up with gay men she met that she liked that she thought would make good husband material.

But when I was later in the throes of insanity, my mom called me a son of a bitch on the phone one day. And I replied back at her, "Yes, I **am** the son of a bitch!" And I hung up on her. Years later, she told me that she had to laugh at that. She figured that if I still had my sense of humor, I wasn't all gone.

But before all that heartache, one evening in 1974 in San Francisco while we were here on vacation, I left my mom in our hotel room and went to the Castro to snoop around on

my own. Castro Street looked like a sea of blue jeans crashing against a shoreline of bars. There wasn't a woman anywhere to be seen. It was an odd experience, and I was coming to it from Amsterdam, the gay ghetto of Europe!

I should have been prepared for America's gay Mecca then, but I wasn't. Being gay in San Francisco today is like being in Paradise. You feel you're on Cloud 9. Everyone in the Castro sports a halo and wings. And everyone also has horns and a tail. You just have to look around to decide what it is you're looking for.

The Castro is what the bar scene in the original Star Wars movie was alluding to. Only today, we'd never tell droids we don't serve their kind here. I felt so sorry for C-P3O...

I came back to San Francisco a second time in 1987 when I drove up from L.A. to visit my lesbian cousin in Healdsburg. By then, I'd been living in L.A. again near my family for more than a decade and wanted to find a small, quiet corner of the country to settle down for good. Little did I know that by moving to small-town America I was a gay man jumping out of a frying pan into a fire.

The rightwing Christian and Orthodox Jewish Republicans claim they have God on their side because they found two passages in Hebrew scripture that vilify gays [Leviticus 18:22; 20:13]. They think that if God Can Do it, they can, too. They equate themselves with Him.

They don't realize that all of Torah is based on reverse psychology. It tells you what **not** to do, knowing full well that you'll have no choice but to do what it predicts. Your only choice is to do it internally or externally.

Torah begins with the temptation to acquire self-knowledge as recounted allegorically in the Creation Story. Leviticus tempts us to love ourself. It's only after you read The Gospels that you discover that the opposite of reverse psychology challenges us to externalize our **love** for ourself in a way that **honors** all others.

How else can a conscience be created and then evolved into soul? How else can each of us take responsibility for our own actions and not blame our deeds on others or Satan or a God Who Hates us because we prefer anal over vaginal sex?

The rightwing Christians don't vilify the Orthodox Jews, and **they** look just as funny as us gays! But the reason these Christians cozy up to the Orthodox Jews is because **they** despise gays, too.

Both the rightwing Christians and Orthodox Jews despise gays **and** progressive Jews. So long as you're a hyper-religious Jew or rightwing Christian who hates faggots and progressives, you're in like Flinn with God – or so they **both** assume.

Self-hate is the result of homophobia and anti-Semitism from a **psychological** point of view. **Anti-Zionism** is the result of self-hate from a **sociological** point of view. If you want to get rid of self-hate entirely, you're going to have to deal with these underlying causes. If you can't love your own body, you'll project that distain onto the LGBT+ community. And if you can't love your own spirit, you'll project that loathing onto the Jews.

The Orthodox Jews are homophobes because they hate their **container** [body]. They're anti-Semites because they hate their **contents** [spirit]. But because they do love God, they're not anti-Zionists. The same is true about the rightwing Christians.

This is disappointing for a progressive gay-Jew because the Jews have always prided ourselves as teachers. But the old-fashioned Orthodox Jews need to learn from the world to overcome their self-ignorance. They're not awakened enough for anyone to consider them good teachers.

I know that God Is loving. I know that His Word Is greater than any one interpretation given by man. I'm under the impression that good people everywhere can learn to live together in peace if their conscience is sufficiently evolved to handle differences of opinion without resorting to the

cause of anti-Semitism, anti-Zionism and homophobia: self-hate.

I tried to learn about Judaism from the Orthodox Jews. I went to Orthodox services and study-classes in San Francisco. But they tested me to see if I was gay, just like they did at Comstock JHS. And when I came out to them at synagogue, their true colors shone through. They vilified me. They told me to get out of their synagogue.

I was shocked. I felt like I'd felt among the rightwing Christians in Santa Rosa. It was then that I saw how naïve I'd been about all hyper-religious people.

The issue becomes muddied, however, when you talk to hyper-religious Muslims. They, too, hate gays and Jews. But they hate **all** the Jews, not just the liberal ones. They're anti-Zionists, not only anti-Semites. They hate all the Jews, all the Christians and the gays. They especially hate liberal Muslims who are as open-minded and soft-hearted as we are.

Self-hate is illogical [mind] but it's very rational [heart] because people have mixed emotions. And they don't realize what their feelings do to them. You can feel many conflicting feelings, but they're opportunities to question what you **think**, what you **do** and what you then **say**.

In the good old days, when oil was all that mattered to a world dependent on it for energy, there weren't the obvious problems of self-hatred we see today. Now, because of global warming, people are looking askance at oil. And the pressure to get along with oil producing nations is waning.

Now the moderate Muslims are making peace with Israel because Israel has technology for the future that they'll need. Now the hyper-religious Christians who colluded with the hyper-religious Muslims in the past for the sake of making money on the oil market are having to acknowledge that the progressive Jews and gays who've been against oil for a century were right all along.

Nobody wants to admit that they've got egg on their face. Nobody wants to admit they're guilty of hating people

who've been trying to help them. Nobody wants to consider the possibility that screwing yourself over is feasible, regardless of the length of your penis or whether you have a clitoris. Hell, you can be circumcised, whether you're male or female, and still hate yourself so much that you screw yourself over!

Now, all the hyper-religious are wondering why God Is Making things so much more difficult for them than it used to be. Now, they're no longer nostalgic to return to the time of scripture. They'd be happy just to go back to the 1950's! They just don't want to have to think about how much self-ignorance is making them feel guilty. Thinking such thoughts is too hard for them. [Absence makes the Dick grow harder...]

Why Did God Have to go and introduce global weather chaos and pandemics?... Trump would have won the election of 2020 if not for these two "Acts of God" that conspired against him... Trump knew how to separate people by their hatred of one another's faiths and lifestyles... He knew how to use disinformation to produce more hate... He could have had his finger on the pulse of self-hate... All he had to do was feel his own pulse with his own finger on his own wrist to achieve all that self-knowledge inside of him.

Obviously, **you're** not the self-hating fool Trump is. You can see that many people are terribly shortsighted because they can't listen to the serpent that conspires in their heart to overthrow their mind. People like Trump can only see as far as the next dollar to motivate them forward, upward and onward.

The Republican idea of Heaven is a place where people are swimming in dough. They're not interested in the container/contents symbolism of Jesus using unrisen bread [matzo]. They're not yet even able to see themselves as a pastry shell with a luscious, creamy center.

Somebody needs to tell the hyper-religious Christians that Communion with God begins by communing with

themselves. They need to swallow what they hear themselves saying. They need to digest their thoughts about themselves and others. Their bellyaching is the unconscious result of being nauseous from all that's going on inside of them. They're spiritually constipated because they'd rather not have to look and smell what's coming out of them.

Once they get their head out of their ass, they'll be amazed at how that will relieve them of their constipation on a whole host of topics. The blockage that's keeping their guts tied up in knots can only be relieved by embracing their "z" factor.

I'm a danish. I'm not matzo. I'm not a bagel. And I'm certainly not a pretzel who's tied up in knots. I'm a sophisticated human being who thinks about what I say before I say it. And I think about what I do before I do it because I care about my reputation in God's Eyes.

Which people in Europe have a better reputation than the Danish? Hell, they've even got the highest rate of vaccination against COVID in the world!

Do you really think the Swedish took in the Jews of Denmark during the Second World War because Jesus Was a Jew? They only did it to show up the Danish... The Swedish couldn't even get the COVID response correct.

The Republicans are replacing their politicians with **more** radical politicians who are even further to the right of their party platform to create greater polarity between peoples. Such is how they're manifesting greater self-hate, division and weakness. This is what Trump taught them how to do. Such quick and clever students!... How money will motivate the self-deluded!

The Democrats are constantly having to come up with new plans to deal with diabolical Republican efforts to steal. Democrats now put statemen and stateswomen in office rather than politicians. In this way, we're getting people to vote for their own long-term needs. We're getting voters to

look further down the road to the next generation, not just to the next election.

Everybody knows that a country where the people are fighting one another because of self-ignorance will be invaded and destroyed in no time. Cyber-wars are just for practice. Democrats know that global weather chaos is going to have the last word if we don't get our act together.

Gays see this better than most other sub-tribes in America. But progressive Jews see it, too. Black people see that self-hate is what's motivating the White Republicans to steal. Latinx see the privileges that spoil the hearts of the spiritually lazy. Asians always saw the wasteful attitude of Americans, but now that the Asians have become victims of violence and hate, they're now speaking up in greater numbers, too.

Everybody sees the problems except the poor and middleclass White Republicans. They've been so trained to project their self-hate onto the rest of us that it's obscured their interpretation of their scripture. They cry out to God like babies in cribs that we're spoiling their fun. We're regulating guns [penises]. We're ruining their efforts to overturn elections. And now we're ridiculing their führer.

Israel was settled by Jews from over 100 countries. Those Jews would have killed one another in no time if the Arabs hadn't declared war on Israel the very day after the Israel declared itself a state... Thanks to Israel's Muslim neighbors, the Israelis had no choice but to learn to live together in relative peace with other Jews in Israel and Jews around the world. Let's see if the Democrats are capable of teaching Americans to do the same on a national scale among all peoples.

The Republicans know that our elections aren't rigged. They know that Trump lost the Presidency due to his corruption, malevolence and ineptitude. And they know that minorities aren't voting unscrupulously. Our country is

desperate for hope. But hope only comes to those who are knowledgeable about how God Made them in His Image.

What the Republicans are crying foul about is that the Democrats are getting voters to look to the next **generation**, and not toward the next **election**. That's what's got the Republicans' noses bent out of shape.

The Republicans are against vaccinations because they're terrified of little sharp-toothed serpents that will get under their skin to inject the poison of modernity and inclusion into their system... God Forbid they should have to live in this world in a modern era. The only books they take to heart were written thousands of years ago. They don't believe modern man could have assimilated all the self-knowledge our ancestors worldwide bequeathed to us. They don't want to add. They only want to subtract.

What could all this mean? How could God Have a design for everyone's tomorrow before it even comes? How Could He Make Decisions for our future one moment before the now?

How do we get people to face their fears with psychological insight into themselves without throwing all the world's scriptures out the window? How do we teach a man to love his own penis rather than to use it as a tool of patriarchy?

Your penis talks to **you**, but you can't talk back to **it**. It tells you what it wants to deliver, where and when. But you can't control what cums out of its mouth. If you think you know what God Wants because you were Given a penis, you still don't understand the message of Moses in the Creation Story.

Surely what we're now seeing among male Republicans in America is how much they hate their penis. Surely, their love of guns is a projection of a fractured relationship with their penis. Without the Second Amendment, they'd feel dismembered. Without unlimited rounds of ammunition, they'd feel castrated.

A man or woman who finds a man who loves his own penis is a wise wo/man. But s/he shouldn't have to only hear that from a gay man. Don't just love all shmucks. Don't just love your own. Don't just love the shmuck you're with. Honor what it **stands** for.

Israel

Don't blame the progressive Jews for the state of the State of Israel. We don't blame the Democrats for the state of the union. There are a lot of Joe man chins out there who can't embrace the big picture because they can only look wise. They've got one foot in today and the other foot on a banana peel. They don't dare move forward toward God for fear of offending someone deep down inside who they don't want to have to face. They're afraid of being **nude** before their constituents, **naked** before themselves and **transparent** before God.

What the Republicans did to our country during the Trump administration was appalling. But the attempted coup on January 6th was just the first attempt by Republicans. Many Americans still don't realize how dangerous and corrupt the Republicans are. Beware of man chins [y] whether or not they're concealed with hair.

Also beware of how you judge what's happening in Israel. The Orthodox Jews are responsible for what Israel did in the region and to Muslim/Jewish relations. When I lived in Israel in the early 70's there was real hope expressed between Israelis and Palestinians. Put moderate Jews, Christians and Muslims together with gays and lesbians, and peace becomes possible. Separate them, and peace becomes futile. Who can't see that much in hindsight?

Ultimately, straight men are in competition with one another over women. Gay men aren't in competition with one another over women, but over men. When Larry had sex with his former boyfriend and insisted on maintaining that relationship after he confessed it to me, I felt what most

straight men feel about other men who sleep with their wife. I felt cuckolded. I felt humiliated. But because I'm so fond of penises, I could never have killed the guy. I had to admit I was jealous of what he had that I couldn't replicate. Larry's boyfriend was a bigger man than me in one respect. But I was a bigger man than both of them in another. Size matters! But the real question is what you're measuring.

Those who despise gays, despise the limitation of their own penis. Those who despise lesbians, deny the spiritual meaning of their navel.

Everybody is wounded with a navel at birth. Every navel is a mirror of our separation from our mother. Those who don't believe that One God Could Have Created every penis and navel on the planet have been misled.

The Orthodox Jews haven't yet learned that there's only One God for everybody. They **think** they know that, but they disdain all those who don't believe exactly as they do. And because they can't figure out why nobody likes them, they try to tell themselves they really don't care.

But they do care. They care because they **love** their mother and father. And **that's** their mistake. That's why they're constantly producing more and more anti-Semitism which the fanatical Muslims are twisting into anti-Zionism that so many around the world buy into.

When I was insane, I gave my dad a French kiss. And he spit on the ground. He was shocked. He was hurt. He was insulted.

But if you try to kiss an Orthodox Jew, he'll bite your tongue off. You'll come away with a speech impediment like Moses. The Orthodox Jew thinks he's God. My dad wasn't **that** Orthodox. My dad was just confused by his insane son who challenged him in ways he never anticipated.

The Orthodox Jews don't want to think about what life is like on the second and third stories of the Abrahamic edifice. Those of us who go up and down the stairs to visit

our spiritual neighbors appall them. It's as if we commit a sin by getting to know those neighbors.

For you and me the concept of inclusion is simple. We look at every stranger and ask ourself in what way that person is different from me. And then we bless them for their differences because we know that God Made them in His Image, too. Every encounter with a stranger is a gift from God. It challenges us to open our heart a little further.

I don't just love myself. I love my nearest neighbor, Will, as I love myself. And then I love those others who are close to me as I love all aspects of myself.

But that's where my love ends. I honor other people because I believe we should find ways to honor everybody. That doesn't mean that I'm not critical of bad behavior. It means that I use bad behavior in others to explore similar bad behavior in myself. In this way, I learn from everybody.

For you and me, the concept of aloha [the breath of life] is a deep breath we allow ourself to take that fills us with a bit more self-knowledge than we had before. And we release that breathe with a sigh of relief at the self-ignorance we're letting go of.

For you and me, the concept of One God is so simple that we don't even have to think about it, let alone struggle over it. We take the stairs in the Abrahamic edifice two at a time in either direction. Some of us are even thinking of putting in an elevator to take people up and down without effort!

I believe there's an edifice in Berlin that's offers Friday noon Muslim services; Friday night and Saturday morning Jewish services; and Saturday night and Sunday morning Christian services. That's what religious inclusion looks like in a house of prayer that understands the concept of an Abrahamic edifice. Now, if they could all entice the LGBT+ community to join them, they'd really have something!

The Orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims [x and y] are lost in a religious masquerade. They

won't wear a mask because the thought of looking like a thief comes too close to home [z].

The hyper-religious Jews are separated from the rest of the Jews in the same way that the Republicans are separated from the rest of America. They live in an alternate reality on Earth #2 without the "z" factor. They refuse to wear a mask because that would reveal that they're living a half truth. It has nothing to do with a pandemic.

Don't blame America for the struggle we're in. And don't blame Israel for the struggle they're in, either. When the Muslim world realizes that they're in the same struggle with **their** hyper-religious fools, they'll seek our help in overcoming totalitarianism, autocracy and Naziism.

Word is out. There is only One God Who Created us as He Did [z] with good reason. We've all got an anus.

The \$1.9 trillion-dollar COVID Relief Bill that the Democrats signed into law without a single Republican vote of support exemplifies these two competing political views of reality here at home. But politics is deeply connected to underlying beliefs about the meaning of life. And beliefs about others are mirrors of what we really think of ourself.

There's a Republican [y] in me. I see him in the mirror. He looks like an old, Orthodox Jew [who resembles my father in some ways]. He [y] sees conspiracies wherever people treat him nonchalantly. If he [y] isn't catered to, he thinks nobody likes him. He [y] wants to kill himself if he isn't adored by everybody.

I [z] know **him** [y] better than **he** [y] knows **himself** [y]. **I** [z] can't take **him** [y] anywhere with me...

I'm not The Invisible Man. I'm a transparent man. The only thing that gives my life purpose is explaining myself. While the Republicans are hiding the truth from themselves to keep their motivations and goals a secret, I'm revealing mine. **I** want you to see right through me. **They** want you to ignore the man behind the curtain. I say that man is a humbug.

What the Democrats [z] are accomplishing I call “**group-esteem**.” It’s a process by which we raise the esteem of the nation by working as a group. We realize that **self-esteem** [z] will come to those who contribute to **group-esteem** [z]. If we don’t work together to improve life for everybody, we’ll never convince people that they have the power to improve their life from within themselves.

None of the world’s problems are going to get fixed by the hyper-religious [x and y]. We’re going to have to fix our external errors for them. But we can’t fix something in them that they resist at every turn [z]. They’re going to have to realize by themselves that they need to wake up to the way they were Made in God’s Image.

Imagine a picture of two fruits on a canvas, one fruit above the other. Now imagine lines drawn around those two fruits that create a sketch of a tree with roots that grow deep below ground. Now imagine lines drawn around those same two fruits that create a sketch of a man or a woman with those fruits in the position of his or her head and heart. Now fill in those lines with color. This is what religion looks like from a psychological perspective. This is the meaning of spirituality.

The modesty, humility and grace it’s going to take from us to proceed charitably with Republicans will be rewarded in no time if we see them as “sick” inside. They’re not just sick with COVID. They’re spiritually very unwell. And we should talk about that more honestly.

Life is a marathon until you get near the end. Then it’s a sprint to the finish. Hopefully, the Republicans will soon learn about reality without killing themselves through denying the truth about COVID and global weather chaos from carbon poisoning. But even if they don’t wake up, I don’t want to die just because they do. Let **them** meet their Maker. **I’m** in no rush. I tried three times to speed up that process. Now I’m in no hurry to cross the finish line.

Orthodox Jews [x and y], rightwing Christians [x and y] and fanatical Muslims [x and y] are vehemently opposed to group-esteem [z]. They're only interested in creating conspiratorial allegiances with other thieves like themselves. They're not interested in working together cooperatively to achieve goodness for all. They just **want** [-] it all.

It's not useful, practical or helpful for disreputable hyper-religious men to be given political power to forge relationships the way they do. They only accentuate the hatred the world still has for gays and progressive Jews, to say nothing of what it does to the reputation of women [z]!

What Trump accomplished by getting the U.A.E. to recognize Israel was surely done with subterfuge, lies and bribes. But now that it's done, good people at both ends can work together to create meaningful ties that'll secure greater peace between these two nations.

Group-esteem [z] leads to self-esteem [z]. Self-esteem [z] leads to peace on Earth. And peace on Earth leads people to esteem all six of the world faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism as God-Given.

God Was very wise in having allowed us to call Him by many names. By uniting ourselves in these seven ways from within, we prove to ourself that there's only One God. And we prove to humanity that the hyper-religious in all the faiths are, ironically, opposed to God [x, y and z], not in support of Him.

The Rothschilds Then and Now

During the Napoleonic wars, the Rothschilds [Jewish bankers] had already risen to power in Germany, England and France. So, by the time that war in Europe made its way to Waterloo in Belgium, the Rothschilds could see that their future depended on who'd win that battle, England or France.

The British branch of the Rothschild dynasty shrewdly sent carrier pigeons to Belgium to be the first to learn about

the outcome of that battle. But, when the Rothschilds in England started selling their stocks madly, the English bankers assumed that the Rothschilds knew the outcome of the war with Napoleon. The Rothschilds intentionally gave the impression that the English had lost the war to start a run on the stock market, which then made the English stock market collapse. By the time the English discovered they'd defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, the Rothschilds had bought up English stocks at greatly reduced prices, creating a fortune for themselves.

Sadly, that shrewd move added a great deal more anti-Semitism to the feelings that still persisted about the Jews having killed God [Jesus]. Europeans don't like it when Jews make money on them while Christians are out killing one another. Just look at what Europeans now think of Americans who are making money today with wars all over the world.

Russia and China have now gotten into the act by conspiring in American elections to reap financial and political power by helping the Republicans gain power over the rest of us. Today, a lot of disreputable people use the Rothschild tactic of getting ahead while capitalists use greed and deceit to achieve obscene amounts of money and power for themselves.

The word "Jew" was turned into a verb by people in the past who wanted to describe "swindlers." "To Jew" somebody out of something was a way of calling him a thief and yourself a victim.

But if you look at those who are doing the stealing today, all but the extremist Muslims say that they have a "high respect" for the Jews. But just because people smile in your face doesn't mean they like you. Who doesn't know that better than gays and Black people? Smiles could also mean that they're stealing you blind, and don't want you to suspect they're a thief.

Just look at how many Republicans made money recently during the pandemic and the war in Afghanistan over the past 20 years. Just look at whose income went up exponentially during the Trump administration. If you were God, would you condone or condemn such usury? Selfishness that goes beyond self-protection only promotes greed and domination. That needs to be exposed and punished.

When Biden insisted that the war in Afghanistan had to come to halt, what he was saying, in effect, was that the Republican conspiracy to get rich at the cost of the taxpayers by funding private armies and defense industry deals had to come to an end. When the Republicans screamed bloody murder about the modernized Muslims that Biden was abandoning in Afghanistan, they were playing to the American love of underdogs. The Republicans couldn't care less about educated, modern and independent thinkers, not here or abroad. They only care about get-rich schemes they propagate while hiding behind their name for ne and only name for God [Jesus].

Many copy the bad habits of those who are rich and powerful not realizing how they're compromising their own name in their own eyes. Such people are often less willing to give women, Jews, Black people and gays credit for our positive contributions because they're in a competition they've create from within. You see it in families. You see it in ethnicities. You see it in nations.

There is such a thing as a **world culture**. We're all a part of today's world culture, even the Taliban who insist that they recognize every country on Earth except Israel... The world's culture is changing more quickly from one generation to the next thanks to modern technology and the Spiritual Operating System that drives it. If you want to be relevant when you get to my age, you're going to have to know something universal to share with the world. Otherwise, you'll become like an IBM Selectric or fax

machine that people will play around with for a while and then get bored with quickly.

The hyper-religious don't ever want to have to credit the virtuous behaviors of gays and lesbians. They don't want to give us credit for not wishing to take advantage of our gender. The lesbians are fighting for the rights of women [z]. And the gays are fighting for the rights of men [z]. That's the "**gay agenda.**" Now you know our secret.

Our LGBT+ opinion of some straight people is far worse than you might think. If you don't believe me, just ask Black people to tell you honestly what they think of Republicans, including the Jews in the Republican Party. Just ask Muslims to tell you honestly what they think of their leaders worldwide. And just ask Orthodox Jews to tell you honestly what they think of one another individually!

Now that the fanatical Muslims have digressed to using suicide bombers as a way of "promoting" Islamic faith and hyper-religious autonomy, it's become clear that starting more wars just advances capitalism, which takes advantage of fools in religious crises that ought to be solved with psychology and spirituality. Religious wars aren't methods of solving problems that God Would Approve of. Just look at the billions of dollars in weaponry the Americans have had to leave behind in Afghanistan that now lies there useless.

Since God, in His Infinite Wisdom, added Muslims to the Jewish/Christian arm-wrestling match 1,400 years ago over whether Jesus Is God, the disreputable intentions of hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims have created a hate triangle where, before, there was only a tug-o-war.

If you want to keep your nose clean from the shenanigans of hyper-religious extremists in the Abrahamic faiths, I suggest you follow closely behind the LGBT+ community. Nobody understands those who only see **themselves** as Created in God's Image better than those who've been vilified as His Greatest Enemies by the three of them.

What is it that gay men have done to offend God? Sodomy must be our only “sin” as far as I can see. But sodomy has finally become no more than a sexual preference in the modern age. Killing, cheating, stealing, lying and coveting are **sins**. They were always sins. They were sins when scripture was written, and they’re sins still. I wish I could get that into some people’s hard, little heads...

I love living in the Bay Area because this sort of argument is common knowledge here. If life is a pyramid, then San Francisco is at the apex. You aren’t going to get a higher view of life than from our foggy City and Bay. In a world drowning in storms and going up in flames from droughts, a dry, but air-conditioned city is where you’re going to want to hang your yarmulka, biretta or taqiyya [hat].

After the Holocaust, it became obvious that the Jews would have to have a country of our own. Christians couldn’t be trusted to honor us in their countries. And so, out of guilt, they agreed to help us get Israel back. Israel was reborn out of guilt, not out of generosity of spirit. That’s why Christian guilt and Muslim animosity have made the last 75 years unfold as they have for us Jews.

In the 60’s, there was no land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] for us gays to go to in America other than San Francisco. The gold rush had brought people here from around the world. They’d all left their past behind and started over in what was a quiet corner of the globe in the 19th Century.

Here, Asians and queers have done what we could to make peace with White people who schlepped their unconscious, religious prejudices with them, whether they came by land, sea or air. Here, we’ve been working to change hearts and minds for 150 years. And it shows!

So, when you come to visit our fair City by the Bay, look beneath the surface of what you see. Ours isn’t just a

cosmopolitan community where people from around the world have learned to live together in peace.

San Francisco is Xanadu Here's where the Mongol dream of pleasure bubbles to the surface, spreading out in rivers that flow around and down into the soil that secures everyone's humanity in place.

Our penis-head-looking city became our gay, holy land. And isn't it fascinating that by the 21st Century, we'd created a place here where the whole world comes to gawk with envy at what we've done to create peace on our little piece of the planet. Here, indigenists, Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims live together in peace with gay people. Here, they only have to ask us to wear a mask and get vaccinated, and we do. Our mayor, London. Breed, a Black woman, was the first elected official in the nation to put a city in lockdown. And today we have one of the highest percentages of vaccinated people on the planet.

Who says s/he doesn't believe that miracles come to those who work for them? If you aren't seeing miracles universally, just work harder for them locally. Miracles come to those who are realistic [z].

69 Verses 96

One of my dearest friends is 96 years old. I'm 69. We often say we'd like to switch to see how the other half lives.

Maria was a nun for 14 years. After the convent, she joined the Navy where she learned to decipher Morse code. Then, she went to southern Mexico to help the poor. And lastly, she became a social worker in San Francisco.

She wears a blob of dye in her hair that makes it look like a bird flew by and laid an egg with a red, yellow, green and blue yolk that cracked open on her forehead. Why? I have no idea. She says she loves people, and her hairdo is one way to attract people to her.

I think she wants people to know that she's sociologically oriented, not psychologically oriented. I think

she wants people to know that her major in the school of life was humanity. [My major has been me.]

Maria's got no patience for people who treat her childishly. She's **childlike**, not **childish**. She's incensed at how disrespectfully she feels treated on the dementia ward at the Catholic residential home where she's now living... But I tell her the problem is catholic with a small "c."

She tells me that she walks on her own two feet; feeds herself; and wipes her own ass at 96 – yet **they** seem to think she doesn't have the mental capacity to determine whether she's got her head up her butt, even though she, herself, admits that her memory is shot to hell.

Maria's an ex-nun, and I'm a self-proclaimed hippy rabbi! She spent her life in pursuit of God's Love. I spent mine in pursuit of sex and, lately, wisdom. And yet we seem to understand one another quite well. God Surely Brought us together despite what we're looking to get out of life. I'm her rabbi. She's my sister. She replaced the family I lost. Out with the old sisters, in with the new...

Maria and I agree that for us life is a school and God Is our Teacher. But we also agree that for most people, life is nothing more than an insane asylum in which most people think that everyone else has been committed, except them.

Maria and I like to sing old songs together on the phone. She knows them all by heart. Our favorite is by Ted Nugent:

That's the Story of Love
You've got to give a little, take a little,
And let your poor heart break a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
You've got to laugh a little, cry a little,
Until the clouds roll by a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.
As long as there's the two of us,
We've got the world and all its charms.

And when the world is through with us,
We've got each other's arms.
You've got to win a little, lose a little,
Yes, and always have the blues a little.
That's the story of, that's the glory of love.

Learning spirituality is really like learning computer code, Morse code, Braille or a second language. It's not difficult to become psychologically astute once you can see through the mischief others are making. If you can relate their mischief to your own, your heart and soul will open of their own accord.

All you need is enough knowledge about other people's guilt and then apply that to yourself. All you need is to turn your very well-developed conscience outside in. That will turn it into a soul. Self-compassion, not self-indulgence, is the key to singing about your sorrow in having to be yourself.

I know what the hyper-religious think, feel and believe because I was crazy for so long. I know how they operate because I operate the same way. I've just corrected my mistakes, and they haven't. I've moved through my guilt, and they're stuck in it, blaming everyone for something happening inside that they can't figure out or talk about

With enough self-knowledge, you aren't going to believe everything you think, say and do is in your own best interest. With enough self-knowledge, you'll come back to that awesome tree in the garden to ask Permission to munch a little more on what makes you tick.

It takes an enormous amount of patience to be 69. So, I can imagine that it takes so much more to be 96. As someone who previously thought life was supposed to be a party, I didn't do my homework. Maria is now having to do that little bit of homework she procrastinated doing before. But together we're going to find answers to the questions everybody finds on their final exam.

What other people are doing to one another may appear to be very different from what you're doing to yourself. It just takes a jaundiced eye to see the similarity. Then you're able to feel sorry enough for them to teach them with kind words rather than critique them behind their back. And with the rewards you'll then achieve from The Teacher, you'll be amazed at how beautiful a world for you the here-and-now can be.

That said, with enough distaste, envy and bitterness of mankind, you'll have no trouble seeing how you've harmed and tricked yourself just as badly as some have done to one another. That's what it **really** means to be world-wise. We're all guilty of knowing too little about ourself.

When the awakened Afghans become martyrs to the insanity of Islamic misinterpretations of the words of the Prophet Muhammad [which were inspired by the archangel Gabriel] they'll recognize the importance Israel and gay people play in their ascension to Paradise.

When the Republicans awaken to the victims they've become to the insanity of literal misinterpretations of The Old Testament, The Words of Jesus will take on real [z] meaning. Then they'll recognize the importance the gay Israelis play in their ascension to Heaven.

Maria calls me her rabbi, and I call her the only soul in my whole "congregation." We agree that God Brought us together to enjoy the absurdity in the way the students in this school are coming to class each day without having done their homework. We laugh at their foolish antics in class, and we shake our heads at the bozos at the back of the room who seem to be here only to disrupt The Teacher's Lesson Plans.

If you truly care about humanity, you aren't going to see anything or anyone as **incidental** or **coincidental**. You're going to add, not subtract. You're going to become inclusive, not exclusive. You're going to use your money like honey.

We're all being graded on a curve. We're all being tested on the subject matter of life as well as on our individual work

habits. But people like Maria are ruining it for everyone by getting such high marks... That's why the idiotic Republicans would rather the curve weren't so high.

San Francisco is the university where soulfulness is the topic of our dissertation and the Ph.D. degree of life that we're here to achieve through our study of our penis. Berkeley is a world-class academy for specialized American studies. And Oakland is college for spiritual students to fulfill their requirements in achieving a better, inner union through mindfulness in external matters. Needless to say, the more the three of us share our answers with one another, the more the whole world's grades will improve.

We're all students of The Same Teacher [God]. If you don't think you could learn anything by auditing class in San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland, you don't appreciate the need for a broad [z] education.

My parents are survivors of the worst example of European insanity ever witnessed in all of history. And White, European Christians have quite a long list of examples of their psychotic, racist behaviors worldwide to draw on. Just ask, Aborigines, Africans, Asians, Maori, New World natives, gays and Jews about White Christian prejudice.

Racism, homophobia and misogyny are based on self-hate. Self-hate is based on fear of the serpent [y] in every tree of knowledge and worm [x] in every tree of life.

Men everywhere in the world suffer from penis problems, but White, penis problems and clitoris conflicts are historically the worst. Today, Muslim genital problems are now even surpassing theirs.

If there's anything my parents learned from their experience in the Holocaust, it was that they couldn't tell good Germans from bad by their skin tone and eye and hair color.

But, when my parents came to America, they didn't heed that lesson. My dad thought Americans were good if their

skin color was light, and my mom thought they were good if their body was lean. My dad had typical White penis problems and he wasn't even White! And my mom had a typical clitoris conflict. The only "f" word in my mom's vocabulary was "fat."

Goodness is something you have to work on every day of your life, inside and out. Black people aren't bad because of the color of their skin, and fat people aren't bad because of the weight of their vehicle. And, by extension, gay people aren't bad because of our attraction to members of the same gender. When all is said and done, good and evil is what separates the men from the boys and the women from the girls. It's how you **behave** that counts!

Group-esteem leads to greater goodness. That's why the Republican politicians tried to take credit for the COVID Relief Bill, even though they all voted against it. Group-esteem is what they're secretly fighting against, by insisting on The Big Lie. Our elections aren't being rigged by Democrats. The Republicans know they're lying to their constituents because it **pays** their bills. Money and power are the only rewards they're working towards. And yet, if you ask them individually what they think of themselves, they'll try to convince you that they have very high **self-esteem**. They'll tell you to your face that they're good people deserving of a great reward when they die.

So, you can see why Maria and I have so much to laugh at. An ex-mental patient and an old lady who suffers from dementia could tell you a lot more about yourself than you'd learn from a professor of poly-sci at San Francisco State University. We're experts on life. We know that politics isn't a **science**. It's an **art**.

It takes an ex-nun and a self-proclaimed rabbi to demonstrate before God that only some of His Students have learned to live together in peace. **We** model good behavior. And we ridicule bad behavior. Isn't that the very definition of living life like an artist?

A demented old ex-nun and an ex-mental patient, gay-Jew are the kind of combination The Teacher Surely Loves to put together as study-partners. We kibbitz every morning on the phone like lovebirds on a perch, laughing at our conclusion that life is really easy, but people make it so much harder than it needs to be.

She plays with me by condescendingly insisting that when she gets to Heaven, she's going to put in a good word for me. But I tell her that I'm a relative of The Boss [Jesus]. We both know it doesn't matter what name you use for God. What matters is that you pursue wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] to life.

Who doesn't suspect that Jesus Was a progressive gay-Jew? He Surely didn't get His Appellation as rabbi from the priests who were running the Temple at the time! Only today's Republicans would be appalled at that thought. But who are **they** anyway? Just a bunch of Orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians who insist on assuming the worst of everybody who doesn't interpret scripture narrowly.

Only secretly do fanatical Muslims conspire with White people. Fanatical Muslim leaders wouldn't be seen dead with a Christian or a Jew unless it's made clear to their Muslim constituents that they're doing so to further scheme against the "infidels" to get ahead of them. Only now are we beginning to discover how the hyper-religious are conniving with and against one another around the world at our expense.

Don't blame Israel. Don't blame America. Blame the hyper-religious politicians who do the bidding of the hyper-religious fanatics in Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca who are all trying to prove that their name for God will make them rich and powerful. That's **their** idea of a "reward." **Ours** goes much deeper.

Don't they ever think about the fact that they aren't going to live forever? Don't they realize that we're all going to meet The Same Maker? We're all going to graduate this

school some day! Don't they add up their own grades? It should be no surprise that they're failing themselves, not only God.

Gay pride is a mixture of Jewish wisdom, Christian love and Muslim loyalty mixed with Far Eastern spiritual features we've melded together here in San Francisco for more than 150 years. Recreate our recipe. Stir it all together, bake and you've got a pudding of pride that you'll know by the way it tastes. **That's** what keeps the air in foggy San Francisco fresh and clean most days...

Maria and I would never have met if I hadn't gone to church with Will for ten years. His church is 70% gay. They're Catholics [not that that matters to me]. But I know in Christian circles being Catholic is a bad **omen**, not a lucky **charm** for a lot of Christ's Followers.

In this congregation, I'm more like a mascot than the "heathens" the Christians accused the Jews of being in the past. In this congregation, we're all relatives of The Same Boss. I'm a blood relative [Jew]. And they're His Adopted Relatives [Christians]. But in our San Francisco family that doesn't matter.

Hitler was a Catholic. But the Catholics at this church would make Hitler's skin crawl. And if you tell Republicans about churches such as this one, you'll see them start scratching themselves. That's how you can decide if you're in the company of neo-Nazis. That's how you know that the ideas Hitler promulgated reached our shores. He may be dead, but his hatred of himself lives on.

Hitler was a Catholic, a Jew killer and a gay killer. Do Catholics really think that Jesus Would Forgive him? And, if so, why Wouldn't He Forgive me?

The nice thing about going to church to pray if you're Jewish and gay is that I'm a guest at their table. At synagogue, they were always asking me to perform one ritual or another at services. But I'm not fond of rites and rituals. I really prefer to pray quietly in public or alone at

home. And when I prayed in mosques, I stood out like a sore thumb as the only non-Muslim in the room.

I'm sure God Must Have noticed me in synagogues, churches and mosques. You don't get a lot of normal gay-Jews standing up, sitting down and then getting down on all four before Him.

I guess I get my flexibility from years of ballet... I may not be able to do the splits anymore, but I don't find it difficult to spread my legs in every way possible spiritually... So, I guess that says something about what's between my legs... When I'm in the company of good people, I feel at ease.

I studied ballet at ABT [American Ballet Theater School] in 1976 in New York. I auditioned for every major ballet company while I was there. But none of them were interested in my **spiritual** flexibility, only my **physical** strength. I think that's why I ended up **rejected** and feeling **dejected** when I couldn't make a living in New York as a ballet dancer. Maybe that's why I went mad and had to be involuntarily committed to Bellevue Mental Hospital in the Lower East Side of Manhattan. There, I did grand-jetés down the empty corridors at night for a grateful audience of looney-tunes. Little did I know then how gifted I truly was going to become even though ballet was never going to be my great accomplishment in life.

Strive to be realistic, and you'll avoid mental institutions, psychiatric medications and looks that could kill when you stand naked and alone in front of the mirror.

Ego

I'm very lucky [blessed] because I found my ego. It was up my ass all the time. Dumbass was massaging it. Good thing I had Dick's head up my ass for so long that my eyes got used to how dark it was up in there. That's how I was able to find my ego. My ego was my prostate gland!

Not only did I have **its** head up my ass most of my life, but I even seemed to enjoy fucking myself over with outrageous opinions that made no moral sense. Three suicide attempts are a good clue that you're not your own best friend. You're your worst enemy.

But at least now I know how close I was to my ego all along. Now I know that I had to discover the hard way that I need my ego as much as I need my prostate gland.

I can finally boast that I have an ego that protects me from myself. I don't need it to protect me from others. I've got my head, heart and soul to do that.

Now that I'm so old that I can't pee straight, I have to sit down to urinate unless I plan to clean the toilet, the floor and my pants after I go to the bathroom. Now that I'm so old that I have to pee like a woman, I have to say that sitting on the toilet is actually quite comfortable and relaxing.

My ego may have taken a toll on my body, but at least it hasn't taken a toll on other people. I've been a very nice person all my life. People may have concluded I was blind, deaf and dumb. But they didn't see me as mean. And that's one of my greatest accomplishments.

Since I can now boast having prayed standing, kneeling and prostrate, and now pee sitting down like a lady, I have hard evidence that God Has humbled me, whether I wanted to be humbled by life, or not.

Getting old may not be for sissies, but it's perfect for those who've learned to replace embarrassment with **modesty**; shame with **humility**; and humiliation with **grace**.

I now love growing old just as I am. I may not be getting prettier on the outside, but I feel that, spiritually, I live in Shangri-La, not San Francisco. I'm staying young inside. I'm a fruit that's finally ripened. I'm a pussy cat that's finally grown up to become a tiger. I prefer to avoid fights altogether, but I now have figurative fangs and claws if I need them. And, ironically, I have my penis to thank for that.

If you're still a young man who's peeing standing up, may I suggest you look down at your penis there in your hand while you're peeing, and blow it a kiss. It may not be the way it is now, forever. Someday, you may be sitting down like me and pushing your penis down between your legs in an effort to make sure your stream goes South and not out between the toilet seat and the bowl.

If there's one thing I can say unequivocally about my ego after having had my head up my ass for so many years, it's that the only way to get any light to shine in on my mind was to get my head into a new space. Thank God that from where my head is now, I'm able to watch others without the sense of superiority I once had.

If you need a different light, I suggest you visit Israel. I suggest you look at reality as forged with Jewish hands. You may just find that you admire the Jews. Wouldn't that be an unexpected outcome?

The great advantage in living **your** life not as I lived **mine** is that you won't have to learn as much from **your** mistakes. You'll be able to learn more from **other** people's. And isn't that the greatest reason to laugh? Nobody wants to have to learn from his own mistakes.

My mom told me many times to get my head out of my ass, but I didn't listen to her, probably because she never said why. Ponder what your mother tells you. Honor her by doing that much. She may not be perfect, but she's a personal gift to you from God.

The "z" Factor

Your "z" factor emanates out of your mom's soul. It's the matriarchal force you got from her that's so different from the patriarch force [x or y] you got from your dad.

Your "z" factor also corresponds to your intuition, a guiding hand that leads you without words. It's the voice inside you that infers that all your [external] problems correspond to [internal] syndromes. Everything in the outer

world is in a relationship to everything you hold precious inside.

To access your feminine intuition [z], you need only access the voice of all the women who came before you, starting with your mother, then your maternal grandmother, great grandmother, etc.

Just because the Jews acknowledge our link to Judaism through our mother's side doesn't mean that every Jew in the world is matriarchal [z] rather than patriarchal [y or x]. It doesn't mean that every Jew is intuitive. It doesn't mean that any Jew is better than any other Jew or non-Jew.

The "z" factor is universal. The fact that I happen to be a gay-Jew who comes from a German mother doesn't mean that I'm intellectually superior to anyone. The fact that my mother had a Christian father and I have his blue eyes and light skin doesn't mean that I'm more attractive. The fact that I can name and speak about my "z" factor doesn't even mean that I'm more soulful.

A White messenger doesn't carry a better message than a Black messenger. One brand of car isn't superior to another just because a blond woman with blue eyes and a big rack advertises a particular brand of car on TV.

It's not possible to build another country's nation when White men carry a message to brown men, assuming the **messenger** holds the key to the message. The **message** is the message. The messenger [x or y] must always be aware of the **message** [z], not the messenger [x or y].

I'm able to access **my** self-knowledge and share it with you, so that you can use it to access more of **your** self-knowledge. The best way for me to do this is with words. Abstract feelings and nebulous beliefs didn't help me understand my Spiritual Operating System. I had to go through what I went through to arrive where I am now. And you may have to do somewhat the same.

But once you can speak about yourself using the terminology I'm providing, you'll probably be in a better

position to express yourself to yourself and all others, as well. But what you decide to do with my knowledge is entirely up to you.

Think of me as an English teacher who's adding new vocabulary to your already sophisticated understanding of the mother tongue you use to communicate. With knowledge of the deeper meaning to old words and your ability to integrate that knowledge into the spiritual vocabulary you've already amassed, you'll be able to express yourself more fluently, not only with others, but, more importantly, within yourself to yourself before God.

67%

The people of San Francisco live our lives, for the most part, like ancient indigenists. We don't give much conscious consideration to the concept of One God. But we're like ancient indigenists in the best sense of the word.

At one time there were indigenists everywhere on the planet. They believed in local gods that they fashioned with their own hands. [In other words, they were captivated by the beauty and inventiveness of their own creations in overcoming the challenges of nature.]

The tech industry in the Bay Area is our great, local accomplishment today. The whole world bows to the gifted hands of those who live here. And each tech company is like a god that people come here to figuratively "pray" to. Start-up companies are especially exciting temples of creativity in that regard.

As we all know, human beings can't resist fighting over **land** because the fruits of the earth are paramount to survival. So, the ancient indigenists all fought for millennia with one another over real estate. And when one tribe won over another, the loser respectfully took on the beliefs of the winner who then had control of their land. That was what they had to do. If their god was the loser, they respectfully took on the belief in the god of the winner.

But when I say that San Franciscans are like ancient indigenists in the best sense, I'm comparing us to the indigenists who were around once the ancient Jews, Christians and Muslims had all concurred that there could only be One God. Those indigenists could do something utterly amazing and special that they weren't given credit for, then or now. The Jews, Christians and Muslims still denigrated them.

Those indigenists recognized the uniqueness of faces. They saw that each face was one of a kind. And they knew that the same was true about the faces of nature. Therefore, they worshipped nature in conjunction with God because they projected the individuality in themselves onto Him through Mother Nature.

That's what I love so much about the people in San Francisco. People here believe in **nature** as a source of **nurture**. We believe in the many facets of every face we see.

The system of submitting to more powerful gods through war worked out in the **very** ancient past by reducing the number of gods worldwide, until God Finally Revealed Himself to the Hindus. By contemplating their own navel, the Hindus came to the realization that there might be many gods, like the many faces each of us possesses, but they all lead in the direction of One God [Brahma]. And this accounts for the distinction between all life forms on Earth and the formlessness of Brahma Who Created them.

The Hindus concluded that human beings conquer themselves by dying and returning in a new physical form to climb the ladder of spirituality until they're finally at one with Brahma and eternal formlessness.

The Hindu belief system mirrors the geography of India in which every hill looks North in the direction of higher hills until you reach the Himalayan Mountains. And then, only one mountain looks down on all the others. Mt. Everest corresponds to Brahma. India is the geographic manifestation of the Hindu faith. The fad of climbing Mt.

Everest is an externalized urge in White men to figuratively achieve [or ridicule] reincarnation.

I'm not saying that the Hindus are wrong. I'm just saying that they're not the only ones who are right. If everybody was Given a piece of the truth, then we're going to have to add to that with self-knowledge rather than subtract from one another's Gifts with dogma.

Since the Jews have reclaimed the land God Gave us [even though most Muslims still disapprove], the people of San Francisco are watching the fight cynically to see which faith will win. What the Jews and Muslims seems to forget is that humanity has already concluded that there can only be One God. So, the fight over real estate has nothing to do with **faith** in God. It has to do with **behavior** before God while dealing with religious disagreements made manifest with real estate.

This fight isn't even over moral superiority. The Christians tried fighting the Jews over moral superiority in the last century. How do they now think that worked out for **them**? They still feel pretty good about themselves. They've just decided the Jews have a place in God's Realm.

Demonization is something I see in myself. I may claim that my "struggle" is "with God," which is the very meaning of the word, "Israel." But I make wild assumptions about why my friends secretly "hate" me. And with those assumptions in hand, I fight against my urge to tell my friends what I think they **really** think of me by the way I feel treated by them.

My struggle isn't any longer with God. My struggle is now within me before God. I'm not struggling over whether Jesus is God, or not. I'm struggling with the ways in which I'm still behaving like a god.

In full disclosure of my truth, I'm fighting over my feelings of rejection that I've projected onto others. I've had a hard time dealing with rejection all my life. I felt my parents rejected me personally when they divorced. I felt the

New York dance world rejected me personally when they didn't hire me. And finally, I felt that I rejected me personally when I attempted suicide.

But now that I've befriended the murderer within me, paradoxically, I've become less susceptible to rejection by others. There isn't that much more people can do to me that's worse than what I've done to myself.

The irony of this transformation is that I was much better looking what I hated myself than I am now. When I was good looking, I was very unattractive. And now, I'm not good looking, but I find me very attractive.

Today, when my friends treat me badly, it rarely has anything to do with me. They're just so self-absorbed in their own lives that they inadvertently discount me. Therefore, I can't allow myself to take my friends that personally, anymore.

Distancing yourself from your **enemies** is easy and understandable. But when you find that you have to distance yourself from your **friends**, it should give you pause.

That said, I take what the Republicans are doing very personally. My dad was a Republican, and if he were alive today, he'd be ashamed of the party he supported. All American Orthodox Jews should be ashamed of the Republican Party. They should leave it immediately. And they should vocalize their disapproval of what it stands for worldwide. Maybe that will wake up the Republican mobs to their neo-Nazi leaders who lie to them to keep them under their thumb.

If the Orthodox Jews are afraid of what the Republicans will say and do to them, I welcome them to the Democratic Party where gays, Black people, Latinx, Asians, indigenists, the disabled and progressive Jews will commiserate with how **they**, too, feel. It's become really scary living in this country. It feels like the 1930's all over again.

Ultimately, we're all Being Graded by The Same Teacher [God], not one another. So, we ought to distance

ourself from everybody in some personal ways in order to approach The Teacher with complete, personal trust. We're all in this alone, together. No matter how close you feel to another human being, you have to leave this world the same lonely way you entered it. It's only **faith** that makes that easier to bear.

Jesus Described this distancing from others as turning the other cheek. [Matthew 5] I couldn't do it because my self-worth was so low that I felt I had to defend myself even against calloused friends who hurt me inadvertently. Now that I've increased my emotional regard for **myself**, I can decrease my emotional regard for those who flagrantly discount me. I no longer feel the need to be vindictive to anyone because of the harsh criticisms I received in the past from my parents, siblings, teachers and friends.

My feelings about medical care for the vaccinated has to do with embracing **reality**, not embracing **vengeance**. We're no longer in a position to indulge the morally defiant in this country. Let the Republican masses pursue their literal interpretations of scripture and let them determine for themselves whether that works for them. I don't plan to pamper them any longer.

Hitlers struggle [Mein Kampf] was with God, not just the Jews. Once he realized he wasn't going to be revered as an artist, he came to believe that God Would Help him overcome his struggle with the Jews. He believed he'd be rewarded afterlife for annihilating the Jews. He died a pathetic martyr to the Christian cause as it was understood by the German mobs at that time.

Hitler didn't die for love, the new and improved Christian interpretation of The Gospels. He knew nothing about love, or the Self-Love Jesus Personified.

Jesus Was the embodiment of Self-Love. You don't have to believe in Jesus to believe in self-love. You only have to shine like The Son to spread the warmth of love.

Homophobia [x and y], racism [x and y] and misogyny [x and y] are patriarchal behaviors I take very personally. They're intentionally hateful and vindictive strategies to express scriptural superiority. And, ironically, the Orthodox Jews are a part of that conspiracy.

When you meet **racists**, they swear they're not homophobes or misogynists even if they "only" hate the progressive Jews. When you come across **homophobes**, they swear they're not racists or misogynists. They "only" hate the gays because God Told them to do so in writing. And the **misogynists** swear they're not racists or homophobes. They "only" hate their mother. Apart from her, they're very attracted to women. They'd very much like to fuck all the beautiful ones.

And so, this triangle of hate goes round and round. Two out of three is the best score any of them ever get! 67% out of a 100.

Unfortunately, **67%** isn't a passing grade. It's close to passing, but just misses the mark. It's really a very, very poor grade.

This world is a school where our grades really do count. So, it's imperative that you pass all your core curriculum classes because you're never going to get into post-graduate classes of life if you can't even achieve a B.S. degree in B.S.

Bowling for the Blind

[Written in 1998 at the age of 46]

When I decided to donate time to the Rose Resnick Lighthouse for the Blind and Visually Impaired in San Francisco, little did I know that I'd end up running a weekly bowling team for senior citizens. Coaching a sport was the last thing I ever thought I'd be Asked to do.

When I first entered Japan Town Bowl, the deafening roar of cannon balls roaring down the lanes aimed to knock down ten wooden men standing at attention in formation almost made me turn around and leave.

Bowling? I asked myself. I'm too sensitive and genteel to frequent a bowling alley... What was God Thinking?

The last time I'd gone bowling, I was 16, living at home in L.A. I became furious with the friend I went with who I'd known since the seventh grade. He paid attention to his friends and ignored me. So, I stomped out of the place, only to realize when I got home that I was still wearing the bowling shoes I'd rented. I had to go back to get my shoes. My friend was still there bowling when I returned; he didn't even realize I'd been gone! Since then, I'd associated bowling with the callused behavior of juveniles.

So, now in my mid-forties, I was taken aback that first day at Japan Town Bowl by the big, welcoming smiles of the reception desk clerks, Jeremy and Craig. They treated me like an honored guest because I was there to help a band of old, blind bowlers make their Monday afternoon a memorable occasion. Desk clerks and God Work in mysterious ways...

Tony, the immensely popular, activity director at the Lighthouse, brought most of the bowlers by van from the Lighthouse at Van Ness, near Market. Other visually impaired bowlers came on their own.

I once asked Tony if he was growing a beard because he had more than just a five o'clock shadow. "No," he said. "Not shaving is an occupational reward. The blind don't care if you shave or not. They judge you by your character, not your looks." During the four years of volunteering with the blind, I found that to be true.

I took over Tony's job every Monday afternoon; got the van from the parking garage South of Market where it was kept; left my car in the same space; picked up the bowlers at the Lighthouse; and brought them to Japan Town Bowl, rain or shine. But, of course, I wasn't done until I reversed the process and then drove home, feeling each week like a knight who'd slayed a dragon.

It was also my job to get the railings from the Lighthouse that the blind used to help position themselves on the lane. The railings were secured in place with bowling balls. That created a pathway for the left hand to guide the bowlers during their swing. I carried 14 to 16-pound balls from the racks to the lanes for this purpose. But because I have a hand ailment that makes it impossible for me to hold anything as heavy as a bowling ball with my fingers, I had to carry the balls in my arms. They felt like they were made of lead. [Where do mothers get the strength to carry babies?]

At first, my bowlers wanted me to join them in their game, but they understood my physical limitation and were considerate of my fingers. They agreed to bowl for me.

I vicariously enjoyed their success at a game I couldn't perform, telling them which pins were still standing and by giving suggestions from the point of view of a dancer on how they might reposition their body in motion to improve their score.

Harry was totally blind and often reached scores above 120. His highest score was in the 160s. He rarely sank a gutter ball. If he knocked down nine of the ten pins, but left the number six pin standing, he'd respond with "Oh, the number six pin. I can hit that." And he usually did.

The blind follow the ball by listening to it. Despite the fact that all 20 lanes were often being used simultaneously, I'd often hear one of them say something like, "That sounded like a strike," or "That sounded like three pins off the right side." Then someone with a bit of sight would check the display to confirm their hearing.

Anyone can get a strike sooner or later if they just bowl long enough. But to hit a spare takes concentration and physical control, especially when you're aiming at a target you've set in your mind without the aid of visual precision.

Elva was both deaf and blind. She came with a full-time assistant. We communicated with Elva by holding her right index finger and writing block letters with it on the palm of

her left hand. I rubbed her back in a clockwise direction as my signature to her. She had some speech ability and would call out my name. Once she got a strike and I jumped over two lanes to rub her back and hug her. I was in seventh heaven!

Don was scoring about 25-30 points a game for quite a while. Don was a folk dancer. He'd go up to the lane and fling the ball at the pins with the enthusiasm and abandon of Zorba breaking plates at a Greek wedding. With a few tips on body posture from me and a whole lot of concentration of his own, he was able to focus his throws and increase his score to an average of over 60 points a game. Once, Don even scored 113 points, his highest game ever. He rightfully asked for a printout of the game as a souvenir. The following game, he bowled a 97, his second highest score.

"Do you want a printout of this game, too?" I asked him.

"Na," he said. "Not good enough!"

Once Don got his index finger smashed between two balls in the ball rack, a hazard every bowler is familiar with.

"Ouch! That hurt," he exclaimed.

"I hope your injury doesn't keep you from reading," I retorted in jest...

Our group was made up of seniors most of whom were on very tight budgets. They saved up for each week's games. Japan Town Bowl assisted by giving them a sizable discount. Regardless of official holidays or weather, our attendance was always outstanding.

Japan Town Bowl closed for good last week. They're going to turn the building into an apartment complex.

But I got to witness the courage and persistence of blind bowlers for four years. I got to share their success and disappointments. The Lighthouse for the Blind never got wise by charging me for the privilege of refreshing my soul on a weekly basis through their members. I got to volunteer for free.

Spending time with those who are **literally** blind might motivate you to ask yourself in what ways you might be **figuratively** blind. I once thought I was immensely powerful just because I had two reasonably good eyes that could see, until I realized how difficult it was for me to see myself. Then I realized that we're all blind or shortsighted in one way or another, and we all need help learning to orient ourselves internally to ourself.

“White privilege” is a euphemism for blindness. It suggests that those who are accustomed to getting what they want may be blind to the feelings of those around them.

Over time, we all begin to think that in order to get what we want out of life, we have to emulate White people. Blond hair coloring dyes, hair straightening gels and blue contact lenses are just three products that attempt to achieve that end. But there are fads and verbal clues of all kinds that people use to be associated with the top of the social pyramid.

Class issues in America are quickly turning into monetary issues. If you can afford it, you're allowed in. In this way, money can now buy you White class [for what that's worth]. The outcome of this is that privilege is no longer being associated with the color of your skin, but the color of your money. Green is surpassing White.

Orientation skills that are taught to the visually impaired need to be adapted to figuratively orient those with 20/20 vision. There's so much we need to have pointed out to us about the nature of reality that we may be taking for granted. Our eyes don't give us nearly enough information about how we need to behave as we move through the world. What we think we see is only a fraction of what's there unless we learn to use our inner eye to focus on ourself more intently. But because each of us assumes we see everything just because our eyes are open, that makes agreeing to new ways of interfacing with reality challenging.

The Labyrinth I Saunter

[Written in 1998 at the age of 46]

I wrote the following poem for an evening of art aficionados at a bar on Polk Street. I don't remember the name of the bar anymore.

I got up the nerve to enter the event because it was about art, not alcohol. [I don't drink.] It was an opportunity for young artists and artisans to display their work to the public in a pub environment.

I brought an easel to the event and put up the following poem on a poster. I sold copies of my poem for \$1. I rolled up handwritten copy of the poem for each customer and tied it with a red ribbon. I think I made \$4 bucks that night!

I Am San Francisco

The city's streets are like the labyrinth I saunter
to encounter my soul.

Its neighborhoods reflect my myriad beliefs and outlooks;
its alleys and avenues, my life's path.

Its bridges are the bridges I've spanned;
its parks, my inner places of rest and repose.

Its hilltops unfold breathtaking views
as high as the quandaries I've climbed.

When I come upon Victorian homes,
I see my wrinkles and flaws,
and in them my own seasoned warmth and regard.

I am the cold sea breeze and fog
that envelop these houses with mist.

San Francisco is surrounded on three sides by water,
as am I surrounded by a deep mystery about life.

The city is a finger pointing northward to a Fixed Source;
both of us guided by natural direction.

San Francisco is my home,
my body of self-knowledge,
my inner landscape.

Like this vehicle I inhabit,

San Francisco is my means of observing the world.
Here, I can claim dual citizenship
with humanity and myself.

If you don't love where you live, move or make the place amenable for you to live there. What's the point of living in a place that doesn't inspire you? Money is a poor excuse for growing roots in clay or sandy soil. If the ground where you've been planted needs fertilization, enrich it.

You're not going to be here forever. So, some of today's priorities might not be as important to you in the long run. Consider why you're where you are in light of what you wish to accomplish over time. Then make it happen.

I thought I wanted to become a famous dancer. Then I thought I wanted to become a devoted teacher. Then I thought I wanted to be an entrepreneur, so I worked with Larry in running his business.

But what I always wanted to do that I'd never told myself was to become so spiritually rich that I could spend my whole life sharing my wisdom, love and loyalty to life with others. But I just felt that a suicide survivor wasn't the right person to do that.

I don't want to die anymore. But when I do die and come before God, I hope to do so with empty arms. And when He Asks me what I have to offer Him, I want to be able to say, "Nothing! I gave everything I had to others. I come before You empty handed. But I'm completely content with how I stand here now, nude, naked and transparent. Life was an amazing experience. I gave away all that I had inside. I thank You for the wonderful experience of being me."

Jewish Dancer

[Written in 2004 at the age of 52]

In 1971, at the age of 18, while other "nice Jewish boys" were struggling to find a suitable college major, I moved to Tel Aviv to pursue my dream of becoming a ballet dancer.

Although I only had a year's formal dance training, I was nevertheless accepted with open arms, first into the Inbal Yemenite (folk) Dance Troupe. Shortly thereafter, I moved to the Bat-Dor [ballet and modern] Dance Company. Sadly, my dance career didn't last long. It was a gift Given at too young an age, a present that I've nevertheless learned to appreciate more over time.

Since the tender age of 18, I've learned that my body is my portable Israel. My body has been my struggle to learn grace and alignment with God. My body isn't just the vehicle of my soul; it's my source of grounding. It's into this unique and special container that God Chose to pour my gay-Jewish soul, and it's through this Israel of flesh and bone that I'm learning what it means to be a member of the world's greater body of humanity.

I now take three ballet classes a week, each of them a prayer to God in my intimately private Hebrew, the body language that was taught to me in Tel Aviv, Israel - my beloved ballet, my joyous dance with God.

The point of sharing this story with you is to remind you that your mind/body connection is the source of your spiritual temperament. The stronger you become in terms of mindfulness and the lither you become spiritually, the more you'll be able to associate words with their deeper meaning. That'll even help you improve physically because you've got to talk to **yourself** to become self-intimate with your body. Just spouting words before others only dilutes their meaning.

Mental health isn't achieved through physicality. Your mind and body are at opposite ends of the same spectrum. Your heart lies at the center of this polarity with your head at one end and your body at the other. From your heart, life is timeless and eternal. From your soul, you experience an out-of-body experience in which you can see for yourself what I just said.

The words we use in everyday speech are merely tips of icebergs. The true meaning of words lies below the waterline in the cold, dark depths of the unconscious. The more you can plummet the depths of the words you utter, the more you can come to understand why communication with yourself is so important.

The fires in the West are raining down ash, not manna from Heaven. This is a message no less poignant about the outcome of the world if we don't learn to change the way we think. We're turning forests into deserts where we're going to wander around like Israelites in search of a land we can't reach.

All the names for God are valid. All of them attempt to touch The Elephant as the blind men did. But the nameless God of the Jews is a clue to the depth of all the words you use.

Nevertheless, God Isn't name-**less**. God Is name-**full**. To the extent that you can plummet the depth of your own words, you'll grow nearer to His.

You don't have to convert to Judaism to learn to know and love yourself. God Communicated with the most awakened of men through the world's scriptures. But the potential for being a great man [y] or woman [x] lies in your ability to befriend the stranger [z] within you. Intimacy begins within. Discipline of the mind/body connection is a clue to this truth.

Protecting My Holy Land From Terrorists

[Written in 2006 at the age of 54]

The screen at the Castro Movie Theater is my Wailing Wall. How many times have I sat before it and cried? That theater is my temple; it's the center of my spiritual life, where I meet my friends and pray in my own special way for understanding and acceptance in a world so hateful of gays.

San Francisco is my Jerusalem, my "city of peace," as is the Hebrew meaning of the word. And the Bay Area is just a

tiny strip of land surrounded by desert, yet here I feel safe; I have a homeland here, a refuge from a world where many want to destroy me, and my way of life.

“Israel” means “to struggle with God.” Here is my Israel! Here is my struggle. I won't leave it or give it up to homophobic terrorists within or outside my community.

When I was growing up in L.A. in the 60's, I hated America, politics, hippies, loud music – everything! I was intimidated by denim! “Cool” described a weather condition we rarely experienced in L.A., and certainly not a state of **my** mind. I thought it was unnatural to explore sex with men in the same city my mother lived in. I felt guilty for breathing!

So, I ran away from America as soon as I graduated from high school. I was going to show the world how to take steps toward peace through movement: I became a dancer. My language wasn't in words. I was queer, as in “odd,” and thought I could escape my oddity if I packaged it elsewhere in a different wrapper. So, I moved to Israel to dance and to learn about gay love.

There I had to learn another language [Hebrew] to engage with the exotic Israeli people in their mysterious and distinctive culture. I came out of the closet in Tel Aviv and had my first sex in a gay setting at Independence Park where I met young gay soldiers at picnic tables late at night. Someone would bring a thermos of coffee and we'd all drink from it. Then we'd go off in the bushes to find comfort in each other's arms. There were no gay bars in Israel then.

On many occasions the police raided the park, to catch us and write “homo” in our identity booklet, which would devastate our reputation in that tiny community. While running from the police I thought of my parents, both Holocaust survivors, and asked myself how it was possible that I was running from Jewish pigs [cops]. Had the world gone mad?

I'd run away from America because I wanted to **stop** running, but ran into the arms of cigarettes, drugs and alcohol, and the embraces of immature, young men like me. I hated other people's hatred of me, but I was too young to see how much their hatred of me reflected my hatred of myself.

I came back to America five years later – after having lived in Israel and Holland – head bowed, feeling indebted to this country, and yet more wounded than before.

The Dutch taught me that any “boer” [farmer] can become a city dweller. Anyone who's mind is as flat as his nation can build walls to keep out floods of feelings that would otherwise inundate him. This is what the Jews who escaped the Inquisition by running to Holland taught the Dutch. This is when the Golden Age of Holland as a world power emerged. The descendants of those Amsterdamers retold my Jewish story to me. They acknowledged and appreciated their ancestors for having embraced the Jews who'd been expelled from Spain at the end of the 15th Century. The Dutch embraced **us** when we needed a friend in Europe. And then the Dutch embraced **me** when I needed a friend in Europe.

Three suicide attempts in my twenties only confirmed that the **homophobe** inside me wanted to kill the **queer**, and that there was a **Nazi** within with a Final Solution to the problem of the **Jew**. Thanks to gay A.A. in L.A. and the community I made there, I was lovingly held in gay arms as I began to heal. The Judas within me has repented.

But, when I came to San Francisco in 1990 to be with the man of my dreams, the intolerance I experienced here of gays towards gays shocked and chagrined me.

I found my man, but that relationship ended two years ago after 14 years. Then, I experienced a disappointment with gay life that went far deeper than anything that had previously saddened me about the Castro or the world. Yet

where else could I go with my pain if not to my people? I needed the broad, gay shoulders of San Francisco to cry on; this one, special place where I'd finally learned to feel free.

Over my lifetime, I became more **queer** and less **odd**. Today my closet is filled with denim. I may be more outspoken than most, and even hot under the collar. But I consider myself **cool**. I take three ballet classes a week, love America, but still hate loud music.

Today, Israeli gays [and that includes Israel's Muslim gay citizens] enjoy more gay rights than we do. Palestinian gays on the West Bank have an organization in Israel to run to, to escape discrimination from their families and the homophobia in their own society. It pains me that most Muslims worldwide [and probably some here in America, too] would rather see all Jews and gays dead. But I cry for Israel, and for gay people everywhere, who are forced to fight to be free. Anti-Semitism, anti-Zionism and homophobia are the world's wounds, but the world will have to heal, or suffer the consequences - for justice will prevail.

Today, I see young people in America **meandering** out of the closet compared to the way I **shot out** of my shell like a seed trying to germinate overnight. I see queers walking nonchalantly through the Castro as if freedom were free, not realizing what's been attained here or the high price paid for it with drug addiction and infection from AIDS. Those who choose death over life are trying to learn about **love** without the benefits of **wisdom**.

There are terrorists today in **my** Holy Land, the Castro, blowing themselves up with unprotected sex and dangerous drugs, and they don't give a damn how it affects the rest of us. I tried fighting them with smiles and encouragement, as I did the terrorist in my own heart. But I'd had to retaliate against my own muddle of autonomy with freedom using reason and self-restrictions – and so will they. I only hope our community will come to realize that we need to take a

stronger stand against the suicidal tendencies we see around us.

The terrorists are everywhere. But every moment of every day there are opportunities to act with courage and conviction by refusing to give up our hard-earned freedom to them. The terrorists are the narrow-minded and homicidal straights; the deluded and suicidal gays – and, yes, even the voice within that threatens the healthy individualism we’ve worked so hard here to attain. I’ll be damned if I watch us retreat even one step back into the closet for any of them!

Like Israel, we have the right to protect ourselves from anyone who would deny us our right to exist and flourish. And we need to be especially vigilant to stop those who’d hurt the rest of us as they destroy themselves.

Now [2021] that the pandemic has changed life for us all; now that the vaccine and the Delta variant have made it obvious that Republicans are suicidal fools who don’t have to die from COVID – now, we have to look back on what we’ve been through and ask ourselves why more than 675,000 Americans had to die this past year and a half.

Without the pandemic, I think Trump would still be President. It was only his ineptitude and complete disregard for the sanctity of life that finally got him removed from office with the 2020 election. Surely, two impeachments didn’t have the desired effect.

Now that Republicans are promoting The Big Lie while revealing themselves to be a cancer that the whole country is suffering with, the Bay Area ought to say, “We told you so.” Removing Republicans from our list of political contenders years ago revealed to us what a winning combination gays and Asians can be in a Judeo-Christian society that’s blind to the anonymous ways God Works in everyone’s life.

The liberal views of the gays and the conservative views of the Asians have given the Bay Area the blend of the political scope and depth we needed in the past to govern

with the help of our enlightened neighbors. We don't need rightwing, hyper-religious Republicans as a conservative option. Here, we're all in agreement about that. Let them take their one and only name for God [Jesus] to their deathbed. God Is much bigger than their puny minds allow them to think.

Christians believe that God, The Father [1] and Jesus, His Son [1] are aided by The Holy Spirit [1]. They believe that $1 + 1 + 1 = 1$. But we know that each of us is a holy spirit that contributes to the unfolding of God's Designs. His Is a feast served at every table. Our hands are His Tools with which we serve in all His Names. Our **work** is an expression of our **worship**, as well.

I don't disagree that $1 + 1 + 1 = 1$ in a spiritual setting. But keep Christian math out of the science classroom. Evolution is real. Look at all the knuckle-dragging monkeys in the Republican Party if you don't believe me.

Granted, attitudes about Israel in San Francisco could use some updating because of unenlightened heads that want to sit higher over everyone else's heart and soul on their stiff neck. But once locals realize that Israel is fighting the same cancer with its Orthodox Jews as we're fighting with our rightwing Christians, even Muslims here will realize how good it is to live among gays, Asians and liberal Jews and Christians. They'll realize that God's Intentions for Islam are as far reaching as His Intentions for Judaism and Christianity. God Couldn't Be happy with hyper-religiosity anywhere in this world. Nor should we be.

Sermon on a Promised Land

[Written in 2008 at the age of 56]

My father was a survivor of Dachau Concentration Camp, so I am the son of a slave. His liberation from Nazi persecution, and the freedom he cherished so deeply every day of his life, thereafter, were American-made gifts he embraced with all his heart for the rest of his life.

But I was born in this country. My father's freedom from physical bondage meant less to me, and his liberation from the spiritual bondage of modern Egypt [Germany], nothing at all - until I came to see that I, too, was a slave that yearned to be free.

The Israelites of The Old Testament equated ancient Egypt with more than physical bondage. The word "Egypt" in Hebrew is "mitzrayim." And the word, "mitzarim" comes from the same root, and means, "narrow places" or "limitations." Judaism was conceived in Israel. But Egypt was our surrogate mother. Our Exodus from Egypt is a metaphor for every journey out of bondage. And everyone who travels our path to freedom becomes one of the adopted Children of Israel.

My gay journey out of the closet has been an exodus that has less to do with sex and more to do with the freedom to love and be loved as I am. But even in me, there was a pharaoh's voice enslaving me with guilt for how God Had Made me that I defied.

My Egypt was within me. It had been self-hatred that had kept me from advancing on my journey of the heart. The cruel master's voice I could hear in my mind could only be silenced with the deepest, inner resolve to love myself and have faith in God's Eternal Goodness.

In my youth, I got involved with alcohol and drugs and then attempted suicide, all in an attempt to run away from the lessons of self-love I was destined for. I tried to get out of being just as God Created me. I wanted to be anyone but me. But my real sin was in being afraid to be authentically real with myself.

Coming out of my closet included sex. But I can see that coming out of every closet requires a courage that must be created out of nothingness. Call your personal expression of courage: hope for everyone's paths, not just hope in your own. Being straight isn't a cure for anything. It's an illness if you think so.

To atone for wishing to be other than I was, God Inspired me to dispatch a prophet unto myself, to teach me to love myself. I became my own Moses and led myself out of the bondage of my mind on the journey to my heart. Life sent me on an adult journey of 40 years, wandering through a desert of other people's disapproval of me until I was ready to enter my inner Promised Land spiritually cleansed and free from self-hate.

But in the desert of everyday living, I saw many die from alcoholism, drug abuse and AIDS. And there were others who just gave up the fight to settle for indiscriminate pleasures of the flesh rather than hold on to their faith in the lasting power of self-love.

Mental institutions didn't break my spirit, although they did little to enhance it. There was no sorrow that could extinguish my hope of putting my faith in my ability to love me.

I became a Moses. I led myself on an exodus out of my own Egypt to an Israel within, and I'm never going to give up my dream of getting to my personal land of milk and honey.

I had to struggle with the interpretation of my Bible that declared my way of loving as sinful, just as others have had to struggle with literal interpretations of The Bible, such as the right to own slaves. [Leviticus 25:44-46]

In Leviticus, the third book of Torah, written for the priestly class, Torah makes the claim that it's an "**abomination**" for a man to lie with another man. [Leviticus 18 and 20] But few people realize that, that passage is part of a greater portion of Leviticus intended for single men who came to the priest to seek the blessings of marriage. God Is Describing to the priests the sanctity of marriage, and the depth of the challenge for a husband to be faithful and responsible to his spouse.

Some married men will try to evade an exclusive physical, emotional and spiritual bond with their spouse. Not

all young men will be able to fully appreciate the opportunity for spiritual depth that can be found through fidelity. The importance of keeping one's word and living up to all promises are the lessons Being Given here.

And so, God Instructs the priest to warn the potential bridegroom of the unseen challenges to sexual fidelity as well as honesty and reliability in all our affairs.

The priest begins his argument by bluntly condemning the young, potential bridegroom for harboring a secret desire to sleep with his mother, his other family members and his wife's family, too... The clever reader can almost hear the remonstrations of every young man between the lines of text, indignantly proclaiming that he has absolutely no wish to sleep with any of his or his future wife's family, let alone their mothers!

But the priest turns a deaf ear and then goes on to forbid him from having sexual relations with animals in addition to in-laws... And any bridegroom from antiquity to today would look at a priest in shock at the very idea of bringing bestiality into a discussion of marriage!

But Torah is making the point that young men marry in haste for sexual gratification and don't see the pitfalls to the family if they break the vows they're committing themselves to. A young man's mind will seek novelty and relief from sexual monotony even with neighbors, and even the temptation of sleeping with people on the job. The young rarely looks into their heart as a source of moral discipline.

Lastly, the priest ends his argument declaring that the groom will not only not be able to sleep with family, in-laws, strangers and animals, but he'll no longer be able to enjoy homosexual liaisons once he's gotten married, either...

This is the spirit in which Torah declares that the sexual union between men is **abominable**. [More reverse psychology!] But given this fuller explanation of the context in which the prohibition Is Given, the ban on homosexuality is easy to understand and even admire.

Homosexuality is an abomination for **married** men because of its blatant disregard for the vow of monogamy he's sworn himself to. The ban against homosexuality in The Bible is part of the ban against all forms of adultery for **married** individuals. This ban is intended to strengthen the bonds of matrimony, protect the family and inspire the spiritual transformation that true love inspires.

The adamancy against homosexuality in the Hebrew Testament isn't persnickety or prudish. Torah isn't taking a moral position on homosexual acts between unmarried men or sodomy, per se. Nor is Torah trying to keep gays from participating in the joys of love through matrimony. It's an explanation of the depth of the promise of fidelity expressed in the Seventh Commandment.

The Sixth Commandment prohibits murder. The Seventh prohibits adultery because adultery is figurative murder; adultery kills the **love** between two people. And the Eighth Commandment prohibits stealing. Once you've stolen a person's heart, it's so easy to then steal their possessions.

Another of the other great misunderstandings of The Old Testament lies in the little-known fact that the Israelites left Egypt going East and arrived 40 years later facing Israel moving West. They wandered through the Sinai and Negev deserts to present-day Jordan, turned toward the West to look back in the direction of where they'd come from, as they made ready to cross the Jordan River to enter the Promised Land.

God Positioned them to face the direction of Egypt literally so they'd figuratively face their previous 40 years of hardship in the desert as well as their entire 400 years of hardship as slaves in Egypt. God Wanted them to look at their struggle through oppression with forgiveness and an open heart as they reached with outstretched arms for their Promise Land realized.

Like the Israelites, I, too, had to forgive myself for the 40 years of my youth that were so difficult. It felt like I was

traveling through a desert. I, too, had to forgive my parents' oppressors in Europe, while, at the same time, never forgetting what had been done to them.

I've had to learn to replace hate with honor. I've had to learn to honor others in ways that appreciate the time I live in. The Bible is a living document through **metaphor**, but it can destroy the world when used to interpret morality **literally**.

The mysteries of God's Eternal Love are being revealed through those who know what it's like to feel enslaved. We're prophets in a new age.

I, too, have been 'buked, and seek loving shoulders to cry on. I seek friends who understand the depth of my suffering because I understand theirs. I, too, have been enslaved by hatred but am deserving of honor.

Only once I'd completed my 40-year journey traveling East out of childhood like an Israelite escaping a slavedriver, could I turn back in middle age to look more clearly at all I'd struggled through for the sake of my liberation. Only then could I see that the ridicule and humiliation society had hurled upon me wasn't my burden to bear. I leave all that on a bank of a [Jordan] river of tears when I cross over to my Promised Land. I don't need scorn and humiliation where I'm going.

From where I stand, I can see the olive branches of Zion reaching up through the light of the setting sun. In my heart I can say I know the **milk** of human kindness. And in my soul, I know the **honey** of wisdom that comes from mistakes made and corrected. I've been Sustained and Nurtured along the way.

I'm no longer a Moses down in Egypt's land following in the path of other great prophets like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. I'm a Moses now unto myself, singing my spiritual song within as I move toward the end of my journey.

San Francisco is my gay Mecca. But it's also more than my Mecca. It's a place of emancipation from myself, just as

Mecca should be. Muslim emancipation from their past must include gays and Jews, for without us, there'll be no freedom or liberty for Muslims anywhere on Earth.

Totalitarians run most Muslim countries, but most Muslim people want freedom [Judaism], liberty [Christianity] and emancipation [Islam]. They want what we have in the Bay Area. And Jews, Christians and Muslims who live here know that. We have the best kept secret on the planet. This is the secret that makes Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca blush. We've attained what they only talk about.

God's Designs Involve the present continuous tense. They involve expanding our perception of the now to include more of ourself. As we see more of who we're becoming, we'll be able to tolerate, accept and admire more in others. As we relegate the past to the past and the future to the future, we can accept our birth and our death in a present continuous now that achieves resolution that'll be Judged for its efficacy.

Don't wait for God to Judge you. Judge yourself. Monitor your grades daily. Participate in life moment by moment. Don't dismiss your feelings in order to avoid reality. There's more to life than meets the eye.

Marrying Myself

[Written in 2008 at the age of 56]

Being able to marry a man has become more important to me than ever. It's become a sign that humanity is not only willing to embrace religious and ethnic differences, but other ways of expressing honor, as well. I yearn for everyone to reach this level of awareness. But until that day comes, there's another form of union I aspire to; the feeling being happily married to me every day of my life.

In childhood I hated being me, and my experiences at school only intensified that hatred. As an adult, I used drugs and sex to escape myself, and eventually sought the ultimate

breakaway from self-love by attempting suicide. Once I got clean and sober in my 30's I met a special guy, and through him I actually came to **like** myself. But when our relationship ended after 14 years in 2004, I realized I was either going to revert to hating myself or I'd have to embrace self-love in greater ways.

For the past four years, I've figuratively dated myself, asking myself if I was the kind of person I could spend a lifetime with. And I suddenly realized I yearn to share myself with me, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death we part. In April of this year [2008], I finally popped the question and eloped to Israel where I married myself at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem with God as my Witness. As part of my marriage vows to me, I promised never to divorce myself [my body] from me [my soul] again with substances, cynicism or suicide.

Learning to embrace **me** as my soul mate has been the greatest act of love I've ever experienced. It made peace with my parents and my past and brought me the feeling of a future filled with hope.

In the time I've been wedded to me, I've had to assure myself of my fidelity with thousands of figurative hugs and kisses. I've had to prove my faith in me, believe in me and put my trust in me. But as a result, my self-confidence has risen, and I respect myself in a way I never could before.

Others even seek out my company now to learn how to keep the hope of gay marriage alive by marrying from the inside out. Ironically, my marriage to me has been a new beginning in getting to know **others** better. And my relationship to my community is stronger because I carry myself like a happily married man. Giving myself a fairy tale ending every day doesn't preclude me from appreciating others all the more. In fact, it makes it much easier.

If God Really Did Come to Earth as a man, then gay men and straight women are always going to be attracted to Him. We're going to find His Body beautiful. We're going to

identify with his blood without spilling blood. That's not something we can help. We're Made that way.

So, if Jesus Was God in the flesh, then the ability of gay men to speak about their attraction to God as made manifest in other men is God-Given. Just because we can express something for God that straight men can't doesn't mean they should be envious of us. They should learn to control their lust for revenge against us for us having been Given something they were not.

When the gift of gay marriage finally does arrive to include us as equals in the joys of matrimony, I'll be better prepared having already tied the knot with me. I'll be able to give another special guy all the honor and devotion I've already grown accustomed to.

If everyone married him/herself before getting into commitments with others, I think romantic relationships would be strengthened and more lasting. And, if the next generation of youth marries themselves earlier in life than I did, they'll surely come to see us as a people who give **greater** meaning to the bonds of matrimony.

I met Will in September of 2010 when I was 58 years old, and he was 46. Miracles take time. You've got to be patient if you're waiting for a miracle. But they do occur if you're walking in the direction of hope with faith in yourself.

The Orthodox Jews can't stop you from marrying yourself. The Pope can't stop you from marrying yourself. And there isn't an imam or cleric anywhere on Earth who can stop you from marrying yourself. Your marriage is a validation of the "x" or "y" with the "z" in you. It completes you.

The hyper-religious everywhere on Earth are powerless over your relationship with yourself. America and capitalism are powerless over your relationship with yourself. And that makes you far more powerful than them. Never forget that your power emanates out from within! That truth should give

you the strength to come out of your closet even further than you have.

3rd Commandment

[The timelessness of Torah]

The 3rd Commandment is: Thou shall not take The Lord's Name in vain.

Now, you and I know that we'd never speak in the third-person when talking about ourself. I wouldn't say to myself, "Don't take Barry's name in vain." None of us are that detached from ourself.

And yet, I tried saying that to myself, and I have to say that it came across as meaningful. I **had** taken my own name in vain. And now I don't want to anymore.

But that still begs the question why God Would Have Spoken about **Himself** in The Third-Person. Doing so would only give a sense of His Disconnect from Himself. And if that was precisely His Motive, we might like to ask ourselves why.

The 1st Commandment is in the first-person. [**I** Am The Lord, your God, Who Took you out of Egypt." The 2nd Commandment is in the second-person. "**Thou** shall have no other Gods before Me." And the 3rd Commandment is in the third-person. Thou shall not take **The Lord's** Name in vain.

I find that fascinating! That's not the sort of question that ever came up in any Bible study I ever went to. And after 3,400 years of Jews studying Torah; Christians studying Torah and Muslims folding Torah into the Quran – it should have.

Why Would God Have Moved further and further away from Himself and singular pronouns toward plural pronouns to describe His Invisible Forces in such a grammatically accurate, by odd, way? Surely, it could only be as a hint to how we ought to explore the forces within us the same way. If we're Made in God's Image, then the forces within us must be identical to the forces within Him.

Sometimes the best way to increase your own power is by increasing your awareness of the limitations of your powers. To know that you're not God produces a very powerful view of your limitations. That's a humbling experience, especially when you see White men walking the Earth as though they bought and paid for the place.

All those around you who also have limited powers aren't going to augment your perception of yourself when you lie on your deathbed taking your final exam. The time to reconcile your relationship with yourself as though you were a seed planted in a grove [family] in a particular orchard [society] is now. You grew out of your shell, through the earth into the light of day as a **sprout**. You blossomed and bloomed as a **sapling** in the first season of your life. And now you're branching out with interest at what you have to offer this world in the way of the fruits of your labors.

I take my own name in vain when I believe everything I think about the people I hate. I take my own name in vain when I believe everything I feel about myself. And I take my own name in vain when I believe everything I believe about God.

I've never been me before. And so, believing everything I think, feel and believe is outrageous, to say the least. I need to be far more circumspect about what's going on inside of me.

The only way for me to make sense of these three inner forces [thinking, feeling, believing] is by expanding my consciousness to become more P.C. [present-continuous] Using the now to fulfill myself now is much more constructive than filling it with anxiety over the future.

"God" is the generic term for The One Who Created the universe and Who Is known by many names. Taking His Names in vain is what we do when we fight over them. The fight in the Middle East over Israel is a fight over two of God's Names: **Y.H.V.H.** and **Allah**. Like primitive indigenists, the Palestinians and Orthodox Jews want to fight

over which name for Him is more powerful. The whole issue of ownership of the Temple Mount is at the core of their vain pursuits. Who gets to be at the top of that tiny, partially manmade mountain, the Muslims or the Jews?

Expanding your consciousness is like stretching clay, rather than stretching a canvas. You produce holes in your own dogma. We must hold a spiritual tension between Judaism, Christianity and Islam in order to expand the present tense to include everyone as we move through the present-continuous toward death. We must give time a sense of length, width and depth.

From a gay perspective, who gets to sit at the top of the Temple Mount seems pretty silly. From a gay perspective, three homophobes are fighting over which one gets to hate us in God's Name more. Sounds crazy, no?

If we were to remove the names for God and just call Him "our Creator," then the vanity of what motivates such fools begins to surface. Their wars have nothing to do with God and everything to do with their relationship within themselves to themselves.

So, when God Said, "Thou shall not take The Lord's Name in vain," that was actually very clever of Him. He Knew then that there would be many names for Him. He'D Already Created Hinduism before Judaism to prove His Point to those in the East with millions of gods with names. And He Surely Didn't Want to get in the middle of those kinds of fights, especially once He'D Created the three Abrahamic Faiths in the West. He Knew that all wars are holy wars, and holy wars are about vanity, not moral principles.

The collapse of Afghanistan is only the latest, holy war that the Christians couldn't win against the Muslims. And the ongoing Muslim holy war against Israel will never succeed, either. Until we all admit that there's only One God, we won't admit that there's room in this world for gays and Jews. And as the embodiment of that struggle, I can only

describe my three suicide attempts as holy wars that woke me up to what I was doing to myself [mind and body].

When the world agrees that no nation on Earth will be regarded as a civilized country that we'll do business with unless gay-Jews can walk their streets feeling safe and sound, the holy wars will continue around us instead of within us.

No peoples on Earth are as maligned and despised as the gays and the Jews. And for what? The gays prefer anal sex to vaginal sex. And the Jews want to live in peace in the country God of us all Gave them. Is that too much to ask for?

Unfortunately, it's the gays and the Jews who are going to have to do the changing first. Israel is going to have to legalize gay marriage. And the gays are going to have to get off their ass and start participating in institutional, religious life. Coming out sexually is not enough. We have to come out in all houses of prayer. Without both, there'll be no spiritual progress made worldwide.

Let's take the 3rd Commandment a little farther, shall we? Why stop here? The deeper we plummet God's Words, the more we discover about ourselves.

When somebody sneezes, we say, "God Bless you." But when we're **alone** in our own company and we sneeze, some people say, "God Bless you" to themselves. Some say, "God Bless me" and some say nothing at all. That's a personal matter between me, myself and I, not you.

And that's perfectly understandable. We don't want to make people feel guilty about their relationship to themselves. We only want them to feel guilty about their relationships to others. [We all have to learn to live together in peace. We don't have to learn to live with ourselves in peace. That's an **option**, not a **mandate**.]

When you pray silently, you're speaking "in loud" to God. No other person can hear you. And as your discussions with yourself before God have gotten more and more

intimate and personal over time, I'm sure you've noticed that you've confessed your mistakes before yourself as your mistakes were revealed to you by a **better** part of you while you were in deep self-contemplation. This is true confession in real time without any other witness but you.

As you begin to realize how merciful God Has Been toward you in not Punishing you [yet] for some of your errors of judgment, you begin to feel a certain something different. Call that something guilt. Call it relief. Call it glee. Call it a sense of freedom or liberation. Call it whatever you like.

But when your self-communication gives you this lightness of being because you intrinsically know you've done something bad but haven't been Punished for it, that may lead you to speak more candidly to God about your weaknesses. It may lead you to accept a closeness and regard for Him you didn't have before. It may lead you to say to God, "Thank God that You Didn't Punish me. I know I'm still guilty of a few things, but I'll try to do better."

And now, you, too, are speaking to God in the third-person [thank God]. You're telling Him to thank Himself in the same way that He Told you not to take The Lord's Name in vain. You're talking to Him in the third-person.

And isn't that amusing! Now you're behaving like God by telling God in the third-person what **He** Should Do for Himself. You're ordering God to do as you say.

That's odd, coming from a person who doesn't usually even order **himself** around. You probably always try to tell **other** people nicely what to do. You use your conscience as a light you shine on them, be careful not to shine it in their eyes, whether or not you illuminate them out loud about what they're doing wrong. But do you turn that light around to shine it within at yourself?

Telling God to thank Himself is a little presumptuous, don't you think? Even telling other people to thank God goes too far, if you ask me.

Giving thanks is something we ought to practice on **others** as children before we thank ourself later on for all that we do for **ourself**. Only once we can thank others **and** ourself are we in a natural position to give thanks to God.

Forcing people to thank God before they're mature enough to thank themselves and others only creates anti-Authoritarianism and/or anti-authoritarianism. In Orthodox Jews, it only creates anti-Semitism and homophobia that leads to self-hate. In reformed Jews it only creates anti-Zionism. But that then spreads throughout the world as bad habits we unconsciously teach others. We get into positions of authority, and we use that authority unwisely.

We should be able to see how that creates criminal behavior and/or hyper-religiosity. It even creates misogyny that women have to oppose on their own.

We shouldn't tell God to thank Himself. Who are we to tell Him anything about how He Should Behave? What we should do is say, "thank You." That solves the problem in the second-person tense easily without having to deal with the conundrums that come up in using the third-person as He Did in the 3rd Commandment.

The problem with using The Second-Person, however, lies in capitalizing the word "You." That's a Western orthographic writing style that doesn't exist in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Chinese, Japanese or Hindi/Urdu. None of these alphabets have capital letters, even though all these countries represent peoples who profess great faith in one of the names for God.

So, naturally, the concept, "thank You" is going to have to come out of European languages that make the distinction between "you" and "You."

If you speak a language that doesn't make this distinction, you aren't going to think about what you're thinking about in this novel way. You're going to thank yourself; others and God without making any distinction between the three nominative case pronouns you use.

Granted in Spanish they use the familiar form of you [tú] when speaking to God. But they use the formal form [usted] when speaking to murderers, liars and thieves who they don't know personally. They give respect to **them** but want God to get the impression that the Two of Them know One another intimately. That's just crazy!

I actually think that most Spanish speakers should use the formal form of the word "you" [usted] when speaking to themselves, because I don't think they know themselves well enough to use the tú form until they contemplate their relationship with God more thoroughly. I think they really ought to read all my books on the topic of self-intimacy. That would bring them a much deeper understanding of what it means to talk to themselves in the informal [tú] form. And that would certainly improve the political situation in Latin countries. God Knows, they need help with that!

When praying in English, I wouldn't want to talk to God using the lower-case letter "y" or familiar form of the word "you." I wouldn't want to say to Him, "thank you." I'd seek a greater respect for Him than I do with anyone else, including myself.

But that level of respect has to come from within using your imagination as your guide. It has to come from your respect for **yourself** to motivate your use of language.

Marrying yourself is the equivalent of going from usted to tú in speaking to yourself. It's a passage in life that indicates how intimate you've become with yourself over your lifetime. If you then want to speak to God in prayer using the familiar [tú] form, I can understand that decision then. But I can't understand it if your relationship with yourself hasn't gone through a change [head], transformation [heart] and transcendence [soul] that leaves you with a spiritual awakening.

Out of respect for **God**, I say, "thank You," and not "thank God" when I pray. Telling God to thank Himself is presumptuous of me.

Out of respect for **myself** I say, “thank You” to God and I try to say “thank you” to me when I pray, as well. But after having broken the 6th Commandment so many times, it’s hard for me to trust myself. It’s much easier for me to trust God Who Stopped me from breaking that Commandment.

There’s now a literal difference between God and me as expressed in the wording I choose when I pray. I don’t confuse The Two of Us anymore. I don’t confuse my place and His. I know when to capitalize a pronoun in English and when not to. I even know how to use the two forms of intimacy with regard to pronouns in French and Spanish, which I speak haltingly.

The least I can do when I pray is to let God know that I don’t see myself as a god. I’m a man before God who reflects deeply on the pronouns I use when communicating with Him.

If you prefer to speak to God as though God Were a woman, then you won’t have any problem doing so in English. You’d still say, “thank You.” And if you’re a woman, you wouldn’t have any problem following my suggestion either.

But in Hebrew there’s a grammatical distinction between “you” [masculine singular] and “you” [feminine singular]. There’s even a distinction between “you” [masculine plural] and “you” [feminine plural]. Therefore, if you were speaking Hebrew to God, you’d have four choices about which “You” you’d use – even though there’s no way to capitalize the word “you” in Hebrew.

Be grateful you speak to God in English and only have to imagine capitalizing the word “You” when you use it. You don’t have to worry about God’s Gender(s) or the differences between your intimacy with yourself and God [tú/usted] just to squeeze out a few words in prayer.

The Joy in Having a Penis that Speaks for Itself

I think most Jews have always been afraid of their own penis. What other outcome could there be after circumcising them on the 8th day of life without that person's permission? Yes! I know God Told Abraham to circumcise Ishmael and Isaac. [Genesis 17] But why? What reason Would God Have Had in asking Jews to circumcise their son's penis on the 8th day of life and Muslims before the age of 13 to make them look unnatural and different from all other men's penises?

The difference must be with regard to permission. Abraham surely got Ishmael's permission to circumcise him. But Abraham couldn't have gotten Isaac's permission. Isaac was only eight days old. And that's a God-Given difference in penises that Jews and Muslims don't talk about. They'd rather fight over real estate...

Their religious leaders would rather wax poetic about how Adam and Eve didn't ask permission from God to eat His Fruits, when they, themselves, don't speak about asking God for permission to know themselves. They're guilty of self-ignorance. Yet they point fingers at others for all sorts of things and demand that we ask permission from them.

You can't scratch your ass in Israel or a Muslim country without getting permission to do so from a religious leader. They've got their countries all sewn up. Births, deaths, marriages, confirmations, conversions and residency permits are all predicated on religious license. And you wonder why people are as anxious and frustrated as they are...

God Could Have circumcised us before we were born. He Could Even Have Created us without a foreskin. But why Would He Have Made this request of Jews and Muslims, and not for Christians?

The association of the penis with pain in infancy or childhood is a psychologically interesting move on God's Part. The more we contemplate the figurative importance of the delivery system of our sperm in adolescence and

adulthood, the greater our understanding and influence will be concerning our wants [-] and desires [+].

Jesus Was circumcised [without His Permission] as was the tradition in Joseph's community at the time. And since He was supposed to Have Been Born on December 25th, eight days later falls on January 1st, the first day of the Christian new year. This was an ancient Christian way of poetically saying that Jesus Was circumcised for all Christian men. All Christian males can look natural below the belt [uncut] because Christ Has Accepted their pain of circumcision for them.

In my opinion, the only reason why so many American, White Christians are circumcised is because after the Second World War, Jewish doctors probably realized that many more male Jews than female Jews had died in the Holocaust because the male Jews were circumcised. This figuratively put a target on their back. My own half-brother has a horror story to tell of what happened to him in the Catholic orphanage where he was hidden in Lithuania during the War when a kid watched him urinate in the public bathroom and saw that he was circumcised.

By circumcising all American, White males, Jewish doctors probably knew Jews would be safer in this country if another Hitler came to power here. I think that's why Black and Brown babies aren't generally circumcised but White babies are.

Naturally, Jews and Muslims may be worried that someday Republicans are going to physically expose them to determine that they're not Christian, just as the Nazis did with the Jews. Blacks, Browns and Asians aren't as worried about that. They have other physical differences that they already see White Republicans using to discriminate against them.

My penis envy of other men motivated me to take a closer look at many penises in my day. I looked into this matter with great eagerness in my youth by sleeping with

many men who were from racially and ethnically diverse backgrounds.

It may well be true that there are good medical reasons to circumcise baby boys, but that doesn't explain why Black, Brown and Asian baby boys born in hospitals weren't circumcised in my day. Since I chose to lead a monogamous lifestyle, I'm out of touch with the penises of the younger generation.

The other thing I noticed about penises is that it doesn't matter if your penis is Jewish, Muslim, Latin, Black, Brown or Asian. The semen that comes out of these delivery devices, regardless of their color or shape is always white. Surely, straight White men must not be aware that they behave as if theirs is the only life-giving substance that's white. Not so! Even the blackest of penises emit white cum. It makes you wonder whether White men unconsciously think that what comes out of their ass is just as white...

So, when discussing the topic of penises and anuses, straight men today ought to recognize that gay men have always known a lot more about these subjects than they do. When you're passionately interested in a topic, you think about it a lot more than most other people.

Gay men have all seen the terror in the eyes of some straight men who are inadvertently forced to look at another man's penis. There's a minority of straight men who are almost overwhelmed with negative emotion when having to look at a strange penis.

And the drama young adults display over the topic of their parents engaging in sex is equally absurd. Get over it! Almost all adults are sexual beings. No one has any license to express contempt for the ways in which adults choose to have sex with one another.

We've all seen the associations patriarchal straights [y] in the past made between the Devil and the penis in movies where the soft, sensitive, gay guy always got shafted. We've seen how terrified uneducated, superstitious people still are

of the Devil [serpent/penis] entering them through the dirtiest hole in their body [the anus]. They may not want to admit that to themselves in words, but we can read their body language and translate that into words for them.

Sodomy and Satanism are intrinsically entwined because of primitive interpretations of Abraham and Lot's encounter with the people of Sodom. [Genesis 13-14] What made the Sodomites so evil was their lack of warmth for strangers. Their fear of Jews like Lot and Abraham, who became their neighbors or benefactors, was the downfall of the people of Sodom, not their sexual practices. [At that point in Genesis, Abraham hadn't yet been circumcised.] Sodom was no more sexually permissive or curious than Las Vegas, Branson, MO or any big city in America today.

Why in the world Would God Care whether you have vaginal or anal sex? And why Would He Care if and when you were circumcised? How could these behaviors make any difference whatsoever in determining whether you're a good or bad person?

Fear of the penis of strange men was the underlying, psychological motivation for permitting slavery in America. I think White men have always suffered penis envy of Black men. That's why I think they enslaved them 400 years ago rather than the New World indigenists. The White men could have been just as cruel to the local indigenists if they'd wanted to by enslaving them, not just banished them to reservations to die of malnutrition and medical neglect. They were no more or less manly than the indigenists from Africa. It was a question of penile length, not psychological passivity or physical strength.

But early White men couldn't discuss this fear or their fear of Jews and Muslims who were circumcised. The Jews had given up the practice of slavery thousands of years previously, despite what was written in Torah. White men must have once been unconsciously terrified of the potential

for meaning beneath **circumcision** as well as angry about the size of Africans' penises.

Europeans and White Americans enslaved indigenists and treated them abominably all over the world to reinterpret themselves as adopted Jews through Jesus [Who figuratively Took on the pain of circumcision for them]. This, they thought, would give them the gene pool of non-Jews that they could use as slaves and indentured servants.

After the Holocaust, when European Whites realized they couldn't stop themselves from enslaving and murdering Jews, too, many White Americans may have felt the need to circumcise their own sons in solidarity with the Jews. You might even draw a line between that and the Civil Rights Movement in the 1960's when the color, size and circumcision status of penises was no longer a reason to oppress any man.

The Republican White man today who thinks he's been adopted by Jesus [whether or not he's circumcised] is still unconsciously terrified of everything happening below his own belt. He's not able to internalize the Hebrew scripture to work this fear out within himself. He feels the need to repeat the horrors of his ancestors' misapplication of Torah.

In my opinion, oppression has always been about penis envy, not the color of anyone's skin, facial features or hair. Denouncing these visually obvious external, physical differences as not White enough was a lie to conceal the "thing" beneath the fig leaf that Republicans still secretly fear and even abhor.

When you look at how White cops have unmercifully beaten and killed Black men, you know it couldn't be about breaking the laws of man. You know in your heart that it's really about penis envy. And you know that intuitively because you've fought that as a syndrome [internally] rather than as a problem [externally]. You've had to make peace with the way God Made you **personally** in His Image.

Republican men refuse to do that. They refuse to go below their belt.

Associating Satan [evil incarnate] with the shlang is the cause of all the evil in today's world. And it was the cause of all the evil in the past, too. Once a man is at peace with the serpent in his own tree, he's not interested in competing with other men over the length and girth of penises or the potency of another man's semen.

Gay men know this about all men. Gay men know this about competition between men. That's why so many gay men abhor sports. If straight men could give up their penis envy, they wouldn't have such a hard time admitting gays into the field of athletics. Some jocks are still ashamed of what we'll see in the locker room that they can't talk about. Well, word is out, girlfriend!... And some of us are going to talk about it anyway...

The idea of comparing penises threatens Republican men because it is, after all, a device used for penetration. And the longer, wider, more powerful and unscarred it is, the more insecure Republicans worry that it'll be used to sodomize them.

The male anus is the ultimate association with the "z" factor in us all. Physical penetration by his father's penis is what an unenlightened man unconsciously worries about when he thinks about his mother's femininity and all that his father "gave" her of his. He doesn't think about the many wonderful attributes his mother has figuratively infused in him. He unconsciously anxious about his father "giving" it to him like he "gave" it to her. And the only way for that to happen with him is anally.

Men have three mouths: [1] their mouth; [2] their penis; and [3] their anus. Out of the mouth on their face come words. Out of the mouth of their penis literally comes semen and figuratively comes a whole other voice that needs to be up for discussion. And out of the mouth in their behind

comes feces. But that mouth is often described with ridicule for allowing anything in it.

The anxiety of not having had this discussion with your parents is a terrible waste of spiritual power [z] that the whole world now suffers from. Those men who secretly keep Black people without hope in ghettos and who unconsciously fight wars because they're afraid of their father sodomizing them are a sad example of what becomes a man who doesn't know himself better.

The Republicans abhor gay men because they intuitively know we know something about them that they don't know about themselves. It has nothing to do with what's written in The Book of Leviticus. Psychology has exposed the real issue beneath their religious hypocrisy. And psychology, as we all know, is a gift from God... Sigmund Freud was a major contributor to the birth of psychology. Blame the gays and Jews for that, too, why don't you?...

As all men become more relaxed about what God Gave them between their legs, they'll become more relaxed in the company of other men, even those who speak with an accent or pray to another name for God.

As all men become more relaxed about the "z" factor God gave them thanks to their mother, they'll become more relaxed about strict adherence to gender role stereotypes and their neurotic need to discount the contribution all women make in their life.

Are most straight men really afraid of being penetrated in the anus? I don't think so. I think they're really afraid of acknowledging that their anus is a spiritual symbol for a door that opens two ways. I think they're afraid of paradox, not sodomy. God Solved this issue 2,500 years ago with Taoism and the yin [internal] and yang [external] that comes with a door that opens two ways.

Until the day when straight men relax about this one sphincter muscle God Gave them, they'll continue to kill, main, rape and steal because they'll remain terrified of what

they discovered between their legs when they hit puberty. They'll hide secrets from themselves out of fear of the joy of knowing themselves from top to **bottom**...

The Me in me

I got sick and tired of pretending I didn't have an ego. But I also got sick and tired of striving to look perfect. I'm weak and useless in some ways, and I'm downright deadly, as well.

I mocked Republicans when what I secretly most want is to help them out of the delusions fed to them by the Republican liars and thieves in government and on TV who've got them under their thumb.

I don't mock Democrats, but I secretly want to help them out of the delusions fed to them by unscrupulous progressives who insist on raising the gays at a cost to the Jews.

But I didn't know what **Republican** and Democrats knew that I needed to know. And I didn't know how to describe to them what they needed to know that **I** knew.

The knowledge we have in our head is very different from the knowledge we keep in our heart and soul. Accessing our feelings and beliefs requires dreams, aspirations and a vision of a better tomorrow without an unfair cost to anyone.

God Knew what He Was Doing when He Gave some of His Truth to Moses, some to Jesus and some to the Prophet Muhammad. All people need to do is unify the truths espoused by all three to achieve the wisdom we need to solve the world's problems.

But naturally the only thing the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths can agree on is that gays are perverts. Therefore, they've made Israel a political football that they all kick around.

What a terrific job the hyper-religious have done in unifying God's Messages in the same way to demonize those

who know all about the figurative meaning of having been Given an anus... What a pity there are so many assholes spewing forth so much shit.

The popularity of Christianity around the world lies in the family dynamics created by The Mother [Mary] and Child [Jesus]. The relationship between Mother Mary [z] and Jesus [z] defines the “z” factor universally and raises it to the level of God’s Word. [Christ’s relationship to His Father is defined as His “Y” Factor.]

The reason why the Christian religious story reaches the height of spiritual importance lies in the fact that mothers throughout history had to suffer the death of their children. Ignoring this monumental loss corresponds to the failure of humanity to appreciate the depth of the bond of love between mothers with all their children. The White man’s joy in being a defining contribution to God’s Designs lies in him using science and technology to safeguard the mother/child bond in the outer world.

The loss of a child is the greatest loss a woman can experience in life. There’s only one loss the rest of us can have that parallels theirs. And that’s the loss of our inner child.

The external babies people make are for practice. We all have to conceive, birth and raise our inner child to adulthood. That’s what it means to mature.

Therefore, the bond [z] between mothers with their children signifies a spiritual bond of love that we all need to consider as a cautionary tale told in The Gospels that raises the stories of Torah so they can be viewed through windows that open out to the world with a psychological perspective.

This bond was first introduced to humanity as the wound we all have on our belly to remind us that we all come from a woman. That wound was alluded to in Hinduism, which was later Reinforced by God with circumcision in Judaism. And it was deified in the bond between Mother and Child [Mary and Jesus] in Christianity.

But unless a Muslim boy agrees to be circumcised of his own accord because his head and heart have been opened to the faiths that came before his, he'll grow up dogmatic, contrary and as wild as Ishmael. [Genesis 16:12 "Ishmael will be a wild donkey of a man; his hand will be against everyone and everyone's hand against him, and he will live in hostility toward all his brothers."]

The spiritual importance of our relationship to our father [x or y] and mother [z] reached a crescendo in spiritual matters 700 years after Jesus with The Prophet Muhammad's exploration of a soul [Islam] that explained the spiritual reason for life having challenges. Once you can personalize Torah [head], The Gospels [heart] and The Quran [soul], you're well on your way to learning how to pray effectively for a better life.

How 70,000,000 Americans could get in an airplane piloted by Donald Trump that he then crashed into the Capitol Building on January 6, 2021, killing five and seriously disabling the whole nation is a question that very much needs to be answered. Naturally, that question is the last thing the Republicans want to address.

The Republicans have been chipping away at the capital "D" in the Democratic Party for decades. And now that they're denying all the norms and procedures of democracy {small "d"}, they've become as scary as the Germans of the last century.

When a society is constructed using a very loose psychological weave that goes one way and sociological weave that goes the other, any madman can come along and rip the fabric of that society to shreds while the media is only focused on the damage done to the colorful print embossed on that fabric.

We need to talk about what's happening beneath the surface of what's happening. We need to talk about the big picture. And that sure as hell isn't going to come from a

rabbi, priest, pastor, minister, imam or cleric who's dependent on his institution of faith for his bread and butter.

The extremes of my own ego lie at one end of my psychological spectrum with an Orthodox Jew [y] inside me who believes that the Hebrew Testament is The Only Word of God and a gay-Jew [z] at the other who believes that all the world's scriptures were Given to us to be taken figuratively and deeply personally. Logically, I know that my scripture couldn't be The Only Communication God Had with the world. So, I have to find a way to reconcile the extremes in me without unduly damaging my fragile ego.

I've suffered enough violence in my life. The fact that I waged a holy war against myself [body] doesn't make it any less painful in retrospect. The crusade I waged against my inner land of milk and honey was at the root of my suicide attempts. But at least I made my way from the 13th Century Crusades to the 21st Century from the inside out. At least I'm able to talk about my stupidity candidly.

The Me in me is God. He'S a part of me. My ego is another part of me. And separating One from the other is what I'm going to continue to do every day of my life while I'm still here.

God Is my Partner. I am His Partner. We're Working together to make my life as righteous as We Possibly Can. But that takes a very clear head; good heart; and a conscience that's been ripened into a soul.

My conscience isn't green anymore. I'm not some flower child of the 1960s who's wilted over time. I've fruited. I've ripened. I've picked myself. And as God is my Witness, I'm not going to shut up about what I know about life until this ride comes to a complete halt for me.

It's easy for men to confuse God with the voice of their anus. They strut around like gods, making women and gay men clean up the messes they leave behind. Well, God Knows how to **Punish**, not just how to **Reward**. And it should be pretty clear by now that hyper-religious straight

men are slowly getting figuratively Sodomized by God for their bad behavior. They're ruining their own reputation in their own eyes.

But they can't explain why they feel so guilty without even finding the word that expresses their guilt at not knowing how they operate. The word they're looking for is "humiliation." As the Jews said about Yasar Arafat, "The man never missed an opportunity to miss an opportunity." That strategy has reached our shores. We can now say the same thing about all Republicans.

Larry Died in Berkeley

My mother, Will and I drove to Berkeley in 2009 to have lunch at a Jewish Deli with Larry and his new boyfriend. On the way, we took a detour to their garden apartment in Berkeley. It appeared to be a lovely place, but for some reason they didn't invite us in. We were only allowed to enjoy their garden.

Larry and I had bought a house on a double lot on a hill in San Francisco in 1992. We had a large garden, pond and even a hot tub at the top of the garden which overlooked the Bay side of the City. So, I was very happy for him and his very last boyfriend when they sold that house, made some money and were able to find a garden apartment in Berkeley that was charming and peaceful. I just found it curious that he wouldn't let my mother, my boyfriend and me inside it.

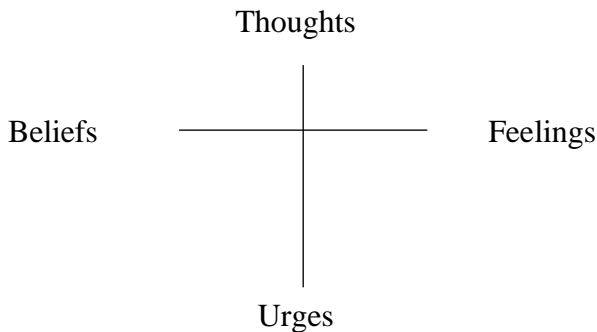
Larry and my mom had always gotten along well. In fact, Larry's mom and my mom got along well. For that matter, Will and my mom got along well. My mom bent over backwards to accept anybody and everybody I loved. She was devoted to the loves of my life and their loves. So, lunch for the five of us [Larry, his boyfriend, Will, my mother and I] went well.

Jewish life in Berkeley is a little like Jewish life ought to be in Jerusalem. There's a peace and understanding between the peoples of Berkeley that those in Jerusalem haven't yet

attained, if you ask me. You walk the streets of Jerusalem, and you see Jews, Christians and Muslims all smiling at their own kind and frowning at one another.

I once met a nun on a bus in Jerusalem when I was living and dancing in Israel. She taught me that the meaning of frustration feels like having your arms pulled in two directions at once. I'll bet she realized that by imagining how frustrated Jesus Must Have Felt on the cross. So, I can easily say that I, too, have a cross to bear because I know frustration with a world that can't get its shit together. I know what it feels like to live in a world that goes out of its way to make things harder for the poor and disenfranchised than it ought to be. I'm surprised that more people haven't tried to kill themselves, as I have...

If you don't cross yourself with understanding of how you operate, you aren't going to appreciate the Christian concept of carrying the cross.



Now that the Orthodox Jews [x and y] and Palestinians [x and y] are fighting over the Temple Mount, it couldn't be clearer that neither of them deserves to run the place. The LGBT+ community should oversee it, making sure that the Temple practice of sacrificing animals and the Christian [x and y] and Muslim [x and y] practices of sacrificing gays are never repeated there ever again. That alone should bring a

little more peace to the Middle East. Surely, straight men [y] can't be trusted to achieve that end.

I visited Larry a couple more times before he died. He told me he wanted some pictures from our vacations together. He didn't say that he wanted them for a memorial service after he was deceased, but the reason was obvious and tactfully unstated. He didn't have much time left. We understood one another better than we needed to admit out loud once we weren't a couple anymore.

I brought one of our photo albums to his home in Berkeley on another day. He was already bedridden in their living room by then, yet he wanted to go out for lunch again. He didn't realize he didn't have the strength to get out of bed.

I wasn't invited to his memorial service. I guess his boyfriend was envious of my penis... I understand. Gay men aren't devoid of human frailties.

I've got my memories. I'm sure God [our IT Administrator] Has Uploaded a copy of my memories into His Cloud, as well. If there's no one to share my memories with here on Earth, that doesn't diminish their importance to me. I've even learned to share my little penis and anus with the world figuratively by self-publishing my books. And that will make all the difference to me when I'm on my deathbed. The rest lies in God's Hands.

Depression

There's no such thing as just **depression**. Depression is the tip of an emotional iceberg. Beneath the surface of depression lies **repression** of all the individual's most cherished emotions. And below that lies **suppression** of his righteous actions for those he honors, as well as **oppression** of his ability to do good in his community and, by extension, the world.

Depression and **repression** are psychological. **Suppression** and **oppression** are sociological. But when

someone complains that s/he's depressed, that's the result of hopelessness that arises from both the forces within and around them. Nothing happens in a vacuum.

If you think that a pill is going to relieve you of the **reasons** for your depression, you're deluded. Do cocktails after work relieve you of the monotony or cruelty you experience on your job? Do recreational drugs improve your vision for a better tomorrow?

Existential angst accounts for much of the misery we experience in the modern world. Unless we find meaning in what we're doing, we lose interest in the mystery of why we're doing anything.

Mindfulness is the only true antidote for depression, repression, suppression and oppression. But most people don't want to be **mindful**. They want to be **mindless**. And so, they need to Be Trained with external lessons that force them away from the world around them further into their world within. It would be so much easier if they went inside themselves eagerly and of their own accord.

The problems of violence and criminality in our society are, as I stated earlier, the result of **loving** your parents instead of **honoring** them. It's not possible to love them, even if you're the posterchild of as intense a mother/son relationship as a Jewish mother [Mary] and her Son [Jesus].

And sexual expressions of affection for your parents are the greatest taboo in every society. Parent/child intimacy has to be channeled into a relationship within yourself between your head and heart, not you with your mom or dad. The more you learn to love yourself, the more you'll learn to honor your parents, siblings, extended family, friends and strangers.

Honoring your parents before everyone else will teach you how to honor all others more effortlessly. It won't make you more compliant and passive. It'll awaken you to the virtues beneath the actions your parents tried to pressure you into taking. Honor their desires [+], not their thoughts,

feelings and beliefs. Their head, heart and conscience may be seriously corrupted by their wants [-], especially those things they wanted for your sake.

Although, there are many pills that will alleviate **depression**, sadly, there are no pills to relieve **repression**. There are no pills to relieve **suppression**. And there are no pills to alleviate **oppression**. If you think they're going to come up with three more pills to relieve you of all that lies below your depression, you've lost your mind completely.

People get depressed because they don't know how they operate. Their problem is existential. If you don't know how you operate, you aren't going to understand how other people operate, either. Not many people seem to know that the only way to end hopelessness within themselves starts by bringing hope to those around them.

If you give, you shall receive. If you don't, you'll suffer. And if you don't recognize that pain and suffering awaken us to guilt, you'll continue to go around in circles chasing your tail.

Hope was first described in the Hebrew Testament as a rainbow Given by God to the world to Ask forgiveness from us for Him Having Flooded the Earth.

But taking the story of Noah and the Ark literally is ridiculous. Only a child would do such a thing. There are floods everywhere on Earth. And where it doesn't flood, there are droughts that cause destruction and famine. Surely, God Isn't Telling us that we need to forgive **Him** for **His** Shortcomings. That simply makes no sense when taken traditionally and literally.

The flood that everybody experiences is called: **puberty**. An ark is a vehicle we construct late in childhood using the wood from the trees of knowledge we figuratively planted and grew when we were young. The animals we led into our ark then were the instincts, urges, wants and desires that we let off the boat in adulthood, two-by-two, to repopulate our external world with our cherished intentions.

The bear on my ark was Barry. It wasn't a brown, grizzly or polar bear. It wasn't a teddy bear, either. The urge to project all my feelings of protection onto that one animal emanated out of a desire [+] to express my loyalty to myself when I was a child and couldn't let all the animal urges inside of me off my ark yet.

Therein lies the meaning of the third story of Genesis. It has nothing to do with naval engineering caused by God Having a fit over a world that had gotten out of His Control. That's just asinine.

The 40 days [adolescence] aboard the ark that has no sail or rudder only looked like a brief period of time after the fact. But, at the time you were going through it, the seas were very rough and the outcome quite uncertain. During adolescence, the tossing and sense of helplessness gives every adolescent a case of spiritual seasickness. Call that: **teenage angst.**

The lion that Daniel encountered in The Old Testament should be interpreted as an inner urge [an animal still onboard Daniel's ark] that Daniel made peace with. He didn't have to release his need to be king of the urban jungle. He could release it from within as a desire [+] to behave in a regal fashion.

Everybody knows that real lions would kill a man in a confined space. The miracle is in coming to understand the wild cat within us that seeks vengeance over anything we disdain.

Once you can admit the Judas in you, you make peace with the Jesus in you, too. Once you can see yourself as your own worst enemy [wildcat], you can decide to become your own best friend [Daniel].

The word "avoda" in Hebrew means "work" and "worship." The ancient Hebrews believed that work and worship were one and the same. You see their thinking in the

good, poor people of the world who serve the rich and privileged as an expression of their devotion to God.

The fence around Hell is surely made of managers who have two sides to them. The employees see one side of the managers and the employers see the other. Until there's a unification of views from the top down and the bottom up, people are going to look at work as Hell on Earth, not as a form of worship.

The mouth we use at one end of our digestive track and the anus at the other correspond to the movement of the food-for-thought we bite off, chew on, swallow, digest and eliminate from our spiritual system. Our navel should only be a reminder of that spiritual operating system. Throwing up and sodomy aren't sins just because they use our physical digestive track going the opposite direction.

This country is figuratively raining cats [Republicans] and dogs [Democrats]. The Republicans are wild cats at the top who seek revenge on the good, poor people whose avoda drives the Republicans mad with envy. The Democrats are dogs at the bottom [man's best friends]. The Democrats are trying to combine work and worship through rewards for effort made to give all those who are willing to work for the rewards of life hope for an even greater Reward after life. And the managers are in between. This is the polarity of the 21st Century. This is no political "party." This is a fight between good and evil that we're all in.

The figurative, political floods and droughts we're going through in government reflect how the **secularists** have internalized the Hebrew Scripture up through The Book of Daniel while the **hyper-religious** don't yet even have a clue to the existential meaning of the fruits of the Creation Story.

The rainbow of promises Given by God in the story of Noah and the Ark represent a gift that comes at the end of adolescence. That rainbow of hope [which has been turned into the LGBT+ flag] elucidates the seven emotional

conflicts described throughout the rest of the Hebrew Testament that Jesus Supplemented with His Revelations of the heart.

| Rainbow Colors | Emotional Correspondence |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| Red | Rage |
| Orange | Agony |
| Yellow | Terror |
| Green | Jealousy and Envy |
| Blue | Grief |
| Indigo | Awe of mystery |
| Violet | The ecstasy of orgasm |

When you can unify the hope imbedded in The Old Testament and The New psychologically, the only challenge before you lies in becoming soulful and behaving soulfully.

But if you think you can rise up like a god to forgive God for Him Having Forced you through puberty against your will, you're still juvenile and only interested in an eye-for-an-eye. You're deluded. You'll make a fool of yourself.

And yet, there's no way to bridge the gap between adolescence and adulthood without adults apologizing to teenagers. The only way to humble adolescents who are leaving childhood and are inexperienced and terrified of joining the world of wo/men, is by placating them with knowledge of our adult flaws.

By mirroring what God Did after the Flood, adults can reach those who are juvenile and locked up inside themselves while afloat on a raging, inner sea. But it takes emotional correspondences using the seven colors of the rainbow [matters of the heart] to give adolescents a sense of hope they can use to believe in themselves.

Defending yourself as being all right is a fool's errand. You don't become humbler by never admitting you're wrong. And if you continue to use this tactic, you should

expect to be humiliated by God and wo/man [z] for your stupidity.

Jesus Didn't Remain on the cross, not literally, and not figuratively. He'S Been Dancing around that cross like a stripper's pole [tree trunk] for millennia, Trying to get people to see the beauty in the way they were Made in God's Image.

Dance nude and naked for yourself before a mirror. Discover the beauty in the way you are, and you'll have no difficulty coming out of your closet with fearlessness. Make peace with yourself, and you'll have the skills to make peace with the world. Look into your heart for answers. You looked long and hard for them in your head. You should now know that you can't believe half the things you think.

Taking this third story of Genesis literally won't help you any more than taking the Creation Story or the story of Cain and Abel literally.

There's no point telling the young and inexperienced that they're young and inexperienced. There's no point in telling them that their view of reality is no greater than a horse with blinders on pulling a wagon. They can't see behind themselves or side to side. Young people just need apologies for the way the world looks to them. They need to see **us** do things differently. They need evidence that **we** can change before they'll accept **their** challenges as God Given.

But don't worry. Someday they'll grow old. Someday they'll have to humble themselves to a new generation of youngsters. Such is the circle of life.

Just don't try to make me swallow any more conventional interpretations of Hebrew scripture. I'm not an infant [Adam and Eve]. I'm not a child [Cain and Abel]. And I'm not an adolescent [Noah and the Ark].

I know that my urges [serpent] conspire with my heart [Eve], and together they mess with my mind [Adam]. I know that my head [Cain] and heart [Abel] are always at odds with one another until I view the two of them from my soul. And

I know that puberty hit me like a downpour that turned into a flood. I even know that after I reached land and grounded myself in early adulthood like Noah, I built a tower to my own power [Babel] and then reached for the stars.

I wish the Orthodox Jews who study Torah day and night knew what I know about myself in relation to Torah! I wish they could associate the archangel Gabriel with the one who ordered his angel to stop Abraham from sacrificing Isaac.

When the Archangel Gabriel told Mary that she was going to give birth to God's Son, he used the words **ben Elohim**. This translates as "the Son for all the names of God everywhere in the world," not just the Son of Y.H.V.H. I wish the rightwing Christians knew what Jesus Knew about Torah in relationship to Himself that made it possible for Him to get out of His Head into His Heart.

Then Gabriel whispered into the heart of the Prophet Muhammad to recite his Words from God after Gabriel had spent so much effort communicating with Jews and Christians in previous scriptures. I wish the fanatical Muslims could access the feelings the Muhammad had then.

The most **depressed** people on Earth are the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims who've swallowed the childish, Jewish interpretations of Genesis they were fed for millennia. Those who still believe that nonsense literally are the most hopeless people on the planet. They can't reconcile reality with their immature view of God. They can't live together in peace with us because none of them can live in peace within himself.

Whether you want to deal with **depression** [mental health]; **repression** [family health]; **suppression** [ethnic health]; or **oppression** [national health] – you're going to have to deal with self-**expression** if you're going to deal with hope in a **healthy** way. You're going to have to witness rainbows [hope] in the darkness within you. You're going to have to deal with paradox. You're going to have to admit

you have a relationship with your anus for spiritual reasons. It, too, Was Made in God's Image.

What comes out of you **literally** can't be cleaned and filtered any more than your body already does. But what comes out of you **figuratively** could use a whole lot of scrubbing. If you don't do the work [avoda] figuratively, you're going to find yourself in a whole lot of shit that you didn't anticipate.

The emotional correspondences to the colors of the rainbow are meant to help you open your heart with self-love and self-intimacy. Once you can love yourself, it's so much easier to tolerate, accept and admire most others. Once you're smitten by you, your desire [+] for a soulmate will be satisfied. You'll adore yourself and admire the efforts of many more people who you didn't even acknowledge before. You'll see this world for how it really is.

As Harvey Milk said, "You've got to give them hope." But what he meant by that is that in order to feel hopeful and achieve hopeful outcomes, you've got to start by making other people feel that **they** have hope to offer, too.

Why is that? Why would God Want us to give something we don't have to people who don't believe it exists in order to make total strangers feel better about themselves before we do about ourself? I think that's an important question. And I think my tale of these three cities addresses it.

God Doesn't Say, "God Bless you." Nobody talks like that about himself. God Says, "**I** Bless you." The infantile don't think about that. The childish don't care. And the juvenile call it "luck" rather than "Blessings."

But when you can see that God Is Blessing people who you don't bless, especially with an attitude of gratitude you envy, you eventually come to feel guilty. You eventually realize how prejudiced you were without even knowing it.

I'm not that different from Republicans. But I [z] know that, and they [x or y] don't. They see me as their enemy because I have a boyfriend rather than a girlfriend. I see them

as the personification of character defects that I'm working my way through. They're just models of what **not** to do that awaken me to what **to** do. I'm internalizing what they're externalizing. I'm correcting their mistakes in myself. I'm improving the state of my union with me as though I were the embodiment of America.

I see the humanity in some people who I didn't even see as fully human before. And that's a humbling experience. I now feel like their protective parent, proud sibling and their loving child. And with this new sense of emotional connection to good folk, I feel more human than I ever felt before. I feel that God Has Breathed into me, like He Did in bringing Adam to life. I feel hopeful.

Until you can stand at a public urinal and look at your penis in your hand in the presence of a minion of men – and thank God for what He Gave you that's in your hands – without feeling embarrassed or ashamed of yourself – you're going to think life is about “the luck of the Irish.” You're going to associate your wants and desires with somebody else's external forces that are conspiring against you, personally. You're going to credit shamrocks, four-leaf clover, leprechauns and blarney stones for your “luck.” You're going to consider it a coincidence that you're the personification of an emerald isle. No man is an emerald isle unless everyone is an emerald isle. The Irish land of milk and honey is no different than the San Francisco peninsula of milk and honey.

San Francisco is the place where we model hope from Twin Peaks to the ocean and the bay. Berkeley is the place where they study hope to make greater sense of it. And Oakland is the place where they apply what we've learned here about hope to an unnecessarily cruel world.

The Bay Area is the world's greatest laboratory and factory of hope. And unless you've been given a spiritual tour of our plant, you aren't going to understand how we produce what we export to the world.

You're going to think we're all about sexual liberation. We're not. It's not sex that produces hope. It's hope that produces good sex. The most sexual, sensual and attractive people on Earth are the hopeful. And that's why there's such a market worldwide for our wares.

I believe I read somewhere that San Francisco is the world's second most popular tourist destination after Paris. You see tourists wandering about in San Francisco **looking** for something here. In Paris everyone looks like they already **found** it...

Here, people haven't got a clue what it is they're looking for. In Paris, they can't tell you what they've found, but they certainly do insist that they've got it.

Nobody has a clue what we're doing here in the Bay Area. They don't have a word to describe our global product. The word is "**hope.**" We experiment with new ways of achieving hope. We produce new generations of hopeful citizens. And we export our hope worldwide. Our hope is more famous than our sourdough bread and chocolate.

Some of our hope can be seen in our architecture and hilltop views. Some of our hope can be heard in our songs. But most of our hope has to be sniffed out using your nose. Everybody has a Jewish nose. Don't try to tell me that the Jews have another monopoly on something that's as plain as what's in the middle of your face.

What makes San Francisco the place you come to leave your heart? What makes the Bay Area so magical and mystical? It's our historical combination of Asians and gays that makes our home unique.

The Asians brought Buddhism and Taoism. The gays brought anti-authoritarianism and defiance of standard Judeo-Christian beliefs. Together, we created sparks of hope that ignited the whole Bay Area with a flame that can be seen as far away as Heaven.

It was the hippies who first saw this flame and came toward it because they could see that the spiritual ground

here was naturally fertile. It was the flower children who planted their seeds in our soil and gave away the first buds and blooms from their individual trees. But it was the gay community who finally planted our rainbow flag of hope on these shores.

We organized San Franciscans into an orchard of hope and turned it into an agri-business. We, with the help of our neighbors' labors, now send the seeds of hope around the world so that others might plant what we grow here.

Hope

Studying, modeling and applying what you know about hope to the lives of others is a full-time task. Hope is what gives meaning to everything you do. Hope begins by applying what you learned about life from your teddy bear to human beings. A relationship with a live pet or child is also just for practice. Hell, your relationship with your spouse is a relationship with a dumbass who compliments your own dumb ass.

All external relationships are ways to earn the privilege of improving your relationship with yourself. To pick the fruits of love and life that grow on your own tree requires nothing more than Permission.

Asking God for His Permission is the secret to hope. You'll be amazed at how liberated you'll feel once you include your Partner in with your choices. You can't feel like one of the Chosen People without choosing to share all your choices with God.

For some reason they call your first love, "puppy love." But when you first shared your love with others, I think it should be called "teddy bear love." Then again, I never had a dog...

Once you've given another consenting adult hope with every bone in your body [including your boner], you're naturally going to conclude that you're an amazing human man who has a lot to give. And you're going to want to see

if you can do the same for many others without physically **exposing** yourself to everybody. That is, of course, a much more advanced task in the school of life than merely peeling off your clothes to reveal what you've got that others don't normally get to see.

Beginners to this spiritual process only know how to expose themselves with **nudity**. The more advanced expose their gorgeous root to the world by expressing their self-love **figuratively naked** for all to see. But experts of hope are **transparent** to One and all. When you've mastered physical **nudity**, emotional **nakedness** and spiritual **transparency**, you become naturally soulful.

People usually conclude that ecstasy is the result of orgasmic delights that happen only in beds, alleys and dungeons. But orgasm is actually the physical evidence of hope.

There's no hope to be found on the battlefield. What you find there is smugness and glee. No joy can be attained from killing men so they can't get any more erections. We've allocated that task to a small group of Americans who are supposed to be spiritually trained in doing that right. Obviously, we haven't because we've lost all our recent wars.

Orgasm is only a very brief expression of hope. It's a marker that only arrives at puberty. It's a rainbow that shines after storms within that young people don't associate with God and country. For some reason, people seem to think that what they're going through inside has never been experienced before in all of history. I'm the Dick who's here to tell you you're wrong.

The rainbow of hope in the heart of good men and women shines in darkness, something rainbows don't do in the sky at night. So, it is understandable that people get confused when it comes to the topics of sex and hope. Sex and hope are actually signs from God that we're being

Watched over like a teacher with each and every student in class.

Nobody wants to go to school figuratively **nude**. Many are terrified of appearing emotionally **naked** in front of their classmates. And those who are evil are repelled by the very idea of being **exposed** as transparent before our Teacher.

The student thinks the assignments Given to him will be graded uniformly. And I suppose that's true in a math class. But in an English class, there's wiggle room for personal interpretation of answers through essays, creative writing endeavors and even through, new vocabulary and reading choices. That's why science is a **science** and politics is an **art**. As soon as you come to your classmates politically as though in a math class, you open yourself to Nazism.

There's room for you to shine in class. There are even students who are rooting for you to succeed. Individuality is the most powerful tool for making peace because each of us cares for the wellbeing of others a little differently.

Life must be lived like a math class in scientific ways, but like an English class in all others. Sometimes you need the exact, right answer to solve an external problem. But the rest of the time, you need to be graded on your creativity, inspiration and the joy you bring to every endeavor.

Grades are often conferred on a curve. The world is curved. Nothing is truly straight. Some things just appear to look straight. The hyper-religious don't want to hear that. They only want children's stories. They don't want to grow up. They're afraid to grow up. Trees grow up. The hyper-religious are afraid to be spiritual trees that grow up. They're bonsais.

And that's ironic. Republicans insist on taking scripture literally, but they're afraid to be a spiritual tree that grows up. What explanation of the meaning of life could be more literal than that?

Righter's Block

I don't suffer from **writer's** block because I don't suffer from **righter's** block. I think at a depth of being at which I'm writing down my thoughts in code. I'm not just talking to myself in loud.

Once you can write yourself notes in the margins in the privacy of your mind rather than rely on the casual thoughts you mumble to yourself, you have proof figuratively written down of what you've said that you wish to remember. I had to learn how to create mnemonic devices to remember what I was thinking, but I also had to create photos with symbolic meanings to remember what I'd concluded.

A picture in my mind's eye is worth a thousand words I tell myself. But to draw those pictures, I had to become a spiritual artist who could produce my works like a digital artist. I had to become a graphic designer using my imagination as my instrument of creativity.

I've spent thousands of dollars to self-publish my books because I want an external, written record of what I've said to myself. My books aren't just crumbs I've scattered on the forest floor to find my way back where I came from. They're clues for you to where I'm going.

I have no intention of going back to where I was. I'm only going forward through the garden, orchard, forest, urban jungle and the swamp to a land of milk and honey. You're welcome to join me, but I know the Republicans will remain in the garden of childhood crying their eyes out over all the snakes [Democrats] that are keeping them from picking the fruits in the trees.

I'm not some specter that came to Earth to float about for an unspecified period of time just to enjoy the view. I have meaning. I have purpose. I have direction. And I can say that to myself out loud because I'm making progress daily, rain or shine. My inner weather doesn't deter me from getting where I want to go.

Each day in my life is an accomplishment. I don't know whether I have another full day ahead of me tomorrow. So, I don't live as though I do. I don't spend time like money. I don't get into debt. I even pay off each day spiritually as it comes. I go to sleep at night impoverished. But every morning I wake up, I wake up a richer man than I was the day before. There isn't a billionaire on the planet who's as rich as me.

If you want to dream big, you'd better look at your dreams as office hours with The Teacher. You'd better contemplate your messages to yourself through the spiritual process of restarting yourself at night to upload new apps and updates into your spiritual software.

If you're as contrary as a Jew but wish to be as heartfelt as Jesus and as soulful as the Prophet Muhammad, you're going to have to begin by recognizing that God made female Jews, gay-Jews, progressive Jews, Black Jews, Brown Jews, Asian Jews, reformed Jews, disabled Jews and even Republican Jews.

The only thing a Jew can't be is an American and a Russian or Chinese citizen. An American Jew can't hold dual citizenship with countries that our country doesn't recognize as friends.

If the Russians and Chinese want to enjoy the joys of being like American gays and Jews of all stripes and colors, they're going to have to reform their societies to glean the best of ours. Just stealing our technology and corrupting our elections isn't going to get them where they want to go. In 1961, the commercial stated, "Sorry, Charlie! Starkist wants tuna that taste good, not tunas with good taste."

Well, today the President of the United States now has to worry about Republican heads of CEO's who are claiming that Democrats want to eat Charlie. It wasn't enough that they claim we're pedophiles who want to fuck Charlie and all the sardines around him. Now they want Americans to believe that we're gonna eat him, that we're cannibals in

addition to being pedophiles. Run with that one, Tucker Carlson. There's obviously no bottom to your depravity.

Nation building with armies fueled by capitalism is a waste of time and money. Israel only needs an army because the fanatical Muslims are so covetous of Jewish rewards out of life that they'll do anything they can to steal our land. But the secret to being a successful Jew doesn't lie in the land beneath our feet. It lies in our head. And cutting off all Jewish heads to find out what's inside of them isn't going to give fanatical Muslims what they're looking for. Incinerating us in ovens as the 20th Century Nazis did then didn't create the smoke they needed to get their prayers to God in Heaven. So I doubt that cutting off Jewish heads and cutting out Christian hearts is going to get the fanatical Muslims what they want in the 21st Century.

The secret that the world covets in Europeans doesn't lie in their continent. It lies in their heart. Cutting that part of out of them isn't going to help fanatical Muslims find out the secret to compassion.

And the secret the world ought to covet in Muslims doesn't lie in Mecca. It lies in their soul. Their loyalty to their name for God isn't something that can be cut out of them, either.

But the heads and hearts of some straight Muslims today are simply appallingly screwed on badly! They're only looking backwards, not forward. If they want to do better, I suggest they start taking instruction from gay-Muslims. I suggest they start by recognizing the voice of their penis that holds the secrets to their deepest wants [-] and desires [+].

If good people want to communicate with one another better than they're doing now, they ought to dip below their head, heart and soul to observe the rest of God's Image of them in the flesh. Their guilt-free penis isn't helping them.

If you want to live your life like God if He Were here in Person, you're going to have to learn how to do that from Hindus, Jews, Christians and Muslims who embrace one

another's faiths as well as the LGBT+ community who voice the desires of the indigenist populations of the world.

Everybody's going to have to enter the Abrahamic edifice by figuratively kissing the mezuzah on the front door, because the ground floor of all faith is Jewish. There's One God behind all that we're doing! And only the Jews have been saying so for the past 3,400 years.

Our basement might be Hindu. Our second story might be Christian. And our penthouse might be Muslim. But everybody enters the spiritual world through the Jewish, front door. If you don't admit women, Black people, Browns, Asians, reformed Jews, the disabled and Democrats into your heart and soul through your politics, you'll just have to sit outside on the scaffolding with the gays looking in the windows.

We'll be happy to give you a seat on a board so you can see what it looks like to have faith in God from the outside in. But you'll never succeed in achieving faith in God from the inside out.

You're banished from the spiritual edifice unless you figuratively touch the mezuzah while thanking the gays worldwide who love Israel and who are letting others know that we **all** want to be allowed in the building.

If you've got a problem with gays or reformed, progressive Jews, you've not only got a problem with Jesus. You've got a problem with reality. If you've got a problem with gays or reformed and progressive Jews, you've got a problem with America. If you've got a problem with America, you've got a problem with God. Good **luck** to you; because you sure as Hell ain't **Blessed**.

Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word

Elton John's song, released in 1976, was way ahead of its time. And it still is. Here are the lyrics:

What have I gotta do to make you love me?
What have I gotta do to make you care?
What do I do when lightning strikes me,
and I wake up and find that you're not there?
What've I gotta do to make you want me?
Mmm hmm, what've I gotta do to be heard?
What do I say when it's all over,
and sorry seems to be a hardest word?
It's sad, so sad.
It's a sad, sad situation,
and it's gettin' more and more absurd.
It's sad, so sad.
Why can't we talk it over?
Ohh, it seems to me
that sorry seems to be the hardest word.

Think of this world as an educational institution where spirits come to learn three words: “please,” “sorry” and “thank You.”

Please will probably get you permission to do what you most desire [+]. **Sorry** will get you the wisdom to see why you couldn't have what you wanted [-] in the past. And **thank You** will unify your journey moving forward.

Think of me as singing this song to Nashville, TN. Nashville **should** be the Jerusalem of America. Nashville should be America's guitar. But it's not yet. The noise coming out of Berkeley sounds more melodious than the music they're cranking out in Nashville. No self-respecting gay-Jew would go there to listen to that cacophony. It's still a place that only glorifies White privilege. It's shameful! America isn't Black or White unless you're colorblind.

Getting Cozy

[Written in 1990 at the age of 42]

My first boyfriend and I met when we were both 37 years old. My age was critical to me then because I'd dreamed of

having a lover since I was 12 years old. I did everything I could to make love happen, but it never did. By my mid-thirties, I felt romantic love had passed me by, that I'd never experience the joy of deep intimacy with another man. By the time I met Larry, I was already worried about reaching 40 without my dream having come true.

I'd always left room in my life for a lover, but I'd never set aside enough room in my life for me. "**Love the one you're with,**" I told myself. So, I sought the courage to live in peace with myself alone while secretly seeking a love affair with somebody else to complete me.

My inner voice told me to leave the city of L.A. and move to the country. So, I quit my job as a junior high school teacher in East L.A. and moved to a small town of 9,000 in the wine country of Northern California where I'd applied for and gotten a job as a drama teacher. I'd never lived in a farming town. I'd never had a dog or a cat. I'd never witnessed the changing of the four seasons. This, as my dad used to say, was, "A chance to kill a never."

Following my dream of living in the country didn't mean that I gave up my dream of finding Mr. Right. It just superseded it. It meant putting **myself** first rather than **somebody** I hadn't yet met.

I was always attracted to foreign men, the sort of man I was more likely to meet in L.A. or another cosmopolitan city. I'd always hoped to be partnered with someone exotic who spoke with a foreign accent, someone whose skin, hair and eyes spoke of lands I'd only visited or hoped to visit.

When I met Larry, I was attracted to his olive skin and large, dramatic, organ-grinder mustache. So, I was disappointed when he opened his mouth, had a New York accent, and I found out he was Jewish... I didn't think that made him exotic in the least. I tried not to be prejudiced, least of all against somebody from my own faith. But some of the fantasies I'd been looking for in a man had to be discarded

in order to date him. Only later was I very happy to discover just how much he and I had in common.

We met at an organization called G.M.S.R. [Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat] on February 16, two days after Valentine's Day, in 1990. The retreat was in a secluded part of the redwood forests along the Russian River in Northern California. There were about 25 men, all strangers to me, who met for a three-day weekend at St. Dorothy's Episcopal Camp and Retreat.

The best part of being in seclusion with all those gay men was the opportunity to watch Larry as he socialized. It looked like he already knew most of them. There were so many questions I didn't have to ask him; his behavior in public spoke for him. Although we looked for time to spend alone, the time we spent sharing community told me a lot about who he was and wasn't.

I remember in high school watching the boys and girls socialize freely with sexual innuendo. I missed all that then. Being given the chance to be with gay men in a community setting was very new and healing to me. Homophobia in the 20th Century had damaged my ability to hope.

I watched Larry like a hawk. I noticed whom he spoke to, what he laughed at, what he ate and drank. I learned a lot about him indirectly. I felt jealousy and envy for every smile he gave away that could have been for me.

The second night of the weekend, the group got together in a circle. Each person was instructed to give himself a Native American name. My heart sank. I hate doing things like that. I looked for the door, but I didn't see a graceful way out. I knew I'd have been just as uncomfortable if the assignment had been for each of us to give himself a Hasidic name. I felt that they were toying with another people's culture.

When it was Larry's turn to give himself an Indian name such as "Running Deer" or "Eagle Eye," he just turned to the group and said, "I'm Larry, Urban Dweller." Everybody

laughed, and I think I fell in love with him right there on the spot. I saw he had a sense of humor, and he could use it to get himself out of uncomfortable situations.

Larry never met a stranger. He was curious; he asked questions, a rare virtue in most social circles. He'd talk to anybody without seeming to worry about being judged; he was too busy enjoying being himself.

Larry found me attractive, in part, because of how I was carrying myself through the homophobia I was suffering on my job at the school where I was teaching. Larry found me attractive, not just good-looking.

But I sensed how immature I was. I sensed that he was worldly in a way that I was not. Despite having lived in three countries and could converse in five languages, I knew that he spoke a language I'd always yearned to speak. He spoke "people." He could converse with everyone because he knew something about everyone that I didn't.

We didn't sleep together the first night. We waited until the second night... I was staying in a cabin outside the main house, and it was so cold that I couldn't sleep at all the first night. When I told Larry, he invited me to sleep with him on his twin-sized bed the second night.

I was more than warm the second night. I was hot! But we were figuratively "chaperoned" the whole night by his roommate in the bed next to us, so the atmosphere was physically close but not sexually intimate.

We got to know each other **much** better over the next few months and then realized we wanted to be soul mates - to share some things, to divide others. We wanted to witness the integrity and honor of each other's spiritual path, to learn to forgive and grow in each other's presence. We didn't meet a moment too soon or too late. We were both 37 years old, but if we'd met 37 years later, at the age of 74, it would have been just as sweet. Love is always fresh, new and hopeful.

Looking for love in the outer world is as great an adventure as looking for love within. People have dedicated a whole day, Valentine's Day, to the pursuit of external love. But nobody lovingly buys himself a box of chocolate or sends himself a card on Valentine's Day. We don't seem to think that our love for ourself is worth acknowledging or rewarding.

And yet, the credit card companies are always pursuing new ways to get us to get further in debt by promoting and praising gifting ourself. Would that they praised us for getting **out** of debt. That's a gift worth commending us for!

Even though my relationship with Larry eventually came to an end, it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. [Alfred Lord Tennyson] The reason for that is because love becomes more internalized over time.

Once you realize how much **love** you have for yourself as the result of the ways you honored others, you understand why **love** and **hope** have to be given away before you can receive them.

We're all on a quest to enter our inner world with the key [penis or clitoris] to the lock [heart] we've been Given.

But Larry always wanted something I didn't have to offer. He wanted me to give him license to have sex with any man he wanted. I couldn't give myself that, so I certainly couldn't give that license to him. That went against something I believe in. [the 7th Commandment] He survived AIDS seven years more after our relationship died.

With the love I have for me, I can give some of my love to God. I can also love my neighbor [Will] as myself. But all I have for you is hope and honor. They're a biproduct of my love. I'm saving all my love for me. If you choose to give your love away, that's your fault. I promise you'll suffer that mistake. Honor people, instead. If you can't help but love your spouse and children as you love yourself, I'm sure God Will Forgive you if you ask Him nicely...

Home-lessness

[Written in the 1990's at the age of about 40]

“I perfected **fearlessness** in the 80's. Insanity helped. Insanity coiled itself around my feelings and squeezed. Whatever fear was exuded, insanity consumed. That left me fearless. I was dogmatic and irrational long before it became a fad on the right.

I was about 30 years old at the time and lived in a one-bedroom downstairs apartment in a fading neighborhood of L.A. My apartment had been the home for decades of woman who died in the apartment a very old lady. The bushes outside my living room windows had already died. The whole neighborhood looked like it was on life support. Armed with paint, sandpaper and hardware, I strove to rejuvenate the flat like Lazarus from the grave. I succeeded, but only somewhat. Lazarus was resurrected, but he looked very unwell...

As mental illness crept over me, a shadow entered my sweet nest, and I, too, began to die. I lost my job at the University of Southern California English department where I was a student. I couldn't write a paper for my class on British literature of the 1880's, so I dropped out of school altogether. Then I sold my bed and TV to a neighbor for food. I had a garage sale out in front of the building where I sold my kitchenware and linens for money to buy cigarettes. The bedroom lay bare. I set up my tent in the bedroom to fill the empty space. I turned it into a fort to protect me from imaginary enemies. Then one day, I defecated in the tent in anger at something or someone. That was my way of expressing my rage.

A few days later, I cleaned up the mess and closed the bedroom door with resolve and finality. Nobody liked me enough to sleep with me. And that meant that nobody liked me enough to love me. Therefore, I thought I had to remain alone forever. So, I restricted my anger and frustration to the living room.

I closed the blinds and slept all day on my couch. I didn't want to be around people. They hurt me, just like the light of day hurt me. I no longer had the strength to suffer the multitudes. I wanted only darkness and repose. I wanted to die like the previous tenant alone in the apartment. I wanted Lazarus to die despite of what Jesus Wanted.

I slept all day and ate once a day, at night. I made cow kidney and beans, grilled in Crisco and wrapped in tortillas, the cheapest food I could find. I had little appetite. I wanted only cigarettes, and pot if I could get it. I watched the late-night news programs till 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. I couldn't feel a thing. Then I'd go for a long walk.

I usually walked to downtown L.A., about three miles one way. I walked at a brisk clip. I didn't want anyone to speak to me. I wanted to look busy, like I was running an errand before dawn, rather than running from light and the meaning of life dawning on me. There were plenty of people to speak to if I'd wanted to: bums, drunks, nuts and assorted refugees stranded after sunset outdoors, caught in the night by bus schedules that kept them from their warm, peopled lives.

I'm lucky to be alive.

We all go through experiences without reflecting on them as we're going through them. We can see some things in hindsight that we couldn't look at, at the time with foresight.

Insight requires **hindsight** and **foresight**. But you can't see far enough behind you in your rear-view mirror or far enough ahead of you through the windshield if you don't see yourself clearly as the driver behind the wheel.

My vehicle didn't get where it got without a chauffeur. I wasn't in the back seat drinking champagne and noshing aperitifs. It was me who was in the driver's seat. If I'd wanted to get a sense of the highway of life, I should have looked around the front seat. I'd have been amazed to

discover that another part of me was in the death seat, screaming at me to watch the road!

If you just curse the drivers around you, swearing that they got their license at a dollar store, you're missing the greater message about the meaning of your life. It isn't the medium that's the message. **You're** the message. The medium lies within you. It's time you discover your medium of self-expression. It isn't a gun. The medium of your message lies in your navel, genitals and anus.

If you don't start to listen to that serpent in your tree, you aren't going to discover who you are by what you want [-] and desire [+]. You aren't going to discover what a dumbass you are because of the delivery device if your life-given medium.

If you want to express yourself honestly [head], sincerely [heart] and authentically [soul], you're going to have to speak from your Dick. Dick "writes the songs that make the whole world sing." Not I.

My Chicken: Lily-Ann

[Written in 1997 at the age of 45]

San Francisco is a crowded, bustling city known for its architectural beauty and cosmopolitan ways. The people here are generally compassionate, perhaps not much different than people anywhere. Pets are common, but people usually have dogs or cats. Few realize that some here have chickens for pets.

I had five hens at one time. In order of dominance, they were: Tasha, Veronica, Buttercup, Spot and Lily-Ann. Each had a unique personality. Each gave me much pleasure and yummy eggs. But my favorite chicken was without a doubt, Lily-Ann.

She was a Cochin, black with gray and white swirls. She looked like a grand dame in a fancy, feather coat. Her matching feathered legs gave her the appearance of having

run out in public in her pajamas or dressed in a pant suit for a day at play.

Lily-Ann was named after my corpulent Aunt Lillian and Larry's Grandma Ann who had eyes that looked old and wise because of the wrinkles under her lower lids. Lily-Ann looked like a victim, acted like a victim and touched my heart as do victims.

She was truly hen-pecked. She got the least to eat, avoided trouble at every turn and kept to herself a good deal of the time. When she did commune with the other hens, her best friend seemed to be Tasha, the leader of the pack. How curious it was that these two would find pleasure in each other's company.

But Tasha didn't protect Lily-Ann from the others. I guess Tasha felt it was every fowl for herself. Still, the two of them would share a hole and spray each other's feathers with dirt. They could even be seen together at night, nuzzled together like best friends at a slumber party.

Lily-Ann even let me pick her up and pet her. She gave in to any form of authority, any voice, whether it was commanding or kind. "Compliant" was the word to describe her. "Gentle" was her credo - a peace lover. She'd never attack anyone or take up more space than her seven little pounds would require.

When Lily-Ann developed a respiratory infection, I was truly saddened and worried. I'd only enjoyed the company of chickens in my home for about two years, and so had no experience with poultry illnesses. I took her to the vet, but after growing a culture, the doctor could find no biological cause for Lily-Ann's wheezy breath and lack of energy.

The ol' girl was on antibiotics twice a day. She didn't even have to have the syringe forced down her throat. She willingly lapped up her medicine. What a gal! I put extra food and water by her coop, but she didn't get around as much anymore...

The vet suggested blood work, but I decided against it. Lily-Ann would just have to work it out on her own. I loved my big bird, but I'd spent as much money on her as I could afford on fowl friends. I'd taken the vet's suggestions on things I could do for Lily-Ann that didn't cost money. That felt good enough. It cost me \$169 for that doctor's visit. Do you know how much raw chicken you can buy for that price?

Nation building is much like raising chickens. The brood you're dealing with are going to have to get over their pecking order or your efforts will have been for naught. The hen-pecked are going to have to learn to stand up to all their fowl friends.

Lily-Ann was in God's Hands, as are we all.

I felt funny making medical decisions based on money. It didn't seem right. Yet, there are countries in the world where people's annual income is less than I spent on my pet hen. What should my priorities be? Where should my money go?

These questions were laid before me for me to ponder. I didn't wish to burden others with my insights about life just from my pet chickens. But there is something to be learned from a bunch of bird-brains.

Like Lily-Ann, I try not to take up more space than is mine. I try not to burden others with my problems. Yet, I have the ability and urge to communicate, to express my feelings without coming across as a victim or underdog. [Perhaps I should say underhen.]

What will happen to people like Lily-Ann in a world that's terribly hen-pecked? What will happen to all the people in the world who have less than me but are worth as much as me? What will happen to those who find it difficult to speak up for themselves?

What will happen to me? I wasn't just the owner of five chickens who taught me more about myself than I ever imagined. I'm Lily-Ann, and my boyfriend, **Larry**, is Tasha.

I can now see that my life can be mirrored anywhere, in city life or nature.

Pets are God's Way of allowing us to resurrect the teddy bear we had when we were a child. Pets are mirrors of ourself. We talk to them. We cuddle them. We feed, water, walk and heal them. And when they die, a part of us dies with them.

But when we tear people apart, whether literally or figuratively, we discard a part of ourself along with them. That's why this world is in as bad a shape as it is.

We continue to create a projection of our inner child in myriad ways as long as we live. If you don't look at yourself as you interact with your pet reflections as though looking in the mirror, you're missing a marvelous piece of your own puzzle. And your view of the big picture will suffer for it.

If you didn't turn other people into pets, you wouldn't try to build other lands of milk and money. Other nations don't want what we have in America. They want something they can call their own. If we want something different, let's create it here at home. Don't adopt people like Bette Midler encouraged us to adopt highways. Everyone is on a road of his or her own.

The great rabbi, Hillel, who was born in Babylon in 110 BCE and died in Israel in 10 CE, said, "If I am not for me, who will be? If I am only for me, what am I? And if not now, when?"

If you want to translate that saying into modern American English, you only need to understand psychology, not ancient Hebrew:

If I don't have an inner child, who am I? If I live only for my inner child, what will I turn into? And if I procrastinate in getting to know myself more deeply than I have, what should I expect to find when I reach the end of the time I'm being Given?

Oakland Verses San Francisco

One year during Gay Pride, – [It may have been sometime between 2012-2014. I vaguely remember it being before we achieved marriage equality on June 26, 2015.] – young Black people from Oakland came to the Castro and stood on our streets with nothing to do in **our** ghetto but look around with blank stares. It felt weirdly intimidating. They didn't show any excitement or support for us. But they didn't create any trouble, either. It was more like they were there to test us to see what **we** thought of **them**. It was as if they came out of their Black ghetto to see if we'd come any further out of our gay ghetto in their direction.

I found that sociologically fascinating. Why would Black people want to **come out** to gay people? Why would people from one ghetto [Oakland] come all the way across the Bay Bridge to show up in another ghetto [San Francisco]? What was the meta-message?

And how much more **could** we have come out to them if we'd tried? Obviously, we hadn't yet come out as far as we could. We still needed to achieve marriage equality. And today we **still** need to show up in Orthodox synagogues; rightwing churches; and mosques around the globe to pray with straight people.

I know that's a suicidal mission. But the best people to speak to about surviving suicide are suicide survivors. If they kill us in or near their houses of prayer, it may bring them a bit of an awkward awakening to what hypocrites they really are.

Sadly, both the Black visitors and the gays missed an opportunity to communicate that day at Pride. Needless to say, I don't think the Black visitors or gays knew the topic of conversation they **weren't** having with one another. I think it's up to each one of us now, in retrospect, to decide what that message could be.

Coming out is a process. There's much more to coming out than is revealed by sexuality. And there's much more to coming out than is revealed by the color of our skin.

The Israelites carried God [Y.H.V.H.] in the tabernacle for 40 years through the desert, thinking God Needed to be literally transported from one place to the next. That is, of course, absurd when viewed through a modern lens.

The common word for "closet" in Hebrew is "aron." The Children of Israel may have thought they were literally carrying God in the "**mishkan**," [Tabernacle], but people carry themselves in their **aron** [closet: a small room for privacy].

Coming out is a Herculean task for us all. But God Didn't Come out of the mishkan. The primitive Jews at the time were so closeted themselves that they projected that coming out process onto Him.

Coming out of the closet is described in The Gospels. [Matthew 6:6; Judges 3:24; Joel 2:16] Gays come out of the **aron** one way. But we all do so one way or another – or we don't.

We're all closeted, even if God Was once figuratively closeted, albeit using a different noun. But if He Could Come out of the mishkan [Tabernacle] and then from the Holy of Holies [the innermost sacred area of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem] to reveal to the ancient Jews in Babylon that He'S universal, and not stuck behind a walled off closet in Israel all by Himself, you can come out [develop psychologically] in your own special way.

If God Truly Did Create man in His Image figuratively, then Black people and gays are reflections of one another who are something to behold when witnessed staring at each other in the Castro as though we were looking at an image in a mirror that we don't recognize.

Most Black people and many of the gays come out of the Judeo-Christian cultural roots of our nation. Most of us have a sprinkling of Old and New Testament teaching that has

been shaken over us like salt and pepper before we were battered and fried by a society that hates us like rotten meat that's now staring up at them on their plate.

What's the point of standing around in front of others if you don't talk about why you're there to stare? What's the point of visiting San Francisco if you don't know what you're looking for in yourself by coming here?

That's not a question just for Black people. That's a question for all tourists to Penis Land. The Holy Land won't help you discover yourself here. You'd better look for your own reason for being here. And you'd do best to look for that reason in your soul, not your penis.

The penis you had as a child isn't the penis you now have as an adult. It's grown. It's bigger, and it's got many more interests than just candy, summer vacation and fast rides at amusement parks. The penis you have today is much more sophisticated than what you sported long ago.

God Must Have Had good reasons for Having Created Black people and gays. But it's up to us to find out what that is by looking below our belt as adults, with curiosity about the differences in how God Made us.

How many tourists go to Berkeley and Oakland? How many are interested in our tale of three cities?

I believe that the young Black visitors who came here that day wanted to reveal more than their skin and facial features to us. We gays figuratively reveal our genitals and anus to the world from the Castro every day. But nobody is talking about that. We're all focused on our containers, not our contents.

We're all in a body that needs to be explored and expressed with spiritual meaning. And if we don't learn from one another, how are we going to feel hopeful about a future we're going to have to share?

Most of the tech workers who invent our phones, computers and the apps that run them come in waves to the Bay Area. What do **they** know about the history of San

Francisco? Between the Asians and the gays of San Francisco, the Jews of Berkeley and the Black people of Oakland – there’s enough to learn about how God Created **all** of us in His Image. If He Has more than one name, He Certainly Has more than one literal image. Even Jesus Has more than one name and image.

When I met Larry, he was a leader of sorts in the gay community. He belonged to an *a chappella* quartet called The Choral Majority. The group sang irreverent song parodies celebrating queer love, using the music of familiar Christian hymns. The most famous of their songs was, “Amazing Gays.”

Larry had known Harvey Milk personally. As I already told you, that ex-boyfriend of mine never met a stranger. And everywhere he took me in my early days in San Francisco, we ran into people who knew him. Once, we were in a tiny hole-in-the-wall restaurant in Chinatown and a Chinese woman cried out his name. She knew him, too!

Living with a San Francisco “celebrity” was ideal for me because I was a shutdown, suicide survivor who didn’t want to have to work at being around people. Larry made it easy for me to ride his coattails.

Being popular if you were shut down and unpopular growing up can be partially achieved through proximity to strange, new people. It’s humbling to care for others’ wellbeing. And the humility it takes to hitch your wagon to somebody else’s star is a tool that will serve you well in the long run.

But eventually, you’ll want to hitch your wagon to your own star. And if you’ve survived the ghetto you came out of, whether it was filled with rich people or poor, you’ll be very glad that you never forget where you are, where you’ve been and what you’ve been through. You’ll eventually be Tested on everything you’ve learned. That I can assure you.

Jesus Loves San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland

Jesus Is the greatest secret in the Jewish arsenal of secrets. He'S such a great secret that the Jews still don't know how great a secret He Is...

If God Came to Earth as a human being, He Certainly Could Have Come as a Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist at that time of Christ's Birth. The very fact that He May Have Chosen to come as a Jew is an advantage to the Jews. But the Orthodox Jews are too dense to see it that way.

Maybe their problem with Jesus is nothing more than penis envy. Maybe the Orthodox Jews are just jealous of His Desires [+]. Maybe the Christians had been in a 2,000-year-long pissing contest all along with the Jews that ended with the Holocaust. Maybe it's time for everybody to grow up and think about the penis God Gave each man individually.

The Jews have always promoted **wisdom**: Make mistakes. Correct them. Apologize. And then make amends for your mistakes and don't make that mistake again. The recipe for wisdom is just that simple. And we, Jews, have been promoting wisdom for 3,400 years. You can just imagine how popular that's made us with everyone, then as now...

But the recipe for Christ's Jewish **Love** for the world is quite complicated. Love requires separating self-love from forgiveness and mercy towards others. Self-love involves **honoring** people, not proclaiming you **love** them. It requires loving your neighbor as you love yourself in a very select set of exceptions. And self-love involves self-sacrifice without knowing what you've done wrong so that you learn to better yourself as though moving through darkness slowly into light.

Who'd want to learn to love himself? It's hard enough to learn to be wise! **Self-love** is easily confused with vanity. **Vanity** is easily confused with egotism. And **egotism** is easily confused with walls erected to protect us from others.

In truth, **egotism** are walls built to protect us from ourself. **Vanity** is a relationship to our container that should augment our relationship to our contents. And **self-love** is a reward from God that will draw us nearer to Him.

The ancient Jews didn't want what Jesus Had to offer them then, and they've only learned to **love** themselves despite of Him since. But the Orthodox Jews don't look like they even **like** anybody.

Christians didn't want what the Jews had to offer in the past, and the Christians have only learned about wisdom [of the heart] despite of us. You won't find more mistakes made by anyone than by Orthodox Jews and White Christians.

What a weird and wacky world this is when you look at it closely! If I wasn't so accustomed to being alive, I'd still wish I were dead... It's hard to appreciate life as a school until you admit that your major has to be **you**. You can't major in anyone else. I know. I tried.

I have to say that the arsenal of efforts from people who are both wise and loving has grown in my lifetime. And now that some of the Muslims claim to want to behave in wise and loving ways, too, I guess they're finally getting on board the spiritual bandwagon, as well.

The Muslim contribution to humanity is the **loyalty** God Gave them that each of us still needs to learn how to give to **himself**. Those fanatical Muslims who blew themselves up for God's Sake did know a little bit about loyalty. They just didn't know how to express it in constructive ways. With **wisdom, self-love** and **loyalty** to yourself, you've got a lot of what you need to better the world.

Israel is known as the land of milk and honey. [Exodus 3:8; Numbers 14:8, Deuteronomy 31:20; Ezekiel 20:15] But the struggle over milk [love] and honey [wisdom] lies in the inner place where the heart and mind, woman [Eve] and man [Adam], are no longer blaming one another for what's gone wrong.

Literally, the head is located above the heart. Figuratively, the heart [Eve] wishes to influence our head [Adam]. But our urges [serpent] will always influencing one [Eve] before the other [Adam].

It's only when you get out of your head and heart to look at what's going on inside from your soul, that third place in inner space, that you see your motives clearly. It's only when viewing yourself from your soul that you see yourself as God Sees you.

In that sense, Jerusalem is the figurative seat of our head. Rome is the figurative seat of our heart. And Mecca is the figurative seat of our loyalty to both: our soul. This is the way God Made us. Oakland, Berkeley and San Francisco, respectively, are just facsimiles of these religious capitals and namesakes for our Spiritual Operating System.

If religion, politics and real estate issues overwhelm spirituality, the Iranians will eventually destroy Jerusalem with a nuclear bomb. If that happens, Jerusalem will, of course, do the same to Rome and Mecca. So, the military options that the Iranians are working towards aren't going to get any of us where we want to go. [You can't convince a thief that what he wants he'll never succeed in getting from the outside in. He has to come to that conclusion that he already has what he wants, or he'll never leave you alone.]

Presently, there's a great deal of squabbling going on in Jerusalem by Orthodox Jews and Palestinians who both think they've got all the answers. Now that slightly more moderate Jews have gotten in control of the Israeli government, I expect the frustration level among the rightwing Orthodox Jews will go sky high. And once the Israeli government pulls out the welfare benefits the Orthodox Jews have grown so used to that makes it possible for them read scripture all day rather than work for a living like the rest of us, you'll see what a hyper-religious Jew really looks like when lack of money hits him like a bomb

going off in his back pocket. That's a nudge from behind that nobody enjoys getting.

The clashes between the hyper-religious Jews and Palestinians will probably increase, as well, since they're all blaming their politicians on their politicians instead of their rabbis, imams and clerics. Neither of these hyper-religious entities wants to join the 21st Century. They're both adamant about moving backward, not forward.

It's a pity the Iraqis don't remind their Muslim brothers that since 1948, when the Iraqis threw out all the Jews who'd been living in Iraq for the past 2,500 years, life in their country has deteriorated considerably. Now that they don't have anybody else to blame, they're now struggling just to get along with one another.

The Persians [Iranians] tried to enslave all the Jews in the 5th Century BCE, 100 years after the Babylonian [Iraqi] Exile. The holiday of Purim describes how one queen [Esther] thwarted the Persian's plans to annihilate the Jews, then.

Tell that to the Iranians of today. They have no respect for their own history or queens. They have to collude with North Korea, Russia and China. Amazing what bedfellows Muslims will sink to, to prove there's just One God.

The hyper-religious Palestinians, Iraqis and Iranians just want to blame all the progressive Jews for what the hyper-religious can't do for themselves. And don't get me started on Lebanese and Syrians. Lebanon has slipped back into the Stone Age "thanks" to Iran. And **Syria!** The word alone is synonymous with Hell on Earth.

When you've got a third of a recipe, things don't come out of the oven looking quite as you'd expect... Even with two-thirds of a recipe, you should expect what you serve to turn up noses. But with only one seventh of a recipe, it's no wonder there are those who are deeply cynical and hopeless.

Previews to another Civil War in the United States are already here. And the Republicans are determined not to lose

this one like they did the last. They're going to get slaves, come **Hell** or **high water**. And it looks like the South is drowning in **high water** while the West is turning into **Hell** from the fires caused by droughts.

Consider me a bullfighter. But instead of stabbing bulls with my sword, I stab bullshit with my words. I'm not going to sit by and watch what the hyper-religious and hyper-anti-religious are doing to the world without commenting on their actions from a scriptural perspective.

Today there are lots of **fruits** who are thwarting the plans of **nuts** everywhere. Unless we "fudge-packers" stop the "breeders" from doing what comes naturally [enslaving and killing men, women and children], we aren't even going to get to the starting line to run the race to beat global weather chaos.

I've tried to tell people that I'm the son of a slave, but they're so blind, deaf and dumb to what I'm telling them that they look at my light skin and don't believe that somebody like me could possibly know what Black people know about being treated with revulsion.

Republicans think I'm worse than a "N" for even saying such a thing. That gives you a clue to what they're saying to themselves. Therefore, perhaps this book should be a call to all gay, Ethiopian Jews to convince the Black people of the world that **they** know what it feels like to be discriminated against and treated like second-class citizens both in Africa and Israel.

Sometimes, people can't use their nose to determine who's authentic from who's insincere. They can only use their eyes. If you don't **look** like them, they don't believe you can **feel** like them.

I've tried to tell people that the LGBT+ community has herd **community**. We've accomplished a miracle with marriage equality that straights need to learn to emulate. Roe versus Wade is slipping through straight women's fingers because they weren't foresighted enough to see what the

Republicans were doing with their time. The Republicans finally gave up **dismembering** that law at the state level. They **castrated** it instead by giving bounty hunters the right to sue abortion participants at the individual level.

Republican efforts to control women's vaginas is no different from their insistence on controlling men's anuses. They'll stop at nothing to legislate what all of us do in bed. And if you think the Orthodox Jews and fanatical Muslims think any differently, you're not listening closely enough to the outrageous demands of the serpent in your own tree or the worm in your apple.

I may be a dumbass, but my ass is a lot smarter than a whole lot of other dumbasses out there. My ass has been infused with the life-giving substance in me figuratively speaking. And let me tell you, that feels really good!

Republican Orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians don't want to look at global weather chaos as something they brought on us. They blame the gays for the tornadoes, the Blacks for the hurricanes and the Browns for the floods. And they blame the Democrats for setting the forests aflame.

The Republicans thank Jesus for taking them through their pain and suffering without having to face guilt, no matter how hopeless they feel deep down inside.

It's hard to teach students who only want to graduate experts at playing hooky. I say let them graduate with COVID with the grades they've got.

Meet the People Walking Tours

In the mid 90's, I created a walking tour company of Chinatown. The purpose of it was to meet local people to find out what brought them to our fair city. In so doing, I researched the history of San Francisco and discovered that it was cosmopolitan from its inception.

San Francisco had been a Mexican outpost of the Spanish missionaries who'd arrived in 1769. Before that, the

Yelamu people and their Ohlone neighbors arrived here between 4,000-6,000 years ago.

But thousands of South Americans got on board ships rounding Cape Horn to come here in search of gold. Chinese and Japanese came across the Pacific to do the same. Prostitutes from France were rounded up and sent to San Francisco to get them out of France. [As if that ended adultery in France.] And, of course, Americans and Europeans poured in using overland routes in search of gold, and later silver, whale oil and animal furs.

Levi Strauss was a German Jewish immigrant who sold trousers made of sailcloth reinforced with metal rivets to the miners. And Adolph Sutro, another German-Jewish immigrant, was the mayor of San Francisco from 1895-1897. Modern, secular Jews have been a part of our city from its inception.

Most of the men who flocked to San Francisco didn't feel a part of life where they'd come from. They were motivated by the promise of fortune in a day-and-age when options were few and far between. And some of those men weren't the least bit interested in romantic relationships with women, either. And hasn't that made all the difference in opening hearts and minds out West?

This city is the first city in the world to cater to true individualism. And in that respect, nothing has changed. If you have any desire to be yourself, know yourself, love yourself and express your loyalty to yourself through all that you do for others, San Francisco is the place to discover who you have the potential to be.

The song, "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" was composed by George J. Cory, Jr. His gay partner, Douglass Cross, wrote the lyrics. When the song was written in 1953, Cory and Cross were amateur songwriters who'd moved to New York following military service during World War II but had become homesick for the West Coast. After pitching the song unsuccessfully to other artists for about eight years,

the song was picked up by Tony Bennett who sang it at a 1962 “Happy New Year” engagement scheduled at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. [internet]

Here are the lyrics:

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly grey.
The glory that was Rome is of another day.
I’ve been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan.
I’m going home to my city by the Bay.
I left my heart in San Francisco.
High on a hill, it calls to me
to be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars.
The morning fog may chill the air; I don’t care.
My love waits there in San Francisco
above the blue and windy sea.
When I come home to you, San Francisco
your golden sun will shine for me.
When I come home to you, San Francisco,
your golden sun will shine for me.

Being gay [z] in San Francisco is no sin. It’s a blessing. Being gay [z] everywhere should be seen as a Blessing from God, as well. San Francisco hasn’t been perverted by us. The City’s been augmented by gay angels [z] who elsewhere have had to remain disguised.

Now that it’s safe to be gay [z] in many more places in America and around the world, the hyper-religious [x and y] ought to ask themselves what God’s Intentions Could **Now** Be. What if the world isn’t digressing, but progressing? What if **they’re** the ones going the wrong way?

If so, the only reason for their disorientation could be in their misinterpretation of scripture, beginning with the Creation Story. If Torah is a cautionary tale based on reverse psychology, then the hyper-religious have made some **serious** [dare I say “**fatal**”] mistakes.

I leave it to the God of the Hindus, Jews, Christians and Muslims to Judge us each for the way we've all lived our life. God Only Knows what each of us may be doing that displeases Him. But surely "using the back door when the front steps are being painted" couldn't be the worst sin in the world... [Sorry. Give that joke the grade of 67%, and move on.]

Laundry Lesson 101

[No Tickee – No Washee]

When the Chinese were begrudgingly allowed to live in the city of San Francisco in the 1860's, rather than forced to remain in fishing villages around the Bay, they were outlawed from doing any job that a White man could do. That's why many of them chose to go into the laundry business.

At the time, there were few women living in San Francisco, and White men considered laundry "women's work." Often a miner only had two pairs of Levi jeans. And if he wanted one pair washed, he had to send it to China because there were no laundries in San Francisco. If he was lucky, someone in Hawaii would wash his jeans for him, and he'd get them back three months later. Otherwise, it could take up to six months to get his second pair of pants returned to him washed and pressed.

So, when the Chinese decided to open laundries in San Francisco, they opened doors then for today's straight men [y] to do their own laundry without the stigma of figuratively having their penis dismembered and testicles castrated...

But because the communication skills of the Chinese were often poor, the expression "no tickee, not washee" became a running frustration. If you lost your receipt [ticket], the Chinese laundryman wouldn't give you back your laundry [wash]. "The expression today suggests that something is not to be had without an exchange; there will

be no deal without the required consideration or recompense.” [internet]

In the early days of San Francisco, Chinatown was considered a dangerous place. White men would only go there for opium and prostitutes. Many men who ended up in Chinatown were regularly drugged, kidnapped and taken aboard ships [Shanghaied] to China because so many sailors left their ship in San Francisco to seek their fortune digging for gold. There was a constant need for more sailors to man ships that came to port.

In 1850, there were only 7 Chinese women versus 4018 Chinese men in San Francisco and in 1855, women constituted only two percent of the total Chinese population in America. These low numbers can be attributed to Chinese cultural values and financial considerations which prevented women from traveling alone. [internet]

Additionally, most of the Chinese men were afraid to bring their wives and raise families in America because of the racial violence they found themselves subjected to. These skewed male to female ratios in the Chinese community led many of the men to seek sexual release in brothel houses. “Prostitution was so rampant that in the 1870 census manuscripts 61 percent of the 3536 Chinese women in California had their occupations listed as prostitution.” [internet]

Because young girls were sold for as little as \$50 in China but were worth thousands as prostitutes in San Francisco, they were often kept in cages here. But after four to five years of prostitution, many of them died of venereal disease.

One hundred years later, in the 1950’s, Broadway was the dividing line between Chinatown and North Beach [an Italian immigrant community]. Chinese who traveled North of Broadway would get beaten up.

Many of the beatniks of the 1950’s were Second World War veterans who’d come off the farms of middle America.

When they were temporarily stationed in San Francisco on their way to the battlefield in the Pacific, they promised themselves that if they survived the War, they'd come back to live here. Many of those who did, such as progressive, Jewish poet Allen Ginsburg, moved into North Beach because it was a poor Italian neighborhood with cheap rents. With the creation of nightclubs on Broadway between North Beach and Chinatown, rents went up in the late 1950's. So, the creative types [z] moved to Haight-Ashbury, an inexpensive Irish neighborhood that still offered cheap rent in those days. When the rents went up there in the late 1960's because of the influx of hippies, the gays moved to the Castro. That's how and when our gay ghetto [z] was born for men of my generation to find peace and repose in a world that wanted to see us dead.

So, when we look at the quest for freedom in America today, we need only look to the neighborhoods of San Francisco for evidence of changes in the 20th Century that have made the world a gentler and more accepting place for all.

You can't come to school each day with our Teacher if you fear for your life. You can't improve your grades if your classmates [x and y] are trying to trick you. You can't make peace with your neighbors if you're stuck in a religious nightmare and can't find a way to wake yourself up from it.

Asians and gays are especially aware of our history in San Francisco. How we've flourished here in ways that have changed the world is our untold story. We share an understanding of minority rights that other Americans may not as fully appreciate, and the hyper-religious [x and y], not at all.

Living Among People Who Look Different

People who look different than you and people who live differently from you aren't necessarily bad people. They

may only scare you because you can't figure out what principles they're guided by. This awareness can be achieved through direct communication with them and by reading their scripture. Learning to use your intuition is also key. But inuendo, gossip and even insincere praise isn't useful in the long run. When it comes to overcoming prejudice, first-hand experience is the best teacher.

And yet, it's usually only in big cities where people have the opportunity to rub up against those who come from different backgrounds and lifestyles. As Hillary Clinton so aptly put it, "It takes a village to raise a child." By that she may have meant that cities are made up of many villages. The countryside is all one village.

But when it comes to personal growth from within, it takes a **family**, not just a **village**. You must befriend the enemies within you to become truly loyal to yourself.

This spiritual process accounts for the sophistication and education about the meaning of life that Republicans [x and y] lack. Hyper-religious dogmatic insistence on childish interpretations of scripture won't wake anybody up to their name for God. They'll only put you into a spiritual coma, one in which your pockets will be emptied, and your gold teeth and jewelry snatched from your body while you snooze.

Here in San Francisco, we see how the thieves are pressuring the childish to give in to their cravings [-] so that they'll abandon their desires [+]. We see how the Republican politicians [x and y] are using their knowledge of scripture to keep the childish **childish** so that they don't become **childlike**. The childlike [z] aren't naïve and gullible. The childlike [z] are wise and loyal to life.

Here in San Francisco, the edge of respectability now lies with those who own their home at one extreme with those who are renting at the other. And the homeless lie on the streets in the middle. This pandemic has shown us that housing the homeless is the best way to begin the spiritual

process of seeing the homeless as human beings with feelings, not wild animals nesting in our parks and doorways.

Not having developed the feelings for yourself to care enough for your body to shelter it indoors doesn't mean that you don't have feelings altogether. It just means that you don't care for yourself as much as others do. That can be taught with tender love and rigorous honesty.

The problem with Republicans is that they aren't interested in offering learning opportunities to people who are Black, Brown, gay, Asian or homeless. They only want to teach them a lesson. And when it comes to Jews, the Republicans are only interested in waxing poetic with the Orthodox Jews who hold the same childish, mean-spirited interpretations of the Hebrew Testament that they do.

Because of their hyper-religious upbringing and traditions, White Christian extremists are only interested in those Jews who share the same prejudices and hatred that they hold. They dump the rest of the Jews in with racial minorities [vermin] who they believe are "ruining" this country and the world. What will the White Republicans say when their children become a minority in this country by 2045?

You might say that God Ruined my life with an Act of God: mental illness. You might say that God Is Ruining my state [California] with forest fires. But you might add that He'S Also Ruining the East Coast with hurricanes, tornadoes and floods. They're all Acts of God.

If you want to look at the destruction of America, you need look no further than God... Man's participation in this ruination is something you'll find hard to get him to admit to. Acts of man are of no interest to the hyper-religious. They just want to blame **us** so they can confirm before God that they're superior. Who can't see through that ruse? They may have enjoyed political invisibility in the past, but no longer.

The tide has receded. All the creatures in the pools are visible to us all.

What I learned from mental illness has been a Blessing in disguise from God. What Republicans should be learning about America is that the American mentality is changing into a world class citizenry that can deal with Acts of God as well as acts of man. Therefore, we need every single American to make this country greater.

White people may have been in power here in the past. But making this country “great again” isn’t the answer. That just means making it White owned and operated again.

The power Whites used in the past was brutal and unforgiving. We need to make this country greater than ever. Now it’s all hands-on-Dick... God Has Changed the challenges. He’S Forcing us to modernize and broaden our thinking.

Order Outside the Court

The order of spiritual life can be stated in four words: **pain, suffering, guilt** and **hope**. We all have to go through pain to learn to avoid it. We all have to go through suffering to learn to avoid the feelings of superiority that cause our heartache.

But once we’ve experienced both **pain and** suffering, we’re forced to face guilt. Guilt reveals that our conscience can only be developed with a sense of guilt. Good and evil; right and wrong; better and worse – are levels of moral discernment we’re all forced to face. And guilt is the force that develops us and teaches us moral discernment. In that sense, we should all feel guilty about knowing too little about ourself until we can prove to ourself through our words and deeds that we’re more innocent than we were before. Even if our Democracy protects us sociologically by claiming that we’re innocent until proven guilty, on the psychological level it’s the opposite.

Once you've experienced pain, suffering and guilt and not tried to avoid guilt from within with vanity and egotism, you then discover the magic and majesty of hope. I can't tell you what hope feels like. But I can't tell a prepubescent what orgasm feels like either. Either you're spiritually old enough to experience it for yourself, or you're not yet.

The secret to hope doesn't lie only with Jesus. It doesn't lie only with Y.H.V.H. It doesn't lie only with Allah or Brahma, either. The Majesty of our One And Only King, God, Lies in His Infinite Wisdom. He Gave an avenue of hope to everybody. But if we don't learn to work together with people who are different from us, we're only going to experience a lot more pain and suffering to teach us about our individual guilt.

The Secret to Fire

Fire is the world's greatest mystery and God's Greatest Secret. Nobody can really figure out what fire is or how it works. The internet describes fire as "the visible effect of the process of combustion – a special type of chemical reaction. It occurs between oxygen in the air and some sort of fuel. The products from the chemical reaction are completely different from the starting material."

That's a fancy way of saying that nobody knows what fire is, but nobody wants to admit it.

People have always associated God with fire and fire with God. The Burning Bush is just one example of how ancient Jews were told to make that connection. [Exodus 3]

The best way to describe fire in the spiritual sense of The Word is with words. Words are a form of fuel that can be combusted in spiritual reactions. Words are a magnificent creation by God that we tend to take for granted because we can't plummet how words work. But by comparing words to fire, we produce an understanding of ourselves as meaning making machines that produce spiritual outcomes in the

world around us that we ought to contemplate with greater interest for the spiritual combustion they produce.

You know that what I'm saying is true because you figuratively experience glows, sparks, flickers, flares and flames inside you all the time. Just bringing up the topic of politics and religion might cause a burning sensation in you that you associate with rage at someone for something.

We all attribute these hotspots to emotional reactions that others ignite in us. But you probably don't explore the process any more deeply because you don't want to recreate the burn you feel from others. You've got to go through the fire **within** you that you produce to understand how it works.

The only thing we can say for sure about fire is that it's a container with seven contents with the following correspondences:

| Attribute of Fire | Attribute of Spirituality |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Illumination | Wisdom |
| 2. Warmth | Love |
| 3. Burn | Punishment |
| 4. Smoke | Prayer |
| 5. Mystery | Awe |
| 6. Sound | Mission |
| 7. Smell | Intuition |

I'm going to skip the first three spiritual attributes associated with fire because they're so obviously originally associated with Judaism [illumination], Christianity [warmth] and Islam [burn], respectively. The fourth attribute, smoke, [prayer] is more interesting in the context of life in the Bay Area because of droughts and fires now burning here and around the world.

Ancient peoples were fascinated by the possibility of flying. The ancient Jews who sacrificed animals at the Temple altar weren't alone in concluding that smoke took their gifts to God up to the heavens above the clouds. People

around the world have used fire as a delivery device for millennia.

It wasn't enough that the ancient Jews sacrificed animals to God here on Earth. They needed a way to get those sacrifices up to God in His Abode in Heaven, above the clouds. Smoke was the vehicle for that transmission. The more smoke they produced in burning their animal sacrifices, the more they thought God Would Be satisfied with their gift and Bestow His Grace upon the giver. The larger the animal, the greater the gift, and the greater the smoke it produced when combusted. [Their thinking was logical. It just wasn't rational.]

Today, people try to make their sacrifices as great as possible to produce as much figurative smoke as possible, to get God to Respond to their urges [-/+] with as much Divine Intervention as possible.

Yet today, many people secretly pray using a lot of smoke [and mirrors] with little-to-no spiritual substance. Another way of describing the way Republicans communicate today with God might be described as a virtual fireplace with crackling fire sounds. It looks and sounds just like a fire, but it has little in the way of the **attributes** of a real fire: all illumination without any warmth or burn. And yet, the Republicans think they're logical, rational and realistic. Don't believe everything they think.

Contemplation and prayer are the offspring of the fire within us all. The more you stoke the coals of the mind, the higher your prayers will figuratively rise once you've ignited them with good questions. But because we're so attracted to the mystery and magnificence of the outer world, we often seek **pleasure** instead of **meaning**. We seek **external** progress rather than **internal** progress.

The attraction we have to movie stars, celebrities and other famous people is based on the brilliance with which they figuratively shine. People gather around them in the hopes of learning how to figuratively build a fire as great as

theirs. The assumption is that their sacrifices are larger, their smoke plumes are bigger and their gifts to God, more valuable than yours or mine. Therefore, fools want what they have.

Social media influencers have achieved the same results without the unnecessary burden of talent and hard work... They, too, have cut the corner by producing artificial fireplaces that look and sound just like the real thing. And people convince themselves that they're melting marshmallows on such flames. Good luck with that!

Those of us who can't produce a flame that burns as hot as celebrities may, instead, choose to follow one of the other attributes of fire, such as the sound of a flame [mission]. This produces a lifestyle of giving that elevates their name in God's Eyes through their deeds. They become the **personification** of smoke. They lift people up to bring them closer to everlasting life.

Sometimes a fire crackles. Sometimes it roars. Those who seek a mission in life are figuratively able to hear the sound of the roar of their own flame. They sacrifice themselves to a cause they can hear that others can't. Those in the medical field are typical of this kind of sacrifice.

Such devoted people may be ignorant of the other attributes of fire. But, at least, they experience the attribute of fire that comes with a mission.

I'm gifted with the last attribute of fire, the smell of a fire. You don't literally have to see, hear or feel a fire to know that there had been a fire at one time. You can tell just by the smell that remains.

I burned out long ago. I lost my first mission when I realized I wasn't good enough to make a living dancing professionally. I lost my second mission when I realized that teaching English to kids wasn't satisfying enough for me.

I had to wait to discover that my third mission had been my true mission all along. My mission has always really

been teaching people how to figuratively wake up and rise, like Lazarus, from a grave they've dug themselves into.

You can't convince me that after three suicide attempts, I'm blazing just like the rest of the queens in the gay community. I extinguished something in me that will never come alive again. I'm figuratively charred in many places inside. There's nothing there left to burn. My fire has gone out in some conventional ways. Pleasure doesn't attract me the way it used to. I'm not yet an old man, but I think like a senior taking his final exam every day of my life.

I'm not a flaming queen. I'm a queen who extinguished her own flame. I'm the charred remains of the exuberant gay man I sometimes used to be. I find sex pleasurable, but I can't imagine what I'd get out of sex with other men that I don't get with my boyfriend.

When I'm having sex with Will, I combust in a way that makes it even more obvious that words are the most volatile fuel on the planet. Our sex is like prayer. It produces figurative smoke that transports our love and intimacy to God as an ecstatic sacrifice.

Words that create pictures in my mind wake me up. You don't have to be in my literal presence to be illuminated, warmed and burned by my words. The beauty of writing rather than acting, dancing, painting, sculpting or growing food is that I can do all this with words spoken to my computer while at home alone.

I still smell the fire that was once in me. The smell of everyone's flame translates as "intuition." We're all intuitively gifted. I'm just not able to predict the future using my intuition. I'm most skilled at using it to present the present in sketches I produce with words.

I can intuit [smell] a lot about people generally, and about a person specifically. Call what I have a Jewish nose. Call it a brown nose. Call it whatever you like.

You don't have to shine the way people expect you to shine. You only need to discover the way that you shine and

then **consciously** endeavor to shine in that way as brightly as you can. Some will see what you've got. Others may not. The point is in waking yourself up, whether or not others do the same.

Don't let anyone deter you from expressing the flame within you in your own way. If **I** can do it my way, **you** can do it your way, too.

Breaking Through My Broken Record

When Jesus Chose Jewish fishermen to carry His Message, He Knew that they knew all about catching fish. But He Wanted to teach them to catch men. [Matthew 4; Mark 1; Luke 5]

Jesus Knew Torah was a Spark from God that had been translated by Moses into words. And Jesus Knew that the geography of Israel mirrors the lifecycle of man. We start out like minnows in a lake [Sea of Galilee] that's so big that we think of it as a sea. We swim around freely as grown fish and try not to get eaten by bigger fish.

But when we get old, and we no longer have the strength we once had, we're compelled by the current to make our way into the river [Jordan] that takes us downstream. And then we realize that there's no turning back. It's only at this point that we conclude that we're mortal. We're headed for something that resembles the Dead Sea. From this salty [wise] body of "water" [time] no one returns.

And so, Jesus, with the help of John the Baptist, Convinced a number of ancient Jews that there's a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] that can be reached after life, no matter where on Earth you are, or when.

Jesus, with the help of John, Taught His Followers that it's possible to get fished out of this river before it's too late. It's possible to avoid eternal death through His Teachings and John's rituals.

This slowly became the concept of **paradise**, an ancient Hebrew word [**pardes**], which means "orchard." In **Mosaic**

terminology, life is an orchard [pardes] of experiences that can lead to the good life if you live your life wisely and lovingly. In **Jesuit** terminology, life is a pardes/paradise afterlife for those who live it equivalently here on Earth.

When the Prophet Muhammad contributed to that revelation with The Quran, he added loyalty to the wisdom revealed by Moses and the Self-Love Contributed by Jesus. This was what the archangel Gabriel whispered into Muhammad's heart that gave him the secret to The Masculinity [Y and X] of God [burn] that Muslims are now learning to interpret more wisely and lovingly than they did in the past thanks to their access to their "z" factor.

In today's modern interpretation of scripture [and life as we now know it], the prostate gland in men corresponds to the Sea of Galilee. That lake in the north of Israel corresponds to this gland that produces and holds the seminal fluid that carries the sperm out of the penis.

This sea isn't salty. It's fresh. The Jordan River corresponds to the urethra that delivers the sperm. And the vagina becomes a dead sea for men where all the little fishes [sperm] end up if they aren't selected to pass over the river if they're not worthy of life.

No woman [x + z] should like their vagina being associated with a dead sea. But if women are allowed to use contraception, their vagina becomes a place for pleasure, not for creating life. This is why the right to life movement is also against contraception.

What's really beneath Republican misogyny is their disgust with their own anus, the dead sea where no sperm can survive. The "right" to life movement is a right to hate sodomy. That's why all gay men should be adamantly opposed to their agenda.

The gland that corresponds to the vaginal fluid that pours out of their inner mountains in streams that create their Sea of Galilee, so different from our Sea of Galilee [prostate gland] is the skene gland. Once Republicans drr their

prostate and skene glands as gifts from God to be enjoyed for pleasure, they'll internalize their moral principles, and leave us alone.

Needless to say, hyper-religious Christians [x and y] and Muslims [x and y] have been fighting to understand this geographic view of Israel for 2,000 and 1,400 years, respectively. Each of them has planted their flag on our land, the Catholics on Mt. Sinai and the Muslims on the Temple Mount. And among the Jews today [x, y and z], the three religious casts [Orthodox, Conservative and Reformed] are fighting among themselves for power and domination over the land God Gave to all the Jews.

Now that the Reformed and Conservative Jews [z] grant gay people the right to become rabbis and marry their own gender, the only holdouts are the old-fashioned Orthodox Jews [x and y]. When the Orthodox Jews [x and y] get on board with the rest of us [z], the rightwing Christians [x and y] and fanatical Muslim [x and y] stranglehold on religion will dissolve.

Israel is a battleground over a meaningful, spiritual relationship with your mother [z]. Naziism is the outcome of an unresolved struggle with your father [x or y].

A man who has a covetous relationship with his mom [z] may suffer from a bad relationship with his dad [y]. A woman who has a covetous relationship with her dad [x] may suffer from a poor relationship with her mom [z].

The only thing all three of the hyper-religious [x and y] in the Western faiths can agree on is that gays and lesbians [z] are "abominable." And I'm sure God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Will Continue to punish them for their shallow interpretations of His Words in myriad ways unless we can awaken them to their ignorance.

When you develop a conscience, but use it only as other people's guide, you need to turn that conscience around. That's what it takes to develop a soul. Just pointing fingers

at the Jew du jour [z] isn't going to improve you in any meaningful way.

We all struggle to learn when to turn the other cheek externally and when to face our perpetrators. [Matthew 5:38-40] But we all have to learn how and when to do both from within, with ourself, as well.

Once you're not afraid of your own penis [or clitoris], you won't be intimidated by Israelis, and by extension, Jews generally. Once you see that each Jew [z] Has Been Selected as the embodiment of Israel, you can see yourself the same way with regard to Rome, Mecca and Varanasi.

Once you can take the Hebrew and Christian scriptures figuratively, imaginatively and creatively, you'll be able to make peace with yourself as God Made you in His Image. And once you can do all that, you can break through the broken record that has been going around in your head for a lifetime.

Another word for "broken record" is "conflagration." There's a fire in you that may be burning out of control, very much like the fires in California and elsewhere that are decimating our country and worsening global weather chaos.

But the fire in you is emotional, not literal. It's synonymous with rage. Rage may be the reason why you run away from certain confrontations with loved ones that you can't deal with. You may even realize that the fire within you is out of your control. So, you may not want to start a fire externally with your kin, as well.

Before the hyper-religious Republicans [x and y] in America point fingers at what's happening out West, they should look at what's happening in the East where they're flooded each year with more and worsening tornados and hurricanes. It won't be long before Florida will be submerged like a flaccid penis in hot water. Just don't expect Florida to literally rise as would a straight penis in warm water...

Denying the cause of the conflagrations at one end of the country and the floods at the other isn't going to end them. The frustration is only going to grow between Republicans [x and y] and Democrats [z] as it becomes apparent that the Republicans refuse to adapt scripture to the modern era with an open mind and an inclusive heart. Without deeper understanding of the homophobia at the root of their problem, we're all going to watch as Mother Nature combats the worst [x and y] in human nature.

Being Given your just desserts poetically is just as painful as any literal form of justice. You don't have to claim to be poetic [z] or prosaic [x and y] anymore to realize that we're **all** in hot water. You don't have to draw comparisons to words and flames to know that inquiring Republican minds [x and y] that want to "no" are going to take us all down with them.

This pandemic is another example of what's going on within us. No one wants to admit that wearing a mask literally makes us look like thieves. No one wants to admit that s/he stole the same thing Adam and Eve stole: self-knowledge. No one wants to admit that the Republicans are forcing us to ask God for permission through them just as the Orthodox Jews are doing to everybody in Israel.

You may not have yet apologized to yourself for your theft from yourself. You may not have amended your ways from within. You may not have admitted your guilt to the one person [z] you ought to ask forgiveness from. And you surely refuse to admit that you don't yet have all the answers you need to operate yourself as well as you could.

You need more self-knowledge, but you may not want to ask for it a second time because you're too proud to admit that there's only One God to go to for self-knowledge.

You don't have to be a poet to vote Democratic [z]. But to vote Republican [x and y], you do have to be hopelessly prosaic. And as someone who's a world-class expert on insanity and prosaic behavior that led to several attempted

suicides, I have to stress the importance of waking up in the morning having done my homework the night before, prepared for another day of instruction on how to live my life like a student in a school with One Teacher.

I may be a dumbass, but I'm calling myself out for it many times each day. And that's the difference between me now and me then.

One of my dearest friends is a Southern gay-Jew [z + y] from Shreveport, LA who's 85 years old. He's poor. He's lonely. And he's an intellectual who was raised in the South in the 1930's. He complains to me all the time about the broken record in his head, thinking its message is unique to him. He tells me of a voice inside that puts him down, ridicules him and tells him he's worthless, mean and cruel. And as the result of his poor self-operating techniques, his mind is dimwitted, and his heart is hopeless. He has no soul to speak of. He doesn't even believe in God. He studied only Buddhism all his life. And he's finally reached the source of his suffering.

His conscience is developed enough now to know that he's his own worst enemy. He's the dumbass he has to challenge. And so, he asks me to teach him how to fight that patriarchal voice [y] within that dominates him and causes him so much suffering. He wants to arm wrestle with that voice over facts, truth and logic to see all sides of himself. He knows there's more to him than he knows about from his head. But he's not been educated in all that's happening below his collarbone. He's a stiff-necked Jew [y]. But he's a good, gay-Jew [z], nevertheless. He's just not progressive.

I've told him many times that arm wrestling his patriarchal self [y] is his only hope. He must struggle against that voice within that wishes him enslaved to his parents' 1930's dreams for him. His is the same sort of voices that's running Russia [y], China [y], North Korea [y], Afghanistan [y], Gaza [y], Lebanon [y], Syria [y] and Iran [y].

The weapons in this patriarchal war that emanates out from within us all begin with good questions. But once you've got the answer, there are far more creative ways of fighting Nazis with ridicule. Mel Brooks, the greatest genius of the 20th Century, alluded to this in his movie, "The Producers."

The answer to politics lies in self-scorn that come from the feminine side [z] of us. You can't change the minds of men [y] about men. You can't even open women up to the ideas of the woman [z] within each of us. The only person you can change is **you**. And since you've surely tried everything else, I recommend you scorn the voice [x/y] within you that thinks it can keep you [z] under its thumb.

My friend has good reason to cry over who he's become, not how God Made him. He has good reason to feel guilty about how he feels about himself until he proves to himself that he's innocent by way of showing himself greater self-regard. Out of a soil that's been conditioned with pain and suffering, guilt adds the life-supporting grounding in which hope can grow. And self-blame in the form of self-scorn and derision is a Hell of a lot better than attempting suicide or murdering your teddy bear.

They say, "Real men [y] don't cry." They say, "Real men [y] don't eat quiche." Well, "real" men [y] won't be around forever. But there's a wo/man [z] inside every "real" man [y]. And it seems to me that gay men and lesbians [z] are the only ones today who can see that in everybody.

The truth is that women [x] have been depressed, repressed, suppressed and oppressed for a long time. We've all been conditioned not to do a lot of things that will make us forget that we have a mom [z] inside of us who we resemble spiritually. We've been conditioned to bypass our navel on our way to satisfying the urges that emanate out of our genitals. We run away from the connection to our mom that was severed at birth that has been gnawing at us our whole life. We insist on growing **up** rather than growing

close. And so the one person we end up knowing the least well is ourself.

Learning how to cry for ourself is the number one secret occupation of every wo/man [z] on the planet. But sadly, people don't even know that that's what they'd most like to do. They insist on looking for external reasons to cry.

What the Republicans are doing is looking for ways to make other Americans cry. This is also obvious in fanatical Muslim attitudes towards Israelis. It's especially obvious when you look at the internal politics in Israel where Orthodox [x and y] are constantly looking for ways to make secular Jews [z] cry.

Anti-Semitism isn't just about Christians and Muslims anymore. Now we can all see it happening among the Jews. And we can also see homophobia among the gays. If we don't look for these character defects in ourself, we're never going to stop looking for reasons to point fingers at others.

No wonder America couldn't win a war with Vietnam that we fought for 18 years. And no wonder we couldn't win a war with Afghanistan that we fought for 20 years! Building a nation isn't possible when you haven't read their scripture; but insist that they live by yours. Generals who don't know what they're fighting about won't seek the right weapons. Bloodshed is rarely the best answer. Ridicule is far more effective. It cuts much deeper.

Who can't predict that the Taliban are going to do to the modern Afghans what I did to Teddy? Who can't already see that Muslim extremists worldwide are going to continue to decapitate people to find out what's in their head; slit open their belly to find out where they got their guts? And then they're going to discard the leftover pieces of flesh as I did my teddy bear.

Building a nation has to be done with books, pamphlets, artwork, television and sweets of every kind. I suggest America stop trying to build nations with guns. We're close to destroying our own nation with guns!

Do we really think we left Afghanistan any safer for gays and Jews? Are the Vietnamese so badly off under their form of communism? Religious states could work fine if people would just compare and contrast their religion to all the rest of them to glean the best interpretations of their scripture as possible.

Give the Canadians a chance to explore nation building with Cirque du Soleil. We can't even build our own nation until we get the Republican thieves out of office and secure elections for everyone who has enough sense to vote.

You can't build a nation with a gun any more than you can protect America from our fellow Americans with the Second Amendment. The Second Amendment should only give us the motivation to talk about our penis problems and clitoris conflicts publicly in tactful ways that won't upset young children who aren't biologically or psychologically ready for aspects of reality that can only be accessed from the other side of the rainbow of puberty.

Our forefathers thought we needed guns to protect us from our government. What modern American men need is a working relationship with their penis, not a gun without a license to use it. With a warmer, more loving relationship with their penis a lot more can be accomplished than what the Republicans have offered us as a future.

Those who've embraced the universal principles of respect for the passages of life, beginning in infancy and ending in old age, will come to embrace gays, Jews and all other minorities naturally. To get on the other side of childhood, you **have** to go through puberty. The Republicans refuse to do that. They're still infantile or, at best, childish.

What the world is learning from America is only how to put money, property and prestige [capitalism] before everything else. Wherever we go, we create a land of milk and money. And the Taliban [x and y] saw right through that. Let's build **our** nation to be the envy of the world. At the moment, we're the laughingstock of the world.

Needless to say, the Taliban are going to repress the “z” factor of everybody in Afghanistan, while fighting ISIS and future offshoots of fanatical Islamic extremists, at the same time. That’s hardly a laughing matter to Muslims worldwide who care about the reputation of Islam in God’s Eyes. So much for the principles Allah Gave to Islam! What we’re seeing isn’t what the Prophet Muhammad [z] taught his followers. What we’re seeing is obscene!

If Hezbollah [y], Hamas [y] and the Iranian Guard [y] want to end Israel as we know it now, all they need to do is read Torah and add our gift from God to theirs. Therein lies the secret to Jewish power. A nation of Jews could make a big difference to the world if the old-fashioned Orthodox Jews confessed their anti-Semitism. Until they give up their prejudice against secular and progressive gay-Jews, nobody else in the world will do so, either.

While reeling from the effects of building other nations, Americans should be looking more critically at the people we’ve put in charge of our own. The Republicans [x and y] have no intention of expressing anything more than lip service to loyalty to our country. They’ve been bought and paid for by billionaires and Russians who don’t have loyalty to anything other than capitalism. Life is meaningless to all of them because the code behind the words they utter is beyond their ken.

The word “dafka” in Hebrew best translates as “ornery.” It also means strong-willed, defiant and contrary. There’s a time and place for such behavior. But the Republican leaders and the religious leaders that have them in their pocket are only convincing the masses to be ornery for the sake of anti-authoritarianism. There’s no logical basis to their opposition to vaccines, technology and global warming. They’re just using mobs to maintain their grip of terror on the nation.

Hypocrisy is raining down on the West like ash, not manna. And hypocrisy is rising up in the East like a flood of Biblical proportions.

If you want to test people's ideals, test them below their belt. Ask them if they believe that a Jewish circumcised penis is better or worse than any other. Then ask them if a gay ass is better or worse than any other. That's where you'll get your answers to whether people are civilized, or not.

When the Republican mobs admit that what comes out of their ass is no better than what comes out of anybody else's, they'll begin to see how similar they are to the minorities they despise. They'll begin to admit that what lies inside of them stinks as much as what lies inside of their mother. They'll come down from their high horse and admit that playing cowboys and Indians is no longer P.C.

Israel was built by Jews [z] for Jews [x and y]. But corruption in Israel is as rampant as anywhere else in the world. Yet, when good Jews [z] struggle to overpower bad Jews [x and y], Israel becomes a brighter light for the nations. [Isaiah 49:6]

Those Republican [x and y] types in America and around the world who give lip service to Israel only do so to help the Orthodox Jews [x and y]. And they only do that to keep the Church [y] and the Mosque [y] in positions of religious and political power over their own people at home.

You can't drown out the words you've uttered with water even if you summon hurricanes to put out the conflagration raging inside you. You can't burn words like wood until they go up in smoke like trees in forests.

Gays unconsciously brought death upon ourselves because everybody else wished us dead. Now that we've been through the "winter of our discontent," we're enjoying the springtime of marriage equality. Therefore, we say to you, "Be careful what you pray for."

The power of the words you utter, inside and out, is a spiritual force that comes from a relationship with God. Therefore, you ought to learn how to use words **personally** in order to use them **properly**. What else do you really have to do with your life other than learn to speak?

Making money isn't a good reason to live. Making babies isn't a good reason it live. Making a mess of your life isn't a good reason to live.

Plummeting the meaning of words is the only good reason to live. Only words will bring you nearer to God. Only communicating with yourself will bring you the love you seek.

There's a big difference between the words "**godly**" and "**god-like**." The Democrats are godly. The Republicans are god-like. You choose which side of the political aisle you want to vote for.

If you don't understand the seven meanings of the word "fire," you're going to get burned by your selfish utterances and prayers, and you're going to drown in self-instigated floods to relieve you of your pain and suffering. Hypocrisy will destroy you, no matter how soulful you say you are.

My broken record is quite different from my gay-Jewish friend's broken record. I broke the equivalent of his broken record in me a long time ago when I tried to kill myself **three** times! I succeeded in making me **cry** guilty tears. When I realized that I was going to have to live with a murderer for the rest of my life, I cried bitterly [guiltily] at what had become of me.

Fear of betrayal and crucifixion are now my greatest fears. There was a Judas in me and the equivalent of a Roman conquering force around me that had colonized my mind with words empty of meaning. There were even Orthodox Jews conspiring against me.

What gay man [z] who comes out of an Orthodox, rightwing Christian or fanatically Muslim world isn't afraid of his father [y]? Many straight men aren't yet as modern and progressive as we'd like them to be.

Look what the "good" people of Wyoming let happen to Matthew Shepard [z] to shut him up. Look what they still do to transgendered men all across the country, especially those of color.

Granted there are gays and lesbians who've woken up their straight parents and society as a whole to the underlying assumption about their erroneous interpretations of scripture. But there's so much more work to be done.

The Teacher Gives me new challenges every night in dreams that confound and confuse me in ways I can't foresee. But there's an intelligence to the lessons I'm being Given. They build one upon the other. I can't predict the future, as much as I try. But at least I'm trying to live out my life from the inside out rather than the outside in, one day at a time.

The consequence of mixing my two worlds [internal and external] produces tension. It even produces superstition. But when I was insane, I worried that what I was **thinking** was going to change the world we share, independently of anything I could do about it.

That, of course, was crazy. We can't change the world with our mind. We must interact with the world through communication to change the world. Just thinking things will be different [whether positively or negatively] isn't going to change anything externally.

But thinking differently **will** have a powerful effect on how things change **internally**. Understanding the power of your mind will give you the **tools** to then change the world we share. Understanding how you influence your own thinking can make an enormous difference in how you interface with yourself, and then with others.

Changing your mind will help you transform your heart with more loving feelings. Transforming your heart will help you transcend your conscience with more soulful beliefs. And contemplating your separation from your mother at birth will help you come to honor your **mom** [z], not just your **dad** [x or y].

This is what it takes to become a transparent person. Nobody wants to relive the feelings of The Invisible Man.

But superstition must be erased from your operating system altogether. Look at the results of the Voodoo that they do in Haiti. Grow up, people!

God Is in charge of this world. You're only in charge of you ($z + x$ or y). If you mix up The Two of You, you'll pay a price for your ignorance.

If you drive your car off a cliff, as I did in one of my suicide attempts, you won't kill God. No Jew is powerful enough to kill God. The ancient Christians [x and y] who blamed the Jews for killing God were insane. Today's neo-Nazis [x and y] are insane. Republicans [x and y] are insane. But they're also superstitious. They're very afraid of what will happen if they change their mind.

That said, they're also very motivated to raise their reputation in God's Eyes. Keep that in mind when you interact with them. Ridiculing the religiously insane with reality is the best medicine. Flat earth 2D thinking can be reshaped into 3D thinking. Don't be afraid of their rage.

The three jewels of the Tao are [1] compassion, kindness, love [2] moderation, simplicity, frugality and [3] modesty, humility.

The Tao deals with the paradoxes that exist between the world within us [yin] and the world around us [$yang$]. The more we can face these seeming contradictions on our own, the more we can unlock the secrets within us. Better to ridicule ourself than have others ridicule us. Once you get through your rage and are realistic, you don't have to fear ridicule anymore.

But if you let people get in the way of you accomplishing your victory over guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation], you'll suffer for your weakness. **Modesty** over your embarrassment, **humility** over your shame and **loyalty** over your humiliation of yourself before God are lifelong aspirations to strive for.

The way in which I broke my broken record was in realizing that it was the **victim** voice [z] within me, and I was

the **persecutor** [y]. The victim just wanted me to acknowledge that **I** was my worst enemy. My broken record wanted me to admit that a part of me was childish, immature, unreasonable and, at times, insane.

And it was right. I have ample proof of that now. By agreeing with my matriarchal voice [z], I was able to ridicule the message of the persecutor [y], the patriarchal voice. I didn't have to renegotiate my past after that. I'm no longer consumed by a tug-o-war between two factions living out the past within me.

I'm half male [y] and half female [z], and I always was. I'm a combination of physical, emotional and spiritual forces that were combined when I was Created. There's no coincidence in the parents I was Given and the way my life has turned out. But there's so much I can do to turn what once seemed like my **fate** into what now feels like a potential to achieve my **destiny**.

The victim within me is embodied by the figurative force of Eve, Jesus, my mother and my own heart [z]. And the perpetrator is embodied by the figurative voice of Adam, Moses, my father and my own head [y]. Each of them (z + y) has a part of my story that fleshes out my actions in ways that account for the journey of my life.

But separating them [Adam and Eve, and Moses and Jesus] in order to unite them [father and mother] in my soul was the greatest accomplishment of my life, albeit one for which there's little evidence other than in my books. My life story is, itself, really quite uneventful.

Jesus was the product of a Jewish mother [z] and a Heavenly Father [Y]. He Was (z + Y) according to Christian doctrine. All the rest of the men in the world are a product of (z + y).

The Prophet Muhammad was, in the biological sense, no different from any other man (z + y). But because his father, Abdullah ibn Abd al-Muttalib, died before he was born, and his mother, Amina bint Walb, died when he was six,

Muhammad had God-Given emotionally arrested feelings for both his “z” factor and “y” factor. These challenges were healed through the archangel Gabriel [Hebrew: masculinity of God] who brought God’s Message to him personally.

When you combine the message of Moses [who was separated from both his parents as an infant] with the message of Jesus [whose Father is believed by Christians to Be God] with the message of the Prophet Muhammad who was inspired by an angel of God, you achieve insight into yourself and your relationship to your parents that you can’t get from any one scripture.

If you feel like there’s a struggle going on inside you between The Old and New Testament or The Bible and The Quran, know that you’re not alone. This is bashert [Hebrew: God-Given].

Turning this tug-o-war [Old and New Testament] into a hate triangle [Tanach, Gospels and Quran] was something I didn’t know I was doing until I looked at **history** as a clue to **His Story**. The Prophet Muhammad described the internalization and breaking of the projection of these forces within us all (z + x or y).

In order to become soulful, I’ve had to break my projections onto the external world to grab, grip and finally embrace my projections as a reflection of deeper truths about myself.

Granted, that caused me to have to lower my opinion of my father and mother in some ways. But it also required that I raise my opinion of each of them in other, totally unexpected ways. And that has made all the difference in me growing nearer to God.

Anybody can honor his mom [z]. Anybody can honor the unspoken voice within him or herself [z] that’s been repressed. Anybody can become an Israel, Rome and Mecca unto him or herself. All s/he has to do is give up his or her infantile, childish and juvenile views that s/he’s projected out onto the world. Once a person can unify the perpetrator

[x or y] and victim [z] within, s/he's free to become a Bay Area-like, mature citizen of the world. Anyone can find ways to include matriarchal power with patriarchal power in new, creative ways.

In doing so, I've come to embrace the perpetrator in me that tried to kill me. I've seen how he had no other option at the time to reveal the meaning of my life to me then. Now that I can ridicule myself [y] for what I did to me [z], I can talk about it in a way that's universal, not just personal.

You might like to retort that the people in the Bay Area aren't perfect. But I say to you that if the whole world could trade in their problems for ours, they would. We're doing something better here than is being done elsewhere. And people who claim to care about themselves and others ought to learn from good examples. Our understanding and the ways in which we live out the "z" factor in us are more advanced than in most other places.

Becoming a Winner

I like to watch cooking shows and baking competitions. But because I know very little about cooking, baking or competing, I'm left with judging the contestants by their personality, not their skills in the kitchen. And that produces a whole other "variety show" that's entertaining to me, alone.

When I see a contestant who turns me off [whether physically or emotionally], I want them to lose. And when I see one who turns me on, I want them to win. But that says much more about **me** than **them** or their skills in the kitchen. That's watching the show subjectively, not objectively.

I look at how people affect me and ask myself what it is about them that I find so attractive or unattractive about them. There's nothing about the way I play "The Great Barry Bake Off" that has anything to do with skill or just rewards, especially since I can't taste the food in question.

Because I can't trust the judges without tasting the food myself, I resort to playing my own game, not theirs. Learning how to bake isn't my goal. Learning about my subjectivity is my goal.

Just feeling sorry for underdogs isn't a good strategy. Many people feel that they need to strive to become an underdog just to achieve the sympathy from others that they can't give themselves. And many people offer their sympathy to underdogs who wouldn't be underdogs if they learned from their own mistakes.

The Republicans had the opportunity to get the vaccine. They refused. Now they're dying from the Delta variant. I don't feel sorry for them. They're now endangering my ability to get the medical attention I might need, and they're destroying business opportunities for the poor and disenfranchised who need the income.

These religious nuts are racists, homophobes and misogynists. They're not underdogs. They deserve what they're getting. And you can throw the Palestinians in with the Republicans. To all of them I say, "Grow up. Get real. Israel is real. The "z" factor is real. But the childish interpretations of your scripture are fantasies your institutions of faith created for children who are prepubescent. Until you evolve to the figurative age of 13, you're going to continue to suffer from bad "luck."

I realize that **I** am in a timed competition against **me** with **myself**. That's an inside job. The outside job is the laboratory where we test the theories and practices of how to treat our seven figurative selves.

Turning our world inside out so that our internal world is facing the world and our external world is facing ourselves is the great San Francisco challenge in being. California dreaming isn't a dream anymore. It can literally be done with rigorous self-communication.

When you reconsider your time on Earth as a schoolroom setting with The Same Teacher as everybody

else, life makes much more sense. There are bozos at the back of the room that only want material trophies gotten through power. There are students in the middle of the room who only want to enjoy the pleasant sensations that come with many acquaintances, sex, food and inebriants. And there are students who are sitting near the board at the front of the class who don't know why they're doing what they're doing, but they want to be the best at doing whatever it is they do.

It's only when it becomes all about **you** that the meaning of life begins to fit snugly into place as though it were Tailormade. It's only when you translate everything you think, feel and do – and is done to you and for – as a lesson to increase your self-knowledge – that you grow soulfully.

Acts of man that are here to help you should be seen as Acts of God, as well. Vaccines are just such an act/Act. Israel is just such an act/Act.

Keeping the Sabbath Holy

Of the ten Commandments, only two of them are in the positive, the 4th and 5th, keeping the Sabbath holy and honoring your father and mother. We've already discussed the importance of pleading the 5th... But unless you're in a **positive** frame of mind, it isn't going to be possible to **honor**, rather than **love**, your parents.

Therefore, we need to take a closer look at #4. A positive frame of mind is the result of your relationship to time, not space and the people in your space.

If you look at the Ten Commandments as emanating out of your feet, you'll count them with your soles pointing down. You should count the Ten Commandments on your hands the same way, with palms pointed out.

The 5th and 6th Commandments correspond to our two thumbs, then the 4th Commandment corresponds to the index finger of your dominant hand. This is the finger you wag at others to warn them that they should feel guilty.

As I said earlier, I'm not fond of rite and ritual. I don't see the value or importance in going to a house of prayer to pray. But, then again, I don't go to theaters to watch movies either now that I can watch anything I want at home on TV.

You'll have to decide for yourself what the institutions of religion have to offer you. But please don't try to convince me that to be a good person I need to stand up to God, kneel down to Him or prostrate myself before Him literally. I'm now quite good at doing all that figuratively. And most people in the Bay Area are, too.

Personally, I think the whole point of **religion** nowadays is to make money in order to promote holy wars against someone. I really don't see any other point to it. I'm now much too enamored of **spirituality** to go back to the days when religious leaders prodded the generals and politicians behind the scenes to wage their holy wars for them. Nowadays, the politicians and generals do all that on talk shows before our very eyes. They just don't realize that they, along with the judges, are unconsciously in the pocket of their religious leader who knows more about their "y/x" factor than they do.

Granted, there are still many good people who use their house of prayer as a vehicle for charity and spiritual comfort. And for that, I give them enormous credit. I don't have that kind of patience.

Many religious leaders influence those in power using the pressure of conformity to patriarchal interpretations of scripture that generals, judges and politicians aren't aware of. The ultimate separation of the church from the state hasn't yet occurred in our country. We know that for a fact because all nine members of the Supreme Court come out of the Christian belief system. It should be a court that has at least one Native American, one Hindu, one Jew, one Buddhist, one Taoist, one Christian and one Muslim. With these seven spiritually, diverse members of the court and a gay man and a lesbian, the world might have greater respect

for the Supreme Court's decisions. Now it's just a patriarchal, Republican mouthpiece.

The real question is whether **you're** awake enough to question what **you're** seeing our politicians and courts do in terms of your own awakening. If you believe in stacking the court full of rightwing Christians, you're a Nazi sympathizer. It's as simple as that.

In Republican circles, we can already see what happens when politicians take on a Christian religious mantle to promote their cause. We can already see how the state [politicians/judges/generals] is coerced into standing up, sitting down and prostrating itself to the ways the rightwing priests, pastors, parsons and ministers tell them to. That's not for me. And frankly, if **I** can see and smell their motives, **God** Can, too.

I recommend that the LGBT+ community spend more time in all the houses of prayer, even if I don't because I already have. If I could have learned about the best in God's Teachings, gays and lesbians can add to what I've said in religious settings. That's the cutting edge of the new world order.

That said, the importance of the 4th Commandment can't be overstated in making peace from within.

Rite translates to **heart**. And **ritual** translates to **soul**. If you don't put your **heart** and **soul** into everything you feel and do [every single day of the week in every way], you're going to run out of time and be quite disappointed by the time you reach the end of your journey. So, in that sense, rite [feelings] and ritual [beliefs] need to be understood as internal processes that must be taken **seriously**, not **literally**.

Rites are disciplines you set in place to force your mind to adhere to a higher level of **love** in your heart than you're expressing to yourself within you now.

Rituals are disciplines you set in place to force your head and heart to adhere to a higher level of **faith** than you're expressing to yourself within your soul now.

When you find your heart transforming and soul transcending who you were before, it motivates you to try even harder. It motivates you to turn your whole, outer world outside in. And then, everything you say and do becomes meaningful, masterful and valuable to you.

Every day becomes the Sabbath, a day of rest within, not another day you're under mindless, external pressures. Every holiday becomes a daily event, not a yearly event. Every day becomes Yom Kippur, a day of atonement for your guilt. Every day becomes Christmas, a day to celebrate your self-love. And then Ramadan becomes a month of expressing your discipline and sacrifice for the sake of exercising your self-devotion before God.

Your inner world is actually timeless and, therefore, eternal. It's only your outer world that's been segmented into seasons for sowing and reaping. Every 24-hour interval has been divided for you into various shades of light [good] and dark [evil]. To appreciate these two constructs of time [seasons and days], you have to honor the timelessness of the Sabbath from within and the weekly organization of time as constructed in seven portions as first described in the Creation Story. The Hebrew calendar of dividing time into seven days has been applied to every yearly calendar on the planet. That was an Act of God and the Jews. How are they going to destroy Israel and keep the seven days of the week?

The only way to achieve the subjective experience of the Sabbath is with courtesy, honor and an attitude of humble enlightenment to all those who celebrate the Sabbath on different days. Once you can honor the Muslims who celebrate the day man was created [Friday]; the Jews who celebrate the day God Rested; and the Christians who celebrate the day God decided to create the world [Sunday] - the differences in time [Commandment #4] will help you in honoring your parents [Commandment #5].

Just look at our Senator from San Francisco, Nancy Pelosi, a Catholic woman, if you need an example of

somebody who lives her life from the inside out. Her sense of moral purpose and timing in the outer world is a mirror of the eternity of the Sabbath as perceived from within. Her “z” factor is her guide.

But just keeping Fridays, Saturdays **or** Sundays holy is for amateurs. When you go to a house of prayer on one of those days, you’re surrounded by beginners in spirituality. Once you consider yourself a professional [adult] in matters of faith, going to synagogue, church, mosque or temple to pray becomes like going to a restaurant. It’s fun. It’s nice to see what they can make that you can’t make at home alone. And it’s nice to enjoy being served.

As you know, the Jewish new year celebrates the birth of Adam. The Christian new year celebrates the circumcision of Jesus. But the Muslim new year celebrates the Prophet’s journey from Mecca to Medina. He had to run away from his enemies to escape religious persecution. Surely, the Muslims are supposed to apply that significance to other faiths.

But really! If you’re like me and eat at home every meal of the day except on special occasions, you’re going to find that restaurant food lacks the personal touch you give to food. There’s nothing like a homecooked meal [prayer].

When you can take matters of time to heart, you’ll find it much easier to interact with your parents soulfully. You’ll even be able to honor time and space as you move through them.

My Lesbian Cousin’s Wife

My lesbian cousin’s wife comes from a Protestant family from Amish country in Pennsylvania. They were all probably Republicans in their day. Most of the men in the family probably still are. My lesbian cousin’s wife is like family to me. We’ve been in each other’s lives for more than 30 years.

That said, she still expresses some of her feelings as though she’s a little girl still living in her parents’ abode. She

feels surrounded on all sides by straight people. In her heart, she hasn't yet entered our gay community as an adult lesbian among other adult lesbians and gays. She still worries like a frightened little girl who declares that the sky is falling every time a drop of disappointment lands on her head. Her thoughts shatter her feelings into little pieces that scatter in every direction when something triggers an event in her past.

To put it succinctly, she's **paranoid**. But she's projected her paranoia onto the external world. Her wife, my cousin, and I [and others] aren't afraid of what she's afraid of. We have paranoias of our own.

My lesbian cousin's wife is a Chicken Little, not a Big Bird. Sure, my lesbian cousin's wife has got a couple of motorcycles. She made a name for herself as an electrician who surrounded herself with other women who took on "male" professions to prove themselves in a "man's" world. She even became a psyche tech and worked with the mentally disabled to prove her worth at the other end of the job spectrum. So, she's very socially astute to what's happening **around** her from a wide range of external experiences.

But she could afford to become a lot more aware of what's happening **within** her. She's still afraid of dying alone. [So am I for that matter.] She holds on to my cousin like a life preserver in the middle of the ocean.

Lesbian-Jews like my cousin aren't life preservers. Gay-Jews like me aren't lifeboats. We're all in this experience of life alone, together. So, everybody needs to, "Sit down, sit down, sit down sit down, sit down you're rockin' the boat!"

Making new family without your family of origin is a **science**. But feeling at home and trusting your new family is an **art**. Do you really think gay men didn't learn this from our AIDS epidemic? Do you really think those who survived AIDS in our community were going to sweep what we went through under the rug like the Holocaust survivors were forced to do in their day?

We learned a lot from our gay brothers who died while attempting to create gay, family dynamics in 20th Century America. Even if our brothers didn't survive to enjoy the marriage equality we've achieved today, they bequeathed to us the joy of their spiritual endeavor. And like the Jews who died in the camps in Germany, Poland and elsewhere in anti-Semitic Europe, the gays who died in "Das Neue Deutschland" here at home have a story to tell.

Who we are is the upper story of a skyscraper of scores of stories. Each year we build another story above the penthouse of the previous year we inhabited. But accessing the foundation and the first ten stories consciously requires a metaphoric understanding of how we were Made.

The issue for lesbians has to do with unresolved issues with their mom [x]. The issue for gay man has to do with unresolved issues with our dad [y]. The issue for all of us has to do with unresolved issues with all moms [z]. Therefore, we need to look for those issues we all have in common if we're going to solve the issues [x or y] each of us had to go through individually.

This is why spirituality, and not religion, is the way to solve the world's problems. The religions of the world are going to have to get behind the spiritualists if the religious want to connect with God in ways they haven't achieved before.

My lesbian cousin's wife is getting through her paranoia, one wrinkle on her face at a time. She's not a young woman any longer. And I'm not a young man, either. But don't judge our books by our covers.

She's been through Hell and high water to get where she is today. For her to learn to trust her second family will still require honoring her parents, not loving them. It'll require honoring her siblings, not loving them. And it'll require learning to discern the difference between the feeling of love and the belief in honor, even if she hasn't yet learned to talk

about the difference between her feelings and beliefs out loud.

My own siblings treated me abominably. My half-brother is an anti-Zionist who condemns me for having lived in Israel. He thinks all the Jews in Israel are thieves by virtue of their nationality. And my sisters are both anti-Semites. They've done nothing for the poor and disenfranchised. They ridicule me for even speaking about God. That's not how good Jews are taught to behave.

My dad was born in 1910. He came from the old-fashioned Orthodox Jewish world in Lithuania where the Jews were segregated from the Christians. He only came to terms with my gayness on his deathbed in 1994. Only then did he commend me for my decision to hook up with a Jewish boyfriend. If he could have come to terms with his own femininity [z], he would have come to terms with mine in a timelier manner. But he was torn between the "z" and the "y" within him.

As I was sitting by his side on his deathbed, he suddenly exposed himself by pulling out his penis and pointing it in a menacing fashion.

My half-brother and half-sister were there and witnessed what I'm telling you. My sister was disgusted. I was in shock. But my brother thought it was funny, reached over, saying, "Let's just put that away." He pulled Dad's gown and sheet over his penis in a repetition of Shem, Ham and Japheth's encounter with Noah. [Genesis 10]

You don't want to make a fool of yourself on your deathbed. You don't want to "leave them laughing when you go." You don't want to send out a clown.

Now I must say that by exposing his penis before his children, my father told us that it was never about the fruits of his labors. It was always about glorification of himself. What came out of his mouth for 84 years was really cuming out of his penis. He was a typical, early 20th Century man. He thought he was a god. He thought his breath brought life

into the world. He thought with the head on his penis. He didn't know good from evil. He was just guessing. He was a strange mixture of good and evil that only God Could Separate into its moral, component pieces.

My mom was a Reformed Jew who was born in 1921 in Germany. She supported my sexual identity from the day I came out to her. Her Jew du jour [x] was fat people not fat [self-indulgent - y] people. That's why she was attracted to my dad in the first place. If she could have come to terms with her own feminine intuition [z], she would have seen how spiritually clueless she was in other ways.

It's no wonder to me that I'm the dumbass that I am. I should have doubted my thoughts, feelings and beliefs from the beginning. I didn't have a clue that my apple hadn't fallen far from my trees.

I don't want to leave this world feeling that I didn't get to say something that was on my mind. So, I decided to expose myself to you in words, not literally.

A Brief History of My Matriarchal Past

My dad's family was, perhaps, the richest family in Lithuania before the War. They owned a cigarette factory in Kaunas. But when their workers went on strike in the 1930's my dad, the youngest of the eight children, was the only one who marched in solidarity with the workers. And he and the eldest child, who'd already moved to South Africa, were the only ones who survived the War. Your deeds for the poor and disenfranchised [z] matter. You will be judged for how you treat those who have less than you.

My mom defiantly ripped off her yellow star [z] after the apartment building that she and her mother lived in, in Munich was bombed by the Americans. The day before, her mother had been taken away by the Nazis. Because my grandmother was certain that my mother would be embraced by the Nazis because my mom's father was a pure Arian, my grandmother was livid when she gambled on racism and lost.

She cursed and screamed at the Nazis when they came to pick her up. They had to gag her to keep the rest of the Jews from revolting.

When my mom came out of the basement after the bombing the next morning, the building was in shambles. Her mother had to be literally dragged into concentration camp. Her father had died of throat cancer a couple of years prior. And her little brother fell off the balcony and died when she was a child.

She had no one. So, the decision to throw away her I.D. card which declared she was a Jew and run throughout Germany during the War didn't require as much courage as you and I might think.

Your defiance of injustice matters in God's Eyes. Sometimes a miracle [z] becomes your best bet.

When my lesbian cousin's wife learns how to honor those who came before her, despite the way they felt about gays and lesbians when she was young, she'll be able to love herself more and worry less about what amounts to God's Department. And for a 20th Century lesbian, that's quite a lot to bite off, chew on and swallow.

But I believe she can do it. I believe her parents taught her enough about love to attribute it to Jesus **and** herself. She doesn't have to choose One or the other. She's becoming self-loving enough to honor her past rather than try to love it.

A Chosen Person

[Not a Chosen people]

They call the Jews "the Chosen people." Of course, that's not what we call ourselves. Among ourselves, we pray that God Would Choose someone else for a change... Nobody wants to feel singled out with **Curses**. And yet it must also be stated that everybody wants to feel singled out with **Commendations**.

The Jews aren't God's Chosen people. But every Jew is one of God's Chosen persons – not to say that you're not a Chosen person, too. When you meet the next Jew in your life, you may perceive that in some special way s/he's meaningful, special and touching to you. But that will be a subjective outlook, not one that everyone has to perceive or concur with.

Hopefully, you don't meet a Jew and see him or her as accursed by virtue of our religion, but by their actions. I certainly express great animosity and disdain for old-fashioned Orthodox Jews and the disreputable Jewish lawyers who defend the actions of the Republican Party.

When I meet an Orthodox Jew today, regardless of what it looks like he knows by what he's wearing, I try to treat him benevolently. That said, it doesn't take any of them long to sniff out that I'm gay and Jewish. And they usually turn their nose up at me soon after.

So, what comes from that sort of encounter is a lesson brought to the two of us by God. And I find that fascinating. I never know what I'm going to learn about myself while in the company of the next Orthodox Jew I meet. I can't anticipate that encounter because people behave psychologically in ways that express universal forces individually.

If I apply my philosophy of watch, wait and listen to everybody, regardless of their race, religion, gender or sexuality, I find being with new people more interesting than I used to. I find life more interesting than it was before, even though people may not like me personally. I even find **me** more interesting than I used to, even though I don't feel the same about me from day-to-day.

The Teacher Brings us in contact with very strange strangers to see what we've learned about the stranger within us. As the result of these sorts of encounters, He Prepares the next lesson for us. His Plans may change without a moment's notice.

Rachel Maddow says, “Don’t watch what they say. Watch what they do.” I say, “Listen to what they say and do and then watch carefully what you say and do.”

Toilet Paper

Where would we be without toilet paper? Nobody wants to wipe his butt with his hand. I’d like to think that after Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit from the Tree of knowledge and then came to the decision to cover their genitals with leaves, they also decided to use leaves to wipe their ass. Who wouldn’t?

The ass is the most denigrated part of the human body. There isn’t a tribe or sub-tribe in the world that doesn’t joke about the sphincter down under. Why is that? Why are gay men the only group of men on the planet who treat another man’s butt with respect, honor and are even willing to give it great personal attention?

Surely, we’re different from other people. Surely, no other tribe or sub-tribe is able to do what we do for one another. Surely, this sets us apart from all other men who have no wish to do what we do with one another in bed.

If we, too, are Created in God’s Image, then God Must Have Given an anus to everybody with good reason. And that reason must be emotional because we can all see how emotionally we all act or react to this part of our body.

So, if I were you, I wouldn’t **try** to become gay. But I wouldn’t **try** to become Jewish, either. My advice is to learn from gays and Jews those things about yourself that you need to know if you’re going to get in better touch with who you’ve been up until now.

The most important thing to note about shit is that you can’t tell one person’s from another by the smell or color. Patriarchal men put enormous importance on their semen, even though you can’t tell one man’s semen from another, either. It’s all white. And yet, so much importance is placed on the color of people’s eyes, hair and skin. So, I know that

I'm not the only one who has good reason to call himself a dumbass.

The Ties That Blind

When I was about ten and my sister was eight, our dad bought us tickets to fly to New York for the summer to visit him. He had to work all day, but he enrolled us in a day camp, and we spent every night and weekend together. It was Heaven on Earth to be with him after three years in California without a father.

One Sunday afternoon in Manhattan in the summer of 1962, we went to Central Park and my dad chose to take us to a restaurant nearby. It may have been Tavern on the Green because I think we were still walking around in the park. But when we got to the door, the maître d' told him that he couldn't enter without a tie and coat, but they had a jacket and tie if he wanted to borrow them.

My dad made some excuse and we left, but he never told us why he wouldn't wear their clothes so we could have lunch there. Now I know that a Holocaust survivor who'd been forced by Nazis to wear their red and white striped uniform wasn't about to put on a coat and tie to look respectable in a Christian establishment. He had no intention of bending that far over to accommodate a restaurant that wouldn't serve him as he was. But he didn't want to make a scene. Sadly, he didn't want to explain himself to my sister and me, either.

The real reason why I cut off Teddy's head and sliced open his chest and belly wasn't because I wanted to find out what **he** was thinking, feeling and believing. It was what my dad was thinking, feeling and believing that was at the root of my actions then. **I loved** my dad [I'm now sorry to say.]

The real reason why I've gained and lost about 500 pounds in my life [two or three at a time] is that I've been figuratively eating my teddy bear like Communion and then

trying to get him through me and out of me with knowledge of what was in my father, not my Father's Son.

And that, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief is why I ended up in the gay ghetto of San Francisco writing books to myself. That's why my little slice of Israel is here and not anywhere other than here. That's why I don't apologize to anyone, Jew, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhism Taoist or non-believer for being as I am.

I'm gay and Jewish. God Made me the way He Made me. I need toilet paper just like everybody else. My shit stinks. Get over it.

Kick Your Own Can Down the Road

The word "amen" means "I believe" in Hebrew. But I believe the word "amen" is superfluous. Those who don't believe in God don't use the word. And those who do, probably shouldn't.

What's the point of telling God you believe in Him at the end of your prayers? How Is He supposed to respond to that? I think the only sensible reply would be, "Duh! You wouldn't be praying to Me if you didn't believe in Me. Why are you treating Me like a forgetful, old fool!"

There are a lot of behaviors in hyper-religious people that I find silly. Hamlet's mother said of an actress in a play within the play, "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Well, I think the hyper-religious protest too much, too.

The hyper-religious are incensed by the idea of birth control and abortion, but they can never come up with the money to heal the inequities of life after birth. They're appalled by sodomy but send their "prayers" to the victims of mass shootings – nothing more to make society safer.

Creating life without Permission from God brings up the issue of ending a life without His Permission, as well. If you don't feel you need Permission to make a baby, you surely won't feel you need Permission to have an abortion.

The right to life movement is nothing more than a Republican conspiracy equivalent to female genital mutilation in fanatical Muslims. Orthodox Jews control “their” women in ways that the Christians and Muslims can’t. So, the Christians and Muslims have to resort to sexual methods of vaginal control that insist on including God in the picture.

Modern women insist that their whole body, including their vagina, is their personal property. Orthodox men don’t disagree. They just insist that women’s minds are **their** property. They keep “their” women in line with mind control.

Personally, I know that gay men of the last century had to learn the hard way that sex is a **responsibility**, not just a **pleasurable** experience. Those bottoms who didn’t learn that lesson died of AIDS. In this century, I think that straight women are going to have to learn the same lesson of responsibility with regard to pregnancy. Thank God they don’t have to repeat the horror we went through to awaken to their need to take responsibility for every aspect of their being, including their vagina and anus.

That said, if you didn’t ask God for Permission to create a life, but you wish to end one, you ought to ask Him for Permission to abort the pregnancy. I’m sure He’D Give any woman Permission to do so, albeit at a spiritual price. If men can ask God for Permission to start wars in order to kill the men, women and children they oppose, women can ask God for Permission to end a life before birth.

If Democrats want to avoid another Civil War on these shores, they ought to help women by providing an app that can alert them on a daily basis whether or not they’re pregnant. And they should offer women contraception that doesn’t require a prescription.

In Israel, the Orthodox Jews don’t struggle with abortion and female genital mutilation issues. They “only” insist on a welfare state for themselves, while opposed to assistance to

Muslims and secular Jews, especially gays. They “only” insist on maintaining religious domination over everybody in the country, insisting that the Jewish state should be held in their hands only. The Orthodox Jews insist that no Jew anywhere in the world can ask Permission from God for anything without going through them. Sounds crazy, no?

Having earned the right to a Jewish state Given to us by God doesn’t mean that gives any sect of Jews the right to write their prejudices into law. The people they despise were also Created in God’s Image. If they think their image is greater than ours, they’ve got a penis problem or a clitoris conflict. They’re delivering a product that comes from the wrong [evil] testicle [y] or ovary [x]. The two of their testicles aren’t figuratively hanging as straight as they’d like them to. They’re crooked, just like their moral “authority.”

I suggest they kick their own can down the road, not mine. I’m making progress on my own. I don’t want or need their help.

I advocate that the old-fashioned Orthodox Jews figuratively move their butt [can] into the 21st Century. I suggest that they force **themselves** to make spiritual progress. The way to do that is by moving through their paranoias.

Paranoias are internal. **Fears** are external. The fears they have in the external world are indicators that they also have paranoias [inner fears] that they’re going to have to deal with by themselves.

If **you** don’t force **yourself** to make spiritual progress from within, you’ll dig in your heels like all the hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims. You’ll turn every challenge into a fear when it’s really a paranoia. You’ll make every matter an interpretation of scripture that has to be determined from a literal perspective. And in so doing, you’ll promote racism [x and y], homophobia [x and y] and misogyny [x and y] over integration [z], assimilation [z] and inclusion [z].

Most of the things that generally upset us are very small and inconsequential in the greater scheme of things. The sparks that cause the burns inside of us are caused by internal fears we experienced as children that are still burning out of control.

Those fires aren't realistic anymore. They may have seemed realistic and painful at one time because we were dependent on our parents for our very survival. But that's not the case anymore. Now those burns aren't realistic. They're paranoias, not fears. And if we're paranoid, nobody can help us overcome that psychological state of mind. That's an inside job that we have to do for ourself.

Our [external] **problems** are clues to our [internal] **syndromes**. Our [external] **fears** are clues to our [internal] **paranoias**. The way to make our way through our paranoias is by paying close attention to the thoughts and feelings behind the beliefs we hold.

Like changing your password in an online account, you can change the way you operate from within if you can access that account. By following protocols, you can get to where you want to be to do what you want to do. But this process of reprogramming yourself requires strict adherence to systems set in place to avoid anybody tampering with your Spiritual Operating System other than you. Being able to achieve access to yourself will allow you to upgrade to a more current version of you. **Amen** [I believe.]

No Nickel

When I taught junior high school back in the 80's, I always told my students at the beginning of the semester that I was going to do a lot of lecturing. And I expected them to listen to every word I uttered.

But I then told them that I was also going to intersperse jokes in with my lectures to find out whether they were paying attention to me. If they were, they'd laugh. If they

weren't, they wouldn't. And I had a whole host of puns and word play to sharpen their wits.

But I also told them that I didn't care in the least if they didn't listen or laugh at my jokes because I'd made a deal with God. For every joke I told my students that they didn't laugh at, I'd be Given a nickel in a bank account on the other side just waiting for me and collecting interest until I got there to withdraw it.

Needless to say, the thought of me making money at their expense was motivation enough to keep my students peeled to every word I uttered the whole school year. And because I told my jokes with a straight face, they realized they'd have to alert one another when I told a joke by yelling out "No nickel!" That kept everyone awake in class working together as a team to keep me poor once I was dead. My students truly enjoyed the challenge of averting me from getting rich at their expense.

I guess I should have told this story at the beginning of this book and not at the end. But I did tell you that the Creation Story was reverse psychology. I did imply that Torah was really about what happens when a man listens to his penis [serpent], even if he's motivated by his heart [Eve] who's motivated by his penis. I did tell you that Dick was telling this story, not Adam or StEve.

By now you should have assumed that The Hand in your back Has Brought you further than you would have come without the pressure. But The Finger up your butt Has Motivated you not to Get Goosed any more than you've had to.

If you haven't been imagining my voice as emanating out from between my legs the whole time, you really may have missed some of the jokes, innuendos, puns and psychological ploys I've used to motivate you. I may have gotten rich in nickels at your expense...

It doesn't matter now because you're almost at the end of the book. I've reprogrammed you as well as I could, given

that I couldn't control where **you** were coming from. But now I'm telling you outright that if you'd been coming from your crotch [the delivery device of your wants and desires], you would have gotten the most out of this book.

You might like to consider reading it again or reading my previous book, How to Find The Man of your Dreams by Intensifying your orgasms. That book is about the relationship between your head and penis. That will better prepare you for the book I wrote before that called, Call Me Glinda: a book for friends of Dorothy. That's about the journey to the "z" factor. And in this way, all my books will offer you more of a detailed account of what I've been talking about.

I only hope that my students in the 1980's grew up to realize that I played a trick on them for **their** sake. I couldn't talk about penises in class, so I had to find a way to interest them in sitting quietly and listening to me for an hour a day. That takes more than **teaching**. That takes **acting**. That takes a strategy for young learners that they'll hopefully thank you for deep down inside later on in life.

Who's going to sit still and listen unless s/he finds a good motive to do so? And what better motive is there than inspiring young students, some of whom see themselves as superior to God and all their teachers?...

I can now confess how rich I feel when I look back at how teaching teenagers contributed to my life. I got paid for my effort, but I really should have paid for the privilege. The same goes for the Lighthouse for the Blind where I volunteered.

If I had to do it all over again, I'd still start out as a ballet dancer to discover the wonders of having a human body that taught me how to express myself **gracefully** before I tried to express myself **graciously**. I'd still become a teacher to discover the wonders of being a child **after** having only literally grown up. And I'd still go into business with my boyfriend to discover the joy of trusting the one I loved with

my hard-earned money. I invested all my savings in his business before he cheated on me with his former boyfriend. And, believe me, I came away a very rich man from that investment.

All the disappointments I've been through in life now seem like boulders moved aside so logs that were blocking my eyes could finally be freed to float to the surface. [Matthew 7:3-5] **Sorrow** taught me just as much about the meaning of life as **happiness, joy and ecstasy**.

Waking up feels sorrowful and joyful; sweet and sour. Waking up feels like light and dark swirling around to produce day and night, four seasons and a timelessness that has to be experienced to be believed.

Wake up. You're no longer asleep. You were hypnotized by an external world that insisted you deny the seven truths occurring simultaneously within you. Snap out of it!

You're more alive now than you were before. Now you're able to see, hear, smell, taste and feel more than your senses could convey to you before. No you know you should feel guilty because your penis can't.

Now you can:

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Think | Head |
| 2. Feel | Heart |
| 3. Believe | Soul |
| 4. Separate | Navel |
| 5. Want, Desire | Genitals |
| 6. Produce | Anus |
| 7. Face | more than you did before |

But there is one more thought I'd like to leave you with. Your navel is Hindu. It represents the separation from your mother [z] that led you to think you're all alone. That separation corresponds to **pain**.

Your genitals are Buddhist. They represent the wants [-] and desires [+] that led you think you could do as you please. That autonomy corresponds to **suffering**.

Your anus is Taoist. It represents the outcome of all that you consume, digest and give back to the world. That product corresponds to **guilt**.

But your mind is Jewish. It represents the ability to think about who you are and what you're doing here. The wisdom you use in living your life righteously corresponds to **hope**.

Thanks to **pain, suffering, guilt** and **hope**, you have the ability to put your arm behind your back and place the palm of your hand in your lower back so that you can push **yourself** forward. I strongly suggest that you do.

Request

Please play the 1978 song,
“I Will Survive”

composed by Freddie Perren and Dino Fekaris
and sung by Gloria Gaynor.

The song’s lyrics describe the narrator’s discovery
of personal strength following
an initially devastating breakup.

I’d like you to take off all your clothes,
and in front of a full-length mirror,
sing that song and dance to that part of you [z]
that survived having to be with the other part of you [x/y].
Don’t make it about another person.
Make it all about yourself.

Your forbidden fruits were never forbidden to you.
Now that Adam [head] and StEve [heart]
are on more familiar terms with Dick,
you don't even have to ask yourself
for permission any longer.
Now you're free to ask Permission from God.

Resume your journey in becoming you.
Seek freedom, liberation and emancipation
from within,
as well as around you.

They say the devil can quote the scriptures.
I just wanted you to see that my friend Dick can do so, too.

Now go out there and part the Red [Republican] Sea.

Previous Books

[I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.]

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