

Star Drek

A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet ¹

By

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¹ “drek” from Yiddish (German dreck), meaning: excrement, feces, bowel

Science tells us that mankind is made of atoms.
Apparently, we're made up of a combination of elements
that were emitted by stars
billions of years ago.

Religion,
on the other hand,
tells us that each of us was
Fashioned by The Hand of God.

When I was growing up in the 1960's
I fell in love with **Star-Trek**,
as did most kids my age.
But my mother hated my devotion to that show.
She called it **Star-Drek**.
She thought it was silly.
Needless to say,
I disagreed then,
and I disagree still.
But when it comes to man being made of star **drek** –
the crap that stars emit from their core
that they can no longer hold inside any longer –
I have to say I now agree with her.
People aren't just full of drek.
They're made of drek.
Star drek even figuratively pours out of them verbally
when they go supernova...
Moses may have euphemistically called that "clay"
in an effort to sound erudite and tactful,
but we now know better...

Penis Problems

Straight women love penises.
Gay men love them even more.
And straight men love one penis more than all the rest:
 their own!
Only lesbians don't love them.
Lesbians personify all people
who have a problem with penis problems.

My lesbian-cousin once told me
 that as I've grown old,
I've turned into a crabby, old lady.
I told her that had she told me this years ago,
I could have done something about it in time...
 Now it's too late.
But she retorted that I'm more like a lesbian
 than a gay man.
She finds my particular problem with penises amusing.

Apart from the fact that I, too, love penises,
 especially my boyfriend's and my own,
I consider what she said to be a huge compliment.
I strive to look at the topic of penises
 with the sagacity of lesbians.
 God Knows,
 we all should.

Life isn't just a school
and God, our One and Only Teacher.
I'm not just my major in this one-room schoolhouse,
and my deathbed,
where I expect to take my final exam.
Death isn't just a graduation from a school for fools.

I see life as foreplay,
and death as sex with The Teacher.
This is a taboo they don't teach you about
in your house of prayer.
This is the topic they avoid with adamancy,
using sodomy, abortion
and disgust of the LGBT+ community's agenda
to make their point.

The real question that nobody seems to want to ask
is why God Would Want to fornicate
with someone as full of drek as you and me...
Why Would He Care so deeply
about intimacy with each and every one of His Creations?
Why Did He Care about two stupid, little fruits?
And what was so important about One Son?
Why do some people look forward each day
to more of the preview of the ecstasy to come?
Why do some feel Blessed and others, Cursed?
It can't have anything to do with sodomy,
abortion or the gay agenda.
Life must be deeper than that.
Our Teacher's Efforts on our behalf
must be more important than anything we can imagine.
Fantasies and dreams must drive us
toward a **vision** of a better tomorrow,
or life itself would be meaningless.
And that I don't believe!

My father was a tyrant.
My mother was a nymphomaniac.
They came together in a fit of madness
that produced me.
I was forced into this universe,
through the Big Bang
and through a little bang
my parents created using a friction all their own...
I had no desire to come into the 3rd dimension,
and I find little reason for remaining here, now.
If not for the fact that I love to fornicate as much as I do,
I would have left long ago.

The touch of my mother's hand on me made me cringe.
The slaps from my father did so, too.
They were animals
just like me.
But because I've got the body of an animal
and within it the soul of a creation from God,
I've had to learn to tame the beast,
and train the best in me,
while trying to make sense of the world
as it now exists
around me.

Table of Contents

1. What I <i>Really</i> Think!	1
2. Compliant Verses Cooperative	2
3. Looking Back Looking Forward	2
4. Helping Myself is Different from Self-Help	4
5. My Favorite Thing	7
6. 69 + 96	7
7. Self-Ordained Rabbi and a Nun	9
8. Sounding Like a Republican	16
9. My Hero	18
10. Getting My Way	19
11. Abort <i>Yourself</i>	21
12. God Forsaken	22
13. My Lesbian-Cousin's-Wife	23
14. Remove the Religiosity	24
15. The Congressional Playpen	25
16. Aging Gracefully	26
17. Marx Brothers	28
18. Looking Back Looking Back	29
19. Dad's Prison Term	29
20. Pressure to Be Somebody I'm Not	32
21. Toilet Training in the Bathtub	33
22. Patriarchal Consumption	35
23. Too Good Isn't Good Enough	36
24. Letter to Itzi-Witzi	37
25. A Disappointing Reply	40
26. Tough Love	41
27. Self-Shaming	42
28. Lower Than a Lawyer	45
29. The Way to a Man's Heart	47
30. Necrophilia	51
31. Stuffing Pillows	52
32. My Buddhist-Turned-Catholic-Friend	55
33. A Humble Proposal	58
34. Explaining Me to Myself	60

35. A Personality for TV	62
36. Improved Orgasms	64
37. Cooking and Home Improvement Shows	64
38. Laundry	66
39. Another Humble Proposal	67
40. The Pride Parade of Life	69
41. The Big Lie	70
42. The Trouble With Tribles	71
43. Curing Loneliness	75
44. Yet One More Humble Proposal...	76
45. Retirement Offers No Bells or Whistles	79
46. Acting Normal	83
47. If I Don't Win the Nobel Prize	84
48. Tell Your Bathroom Fan to Shut Up!	88
49. Pyramids Everywhere	90
50. Dealing With Dying Rather Than Death	91
51. My Boyfriend	92
52. Deepness, Depth and Profundity	94
53. The Unexpected Male	97
54. "Sordid Lives"	97
55. "Seinfeld"	98
56. Good, Better and Best	100
57. My Muslim Country Western Song	101
58. Wednesday's With My Girlfriend	103
59. Paul Hollywood	108
60. "Modern Family"	109
61. Sarah Silverman	111
62. Anti-Semitism and Anti-Zionism	112
63. Spiders and Flies	113
64. Dear John Letter	115
65. My Israeli-Cousin's-Husband's-Driver	116
66. "Twilight Zone"	119
67. My Next Book	120
68. Epilog	121
69. Your Song	122

Previous Books

What I *Really* Think!

I thank God that my mother is dead! I've got enough on my plate without having to worry about what **she** thinks of me. When I was a kid, she ragged on me relentlessly. And she wasn't just interested a taking away privileges if she didn't get her way. She hit, and she hit **hard!**

Naturally, I was no dummy... I didn't want to get physically hurt. Nor did I want to suffer the loss of TV privileges and dessert that that woman inflicted upon me to get me to do her bidding.

I quickly learned how to fall in line with her demands. In fact, I can easily say that I turned into the best little boy in the world just to get out of her way. I don't think I was ever really motivated to please her even though for years I swore I loved her more than any other person on the planet.

The fact of the matter was that because of the way I was raised, nobody *really* liked me when I was a kid, and now I can see why. I defended the patriarchy. I was a brown nose. I'd unconsciously decided that the best way to get my way was to play along. People didn't like that about me. I just didn't know it at the time because they were too polite to sit me down and tell me honestly what I was doing to others just by being ignorant of myself.

Beneath the appearance of being a "good book" in the making, there was a sleezy magazine inside me with all sorts of salacious photos that I enjoyed perusing but couldn't access consciously enough to talk about out loud.

I was, as I later found out, your run of the mill **hypocrite**. I just wanted to be left to my own devices to enjoy my own skullduggery on my own.

Well, at least I can talk about it now! But I was amazed when I discovered what I really looked like beneath the cover. Now I say, "Don't judge a book by its cover" because you're a book and you've got a leathery cover... The more you judge other books, the more what you've written in yours becomes obvious to One and all.

Compliant Verses Cooperative

My parents taught me to be **compliant**. They taught me to agree with others and obey societal norms – but to an excessive degree. They taught me to be **acquiescent**.

That’s what I mean when I say that I was the best little boy in the world. That’s why I say that I was patriarchal without even knowing it.

Being **cooperative** can’t be accomplished with anger and resentment. When you’re angry, you can only be compliant. And when you’re resentful, the more you may decide to compensate by being acquiescent.

After a lifetime of sitting in God’s Classroom learning every aspect of compliance and acquiescence, I got to pass the final exam on those two subjects to learn how to become cooperative. That was a great day in my life!

Looking Back Looking Forward

When I look back on my childhood, and even at my formative years as a young adult, I don’t see someone I recognize anymore. I was easily intimidated then. I was emotionally repressed. I was a basket full of deplorable feelings and sorrowful urges that were submerged so deep below the surface of my personality that there was no way anyone, least of all me, could have accessed the primal forces within me to make sense of how I was behaving on the inside or what an operator I was on with others.

But don’t think for a New York minute [one second] that I’m taking myself down **now** without dragging everyone else down with me... I’m no fool! I was stepped on like a doormat for a very long time. So, now I don’t mind rubbing **your** nose in a truth that I, myself, didn’t see coming.

We were all **depressed** in those days by a heart that had been broken. We were all **repressed** by parents who were twisted. We were all **suppressed** by family that had no clue how sick they were. And we were all **oppressed** by a society that glorified the masculine and abhorred anything feminine.

In the “good ol’ days,” even women were misogynists... How do you figure a normal, God fearing, human being is supposed to evolve out of conditions like that?

Since then, I’ve gotten out of my head, thank You [God]. I’ve made my way below my belt. I now love my **penis**, not my **parents**. [Now I simply honor them.] I love what **it** did for me and what **it** still does. I love how it whispers in my ear. I love how it changes shape when it gets all excited. I love everything about the little guy!

I’ve even sniffed around between my butt cheeks. [I’m not the only person on the planet who’s had his head up his ass...] And I can tell you that now I even love my behind. That’s the most feminine part of my whole body. That’s the part of me I have in common with every man and woman in every society on Earth. That’s the physical place on the human body that represents the greatest taboo in the world! But that’s also the figurative place where I feel penetrated and filled with the life-giving substance within every human being, male or female.

Sodomy, not sex with your mother is the greatest taboo. The ridicule and derision surrounding each and every anus is where the rubber [pun sighting!] meets the road...

Go up to a woman and tweak her breasts or give her crotch a squeeze, and you’ll get a couple of years behind bars. Go up to a strange man and goose him, and you’re dead meat.

I love everything about my butt. If I didn’t have one, I don’t know what I’d do to appreciate my vulnerability or all the joy I experience in having been Given a mouth at the other end. I’d be all male, when, in truth, I’m half male and half female. You can see the male part of me by the wet tongue protruding from my lips and the bulge in my pants when I’m facing you. But the female part of me you can only get a glimpse of when I’m turned the other way, and you get a good look at my ass.

Unbeknownst to most people, I also have two fabulous fruits that hang down temptingly in my scrotum. They produce the love [goodness] and wisdom [evil atoned for] that makes me, me. I delight sharing what I spend day and night producing in those fruits. I'd even gladly donate the delivery device that emits the juices from my fruits to bettering the world...

I used to be consumed with doing all that literally, one or more persons at a time. But now I do **it** figuratively by writing books. Now, at the age of 69, I wax poetic about what it means to me, personally, to have a penis, two testicles and a behind, behind them.

Now I can attest to the fact that I'm nothing more than star-drek. I may be euphemistically made of "clay," but I stink inside just like everybody else... But at least now I see why so many people don't want to explore their **bottom** line. That's where they draw the line.

Helping Myself is Different from Self-Help

Self-help is an impersonal, interpersonal process by which people indirectly bring new ideas to themselves via others. The concept is clinical, heady and patriarchal.

Helping myself is personal, emotional and matriarchal. I'm not interested in self-help anymore. I'm only interested in helping me, myself and I. These are the three voices inside [my head, heart and soul] that need and deserve my attention.

In that spirit, I'm not here to help **you**. You're not literally present as I'm writing this book. Therefore, why should I have feelings for you? If I were writing a self-help book, you'd be the primary person on my mind. I'd constantly imagine how you're going to react to what I say. I'd put **you** before **me**.

But you're not here now. You may never be here in the literary sense of the word. And if you do, by some miraculous chance, end up **here**, it's not **now**. It's then. So, you'll be left to your own devices anyway. I can't **literally**

help you now, or then. I can only **literarily** help you indirectly to see that you have to help yourself.

Therefore, I'm writing this book for me. **I'm** my audience. And **I love** everything I tell myself that's wise and loving about me! I approve and commend myself more than I ever could in the past. You're just a fly that may someday buzz in and land on the wall, as far as I'm concerned.

This is my 22nd book. You might say that I've reached adulthood and am well into maturity in the literary sense of the word.

And yet, not a single agent or publisher has shown any interest in publishing my previous works. And that's fine, I suppose... An ego as big as mine isn't something many people are proud of. So, I just need to write for me. **I** need to know what **I** have to say. **I** need to help **myself**.

That said, people do sometimes amaze me. Take for instance this letter I got from an agent I made the acquaintance of a year ago. From her tone of voice, you can hear her despair about the future of her own superb writing skills; the literary world she's adopted as a career; and her pity with regard to any mainstream fame I may have entertained receiving from a deluded wish to help others:

Barry,

It's so nice to hear from you. You are on my mind a lot. Your books remain on my Kindle front and center. The very first book you sent to me with your Wizard of Oz concept had an introduction that just grabbed me and still won't let me go. Can you believe that was only January of this year? It feels as if I've known you forever.

I love your wit, your writing, your style and your endless genius both in your craft, your brain and your heart. If I could have one literary wish, it would be to make you a best-selling author, so millions could see and read what I do. Though often times I feel as if I

cannot grasp the full meaning and intention of your words because they overflow with so much nuance and significance.

You are a beautiful unicorn who cannot and should not be tamed. To try and mold and shape your writing would be to kill the very soul that breathes life into it. Your top-of-mind, free-thought process is a skill that doesn't fall within the walls of traditional publishing, because they are not unicorns; though there are the exceptions.

I truly love your concepts. Your inner child not going to school -- so incredibly witty, funny and deep. Your latest one, scintillating... though you veer into politics, which you know I don't handle well. I can talk about dicks all day -- but not politics, even though most of them are dicks...

If I could figure out the one imprint and editor who would welcome your fresh take, your fresh mind, your amazing writing into their fold, I would send it in a heartbeat. If you know of this person, please share. I envision a heartbreaking road for us both with rejection after rejection of close-minded editors looking for the usual tropes and done-to-death derivatives -- company I would never want you to keep.

So, what is the answer to this? What amazing saga can we write that will open the hearts and minds of those currently in the dark?

Needless to say, I was deeply touched by what she said and how beautifully she said it. In our first correspondence she called me a "genius." In this one, she called me a "unicorn." Nobody has ever said anything as nice as that to me. Nobody! I'm almost 70 years old! You'd think that by now, I'd have heard it all... Yet I'd never heard these two words uttered to describe me by anyone who claimed to love

me. I feel truly Blessed by God that He Brought her into my life.

My Favorite Thing

You might think that my favorite **thing** is my penis. I have a fondness for my penis that's hard to put into words.

I've promised myself, and the agent quoted above, not to write any more about politics or religion. All my other books were about those two subjects couched in a psychological/spiritual format. So, I didn't have a clue what I might write about instead.

Now I can see that there is one topic left for me to pursue with a passion that isn't associated with dickheads... I pretty much said everything I wanted to say on that subject in my previous two books. [A comprehensive list is provided at the back of this one.]

The topic I've decided to pursue with a passion instead of religion, politics and penises is **death**. And I have to say, I'd completely overlooked just how much I'm inspired to say about death and dying. It's not something you can just shoot the breeze about with anyone.

Most people just want to talk about news, weather and sports. If you bring up sex, politics and religion, they get uncomfortable. And if you bring up death, they quickly change the subject. That's the last thing they want to think about.

So, I thank you, world, for turning my thoughts in the direction of something I'm **really** passionate about! I'm past religious politicians and the head of the dick on all of them. I've graduated to discussing everything in terms of death.

69 + 96

One of my best friends is 96 and I'm 69. We talk every day on the phone, and, as you can well imagine, she has a **lot** to say on this topic. Death is the most refreshing topic I can think of discussing with her, especially after having spent so

many years talking about religion and politics, which only made **me** wish I was dead...

My 96-year-old-girlfriend is like a bird gathering twigs to build a nest. The twigs are the conclusions she's come to that she's broken off from her own tree of knowledge. The twine comes from the grasses from which the bread of life arises. And her soft center comes from flowers that burst forth from her heart as the consequence of a life devoted to helping the world.

She's now figuratively perched in a residence home for the very old and dying. And there she waits to lay her last egg. **She** is that egg. And **it** will come out of her. Her body is already like a bird with wings, and the **she** inside **it** is what she's waiting to hatch.

She spreads her wings, but she can't yet fly. She fluffs her feathers with indignation, but the nurses don't understand the message coming from her mighty breast. She chirps and sings, but the staff can't figure out what she's saying. She stares out at the world through one eye or the other, but the other residents can't say what she sees.

The truth is that all people know they're going to die. There isn't a person on the planet over the age of five who hasn't at least heard about death. And yet, nobody wants to talk about it! You'd think the subject was as offensive as the taboo of having a threesome with your parents...

It's not. Death is the outcome of every life. There is no exception to that rule. Death is the frame around every picture. You can't go beyond the frame without hitting a wall. [Here, the pun ought to be on the Wailing Wall, but I'm going to stop talking about pun sightings altogether. Just keep a lookout for them on your own.]

My 96-year-old-girlfriend moved into this residence home for the elderly about eight months ago. But she still looks and acts **my** age. Until then, she was living quite well by herself. The pandemic cramped her style, and so her

closest seven friends got together and each of us visited her one day a week until we could get her into a home.

But you'd never know she's so old. She's in great physical health. And even though her short-term memory has slipped quite a bit; her gallows' humor is as sharp as ever.

But now, she's got nothing to do all day because the place where she lives is like a chicken coup for old cocks and hens. At least when she had a friend come over every day, there was someone to sharpen her wits. So, I call her once a day and we laugh about death and sing songs with amazing lyrics like It's "The Glory of Love" written by Billy Hill and recorded in 1936 by Benny Goodman.

There are no activities at the home "thanks" to COVID. They're just housing people there like fowl in a cage. Hens use their time productively to lay eggs. Old people just sit around staring at one another, or they look for reasons to primp and peck.

The only meaningful topic they have to talk about is death. But, according to my 96-year-old-girlfriend, none of them are talking about what's going to happen once they leave their last address on Earth.

Because my 96-year-old-girlfriend was a nun for 14 years, she's taken it upon herself to minister to her neighbors. She tries to help them by listening and holding their hand. But she doesn't feel that that's enough. She frequently asks me what more she can do.

She's a hardhearted old soul who gets easily angry at injustice. But she's also a softy who gets just as easily sad over other people's suffering.

Self-Ordained Rabbi and a Nun

My 96-year-old-girlfriend and I are really tight, so I can say anything I want to her. I always tell her, "Listen, old lady! You're worse than a Jew! [I'm a gay-Jew.] You're constantly trying to be **too** good. **Good enough** isn't good

enough for you! You have to be better than good enough. And so, you always end up at the extreme being **too** good. And, as we all know, no good deed that's **too** good ever goes unpunished."

"It's no wonder you're 96 and God Won't Take you! You're **too damn good!** Dial it back, why don't you? You're never going to get into Heaven with an attitude like that! You're so good that you're insufferable. The **angels** won't want to be around you! You'll make **them** look bad! They're probably all begging God not to Let you in!"

But she just lets me crow like a rooster as The Son Rises. She giggles, and I seem to be good at making her do just that. It's like she's cooing, and my comments help her move that awesome egg slowly through her system.

"When I'm dead, I don't want you to cry for me," she says earnestly. "My life has been a celebration. There's no reason to shed a tear."

"Oh, I know. Believe me I promise to celebrate when you're gone... There aren't many people so bejeweled inside as you. You'll be leaving here a very rich woman!"

She always goes back to the question of what she can do to help the lost souls living on her floor at the Catholic home for the poor in San Francisco where she now resides.

I tell her, "Look! I may be a self-ordained rabbi, and you may be the only living soul in my congregation. But God Brought us together because He Knows what He'S Doing. You're the only nun in the world with your own personal rabbi! And I'm the only self-ordained rabbi in the world with a sister in my **congregation** rather than in my **family.**"

Reminding her of that always makes her giggle all the more.

"My God!" she tells me. "It's a good thing nobody can hear what we're talking about. They'd come with the butterfly nets and take us both away."

"Thank God there's no recorded evidence of what we're talking about. When we get off the phone, we can both smile

politely to all the fruits and nuts around us. We don't have to worry about hurting anyone's feelings by telling them things about life and death they're not ready to hear."

"But, really, gurlfriend, [in regard to her neighbor] you need to remember that people only get what they deserve. The **dead**, you and I can't account for. They're gone, and nothing is ever going to bring them back. It's the **living** who have to endure the loss of loved ones. This is God's Way of teaching us how to endure the loss He Had to endure with those two fruits [good and evil] stolen from His One and Only Private Tree. What a fuss He Made over that! You'd think the serpent in the Creation Story had been God's Penis and It Convinced Eve to yank off His Testicles and eat them!"

That got a giggle out of her!

"And then, of course, mankind being as disreputable as it is, things outside Eden only went from bad to worse, ending with the loss of God's Son. Is it any wonder we have to endure losses of our own to understand His?"

I know she nods her head in agreement, even though I can't see her head bobbing on the phone. We've been friends since she was 90. I met her at my boyfriend's church.

"Your neighbor who's stuck in her room alone all day knew she was going to get old. But she's like a can that was pried open and then kicked down the road. There's nothing left inside of her. She's given away or spilled all that was in her that had any worth."

I tell her, "Victor Frankl, the Jewish psychiatrist and Holocaust survivor said, 'The meaning of life is to give life meaning.' But this woman isn't interested in making meaning out of her circumstances. She just lived and lived and lived until she got terribly old. And now she's secretly wishing she were dead."

"There must be some reason she's still alive, Barry. Don't you think?"

“I don’t know the woman, but I know a lot of people like her. And I can tell you that some people are **afraid** of death because they don’t know what’s coming next. And some people are **guilt-ridden** because they didn’t prepare for death sooner.”

“The reason people don’t want to talk about death is because they’re afraid to come alive. You can’t face death if you can’t face life. You’ve got to come alive **before** you die, or you’ll die ashamed that you never lived.”

“But why Would God Punish her by Making her stay in bed all day and night just because she was afraid to live and didn’t know it?”

I ignore her question and continue.

“And as for guilt, girlfriend, people only want to look ahead. They don’t want to turn around to look back at where they’ve been. They don’t want to think about the fender-benders they’ve been in or how many people they’ve run off the road with the way they drove furiously to get to the end of their journey. They just want to find a place to park close to their destination, get out of their vehicle and leave it behind. They just can’t find a way to stop themselves because they’ve never asked themselves how and where they were going. And by the time they get really old, they feel guilty for having gone the wrong way without knowing where they are in relationship to where they came from.”

“Oh my God, Barry! What more can I do?”

“You’re the most affluent person I ever met, girlfriend! I never met anyone as wealthy as you. You spent your life filling yourself by feeding others. And from having done so, you enriched yourself, as well. And now you’re so spiritually full that you’re bursting at the seams. You wish God Would Take **you** out of that body of yours because you can be of no more help to the world. That’s a sign of how you overcame your fear and guilt over dying. You’ve always lived for others.”

She giggles when I get on a roll, but she's not at all afraid of dying. She's just squeamish when it comes to having to look at the spiritual poverty of others.

I remind her that when she was in her 70's, she had a brain tumor. She fully expected to die then. But she's been pouring over her final exam in the school of life for more than 20 years! She's filled with compassion for the dying who have little **hope** because they never learned the meaning of **faith**.

I tell her that after **pain, suffering** and **guilt** comes **hope**. Don't expect to get to **faith** without going through those other four. Everybody talks about the pain and suffering they're going through in life. But few speak about their **guilt** in not knowing themselves. Even fewer speak about **hope**. But when it comes to **faith**, you can't get them to shut up!

"People will bend your ear off telling you all about their physical **pains**. And **suffering** is another popular topic. But people never move on to question the **guilt** they have to experience in not knowing themselves any better.

Self-ignorance never comes up in conversation. With all the knowledge people pick from that inscrutable tree in God's Garden, they still know little to nothing about themselves. Self-knowledge is the best souvenir.

God Brings us the most interesting stranger in the whole world, but most people have no interest in getting to know him or her. Is it any wonder they don't graduate to **hope** and are bereft of **faith**?"

"I just don't know what I can do for that woman," My girlfriend repeats. "Every time I go to her room, she seems to be pleased to see me. But when I leave, I feel guilty. I wish I'd done more."

"Oh girlfriend! What do you want to do, grow a penis and impregnate the woman with all the life-giving elixir within you? You may be rich within, but there's no way to infuse your spiritual wealth in another person. There's no way to give away what you've got."

I continue. “People aren’t afraid of vaccines. People aren’t worried about getting pinched by a needle. But they’re terrified of goodness flowing through their veins. They’re horrified of anything helpful and hopeful coming at them from the outside in. They can’t trust anyone or anything.”

“It’s not just the Republicans who are pretending it’s not drek coming out of their mouth in public. How many people actually grow up? It should be no coincidence that so many of them end up in diapers in old age. Poetic justice if you ask me.”

Since she giggles, I know that gives me the license to continue.

“There’s no such thing as penis envy, girlfriend. Nobody’s envious of anyone else’s penis. Hell, most men don’t even know what to do with the one they’ve got! They spend their whole life figuratively dismembering themselves. They spend their whole life figuratively castrating themselves. They don’t want what they’ve got below the belt. It only confuses them.”

“The Jews disable their sons’ penis literally when they’re eight days old. The Muslims even circumcise girls to turn them into living zombies in an effort to put their societies to sleep. If Muslim men would circumcise the whole head of their sons’ penis, they’d realize what they’re doing to Muslim women, and, indirectly, to themselves.”

I’m really pleased I can speak this candidly to her. She never got married. I don’t know if she ever even had a boyfriend. I know she lived with a lesbian woman for many years, a gal she met in the Navy. But my girlfriend told me that that gal always yearned for a physical relationship with her, and she wasn’t interested. So, I don’t even know if she might not be a virgin.

Virginity doesn’t make any difference to me. I can’t say that my own sex life was all that great until I met my present boyfriend. We’ve been together 11 years, and the sex only gets better and better. But that’s a miracle you can’t buy or

beg for! You can't convince people you're the recipient of a miracle Given to you by God. They just scorn you for saying such things. So, I don't talk about my incredibly hot sex life. My girlfriend's the only exception...

"Girlfriend! You give the woman living down the hall from you your time and attention. She's alone, confused, depressed and frightened. Time and attention are all you have to give her. And the old lady smiles every time you come again to visit her. Isn't that enough?"

"I just wish I could do more!"

"Are you spending time with her out of **guilt** or out of **love**? You know you have nothing to feel guilty about. Your problem is that you're too Jewish! It's not enough that God Gave His life for the world! You have to climb everybody's cross to offer your life for them, too."

"You should have been a nurse during this COVID crisis. Then you could have sacrificed yourself even more. But now, even the nurses have had their fill of the self-ignorant fools who are crowding the hospitals. You're the only one left who's dangling from other people's cross to save their disoriented, lost souls."

"You can't live for anyone, girlfriend. You can't die for anyone. You can't even suffer for them. That's **their** department. When I used to complain about my life, my father used to say that he wished he could crap and piss for me. But that, he said, I had to do for myself. If people don't give meaning to their life, you can't add meaning like salt and pepper to scrambled eggs."

"Get down off **their** cross! Give your neighbor your time and attention and leave it at that. Is there some reason you feel so guilty that you have to save her? She chose not to save herself. She chose to avoid the topic of death, and in so doing, she avoided the topic of life, as well. Now it's too late. Now you can only pity her."

"But why Would God Not Take her if she's so miserable?" she asks me.

“Because God Needs us to see what bad examples look like,” I say to her. “Hers is a cautionary tale. **Don’t let this happen to you!** Don’t die as poor and empty as you were when you were born. Make something of your life. Earn the reward you believe you deserve. Invest in yourself. Appreciate yourself. Fill yourself with life. If you don’t, who will?”

“The Hebrew word “shalom” [peace] comes from the verb “lishalem.” It means to fill. Peace is a filling process. You’ll never die in peace or achieve peace of mind if you haven’t filled yourself with greater portions of self-love every day of your life.”

I don’t go into detail with her, but the concept of **appreciation** means to **increase in value**. If you don’t increase your own value, you’re going to end up a vegetable not a fruit or a nut.

My girlfriend is a ripe fruit ready to be picked and eaten. I’m a nut. But neither of us are vegetables. I really don’t know what to do about a world where everybody is being encouraged to turn themselves into a turnip. Even an onion with layers would be a better outcome. Tears of joy are better than bitter tears.

Sounding Like a Republican

I should be more careful about sounding like a Republican when I tell people that they’re getting what they deserve. The Republicans believe that about the Democrats visa vie the hereafter. And the Democrats don’t want to admit that they feel the same way about the Republicans, especially now that the Republicans are dropping like flies from the Delta variant.

Life’s often tragic, but the more we can embrace misfortune as a blessing in disguise, the more we’ll look to the future with wisdom achieved through greater self-knowledge.

Nowadays, many people look at the **past** optimistically and the **future** with apprehension and dread. But I've found that living in the **moment** as though each moment is an orgasm bursting forth into the next is the best way to improve my perspective on the past, present and future.

Those who think orgasms are dirty don't think like that. They think ejaculation is something you should never, ever talk about or relate to time.

I can see why God Wants us to learn to do more and more for ourselves. If I Was God, I Wouldn't Be Willing to change the diapers of today's babies who've made babies who make more babies. Let grown men and women learn to act more responsibly. That duty now falls to all children, parents and grandparents.

I'm not going to arm wrestle with anyone except my girlfriend over whether the old lady down the hall deserves what she's getting. What matters is that that old lady has my girlfriend to visit her a few minutes every day. That seems pretty lucky to me, given that the standards of spiritual care for the elderly are so deplorably poor.

What difference does it make if this world is run by God or by chance? What matters is that we care about one another. Believe me, I wouldn't have written about my girlfriend's neighbor if I didn't want to provoke myself to feel bad about how old people are being treated nowadays. Someday, I may be where they are. Someday, I may wish people would care a bit more about the advantage for **them** in talking to me about death and dying.

I may be 69, but I hope to die feeling as sexy as I do now. I hope to cum into God's open Arms when I leave here. I hope death will be greater than orgasm with my boyfriend. But for the time being, I'll continue to practice cuming with him...

I want to make myself useful until the sweet or bitter end. If I'm not at the center of me, who will be? And if I don't

leave here fully alive and vibrant inside, how will I recognize what I'm going towards, and why?

My Hero

I suppose Mel Brooks is my hero. I can't think of anyone else who's got a game plan that makes more sense to me than his. The purpose in him having created "The Producers" was to ridicule Nazism. He wanted to make people feel so big that they could look down and laugh at evil. I can't think of a better way of dealing with the world as it is today.

I've promised myself not to talk about politics in this book, so I'm not going to discuss the Republican Party... But when we talk about goosestepping fools, what difference does it make if they Heil Hitler, Jesus, Allah or some sex-starved rabbi in Israel with a long beard who pretends to know everything after having read only one book? A religious exception is nothing more than an excuse for bad behavior.

We have far too many religious exemptions in America. They send them to Washington to make life-and-death decisions **for** us. Just look at the beautiful specimen of a man West Virginia sent to the Senate. A boy with a man chin. He strokes his chin like it was a penis. He tells us how wise and foresighted he is. But we can't wait for a few hairs to finally pop up on the boy chin of Manchin.

What's really happening beneath the surface of that man? Why has he insisted that the Democratic Party rim him? And why does Kyrsten Sinema spread her legs, bend over and point to her behind, indicating that she wants the Democrats to do the same?

Granted, Mel Brooks was juvenile in his humor. But I prefer jokes about rimming assholes. Tits and penises, I don't find the least bit amusing. But I think Donald Trump has given the Republican Party a taste for rimming that Manchin and Sinema are trying to introduce to our party.

You can always make me laugh with a joke that's tongue in cheek...

The meaning of life isn't all about penetration. A lot of the meaning people give life is about modeling loyalty. If you don't develop your conscience with loyalty to yourself, you'll end up rimming the world or insisting that the world rims you.

Poor people are so consumed with penetrating in ways that make them **money**, that they forget all about the **honey** that dribbles out of them that's so enticingly sweet.

What a pity, I say! We all need money to make it in the external world. But in our internal world, ecstasy is equally important. And what better reminder of ecstasy is there than orgasm. If ever there was a clue from God about the meaning of life, it cums with cuming. Cuming wisely is the hottest way I know to penetrate the meaning of life.

Getting My Way

Nothing in my life went my way. I moved to Israel when I was 18. I don't recommend you go there... The people are like a Salvador Dali painting. Their faces have softened and are hanging from the branches of trees of knowledge like melted clocks. Their hands go round and round when they talk as if to say something about timing. Who knows what makes them tick?

And when you meet Israeli Muslims, every one of them is like the Tin-Man. All they talk about is the hollow sound inside where they're missing something they can't quite put into words. They even walk like they're rusting. In Israel, I felt like Dorothy in a place weirder than Oz.

The Israelis speak two languages, Hebrew to other Israelis and English to most everybody else. But they speak Hebrew in a way that nobody in America speaks English. They speak like they're talking to their parents or talking back at their parents. And all the Israelis think that all the other Israelis **are** like their parents. So, everybody speaks up

or down to everybody as though to make sure they don't let anyone make them feel smothered, disrespected or dishonored.

If you speak to them too politely, they look at you as though you escaped from an insane asylum. You terrify them. They can't stand formality. It makes them uneasy.

When I started learning Hebrew, I discovered that the vocabulary, like the tone and intonation of the language, was much harder than it needed to be. I should have immediately concluded that this was a clue that God Was Asking me to learn to talk to my people for a good reason. Now I know that reason.

The word "ananim" means "clouds." "anavim" are grapes. And "avanim" are rocks. I thought I'd never be able to distinguish one word from another...

I don't recommend you learn the language Jesus Spoke and Quoted Moses... It'll drive you nuts trying to figure out what Hebrew words are trying to say. It's pure poetry. No wonder the Christians don't bother to figure out what Christ Really Said. They just rely on translation.

I realized that along with the lyrics [words] of their song [Hebrew] comes a melody [intonation] that's equally maddening, If you learn Hebrew, you'll develop an awful attitude as well as an amazing attitude, with nothing in between. That seems to be intrinsic to God's Design for Jews, including Jesus. He Didn't Have much patience for fools, either.

All you have to do to experience what I mean is to speak to Israeli Muslims in Hebrew and compare them to Palestinians you have to speak to in English. The Israeli Arabs have the same extremes of attitude as the Jews. But the Israeli Muslims are killing themselves with frustration trying to meld the words of Moses with those of the Prophet Muhammad. From the Palestinians who speak English, you only get guerrilla warfare.

The melody [intonation] of Hebrew, as I said, is one of condescension or stunning respect. But every Israeli is also defended against being offended by every other Israeli. They don't just have an Iron Dome around the country. Each of them has an Iron Dome around themselves.

I did learn to speak Hebrew, although I didn't bother to learn to read or write it. Who wants to learn to drive like the British on the wrong side of the road?... Who wants to take out a pair of scissors or a pen and use it in your non-dominant hand?...

You'd have to be crazy? I'm not crazy. I'm just nuts...

I **speak** Hebrew, but I don't read or write it. I can always get others to do that for me. Literacy is greatly overrated if you ask me.

And I was an English teacher for ten years! But I tell you, getting a good education in this school for fools doesn't require reading and writing. It requires being able to read yourself and **right** yourself! All the rest is commentary.

Abort Yourself

Your heart doesn't begin in your body. It begins by figuratively beating around you, making you fall in love with life. You fall in love with some aspects of external reality that later correspond to parts of the heart you were unconsciously constructing within you. Over time, you realize you're internalizing the outer world. That's when you eventually come to love yourself as well as others. That's when you come to discover that you have a heart that's beating in your chest for you alone.²

In this way, you discover that you're figuratively swallowing your own cum. You love the life-giving force within you that you share with others in your own unique and wonderful way. This is the mystery in being you that

² For those who believe in God, that's when I realized that I have a heart that's also beating for You alone.

really matters. There's an urge at the core of you to penetrate, know and love yourself.

God Gave you a stranger to come to know and love – **you**. If you don't take the opportunity to make that stranger into your most cherished partner and soulmate, you missed the boat. You left harbor without you. And when you get old, you'll find yourself stuck on the pier waving to someone who won't turn around and come back. That'll be the greatest tragedy of all.

What was in childhood a body, in adolescence turned into an enticing donut with a hole. And in adulthood we discover that the **me** inside of me has been eaten away by what we concluded had been a ghost, some spirit we couldn't see or identify by name. There's nothing concrete at the center of any of us.

But **I'm** that spirit. I'm that ghost. And I'm anything but **holy**. I'm **holey**. I'm the **me** in me that I'm missing. I'm the reason God Created the entire universe. Once I made my way to the center of my universe, everything finally fell into place. We're all just like me.

God Forsaken

I'm not often juvenile any longer, and I'm rarely childish. I was once infantile. But I grew up a lot over the years. I've actually grown into a more or less mature adult. I'm what an adult sounds like in this God forsaken world we live in.

But I want you to know exactly what I mean by that. This world isn't God **Forsaken**. God Hasn't Forsaken us. This world is God **forsaken**. The world has forsaken God. That's why the news looks as it does. Don't blame God for Having Forsaken **us**. Look within. Look at how little you know about **you**. **You** have forsaken **yourself**. And now you might be trying to convince the rest of us that we're forsaken or Forsaken, as well.

I'm just your average, Jewish fruit trying to ripen. I'm just gay and a little soured by lack of Son Light. But there are lemons out there whose peel is truly bitter. "Lemon tree very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet." But we don't need any more lemon 'cause they're impossible to eat...

My Lesbian-Cousin's-Wife

My lesbian-cousin's-wife has been so embittered by life as a Christian woman in this world that she can't even answer the question "How are you?" She has to tell me about everybody else and how **they're** doing. And when she gets one detail wrong, my lesbian-cousin rolls her eyes, and the two of them start fighting over unstated opinions that they can only express with body language.

I keep telling my lesbian-cousin that she's getting aggravated much too late in the conversation. She should be aggravated because her wife can't talk about herself when asked a simple question like "How are you?" My lesbian-cousin's-wife can't stand any limelight.

But I don't stop there. I tell my lesbian-cousin's-wife that of all the Jews in the world, she had to marry the one lesbian-Jew who has no sense of humor. And that shuts them both up. They agree with me that my lesbian-cousin has no sense of humor. She can only roll her eyes at the bitterness she sees around her. My lesbian-cousin's-wife shouldn't **expect** my cousin to get her jokes about that.

My lesbian-cousin finally found a Christian woman with a dark enough sense of humor to marry the gal. But now my lesbian-cousin doesn't get her jokes...

Lesbians! They're the only people on the planet who aren't interested in penises. Straight women and gay men can't get enough of 'em. And straight men are mesmerized by the one they've got. Only lesbians shrug their shoulders and walk away from the concept of cock without a second thought.

God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Created lesbians. “Why?” I ask you! They could at least show some interest in what everybody else is consumed with... But no! They’ve got to be contrary...

I could make the point that there’s a worm in every apple, not just a serpent in every tree. I could tell lesbians that a worm may not shout as loud as a serpent, but that little voice inside them can do just as much damage as a snake in the grass.

Remove the Religiosity

The secret to joy [**violet**] lies in overcoming all the colorful, but negative, voices inside of you:

red: rage

orange: agony

yellow: fear

green: jealousy and envy

blue: sorrow

indigo: mystery

violet: ecstasy

This is the mystery in the rainbow in your heart that tells you you’re despicable because you’re colorblind. Until you can acknowledge these colorful voices inside and ask God to Help you understand the complexity of how He Made you in His Image, you’re going to take some aspect of your scripture literally, not figuratively. And for that, you’ll pay a price, just like everybody else in this school.

Everyone needs to make his way through the Renaissance, Baroque-and-in-debt, Classical and Romantic Ages of the past and join the world of modernity. Everyone needs to fast-forward using spiritual hyper-drive to make his way to the present, regardless of how tense it is here now.

This book is about how to use spiritual star drive to make your way off the little planet you’re stuck on to see the entire

universe as it truly is. This book is about time travel the only way it's ever going to be accomplished in a personally meaningful way: in your mind to overcome the limitations of your heart from not having fallen in love with The Promise from God. Such is the rainbow.

Your mind can go anywhere it wants, past, present or future. Yet most people are stuck in the past or the future. They have a natural aversion to being here now.

Well, guess what! You'll go as far as you want in life. And by the time you get to the end, you'll see for yourself how far you've come.

Get past the gravity of your situation. Don't just space out every time things don't go your way. Figure out how you got to where you are now. Go back and do it again more slowly and carefully a second time. You'll never get off the ground if you don't try to reach for the stars. It's the gravity of your feelings that's keeping you down. So, endeavor to view your feelings in a whole new way.

You might think I'm not talking to **you**. You might think that I'm talking to **me** but projecting my thoughts onto strangers like you. And I have to admit there is a bit of that going on here.

But honestly, who wouldn't be upset with himself if he discovered that the only person who was holding him back was himself? Yes, I'm irritated with me. But I also get irritated with other people.

Today a guy cut me off by making an unsafe left turn. I honked at him, and he gave me the finger. I know that he hates me, and we both know that he's not ashamed of himself for hating. So, I honked at him and gave him the finger back to help him realize that he hates himself. Ignoring such people entirely is what's gotten us where we are today.

The Congressional Playpen

Congress is the American playpen. That's where we send our youngest "children" to get an education on how to live

in this world among people of all stripes and colors. And, if you didn't know it, the expression "all stripes and colors" comes from the American flag. There are only two kinds of stripes on our flag [red and blue]. They're both of equal length and width. And there are only three colors on our flag [red, white and blue].

But from the way the Republicans [red] behave these days, you'd think that they think we're going to remove all the red stripes and paint the white stars black.

The Democrats [blue] are sad, but they aren't so sad that they hate Israel. They only hate the Orthodox Jews – and with good reason. The Republicans love Israel because of the Orthodox Jews. But the Republicans hate America, themselves and everyone else on the planet. They especially hate progressive gay-Jews.

I'm not going to explain life to you as though you were a child. I'm not going to explain why good [Democrats] and evil [Republicans] are at each other's throats duking it out in this country with the whole world watching. I'm not going to explain the foul mixture of the two you've created inside yourself by misusing projection and prejudging or misjudging yourself. I'm not going to explain the land of milk [good that turns into love] and honey [evil that turns into wisdom] to fools who don't want either. I'm not going to tell you why nothing turned out the way I wanted it to in my life – and why I've never been happier with the way my life is now.

I'm going to let you witness yourself promoting the love and wisdom you're endeavoring to leave behind. But I'm warning you. Better to be politically blue with disappointment than politically red with rage at what you have to atone for in the meager time you've got left.

Aging Gracefully

I'm so glad I've grown old. I couldn't be more pleased with what I look and sound like now inside. I thank God that

He Included aging in His List of things we have to learn to do here. I couldn't be happier when I look in the mirror at my sagging skin, gray hair and the circles under my eyes. Even my wrinkles show where smiles have been.

Yay! I'm dying! There's actually proof on my face that I'm not going to have to remain here forever! I thought I was invincible when I was young. I thought I was immortal. I thought I was going to live forever.

But now, at long last, I've got evidence that that's not going to be the case. I'll be graduating this school for fools someday. I'll disembark from this ship lost at sea. This school onboard a ship that's sailing through space isn't a place I'll have to remain forever.

Besides, I don't know if you've noticed, but we're going around in circles. Every year, the same seasons return like clockwork, although nowadays it's getting hotter and hotter both within us and around us.

Granted, most people now humbly admit that the sun doesn't rise in the East and set in the West. They've conceded that the Earth is turning on its axis, making it appear that the sun is moving across the sky. Bravo! Give **them** a gold star...

Maybe now they can take that evidence and apply it to their inner world. Maybe now they can admit that their inner world is 3D, too. If people were deep enough to question the core of themselves, they'd realize that their core is under enormous pressure, just like the Earth. They'd realize that people are erupting all the time, spewing all sorts of bubbling, hot lava that emanates out from within them.

Who can't go back to the formation of the planet – a time when there were volcanos everywhere and no oceans to cool the surface? Who doesn't know that geological period figuratively? Don't tell me that my mind isn't capable of going "where no man has gone before." I'm not afraid of falling off the edge of my mind. I'm 3D through and through.

Marx Brothers

There were actually four Marx Brothers, not three [Groucho, Chico, Harpo and **Zeppo**]. Groucho was their **brains**. Chico was their **heart**. Harpo was their **penis**. And Zeppo was their **soul**.

Nobody was interested in the soul of the Marx Brothers in those days. They were only interested in their head, heart and that circumcised penis who couldn't speak, but who played the harp and ran around blowing his horn to scare pretty women...

I'm no different than the Marx Brothers. I, too, have my brothers around me. I have a head, heart, soul and a horny dick of my own. The only difference between me and the Marx Brothers is that I was a cheap Jew all my life. I didn't want to spend the time [let alone the money] to get to know my brothers. I didn't want to spend a dime to make a long-distance call to my heart to find out how things were going below my stiff neck.

I was more like a medieval Catholic. I believed in indulgences. I wanted to save up all my money to buy my way into Heaven because I thought I wasn't good enough to get in on my own merits. I commended myself for every penny I **saved**, not every penny I **earned**.

But today, I've got plenty of money and plenty of honey [wisdom]. If I didn't have a boyfriend who uses a crowbar to get into my wallet, I'd never spend a dime even on myself... If God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Hadn't Given me a Catholic boyfriend who tells me I can afford to spend my money – that I'm not going to be able to use it to buy my way into Heaven – I'd still be where I was before.

My boyfriend insists I spend the money I have **with** him, and not leave it **to** him. In addition to spending my money and honey, I'm discovering a connection between the brothers within me [Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo]. I'm discovering a comedy of errors I didn't know life could teach me to laugh at. My heart is lifting. My soul's search for peace

is finally being achieved through mindfulness and Jewish contributions to the film industry.

Looking Back Looking Back

I've had many kinds of dreams. But most of my dreams have been dreams of running away. That ended when I learned how to look back with concern if **others** were getting away.

I've had many kinds of dream. But some of my dreams have been dreams about flying. That ended with I learned how to stop flying, build a nest and lay an egg.

I've had dreams of all sorts. And in every dream, I ought to have asked myself what the alternative to a dream was that would create a vision for a better tomorrow.

Most of my fantasies have been **hopeful**, while my dreams have been **hopeless**. I've had to seek fantasies for a glimpse of my visions rather than dreams.

My dreams today aren't what they used to be when I was a young man. My dreams were concrete by comparison then. They were separate from reality in a way that young people today are living a waking dreaming all day. They heal themselves today by maintaining their fantasies and visions rather than slipping back into the dreams that dominated humanity's past.

Dad's Jail Term

As I've recounted in almost every book I've written, my father was a concentration camp survivor. So, I am the son of a slave. That's not something you can see by looking at my skin. But I have more in common with the descendants of Black slaves than Black people realize. God Works in mysterious ways. So, don't write people off by the color of their skin.

What I **didn't** tell you in all those books is that my father ended up in an American military jail in Germany shortly thereafter. Here's the whole story:

My father was the eighth and last child of one of the wealthiest families in Lithuania. They owned a cigarette factory. In the 1930's, my father took the Queen Mary from Hamburg, Germany to New York to **vacation** in the New World. Everyone in the family worked in the family business, but the youngest could be excused to enjoy life. And that he **did!**

Having grown up in a wealthy household that did business with Lithuania, the other Baltic States, Poland, Russia, Germany and virtually every other country in Europe – and having gone to a German lyceum for his high school studies – my father spoke fluent Yiddish [old German], Lithuanian, Polish, Russian, German and a smattering of Hebrew from his brief, religious studies. Naturally, he was eager to go to America to learn English, as well.

He spent a year in New York going to movies, making friends with pretty gals and spending his parents' money in the way he was accustomed to living life. But when the Nazis started to become powerful all over Europe, his family called him home. They were afraid, and for some reason they thought having my father nearby would help.

What I neglected to mention was that my father was already married with two children at the time. He'd left his family with his relatives. So, when he was called back, it may have been because they were afraid for his wife and children.

I don't know if my father had planned on returning to Europe or whether he was looking forward and not back when he was a young, handsome man walking the streets of New York with money in his pocket and girls on his arm.

Long story short, my father did go back to Europe, and he survived the War. His two children survived having been smuggled into Catholic orphanages that were bribed to take them in. But his wife, mother, brothers, sisters and their entire, extended family were murdered. His father had died at a health retreat in Bologna, Italy a few years before. He's

buried in their cemetery. There were a couple of distant relatives in South Africa and America by then. But that's pretty much the way Hitler left the Zeve family to carry on for the remainder of the 20th Century until today.

Here's how my father ended up in jail:

When he was released from Dachau Concentration Camp, he made it known to the American forces that he not only spoke English fluently. He spoke a handful of other European languages, as well. And you can imagine how quickly they grabbed him up!

But because my father was really just a spoiled brat at heart, a rich kid who knew nothing about life, he was also naïve to how the world turns. He got mixed up with some unsavory characters who came up with a scheme to use American military vehicles to transport food from the villages into the cities at a handsome profit.

Needless to say, the concept was desperately needed. And it was a really easy way to make a lot of money in a hurry. People were starving after the War. The only problem with the concept was that the American military wasn't in on it... My father was the stooge the thieves needed to pull the whole scheme off. And naturally, my father was caught, and the others got away.

He spent nine months in a military jail in Munich, Germany **after** having been liberated from concentration camp. While my father languished in jail, my mother who'd met him two months after the War, had fallen in love with him. Her paperwork came through to emigrate to America because she worked for UNRO [United Nations Rescue Operation] having taught herself English while running from the Nazis in Germany throughout the War.

Everyone my father knew sent letters to judges and military personnel to have pity on him and let him out of jail to move to America to be with my mom – which they did. My parents reunited in Tel Aviv in 1948 to decide which country to live in. My father wanted to stay in Israel. My

mother convinced him to come with her to America. That's why I write in English, not Hebrew.

Needless to say, this story isn't a family secret that got a lot of coverage with our relatives in its day. My father didn't want anyone to know how he reciprocated liberation from concentration camp by stabbing America in the back. If not for the forgiveness and understanding of the occupying American forces in Europe then, a lot of things wouldn't look as they do today. Not even Israel would look as it does today.

Pressure to Be Somebody I'm Not

I've told you this about my father because I want you to understand the pressure he put me under to grow up to go into business and "make something of **my** life." He wasn't interested in making amends for **his**.

Keep in mind, I know nothing about money except what I learned from my mother, which was to save every penny until Lincoln's eyes roll back in his head and to squeeze every nickel until the buffalo hollers for help. I'm great at saving, but I never got a clue how to earn a dime. How could I? Neither of my parents knew how to **make** money. I became a ballet dancer and then an English teacher... Need I say more?

Naturally, my father ended up voting Republican. Most unrepentant thieves do. But my mother never bothered to vote. She thought voting was a distraction from what really mattered: **herself**. She thought smart people avoided voting and only let fools fight over the future of the world.

So, you can imagine that with parents as dumb as the two God Gave me, I have plenty of good reasons for having gone down every dead end I could find in search of something meaningful to glean from life. Fortunately, making mistakes makes you wise if you acknowledge that you took a wrong turn and ended up having to turn around and come all the way back to go another way. I can now tell you without a

shadow of a doubt that I'm the wisest man I've ever met. But I'm also the most cynical...

In addition, I have the honor of being a world class expert on failure... I've written more than a dozen books on insanity. But that was because of a personal need. I can now say with pride that I've climbed my own tree of knowledge and have picked the highest, ripest and most Son-Kissed Fruits hanging temptingly there for me. I've learned how to focus my life on learning about my love for me.

To become a kind, loving person, you need only go in any direction that doesn't end up a dead end. All **goodness** leads to **love**, and all **evil**, atoned for, leads to **wisdom**. I'm wise and loving. But I'm a lot less naïve than I once was.

As it so happens, I'm a naturally kind person. I can save my money by not gambling with it. But I have no idea how to save a human being who wishes to gamble with his soul. We're all in this alone together. That's why some fulfill their fate while only a few achieve their destiny.

Toilet Training in the Bathtub

When I look back on my early childhood, it's easy now to see that my parents were, themselves, still in emotional diapers when they conceived me. They were babies who made babies. They were trying to get out of their own diapers into long pants. They were trying to figuratively toilet train each other. But they certainly didn't succeed. When they divorced, they left behind quite a smell and a mess. I'll tell you more about that later.

But I suppose I was about three years old when they began potty training me. I remember sitting on the toilet with them at the bathroom door watching. That made me needlessly uncomfortable. I didn't know what they were trying to get me to do. I just knew it felt like they were trying to do it by invading my privacy. I was accustomed to defecating in my diaper at my leisure. I didn't have to account to anyone when I felt like doing so. To find myself

without my diaper on, having to spread my legs over a seat with a hole in it, made no sense at all to me. I felt exposed. I felt scrutinized. I couldn't figure out why, and they didn't explain their reasoning to me.

But then, one night, something happened that changed my life entirely. My mother drew a bath for me. And, as usual, I got to bring my sailboats, battleships and submarines into the tub to play with them – an activity I always found enormously pleasant and rewarding.

Well, that night we went through the same bath time routine, but instead of her crouched over the tub watching over me, she had to leave to do something, probably attend to my younger sister.

As I sat there in the warm water playing with my toys, a feeling of relaxation and exquisite joy rippled through me, and I realized that I could relieve my bowels in the tub. That was a revelation for me in not having to do it in a diaper. Afterwards, I even played with my feces like toys, guiding them across the tub as though they were ships coming into harbor to dock.

Despite the horror on my mother's face when she saw what I'd done, that's when I believe I experienced the meaning of being potty trained. It was then that I realized I no longer needed a diaper and could use a toilet instead, even if I had to drop bombs from airplanes rather than let submarines out of dry dock under water...

But it was also at that moment when I suppose I concluded that the whole world was a warm bathtub, and I could crap anywhere I wanted whenever I felt like it... That's when the oceans became my toilet... The sky overhead became my fouled, bathroom air... And the land became a porcelain bowl that could hold any amount of bowel I wished to dump in it...

I've since learned that we all have to toilet train ourself on various levels of spiritual awakening. Now it's not just a literal product I'm producing each day. There's a spiritual

substance that's coming out of me, as well. Call it an attitude. Call it a regard for the planet. Call it a regard for all life God Created.

Today, I'm not in a toilet anymore. I'm in a wonderful and magical place where respect and dignity are always called for.

Patriarchal Consumption

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

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

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

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

Growing up from a boy who's looking around for models of courage from others into a man who's looking for it within

himself is about finding ways to figuratively infuse yourself with things that make you feel alive, virile and manly. Most men choose the vehicles of money, power and prestige. They chase the almighty dollar, a job with status and a trophy wife to help them prove they can be a dad. And they usually get what they're seeking, albeit at a terrible cost to their heart and soul, to say nothing of what it does to family dynamics as well as the planet.

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

There's a part of a man who's a woman. There's a part of a man who's a child. And there's a part of a man who's a devil and an angel in disguise.

Too Good Isn't Good Enough

Looking back on my life, I can see that in some ways I was too good, and in others, I wasn't good enough. I could never quite find the sweet spot. I was emotionally bipolar, swinging from one extreme to the other with no brakes to stop me when I reached the midpoint.

Age and experience finally slowed me down. They helped me pump gently against the inertia of my life that was sending me careening back and forth between two extremes. Today, I can say that I've slowed down enough to finally be able to do some good in this world without harming myself in the process.

That's said, doing good shouldn't be as hard as it is. Ask politicians, clergy, parents, teachers and medical personnel if you don't believe me. It's really hard to leave this world having done more good than evil. We all leave a trail of broken dreams behind.

That said, we all know that to make an omelet, you have to break eggs. Life is a process that sometimes requires doing things you never thought necessary.

Letter to Itzi-Witzi

Here's an email I recently felt I had to send to an 85-year-old friend I've had for ten years. I'm calling him Itzi-Witzi because he's a spider that loves to climb up waterspouts.

I was VERY upset with you yesterday. I hope that came across thoroughly enough when I pointed my finger at you and told you that you're rude.

I gave a great deal of thought to why I said that. Here is a detailed reasoning and what I plan to do about it moving forward:

With **my** guidance, you've been able to access the first of the three levels of guilt: embarrassment of your body. **Embarrassment** is the level of guilt we experience **with** ourself **within** ourself. Embarrassment overcome leaves you with **modesty**.

You're now able to use your spiritual operating system to think about your penis poetically as the delivery device of the life-giving substance within you. You're not afraid to go below your belt to take ownership of an inner force in you that you had no idea you had that could be accessed with poetic license.

If you don't believe me, just look around your room. Your walls are filled with sketches of young, handsome men that you've drawn. These are visual studies in overcoming embarrassment to achieve modesty. You've been working toward that end all your life. If you recall, I encouraged you to put your poetry down, advertise for models and get hot under the collar by putting down your pen and picking up colored crayons.

That said, you're still completely in the dark about the other two aspects of guilt: shame and humiliation.

I'm not even going to discuss **humiliation** with you because it's only accessible to people who believe in God. You can't look back on your life with a feeling of humiliation if you don't do so in the presence of God in prayer. The way it turns out in life is the way it needs to turn out for you to become a complete participant in your life, the life of those you know and the lives of all the world's strangers.

When it comes to **shame**, however, you know nothing. And by now, you should.

Shame is the level of guilt we experience when we realize that our character is flawed. Shame is the level of guilt we experience in the company of **others** about how we behave toward them. When you overcome shame, you experience **humility**.

You're shameless, Itzi-Witzi. You know nothing about shame. And what you express is nothing more than false humility. If you care to learn about shame, we're going to have to change the dynamics of our relationship.

Here is a list of what I told him needs to happen:

1. You're a charity case. **I'm** helping **you**. Therefore, you don't get to dictate to me the conditions by which I do that. You can't make excuses anymore for all that you don't know; never learned; and are finding new and challenging. I'm sick and tired of your excuses. Going forward, you're going to have to give up all the **reasons** why you can't do what you can't do. If you want to **learn** to do what you can't yet do, fine. Just ask more questions. But no more

excuses. They're just masks that conceal your false humility.

2. You're dictating to me how I need to hold you, treat you, and speak to you. That's got to stop, too. Either you want what I've got, or you don't. I'm not your private chef hired to come to your home to cook for you. You don't get to tell me what to cook and how you like it. And if you think you're going to threaten me that you aren't going to eat what I serve if you're not hungry – you can feed yourself. I'm sick and tired of you turning your nose up at what I have to offer.
3. In the future, if you're full, and you can't eat anymore, you simply need to say, "Barry, I'm full. I appreciate all that you've served me today, but I can't swallow another bite. Would you mind if I leave the table and I come back again when I'm hungry? At the moment, I can't look at another morsel of food-for-thought."
4. If you think you're going to communicate with me like a junior high school kid using body language rather than the English language, I've got news for you. I did that job for 10 years, and I'm not going to tolerate juvenile behavior from a man your age. When you put your hands behind your head and rolled your eyes at me yesterday, I **got** the message! "You tire me, Barry. I wish to God you'd shut up and go away."

If you were 11-15 years old, I'd change the subject. I'd make you laugh. I'd ask you a question about a topic that interests you. I'd suggest you get a good night's sleep and come back the next day refreshed.

But you're not in that age bracket. And I'm not going to tolerate you behaving as though you

are. I expect you to treat me with the respect of a teacher. I'm not getting **paid** to teach you, Itzi-Witzi. As I said at the beginning of this email, what I'm offering you is simply charity.

If you don't like these conditions, we can stop this relationship at any time, and you can move forward with your life on your own. But I'm through putting up with your incorrigible anti-authoritarianism that implies that I'm your oppressor. On the one hand, you hide behind a Southern courtesy and politesse that's been dead for years. And on the other, you behave like a juvenile delinquent who gleefully gets his way anyway he can.

You're manipulative, disingenuous and hypocritical. That's why I say that you're shameless. You have no conscience to guide you at this level of self-scrutiny. You don't know what shame is, but you're a master at avoiding it.

A Disappointing Reply

Here's his reply:

I've been thinking about the email you sent about what happened the other day. I'd like to talk with you about it on Thursday. Would that work for you?

As you can see, he has no empathy, whatsoever. He wants me to come over to his house, but he can't see how insulting that is, given that he hasn't said one word to express his sorrow that our friendship has taken a turn for the worse.

If he wasn't so stupid [in a stupid], I'd just dump him. But I know he doesn't know any better. He doesn't have a clue how he comes across. And he doesn't have a clue what to do to repair our friendship.

That said, from the way I spoke to him, I can't imagine that our friendship can move further forward, either. I don't care that he's gay and Jewish. I have to protect myself from people who are users who skillfully manipulate me in ways I don't see.

Itzi-Witzi isn't very different from a lot of people. The only difference is that he's closer to death than most people and hasn't got much more time to figure out the basics, let alone make more progress than just the ABC's of interpersonal relationships.

Shame is something they ought to teach people early in their life. Some people really don't know what that level of guilt is or why it exists. All they know is that shame is something to be avoided at all costs. And so, they go through their life without learning the first thing about guilt: **embarrassment**. They go through life without learning the second thing about guilt: **shame**. And they go through life without learning the third thing about guilt: **humiliation**.

And yet, if you talk to them, you'll find that they think they're a splendid human being who anticipates a great reward when all has been said and done. They see themselves as modest, humble and gracious. And yet, the truth is that they haven't gotten to the starting line by the time they get to the finish line.

Tough Love

Here is my reply to Itzi-Witz:

Your email expresses no emotional response whatsoever to the rift in our relationship. I can see that you've been **thinking** about the email I sent. But I can't see that it's had any **emotional** effect on you. A normal person would say something like, "I'm sorry you're so upset. I hope that we can talk this out. Your relationship means a great deal to me. If I did

or said anything that has upset you, I'd like to understand it, so I won't do it again."

At the moment I have no desire to lift a finger for you, let alone literally walk a mile each way to spend time with you in your studio apartment. Just sit there and think about how this feels until you can emit a feeling worth expressing.

Can you not address any concern for the fact that our relationship is on the brink of exploding? Are you so depressed and repressed that you can't express a real feeling for anyone? This is what I mean by you being shameless. You're 85 years old and haven't learned this much about relationships. The only one you can relate to is your cat. And even then, what I mostly hear from you is irritation in your voice that your cat gets in your way.

Well, I strongly suggest you pass along my two emails and your responses to as many of your friends as possible. And I hope they're mature enough to give you some helpful advice on this subject. Because this is the last reflection I'm going to give you on your behavior.

Self-Shaming

I hate shaming people. I don't want to tell anyone that I'm glad the Republicans and their children are dying like flies from COVID. I don't want to wish that the Republicans **won't** take the vaccine so more of them will drop dead. I didn't want anyone to know how much I wished Donald Trump dead from COVID when he contracted it. And don't want to feel depressed that Merck has found a partial cure in pill form that will save Republican lives.

Republicans are often the sorts of people who are grossly overweight. They're known to drink copious amounts of alcohol. Some of them may have taken every drug in the book. I doubt they get enough sleep. They may not get

regular medical checkups. They may even smoke. And they love guns. Yet they'll tell you that their body is their temple. It's theirs to treat anyway they like.

They say they don't want to put something in their body that may hurt their health. They tell us we have no right to tell them what they must do to protect the rest of us. And in the next breath, they tell you that they have to right to force a woman to have a baby she doesn't want. It's jaw dropping to witness such hypocrisy.

I never wanted to sound like a bad person. I was bad when I was young because I felt a need to explore roads that I intuitively knew were dead ends. I was tempted to go the wrong way to find answers for **myself** rather than rely on the outcomes of others. I couldn't trust anybody. So, I had to hurt myself by doing as I pleased.

But once I got clean and sober and gave up trying to kill myself to get out of my misery, I needed to search high and low for ways to live a better life. But that challenge happened almost half a century ago! I'm not in the same place anymore.

Now I feel like a fish out of water in society. Now I'm floundering at the bottom of the boat when I hear myself wishing people dead and hoping no cures to COVID will be found.

What's happened to me? How could life have done this to me? Just to maintain my sanity, I've had to become hateful. How is that possible and why is it necessary?

Some people behave shamefully. They have no regard for other people's wellbeing. They have no regard for other people's feelings. They're shut down, mean and vindictive. And the only thing that wakes them up is being shamed for behaving like a lone wolf, not a citizen in a civilized society.

I can't say that I was born knowing how to shame **myself**, but I have painstakingly learned over time how to do so. I'd now call **self**-shaming an acquired taste, like olives.

Nobody is born liking olives. But you can learn to like olives if you've lived a long and rich life...

Now, I actually have to confess to you that I can appreciate the importance of me shaming myself. It's not easy, but sometimes it must be done.

But I refuse to shame myself for being gay. I refuse to shame Blacks for refusing to be slaves. I refuse to shame Jews who eat pork. And I refuse to shame parents who don't stone their bad children.

I believe life is a school, and God Is our Teacher. I have office hours with Him almost every night. I can't seem to sleep all the way through till morning. By the time it's darkest – before the dawn – I'm wide-awake staring at myself from the inside looking further down and in.

It feels as though I'm being woken up for personal instruction with The Teacher before "class" when The Son Rises, and everybody goes about his business.

During these office hours, God Has a weird way of humiliating me. He Does so by Presenting me with His Test. But on these tests, I'm the pupil and I'm the teacher. He'S just The Proctor. He'S just Watching me as I test myself.

I know this sounds weird, but it's subjectively true. I can't verify that it's objectively true. But it's true for me. It's a true depiction of what's going on inside of me between 3:00-6:00 AM most nights.

Like eating olives, self-shaming now almost makes my mouth water. When I think about what I just said, I can see what a weird fruit I turned out to be. I can't be eaten raw. I have to be cured like an olive. I have to soak in my own juices for quite a long time until I'm edible. When I was young, I even had to be figuratively stuffed with pimentos to distract me from my bitter taste...

The wonderfully weird thing about self-shaming is that once I see myself as the teacher and the pupil, I find I have the humility to accept my own lessons with personal resolve. Once I know what I'm trying to learn from me, and why it

would be so good for me to follow my own advice, I become a much more cooperative student in God's School. My grades go up, and my luck changes for the better.

Lower Than a Lawyer

There's nothing lower than a lawyer who knowingly tries to get his guilty client off the hook by lying, cheating and obfuscating the truth. But if you scratch such a lawyer, what you find inside him is a lobbyist.

A lobbyist is someone who does to the governing body what such a lawyer does to the court system. But a lobbyist uses money to get his way rather than trying to sweet talk his way out of a crime.

Needless to say, there's a disreputable **lawyer** and **lobbyist** in me. And if they're one and the same person in **me**, they're surely one and the same person in **you**, too. Take my word for that or look inside to see whether that's not true for you.

This disreputable voice inside me isn't the voice in my head. It certainly isn't the voice in my heart. And I'd fight anyone who'd try to claim that this voice emanates out of my soul. So, there are very few voices left to choose from:

The voice that emanates out of my navel only knows how to cry over separation from my mother. That voice started howling when I was born, and it hasn't stopped wailing since. I've tried to address it with assurances that this is a normal reaction to life that everybody goes through. I've tried to tell it that our mother ironically moved **closer** to us after we were born, as difficult as that was for my navel to understand. It thought that getting fed through a tube was the closest way possible to connect with our mom. I had to argue with it for years that there were emotional and spiritual ways to connect to her that were, ironically, much closer.

Frankly, my navel didn't understand what I said. It was always worried about my mom getting closer to me sexually.

The voice of my navel can't contemplate itself. It's only an eye that can see what's happening on the outside. It can't see that I've got guts deep down within.

So, no. My navel isn't the voice of the lawyer and lobbyist in me. It's too obsessed with other issues to do such damage.

Then I went further South to my penis. My penis is probably the most beguiling of all the voices in me. It [serpent] colludes with my heart [Eve]. The two of them convince my head [Adam] that I simply have to have what **they** want.³

Until I realized that this was the conspiracy theory described to Moses by God that he elucidated at the beginning of his autobiography [Torah], my head [thoughts] never bothered to question anything my urges and feelings insisted on acquiring.

Although that's changed somewhat now that I have more experience and wisdom, my penis [urges] still doesn't shut up. I can't walk down the street without it telling me about everything it wants, whether that something is in a store window or in some man's pants.

So, for the longest time, I did think that the voice of my penis was the culprit. That is, until I realized that the head of my penis is very sensitive, but not very smart or compassionate. It senses very deeply, but it doesn't think or feel at all well.

I finally realized that my penis is just a delivery device for something else. And that something is a concoction I create in my testicles made of good [+] and evil [-] urges

³ **Adam** means **man** in Hebrew. **Chava** [Eve] means **life**. A man knows that he's alive when he comes out of the thoughts in his head to contemplate the meaning of the beating of his heart. When the heart stopped, the ancient Jews believed that the union between Adam and Chava had been broken. The individual then returned to God in paradise.

that I infuse into everything my penis yearns to give the world.

No. This isn't the voice of the lawyer and lobbyist in me, either. The words coming out of my penis are slimy enough. That's for sure! But they don't stink. And that's the clue that got me to look beneath **it** for the real culprit.

The voice of the disreputable lawyer and lobbyist in me emanates out of my ass. That's where this despicable voice comes from!

It's a pity most people are so turned off to the idea of sodomy. Only gay men seem to embrace the idea of screwing this voice at its source. And that, we gleefully do with one another!

Consider **that** our spiritual contribution to society. Who, but a disreputable person, would disapprove of something as noble as sodomy when you look at it like that?

Cure every olive until it's edible fruit. Stuff every cured olive with a pimento. The soured and embittered come from a tree of knowledge with inedible raw fruits. This is the mystery in overcoming man's conspiracy against God.

The Way to a Man's Heart

The way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach. That's just nonsense. My boyfriend is a great cook and a terrific baker. But it's not what he concocts in the kitchen that appeals to me enough to keep his warm body in my bed...

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

Every man has a roving eye. How many men can maintain their vow of monogamy with their partner, whether male or female? If it were just a matter of satisfying their penis, men wouldn't need to look left, right and center for someone to capture their heart. But most men do.

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

The way to a man's heart is definitely not through his stomach [or his penis], even though that adage has practically risen to the height of the Golden Rule. Is it any wonder that if you give a man a gun without requiring him to pass a test and maintain a license to make sure he's mentally and emotionally capable of using it responsibly – he's going to pull the trigger at the least little provocation?

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

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

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

If you're a normal man with an average-sized funny bone, you'd especially love it if people would laugh at the

jokes you make about yourself. If you think your life is amusing, and you try to describe that predicament to others, the least people can do is laugh at your comments to make you feel a bit more human and humane.

I'm reminded of the British prominent chef and food critic who later become known to a wider audience as a television and radio personality: Clement Freud, the grandson of Sigmund Freud. He told a joke once in which his delivery was even funnier than his punch line! He always spoke in a monotone voice, as though he were in a catatonic state with no ability to appreciate his own existential circumstances. He appeared to have no funny bone to speak of. That's what made him so brilliant. Here is his joke:

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

I wrote 22 books before this one. They were all comic books if you ask me. They were all hysterically funny because they described how deep a stupor I was in until I learned more about how God Had Made me.

But not a single agent signed me up and not a single publisher has published any of them. I've had to self-publish everything I've written, with the exception of a linguistic treatise on metaphors in gay speech called, "The Queen's English." That, Cambridge University Press published in a now defunct journal called "English Today."

What happened as the result of my feelings of literary failure is that my humor has gotten shriller and sharper over the years. When you have to explain that your jokes are hysterically funny, you lose your audience. Your jokes become more instructive than entertaining. You no longer feel funny inside unless you can see what a spectacle **you've** made of yourself. You feel like Clement Freud's uncle. You feel like the joke's been on you.

That feeling is called "humiliation." That's not something any one person is doing to you. That's God's Lesson Plan for **your** curriculum alone that you can learn to

laugh with our Teacher about if you're adequately educated about life. That's when you become humorous on an existential level of awakening that's personal and profoundly intimate.

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

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

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

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

The way to a man's heart is through his funny bone. If you can make him laugh at his worries, you've proved the adage that laughter is the best medicine.

People don't need a pill to deal with mental health. What they need a pill for is to cure their broken funny bone... If doctors would focus their attention less on brain function,

they'd surely make their way down to the funny bone which, I suppose, is located at their elbows. from which all the world's problems surely arise...

Necrophilia

In the spirit of a good laugh, you might have anticipated that my next chapter would be about screwing the dead... There's nothing more challenging or frustratingly funny than trying to infuse the life-giving force in you into someone who's lying on a cold slab of marble with a tag hanging from his or her toe... When you think about your stiffy penetrating someone who's getting stiff with rigor mortis, that's poetically ironic! For me, that encapsulates what most of life is about.

Don't be put off by the metaphor I'm employing in this chapter by taking me literally. I'm about halfway through writing this book. This is definitely the low point. There's nowhere to go from here but up.

Necrophilia is metaphorically funny because it contains the reaction I have when I look back on the sex I had with men who appeared, at the time, to be fully alive. But I now think that I might have been screwing the dead... I think I might have been trying to wake them up from a level of sleep from which nobody comes back to tell the tale... I tried to penetrate them every way I could. Nothing I did seemed to help.

Ostensibly, I had the hots for virile, young men when I was a virile young man. I liked juicy ass and gorgeous dick. But now I discover that I was spiritually attracted to those long gone... I was trying to wake up the dead with every bone in my body, including my boner...

What was I thinking? Was I as dead as they were? If so, that would explain why I look back now and see myself as such a failure. I had no idea at the time how difficult it was to come alive...

Despite my health, money and good cheer these days, perhaps it's no wonder I can't sell a single one of my books. I've been unconsciously trying to instruct the dead on how to come alive!... That's not a viable audience... That's not a marketing plan that Madison Avenue is ever going to embrace...

If ever there was a mission that's doomed to fail, my writing career must be that mission. Clearly, I've now reached a new bottom in futility... Although it turns out that literary necrophilia was my passion and my dream all along, I've finally screwed **myself** over so successfully that the only one who's receiving the life-giving substance within me is me!...

Well, I suppose the moral is that if you screw yourself long and hard enough, you're going to wake up the dead man inside you to what you've done to yourself... You're going to wake up the one corpse who'll thank you for what you did for him.

I advocate that you don't feel like a ghost who's haunting a world you have no one to share yourself with. If nobody hears you; nobody sees you; and nobody laughs with you – then you're in need of more of **you**, not **them**.

If that's what death looks like, figuratively speaking, then I've been there. I've done that. I can die for good without fear of what comes next.

Stuffing Pillows

It feels like I've only just begun writing this book, and I'm already afraid of running out of things to say. Perhaps I shouldn't be so frightened. Perhaps there's more in me than I think.

First of all, my mother once told me that when I die, they're going to have to bury my mouth separately. What she meant by that was that I'm resilient. I'm not easily deterred.

Secondly, God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Gave me something to do only this morning that made me very upset

that I want to talk about. But I think you're going to need some background information. If I write only to myself, this book will be illegible and my ability to connect with others will be irreparably damaged beyond repair...

I live in a one bedroom, garden condominium apartment in San Francisco with my boyfriend. I bought the place for \$500,000 cash 17 years ago. Now it's worth \$1,300,000. But I've already digressed... I didn't want to talk about money and how Blessed things have turned out for me with regard to my survival issues. Learning from my mother how to save money was the greatest gift she imparted to me. **Saving** has been a metaphor that I've been able to use spiritually to save others and psychologically to save myself.

Good fortune is a gift from God. You can't **buy** financial luck with money. And if you try, they should throw the book at you. You should **earn** money honestly if you're going to be able to boast about your money without having to look over your shoulder in fear of getting caught and put in jail.

What upset me today happened in our garden. I take care of the garden for the other owners in our 4-unit apartment building. I've been doing this since the place went condo 17 years ago when I moved in. Our garden is also my little Israel. It's my land of milk and honey to do the best I can with.

Specifically, what I want to speak about is our garden furniture. But first, I still have to take one more detour by telling you that I feed the squirrels in my garden peanuts that I buy at an Asian supermarket. I pay only \$1.49 for a 12-ounce bag. And I pour a bag a day into two bowls placed among the plants. Online, I also buy bird seed without shells, again at a great discount, which I pour into a bird feeder that hangs from a fig tree. The squirrels and birds get very chatty and impatient whenever I'm in the garden doing other chores because they see me feeding them as my only task in life.

And that makes me a little uncomfortable. I feel guilty for taking the time to water the plants and weed the garden

because the squirrels and the birds are always anxious to be fed. I also feel guilty for having to tend to the garden furniture because that chore, too, is a distraction for the critters who've come to depend on me.

Such is the life of a gardener. You can just imagine how God Must Have Felt whenever He Went out into His Garden: Eden. He Was The Gardener in paradise. Moses described Him as Having Walked noisily into Eden after Adam and Eve ate something they shouldn't have. He Was obviously mad at them and Wanted them to hear Him Coming. He'S God. He Could Have Walked more softly if He'D Wanted to...

My birds and squirrels, unlike Adam and Eve, aren't guilt ridden when I'm around. They're just hungry and impatient. I'm not their lord and master. I'm just a human being they've trained to give them what they want.

And that folds in neatly with my tale. Yesterday, my boyfriend took off the pillowcases from the outdoor furniture to wash them. Last night, I put them out on the back stair railings to dry. And this morning, I went into the garden with peanuts and pillowcases in hand to do what needed to be done.

I have two master's degrees and a teaching credential. But have you ever tried stuffing a pillow? That's a life skill they don't teach you at university... That's a task that can make you want to call Suicide Prevention...

I was told that in Mandarin, people who have little inner wealth are called pillowcases. So, I don't even need to get into the details of the frustration I went through. I'm sure everyone can relate to the exercise of stuffing pillowcases. I just want to draw a few conclusions, now that the "deed" is done.

We need women in this world! Not even gay men are good enough. Granted, I'll ask my boyfriend to finish the job of stuffing the pillowcases later today. It turned out that the zipper on one pillow was broken. And one of the other

pillows was too big for the last of the pillowcases. I must have stuffed one pillow into the wrong case. Thank God, my boyfriend can handle things like that. God Needs many kinds of men to save the world.

But women are particularly important to the running of this world as well. If they want abortion, give ‘em abortions. If they want equal pay, give them that, too. And if they want a safe society where men aren’t allowed to carry guns without a license because men can’t discern the different between a gun and a penis or ammunition and semen – just do what women say.

God Didn’t Make men different from women without good reason. In His Infinite Wisdom, God Made this world just as He Did. Men and young boys are simply unrealistic when it comes to the importance of women and penises. All men care about are big, black guns...

Despite the obvious differences between men, women and children, everybody’s got an anus. Take my word for it. I’ve undressed many men. And on every one of them, I found a hole at the bottom.

Therefore, don’t prove what we all know to be true about you by acting like an asshole. Just having and using your anus daily ought to be reminder enough of what I’ve just said.

My Buddhist-Turned-Catholic-Friend

Everybody must know at least one Christian who’s turned into a Buddhist. But **I** know a Buddhist who converted to Catholicism! Everybody knows a gay man or lesbian who left the Church. But **I** know a Protestant, gay man who converted to Catholicism! I know, crazy, right?

The Protestant, gay man is my boyfriend. Two weeks after I met him, he told me he saw an ad for a Catholic church in the Castro [the gay neighborhood of San Francisco], and he was curious about what they had to offer.

In no time, he decided to convert. And there was a Japanese [Buddhist] gal in his conversion class who was doing the same.

I seem to draw weird people to me. Everyone I know is weird! I don't know what it is about me. I see myself as your average, gay-Jew who's trying to eke out a meaningful life with his hobby as a writer, but then God Brings people into my life who, like comets, show up to streak across my night sky to illuminate me to my own inner darkness.

Well, my Protestant-turned-Catholic-boyfriend and our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend have been in my life now for eleven years. My boyfriend's now the secretary of that church, and she's a prominent parishioner.

I want to talk about a recent issue I had with her. Naturally, I had to handle the matter more delicately than I did with Itzi-Witzi because my boyfriend's job is involved. Here's what happened:

We gave our Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend a ride home from church one day, and I mentioned to her that I'd written a book about Buddhism that was very short, only 75 pages. I offered her a copy of it. She knows I've always seen her as a bridge over troubled East-West waters, and I wanted to assure her that I believe the world faiths should all include the philosophy of Buddhism in with their teachings.

It's not enough to believe in **God**. You first need to learn to believe in **yourself**. Only then can you give some of your faith in **you** to **Him**.

She thought that idea was fascinating. And in true Asian form, she thanked me with a text message upon receipt of the book by including a compliment derived from reading the back cover. She also contacted me a few days later, having read the whole book, and told me that she found it amazing, and would love to discuss her reaction with me in person.

Well, as much as I like people who laugh at my **jokes**, I love **compliments** about my writing even more... So, I

jumped at the chance to get a few compliments from her in person. We arranged to get together at the end of that week.

That Thursday, I walked a mile out of my way to buy almond croissants at a bakery that's renown. [And in San Francisco, there are many such bakeries.] But two hours before she was supposed to arrive that Friday, she cancelled, telling me that something came up, but she'd discuss it with me another time.

Well, I'm not just a **hardhearted** asshole who takes rejection and abandonment badly. I'm also a **softhearted** sweetie pie who floods with self-pity when things don't go my way...

More than a week later, I discovered through my boyfriend that my Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend's roommate had come down with COVID, although that woman had been vaccinated. And my Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend had needed to go for a COVID test that previous Friday afternoon. But she may have been too embarrassed to tell me that at the time.

They say that there are 100 words for **yes** in Japanese and no word for **no**. And now I see how that works in real life. I think she was **embarrassed** by her bodily needs, but she was also **ashamed** of her character at having to cancel our date. So, she didn't find the words to tell me why she had to cancel.

Even though Buddhists are struggling to learn how to put their faith in themselves, they may not yet fully understand the difference between **embarrassment** and **shame**. And because they can't go to God with this problem because they don't believe in Him, they can't deal with **humiliation**, the third level of guilt, either. Therefore, they may behave in ways that are enigmatic, even causing suffering for the rest of us.

My Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend **should**, on paper, be an exception to that. She **does** believe in God, and she certainly knows the Buddha's doctrine on suffering.

Therefore, she should feel some embarrassment about her bodily needs, shame at having to cancel our date and humiliation before God for having been forced by Him into a predicament that was a test that wasn't easy for her to solve.

The 7th Commandment from God [the prohibition of adultery] is really about keeping your word. So clearly there's a lot that Buddhists and Catholics still need to learn about the three levels of guilt. We all do.

East [suffering] might need to meet West [guilt], and West [humiliation] might need to meet East [embarrassment and shame], but without gay Jewish middlemen to translate what the two of them are doing to and for one another, I fear that the world won't ever turn as peacefully as it could.

A Humble Proposal

In the early 18th Century, Jonathan Swift wrote an essay called "A Modest Proposal." In it, he advocated that the English eat Irish babies. There was a potato famine at the time in Ireland, and he wanted the English to wake up to the fact that they were partially responsible for it.

Needless to say, many Englishmen and Irishmen at the time thought he was serious. But it was, in fact, a good idea on paper... The Irish **were** dying of starvation, so, of course, their babies were dying, too. And by eating Irish babies, both the English and the Irish could have solved the famine without resorting to working together on better farming practices, which, as we all know, is a tedious task...

Well, I have a **humble** proposal I'd like to offer. And I preface it by saying that I was a junior high and high school English teacher for ten years, so I think I know a bit about how juvenile minds work...

Let's hope you don't take my suggestion the wrong way. My point is only that kids today aren't getting the information they need about sex from their parents or teachers. They're relying on one another. And I think that's

a recipe for disaster since none of them have enough experience with relationships [or in being themselves] to call themselves an expert on anything as complex as sexual relations.

I humbly propose that we offer teenagers the opportunity to go to funeral homes to lose their virginity on dead people. I suggest this for many reasons which I gladly enumerate for you below:

1. The dead can't make babies. This should cut down enormously on unwanted teen pregnancies.
2. I doubt the dead carry diseases that can be transmitted. I imagine that even their diseases are dead. This will cut down on sexually transmitted illnesses, as well.
3. The dead don't mind if you screw them once and never come back to do it again. They won't cry over rejection. Other teenagers are very sensitive to such matters. Necrophilia will cut down on emotional entanglements, and that will eliminate a great deal of drama that the world has been suffering with, one generation through to the next.
4. The dead don't kiss and tell. Jealousy and envy will also be averted.
5. And lastly, most teenagers are just coming alive themselves. They've hardly had a chance to discover the joy in the mystery of life. By losing their virginity to a corpse, it won't be that different from how most of them may feel about the way they are now. They probably feel that they have more in common with the dead than the adults and many of the peers they have to deal with...

This sagacious advice comes out of the experience I got from the very first time I achieved orgasm with myself. I was figuratively as dead as a doornail before that momentous

occasion. I felt as though I jumped out of my coffin when a strange new liquid started spewing forth from my dick.

Intellectually, I knew what had happened. But emotionally, the result of my first ejaculation made me feel like Dr. Frankenstein's monster having electricity suddenly shoot through his veins, thus bringing him to life. My first orgasm awakened me in a way that nothing else ever has or ever will. And I've been figuratively terrorizing the villagers ever since...

If funeral homes would also advertise as bordellos, it would increase their business and keep their viewing rooms busy day and night. And from what I once heard about dead celebrities being sold off to the highest bidder at morgues, apparently my idea isn't that far-fetched...

Explaining Me to Myself

I know I don't have to explain myself to anyone. I also know that many people see me as a particularly stubborn person because I don't do as **they** say. But there's a difference between being **resolved** and being **stubborn**. And I can easily explain that difference to you: When I'm **resolved**, things work out well in the end. And when I'm **stubborn**, they don't.

That said, I feel the need to explain myself for having suggested that young people metaphorically explore the concept of necrophilia rather than sex with another living human being. I know there's no chance that this idea will catch on, and that is, of course, part of the reason why I so vociferously recommend it...

We live in a society where sex is far more relaxed than it was when I was growing up in the 1960's. You couldn't walk down the street eating a banana in those days. It was considered scandalous.

But even though gays have introduced the word **it** as a place holder for **penis**, that doesn't mean that people are all that comfortable with the topic of sex. In fact, the country is

now divided politically, and if we scratch the surface of the political divide, I think all political divisions can be ascribed to **it**.

People want to talk about many things. But they don't want to talk about self-ignorance. That brings up guilt. And they can't talk about guilt because they don't know the difference between embarrassment, shame and humiliation.

Therefore, let's fast forward to the world today. Funeral parlors are supposed to be places where we go to express our grief together. But now that we've crossed the line of 700,000 Americans who've died of COVID, the grief in this country has reached a crescendo.

During the AIDS crisis, grief was contained to a small segment of society, even though 500,000 gay men died of AIDS by 2004. Our grief was **gay**. And straight grief was **straight**. And Americans maintained an emotional separation between the two in those "illustrious" days...

Now that grief has finally become ubiquitous in America, perhaps we can now revisit the topic of sex to reconsider what it means to be alive and vitally important to a society we should all seek to share with one another.

Let me start by saying that I still believe orgasm is the greatest indicator of the meaning of life. When such an ecstatic surge rushes through your body, it ought to make you think about all the ways in which you feel half-asleep most of the time in comparison to how sex makes you feel like you've suddenly risen from the dead...

I know there are people in society who want to legislate sex just for **straight** people; just for **married**, straight people; and just for married, straight people who do **it** for the purpose of **procreation**. But I'm afraid that isn't going to happen, even though that truth may upset half the nation.

Half of America was quite upset when their slaves were taken away from them. And it seems it's the same people in the same places who are now upset about **it**, too. Well,

they're **stubborn**, and we're **resolved**. That's about all I have to say on that subject. Let the cards fall where they may.

The topic of sex for the prepubescent and pubescent has to be brought into the classroom because **parents, teachers** and **administrators** need to learn a Hell of a lot more than they know now about sex if they're going to teach young people what **they** need to know about **it**.

I know all adults think they're experts on this subject. But I must differ with them about that. I've had a lot of sex, and not only were the men I had it with not good at **it**. I wasn't either. We were like the blind leading the blind or the dead figuratively fornicating with the dead...

So, when it comes to expertise on sex, I'd like to suggest that we live in a day and age when nobody knows nearly enough about the subject. We're just now coming out of the Age of Angst. With the pandemic and global warming upon us, we can now declare with a modicum of confidence that none of us are terribly **anxious** about anything anymore. Some are dancing to the music being played by the orchestra on the deck of the Titanic, and some are busy manning the lifeboats... Everybody's **resolved** in some way.

But there might still be a few people like me aboard this ship of fools who don't want to do either. We've gone back to our cabin and are screwing like bunnies... And it's to us that I dedicate this book.

Naturally, I don't really recommend that kids lose their virginity with dead people. But I'm truly saddened by how dead most people are to the potential for cuming alive. And I'm not just speaking about physical orgasm when I say that. I'm also referring to a magical, spiritual mystery of life that people seem to forget somewhere between their cabin, the deck and the lifeboats.

A Personality for TV

I'll never be allowed on TV. People aren't allowed on TV if they want to discuss their own orgasms... Polite

society insists that they speak in euphemisms instead. Polite society insists that people who want to learn more about such matters resort to reading. I know, right? How cruel!...

There are all sorts of people in the news who can't reach a satisfying, spiritual orgasm. Some of them are like news anchors who only comment on what's happening out in the world with vicious intent. Some are like game show hosts who sound like they've spent their whole life munching cotton candy. And some are like daytime, soap opera stars who struggle valiantly to reach a satisfying conclusion to their sexual exploits by following their script religiously, year after year after year.

It turns out that reaching better orgasms is pretty much the only thing that gives my life meaning... Not killing [6], cheating [7], stealing [8], lying [9] and coveting [10] aren't nearly as satisfying as cuming. Would that scripture, and the Ten Commandments specifically, had told me what **to** do, rather than what **not** to do...

I'm not particularly interested in wardrobe malfunctions on TV anymore, either. I want to expose **all** my ideas to the unsuspecting public. I want to disrobe spiritually, not literally. I'm a flasher in the existential sense of the word. I dream of waking up the masses to the erroneous concepts that are in the way of improving their orgasms. I want them to look at what's going on inside of me, and gasp!...

As it stands today, television executives have got the mind of Americans safely behind bars where they won't hurt themselves no matter what they do to one another on the streets, in malls or at cinemas. Nobody's going to escape the grasp of the **censors** who are keeping our **sensors** under their thumb. It's no longer just the **mind** of Americans that's puritanical. Now we're fighting for our **heart** and **soul** to be allowed to seek the raw, unadulterated truth.

Improved Orgasms

I'd had no clue that the meaning of life was to improve my orgasms!... Nobody had told me! It's a wonder I've discovered this truth on my own!

When I was young, I thought just cuming was more than enough of a pleasure. But over the years, I began to ask myself, "Is that all there is?" Somewhere in the back of my mind, I realized that **length** and **girth** doesn't translate into **strength**. It's the power in the surge that matters. And that's something no one's talking about on TV or even in **impolite** society, let alone **polite** society.

I can assure you that I've metaphorically found the only reason that makes life worth living. Reaching a powerful orgasm has now become so great a goal for me that my orgasms overflow from the realm of the literal into the realm of the figurative.

Enjoying my boyfriend's cooking feels more like **cuming**. Yesterday, he washed the windows. I welled up with tears; I was so verklempt at what he does for us. It felt like I'd **cleaved the pin**. When he went out into the garden to fix the last couple of pillows I couldn't stuff, that **broke my arrow**.

Nowadays, there are lots of things that happen in my life that feel like I've **blown my lump**. I love to **let go** and let God through every "thing" I do. And I've finally found myriad, figurative ways to do **it**.

I believe that **la petite mort** [ejaculation] is a preview to la grand mort [death]. Therefore, I'm now looking forward to dying with a look on my face that reveals just how much pleasure I'm getting out of leaving this world for what's to cum. I imagine Heaven to be an eternal orgasm, followed, perhaps, by a fag...

Cooking and Home Improvement Shows

In light of the last chapter, you should already anticipate that cooking shows are nothing less than soft porn in our

household... And home improvement shows – don't get me started! In our house, that's like an orgy in which we do **it** figuratively in one room after another...

My boyfriend and I have our favorite “porn stars” from these shows. I don't wish to mention names because I don't want to offend anyone by not including them. The dreams these hustlers, hookers, harlots and hussies serve us each evening after the news, Rachel Maddow and Jeopardy would give you chills if you could hear us moan and groan with delight... After we've angrily answered all the questions posed by the world around us each evening, we dive into our deepest fantasies dressed up as cooking and home improvement shows each night...

Don't feel bad if you haven't increased your orgasms as much as my boyfriend and I have... We are, after all, two horny, gay men who can't get enough of **it**. And as you know, **it** is a third person, nominative case pronoun that always refers to sex in the gay vernacular.

So, if you want to do **it** better than you're doing **it** now, especially figuratively speaking, I shouldn't have to tell you what to watch. But **we** don't need porn to get off. And yet, we couldn't imagine doing **it** with greater vigor without having become devoted fans of “The Great British Bake Off.” There isn't a contestant, host or judge on that show that doesn't get our **rocks off** during their bake off.

Sex with my boyfriend has only been improving since we met in 2010. I'm constantly reminding him of that after we literally do the deed. I don't want him to forget how awkward we were with each other at the beginning. If sex with the same man is supposed to get boring over time, then these two gay men are certainly been doing something terribly wrong... For us, everything's only getting better. I can say without a shadow of a doubt that there's no end to how close two people can cum together when self-intimacy is applied to making everything in life hotter. Just add moral

discernment to what you're trying to accomplish and the recipe for Heaven on Earth lies in your hands.

Laundry

The other day, one of the lights on the string of lights in the garden went out. The wind had pulled the whole thing down. After my boyfriend had restrung the lights, I graciously volunteered to change the one lightbulb that was out. As it turned out, the light only needed to be screwed in more tightly.

I wanted to share that with you because I'm not known around the building to be particularly "machinical." So naturally I texted everyone in the building to share my success in screwing in a light bulb...

The only thing I do really well is laundry... I do all the laundry at our house. My boyfriend has a fulltime job, but he can't eat my cooking and doesn't approve of most of my cleaning techniques. So, I just make the bed, do the laundry, go food shopping and keep the house neat. Granted, I'm also allowed to wash the toilet and tub, vacuum and dust the glass coffee tabletop. But that's about it.

When in a relationship with another person, nobody told me that you have to divide the household chores **unequally**. Sadly, I have almost no useful skills to speak of in life... I can also take out the garbage and empty the mailbox. But that's about it. Oh, and I do the gardening and blow the leaves into the street every other week on street cleaning day. But that's about it...

Because my boyfriend is a nerd and technical wizard, our house is on the cutting edge of Wi-Fi technology. If he dies before me, I'll have to submit a Craigslist posting for a new boyfriend who's an IT administrator or computer programmer. It won't matter what the guy looks like, so long as he can keep the TV on and get the front door to open and close...

If you're not in a long-term relationship and would like to be, here's my advice on how to find a match made in Heaven: Advertise! And don't be shy about stating what you want! Just be sure you itemize what you can do in exchange for what you're looking for.

Start now by making a list of all the things you do well. And don't be discouraged if, like me, you have to mention laundry, washing the bathtub and taking out the garbage. These are skills that others don't have, believe it or not. And that makes you, too, a valuable human being who has something to offer the world...

I don't think my boyfriend and I will ever separate. The idea of finding someone else to fill the list of all the things I can't do and don't want to do would be aggravating, and probably impossible. It's easier for me to avoid fighting with him than it would be to try to replace him. That's the only secret I've found to maintaining a good relationship. You're welcome to it.

Another Humble Proposal

I think the secret to being a beautiful human being inside-and-out lies in being a gay-Jew... And I don't think I'm prejudiced or subjective when I say that... Everything I've learned about me, and life generally, has pointed me in this one direction.

I know in my heart that Jesus Was a gay-Jew, too. I believe He Died with a whole array of feelings that I didn't get to feel until quite late in my life. But now that I've gotten out of my head and into my heart, I know how He Must Have Felt.

It makes complete sense that I had to learn how to earn my way into my heart. If you're **not** a gay-Jew, you ought to agree with me about that. But if you **are** a gay-Jew, I can see no reason why you wouldn't agree with me, either.

I never really liked the idea of Swift's "Modest Proposal." I'm horrified to think about what babies taste like,

Irish or otherwise... Chicken? I love chicken, especially the dark meat. I eat drumsticks and thighs for my main meal most days. I'd be so disappointed if I found out that babies don't taste like chicken... That would seriously harsh my day...

I think that what America most needs is for the Republicans to lock up all the gay-Jews... And once they've rounded us all up, then I'm sure they'll be easily tempted to torture and kill us.

Now, this isn't an idea I came to without giving it quite some thought. So, here are my reasons:

1. I think the Republicans are secretly scheming inside to do what I suggest, anyway. They're probably chomping at the bit to round us all up to rid themselves of the "bad" example we're setting. They think we're the impetus behind all the progressive voices in this country. It would be easy for them to convince themselves that we're the ones who goosed all the people of color and the poor into voting Democratic.
2. The Orthodox Jews are Republicans, too. Republicans aren't only made up of rightwing, White Christians. The Orthodox Jews would also be **elated** if they could get rid of all the gay-Jews. Their Republican concoction of Whites and Orthodox Jews gives them the impression that they're modern and well-integrated. [Inquiring minds would disagree.]
3. The Orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians think killing us off would be a boon for the country [and Israel as well]. I'm sure there are many Europeans who wouldn't shed a tear, either, including many Muslims. Then, all the other minorities in America would see that the Republicans finally found a scapegoat other than them. The Blacks, Latinx, Muslims and Asians could finally relax because

somebody else has finally been accused, caught and punished for creating all the problems in America that they'd been blamed for up until then...

4. Lastly, the LGBT+ community could get rid of a good example that's now running on steroids. Even in the gay community, nothing is harder to bear than a good example... Getting gay-Jews out of the way would probably be a relief for them, too...

This is my **alternate**, humble proposal. My first humble proposal was offering pre-pubescent teenagers the option to lose their virginity in morgues and funeral parlors with dead people... And now I'm recommending that the country unify their need for a scapegoat by everybody agreeing it should be the gay-Jews...

The way I feel some days, I sometimes wonder whether there are that many who'd disapprove of either of my humble proposals...

The Pride Parade of Life

Life is a pride parade. The LGBT+ community is trying to get every freak on the planet to walk arm in arm in the same direction. And they've got no end of queeny candidates to strut at the front of the parade to twirl their baton with the band belting it out behind them. This is what the parade of life looks like. This is the goal you're metaphysically observing each day.

In San Francisco, each year on Pride, 500,000 of our best friends show up to do just that. It's a Salvador Dali painting come to life. No scratch that. It's more like a painting by Hieronymus Bosch...

My boyfriend and I actually prefer to go to Pride parades in small cities around the country. We've been to Salt Lake City Pride, Boise Pride and San Antonio Pride. We're looking forward to Minneapolis Pride next year.

I think the most memorable event so far was at Salt Lake City Pride. Before the parade passed us by, a group of participants came walking down the street, giving away colored bead necklaces, pins and other rainbow paraphernalia to get us in the mood. They literally dressed us! I'd never been dressed for a Pride parade before. Most people come already dressed for the occasion. Nobody previously thought to dress shlubs like me who are just standing around waiting to see something happen... I can't tell you how that got me in the mood! By the time the parade came, I was sobbing. I was so verklempt!...

When I was a young man, I sang in the Gay Men's Chorus at the second annual L.A. Pride Parade. [And I can't sing on tune for the life of me.] They let me join them because I was a warm, gay body who really wanted to be seen. They just shouldn't have allowed me to be heard...

But now I'm happy for the parade officials to come by, dress me for the occasion and let me cry my eyes out at how beautiful this world is turning out for people as Blessed as me.

The Big Lie

There is no big lie... What the Republicans are trying to convince the country of is something that the Democrats are calling, "The Big Lie."

Well, I've got news for both of them, it's not a big lie... It's a **Big White Lie!** I think they've both forgotten who's telling it and why. Yes, it's big. It's huge. But let's be clear about it. It's **White**, pure White, lily White. There's nothing that remotely resembles any of the colors in the rainbow God Gave the world as a sign of His Promise to us.

History is replete with examples of why blue eyes need to be taught to look at the world another way. I have blue eyes and White skin even though I'm Jewish. But I don't tell White lies, big or little. Only Orthodox Jews do that, regardless of their eye color. Progressive Jews know they

shouldn't lie. And we know we shouldn't allow ourself to remain in denial, either. We were taught to strive to be better than that. Even Itzi-Witzi, as disappointing as he is, is trying his best.

Ad hominem attacks are a rhetorical strategy where the speaker attacks the character, motive, or some other attribute of the person making an argument rather than attacking the substance of the argument itself. The ad hominem attack of the Republicans is that the Democrats are wrong about everything because we're evil, non-believers who defy Torah by making the claim that gay men aren't abominable despite God Having Said that we are.

This is why the Orthodox Jews are Republicans. This is why the Orthodox Jews support the **Big White Lie** about the election having been stolen. This is why so many people erroneously associate Israel with neo-Nazism.

All Israel needs to do to end this argument once and for all is to legislate gay marriage into law. That will stop these vicious rumors once and for all.

The Trouble With Tribles

There was an original Star-Trek episode called, "The Trouble with Tribles." **Tribles** were tiny aliens who looked like fuzzy balls. They were so soft and cuddly that everybody onboard the Enterprise fell in love with them. But that was the tribles' way of dominating their environment. They were soon reproducing, choking the whole ship, endangering the mission and the crew.

The modern world is now overrun with tribles who are making a lot of trouble. Everybody nowadays needs to stroke something to calm themselves down. Everyone's under pressure at work, at home and in their love life. There isn't anything people do anymore that doesn't create high expectations. People don't even want to **serve** anyone anymore. Now everybody wants to **contribute**. They want to make a **difference**. And that creates enormous pressure on

society, especially if you, personally, don't have too many skills to share to begin with...

If we were living in the Middle Ages, we'd have seen that everybody in Europe had the same maniacal focus then to serve God and man. People were falling all over one another in those days building churches, waging holy wars and oppressing anybody who got in their way of "contributing" in societally "appropriate" ways.

Well, consider us in the Middle Ages of the Modern Age. People are obsessed with doing everything as though on a mission – everything that is, except seeking better sex and better dying. That, people don't want to advocate for. That goes too far for the modern era in which we find ourselves today...

Well, I'm on a mission to talk about sex as a preview to death. That's my mission. I'm on a mission to reveal that the gay agenda wasn't just to come out of the closet to achieve marriage equality. The gay agenda is to transform the entire religious world into a spiritual world. And our gay agenda uses sex and truth as our only weapons.

Actually, death is also our weapon. If you can't celebrate your life, you'll never learn to die gayly. If you can't die as though cuming into God's Arms, you haven't learned how to live.

Surely God Knew what a wrench He Put in the works by suggesting that gay men are perverts. He Was Ostensibly Saying that we'd pervert the system one day. We'd turn life into a preview of death. We'd make people live to improve their orgasms as a preview to improving life as foreplay before death. What an abomination!...

Just think about what God Might Do to you if you only take His scriptures literally instead of figuratively. Consider the alternative of joining our ranks in celebration of cuming to Him rather than fighting until your last dying breath against Him to stay alive. Would you really like to argue that your scripture has one and only one meaning and that God

Has one and only one agenda: yours? Who's abominable, you or me?

The LGBT+ community are the tribles who are making all the trouble. Modern, straight people worldwide now stroke us like dogs and cats, telling us that we're their house pets.

We certainly appreciate their change of heart. But this starship, planet Earth, needs a reassessment of its mission. Where are we going with this?

If people feel guilty about the way they treated us in the past, I can certainly see why. If Republicans double down by saying that we're still perverts who are going to change the "system" for the worse, I can see how their embarrassment and shame is keeping them from perceiving God's Humiliation.

Who can't see that capitalism is a dead end? A handful of people own three-quarters of the sum worth of everything on Earth.

Who can't see that hyper-religiosity is a dead end? The Orthodox Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims will never agree on anything because they link everything that happens to **their** scripture alone. God's Designs include all three of their designs – and more!

And politics has now ground to a halt because nobody wants to talk about where we're all at and where we're headed now that the pandemic has forced us to act locally in ways that will have a positive impact globally.

Well, the LGBT+ community knows where we're headed and why. We're all headed toward learning how to give better head... We're all learning how to fornicate the right way, with self-intimacy as our greatest goal! And anybody who's not interested can do what the Republicans are doing. Don't get vaccinated. Get sick and die...

Only when it comes to fornicating with greater self-intimacy through shared intimacy is it easy to see who's not exploring better sex by the look on their face and the sound

of their voice. It's so easy to see who's half dead and who's coming alive.

Now I know the kids aren't going to have any problem with the gay agenda, especially now that I've elucidated it so clearly. They're already onboard doing all this on their own. They're already in their cabin practicing what I'm talk about while the Republicans are rearranging the deck chairs and the Democrats are manning the lifeboats. Whether this ship of fools goes down to the bottom of the sea or we get rescued by some miracle, it's time everyone realizes what it means to share an encounter figuratively with the tip of an iceberg.

The problem is always with hateful, old, religious people. It's amazing how resistant they are to better sex, even though, they all lived through the Summer of Love. It makes you wonder what happened between 1967 and 2021 to make them so bitter. What huge disappointment in life overwhelmed them with such negativity? What cloud came over the horizon that hovers over them, still?

Where did their rainbow disappear to? Where are the silver linings around their clouds? What made them so disappointed with themselves and others that they can't imagine that the secret to life might still be discovered between their legs?...

Hateful, old religious people once believed in **magic**. Now they're committed to **misery**. They once believed in **mystery**. Now they're resigned to **mundanity**.

I hate to put it so cruelly, but if you're a religious male, you've got a lot to learn about how to use your penis like a precision, power tool. And if you're a religious female, you've got a lot to learn about how to sing from your vagina.

In fact, I'll reverse that description to make it even crueler. If you're a God-fearing, religious male, you've got a lot to learn how to sing with your penis. And if you're a God-fearing, religious female, you've got to learn how to use your vagina like a precision, power tool.

The penis isn't just a precision, power tool anymore. It's a voice with a mellifluous timber that men can learn to sing with on perfect pitch... Every man has the ability to be pitch perfect when singing from his dick... He just needs some musical training to appreciate the gift he's been given...

I'm no expert on vaginas. The reason I can say that with such certainty is that I don't have one. I don't even have much experience in "using" one. I'm sure that verb [using] alone gives away how "masterful" I am in that department... So, I'm not even going to broach that topic.

I leave it to lesbians to model for straight men how a penis can be taught to sing out with elation... And gay men can model for straight women how to use their vagina like a precision, power tool...

Now everybody, go out there and do your best! Practice makes perfect!

Curing Loneliness

Existential loneliness is the great killer in all modern societies. And existential loneliness is the great killer in all backward societies, too. The big issue with **loneliness** is that people don't know how miserable it makes them to be alone in their own company. They don't know how to enjoy the mystery and mastery of **solitude**. Solitude is the state of stroking your genitals without touching yourself on the outside. Solitude is the state of touching yourself from within.

Existential loneliness is the cause of **dread**. Dread is the cause of **terror**. And terror is the cause of the **insanity** that ends in pain and suffering.

Terrorists are actually terribly lonely people. They're **dread-full**. They suffer so much dread at not knowing how to touch themselves without literally touching themselves, that they become extremely frustrated. Eventually that **frustration** overflows into **exasperation**. And that's when they get a gun or strap on a bomb to have and hold something

big, black and powerful that'll sing for them in a way that their cock can't.

The Taliban now has lots of American guns to recreate the American "dream" in Afghanistan. Their existential loneliness is so great that they've even vowed to cut off hands if anyone tries to relieve their loneliness by touching anything they've concluded is verboten.

That insanity stems from existential loneliness. People everywhere are terribly lonely inside. There's no one inside them to talk to. And there's no one around them who understands that about them. When in polite society, they can't talk about their existential loneliness because people only suggest they "do" something.

Needless to say, there's nothing that can be done to relieve existential loneliness. It's an inside job. You have to start conversations with yourself to create a relationship with the one person who's open to the idea of understanding you.

Your mamma ain't that woman... You're daddy ain't that man... There's no one who can understand you except the stranger inside you and God. And if God Ain't Saying anything out loud, you've got no choice but to talk to that stranger, or you'll find yourself wasting precious time.

I said this book was only for me, but I don't need to hear this. I already know what I'm talking about. I already overcame existential loneliness. I'm a happy man who's got a dick that sings. I'm in a fantastic relationship with a beguiling serpent that wants to share itself with all of me. I couldn't be gayer as I'm getting grayer...

So, there's really no reason for me to continue talking to you about something I said I wouldn't talk about. I should just go back to talking about the things I wish for this world: my humble proposals...

Yet One More Humble Proposal...

I think universities should offer a freshman course called: "Existential Donuts 101." And in this course,

professors should teach their young proteges about the human body which is physically and spiritually organized like a donut: a sweet, bready substance surrounded by a hole at the center.

There's insufficient understanding of the human body when comparing it to sweet breads... People get fried by life, but they don't associate their crispy exterior and soft middle with the hole at the center of it all. And not making those associations is truly shameful after you've been here for 40-50 years. What's old age going to look like if middle age has taught you nothing you can relate to the bread of life?...

The human hole begins at the mouth and ends at the anus. And all the other holes in the body, such as your eyes, ears, nose, navel and genitals, are like bursts of delight that rise to the surface. Out of each orifice comes a different reason to relish all of these orifices and the hole at the center of them.

Now I know there's a tendency in young people to look for a jelly-like substance to fill that hole inside. Everybody's trying to convince everybody else that what was once an American **donut** has now been upgraded to a **danish**. Well, I don't agree...

I say be yourself. If there's a hole in you, take it in stride. Explore all that you're missing in the hopes of **not** filling yourself. Enjoy yourself for what's **not** there that you can enjoy around you rather than within you... Everybody's trying to fill the hole inside themselves. And that only accentuates their existential loneliness.

Loneliness may, at first, seem as dreadful as outer space. The vacuum of outer space can't be filled, not matter how many galaxies and stars God Creates to shine through that dark nothingness. But the same can be said about the vacuum of inner space. You may see yourself as a star in your mind's eyes. But get real! Do you really think being just one star can fill the enormity of the vacuum within you?...

Look around you for solace in **things**... Delight in all the accoutrement God Has Given you to enjoy during your brief sojourn here...

Get used to **solitude** and you'll have no problem with **loneliness**. Enjoy filling yourself with the nothingness at the center of you, and you'll be amazed how full you'll feel with the little things around you...

The feeling of angst is a concern regarding the hole at the center of you. **Don't** try to fill it, and the angst will go away. Acknowledge how empty you are, and the world will become your oyster; and you'll become its mother of pearl.

People don't eat out of anger, boredom, sadness or frustration. They eat out of existential loneliness. They're trying to fill themselves with food-for-thought, and they can't think of a thing to say to themselves that's meaningful.

Some swear that food is the answer. Others swear by God. Some find a hobby or a drug. Some use sex without intimacy. Some like to surround themselves with family, work or friends instead. And who doesn't like to distract himself with sports and games where competition decides the winner?

The only person you're competing with is the person you were yesterday. Do better than **him** today, and you've won the race for now. You're ready for tomorrow.

All external solutions bring me back to the feeling of loneliness from time to time, too. Without understanding the reason for that dreadful, almost terrifying feeling inside, I felt like a fool for putting so much energy into pursuing ways of filling my life from the outside in. This is why I say that the study of donuts is the answer...

There are some people who coat themselves with a sweet chocolaty or fruity personality in order to make their donut even more appealing. "Bravo!" I say... There's always something you can find to enhance a donut. You can even make your donut all hot and soggy before you consume it.

Old age homes are filled with dried out sweet breads... Who don't love dunkin' donuts?...

The one thing I strongly recommend is that if you're tempted to stick your tongue in the hole of a donut, that you do so on the side with the icing. Sticking your tongue in the hole of a donut from the other end is humiliating, dangerous and unsavory. Don't believe the Republicans who advocate otherwise. They'll always swear the Democrats can't be taken seriously. Everything we say is tongue in cheek...

Retirement Offers No Bells or Whistles

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

When I was a little older and went to school, my teacher told me what to do. Recess and lunch were brief times set aside to play. School was made up of a day filled with learning lessons, and my teacher was in charge of all of them until I came home. Then my mother resumed her job until the next morning when I went back to school to obey the school bell again.

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

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

But on his deathbed with little oxygen making its way into his bad heart, my father pulled out his penis and pointed at me in a threatening manner. That's when I realized that

I'd been threatened by abstract patriarchal consequences for not obeying him all my life. Him flashing me only made all that more obvious.

And while in an institution for the demented in old age, my mother told me not long before she died that it was too bad there was such a great difference in our ages. She thought we would make a wonderful couple.

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

My parents were **damaged** by the Nazis, but they were also **sickened** by family dynamics that continue to this day. Jews, Blacks, gays and Latinx have been **damaged** by Whites worldwide. You can see the difference in that damage when comparing us to those Southeast Asia and the Far East. But the sickening effect of family dynamics is also real and pervasive in all societies around the world.

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

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

It's only now that I can face my feelings about my father and mother and gather personal information about how their upbringing in the early decades of the 20th Century shaped them. It's only now that I can review my own growth from childhood through puberty to adulthood. I couldn't fully do that while they were still alive. It might have taken too great

a toll on them. I now see that I had to remain psychologically arrested for their sake while they were still alive.

I honored my parents by loving them. Now I no longer need to do so. Now I can just honor them for what they taught me that was right and unlearn the rest of what they modeled that I can now see was wrong. I don't have to claim to love them anymore.

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

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

I now see why I felt so unsafe around my parents while needing them desperately to address an existential loneliness and angst I once thought only they could fill. Because as a child, I didn't have the tools to deal with life, I was psychologically crippled into thinking that some issues can only be solved by family.

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

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

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

voice inside that insists I have to save time the way I saved money.

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

Now I'd say that I'm about 20 minutes behind everybody else. I'm a little **tardy**... Those who take the short bus to school may, in some way, run a little slower than me... But all the rest are rushing around like chicks without a head... Don't compare. Now that I'm an old cock with an old cock, I can do a lot more than I could do before.

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

Although there are people in this world who are suffering problems much greater than mine, I celebrate my "champagne problems" with whispered curses and by brushing away a couple of tears. I never thought **it** could get this hard... But it's definitely been worth it.

Gratefully, I'm not on a schedule anymore. I've got nowhere to be. Nobody's waiting for me. I'm alone and in good company. There are no bells. And even though there are few whistles, I look in the mirror when I dance in my garage, and I whistle at myself! I love what I look like; I look strong. I love how I move; I move gracefully. I love how I feel; I feel good about myself. And I'm not about to ruin this relationship by getting back on a schedule.

I'm in Hawaii [paradise], figuratively speaking. My boyfriend painted our garage walls tropical green and put pictures of Hawaii up to remind me of our vacations there. All I have to do is pull out the car, turn on my music and dance. There are already mirrors on both walls and a carpet on the floor. I'm in seventh heaven in my "dance studio"

with an audience of One. All I have to do to escape my body is to dive further down into it.

I'm not going to be in this vehicle on the journey of my life forever. It's already suffering from wear-and-tear. It even has a few dents that the body shop [A.M.A. – American Medical Association} isn't able to fix. And the A.P.A. [American Psychiatric Association] has nothing to offer me that's worth my while. I'd rather learn from my boyfriend who introduces me to pop culture in ways I can understand my connection to young people. I'd rather dance out the cabin door of the Titanic than fight over a place on a lifeboat. I certainly don't want to sit with the Republicans on the deck chairs like a fool listening to sad music.

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

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

Acting Normal

The operative word is “acting.” For me to act normal is an act. It's not natural. I'm not normal. I'm extremely abnormal. And the longer I live, the more abnormal I seem to become.

One of my abnormalities is my discomfort with luxury living. It makes me feel guilty. That guilt is expressed as a critical voice in my head that projects my inferiority onto those around me. The outcome of that guilt is a defensive attitude around the rich that I'm ashamed of.

I don't think I should enjoy myself too much. I think there are too many problems in the world for me to count myself among those so fortunate that we don't have to be concerned about those less fortunate than us. Allowing

myself to be a member of the thriving middle class is difficult for me.

On one hand, I find myself striving to become all-powerful. On the other, I always find myself back at the bottom, no different than anyone else.

This seesaw is particularly evident when my boyfriend wants to go to a high-end restaurant. I always see the other patrons as Nazis 20 minutes after the War, and me as the Jew in the room. I see our waiter or waitress as a leech that has broken my skin and is sucking blood out of me. And the busboy is the witness who's secretly questioning why I'm playing along with the rest of them.

I just want to find a way to run away with the busboy and start my life over again from the beginning. I want to ravish him and give him something tangible, and yet intangible, that I've saved inside for someone as innocent and deserving as him. That's probably not normal...

Fortunately, I'm far less concerned by my abnormalities than I once was. I used to worry about all sorts of nonsense that revolved around what other people thought of me. I can't tell you how free I feel now that I'm much more concerned about how **I** finally feel about **them**.

There'd never been a me in me who could have an opinion about anything. All my opinions had been based on what other people would think of my opinions of them. So, I was sure to express opinions that they'd like.

If I Don't Win the Nobel Prize

“The Winner Takes It All”

by
ABBA

I don't wanna talk
about things we've gone through,

though it's hurting me.
Now it's history.
I've played all my cards
and that's what you've done, too.
Nothing more to say;
no more ace to play.
The winner takes it all.
The loser's standing small
beside the victory.
That's his destiny.
I was in your arms
thinking I belonged there.
I figured it made sense
building me a fence,
building me a home;
thinking I'd be strong there.
But I was a fool
playing by the rules.
The gods may throw the dice,
their minds as cold as ice,
and someone way down here
loses someone dear.
The winner takes it all.
The loser has to fall.
It's simple and it's plain.
Why should I complain?
But tell me, does he kiss
Like I used to kiss you?
Does it feel the same
when he calls your name?
Somewhere deep inside
you must know I miss you.
But what can I say?
Rules must be obeyed.
The judges will decide.
The likes of me abide,

spectators of the show
always staying low,
the game is on again;
a lover or a friend,
a big thing or a small.
The winner takes it all.
I don't wanna talk
if it makes you feel sad.
And I understand
you've come to shake my hand.
I apologize
if it makes you feel bad
seeing me so tense,
no self-confidence.
But you see
the winner takes it all.
The winner takes it all.
So, the winner takes it all
and the loser has to fall.
Throw the dice, cold as ice
way down here, someone dear
takes it all, has to fall,
and it's plain, why complain?

There shouldn't be an author worth his weight in words who doesn't dream of getting the Nobel Prize in literature. I'm hoping for that, as well as the Nobel Peace Prize... For the former, I'll have to go to Stockholm, Sweden to receive my due. For the latter, I'll have to go to Oslo, Norway to accept the fame and fortune I've already achieved within...

I've gotten my boyfriend, my lesbian-cousin and my lesbian-cousin's-wife to agree to join me... I even have close friends in Israel who've agreed to meet us there... [Needless to say, they're all just doing their best to amuse me. They can't imagine that I'm really serious inside. None of them think I have a snowball's chance in Hell of getting either

prize, especially in light of the fact that I haven't got an agent, a publisher or have sold a single book...]

I can't exactly tell you why, but I'm not deterred by the lack of evidence of the success that comes with telling my truth. I suspect it has something to do with an ego that's glued together after having been shattered into multiple expressions of a personality I once couldn't account for.

I'm now moving from the present into the future the only way I can: optimistically. It really doesn't matter if the future turns into a present I wasn't expecting. That's been happening all my life. What matters is that I'm so much happier with the way things have turned out than I could have ever expected. Even if I **don't** win the Nobel Prize, just think how much happier I'll be with what **does** happen between now and when I die!

In the unlikely event that I don't win either prize, I've considered the option of going to Stockholm or Oslo and standing in a square where I fantasize screaming my bloody head off... I want everyone in the whole country – Hell, in all of Scandinavia – to hear me roar!... I want to be the first writer in history who complains bitterly about those who got those prizes – because it wasn't me!... I'm sore, and I'm a loser...

I'm jealous of everybody's success... My father never made a success of himself, and so I still doubt I'll be able to either. And since age has already caught up with me, it's more likely I'll die another unknown soldier...

But as an artist, I think it's important that I believe in myself anyway. I think it's important that I stand up for what I believe in some times and walk away at other times. If people don't recognize what I stand for, I think I should let them know how I feel, although kindly and softly. The written word is the kindest way I've found to express that.

In my fantasy I **am**, nevertheless, planning on going to Stockholm or Oslo someday. But what will happen then really depends on them...

Tell Your Bathroom Fan to Shut Up!

My boyfriend insists that I turn on the bathroom fan when I take a shower. He doesn't want the bathroom to get steamy or moldy. And naturally I do what he says because he's asked me to. Besides, he's the **masculine** voice in our relationship. And therefore, he often knows what he's talking about when it comes to external matters.

The **feminine** point of this story is that by the time I get out of the shower and have taken care of all my other toiletry issues, I suddenly find my head filled with the drone of the bathroom fan in my ears, which drives me nuts!

There are people in this world who drone on and on like a bathroom fan, and I'd just like to scream at them to shut up! But my mother wouldn't approve, even though she's been dead for a couple of years. As the newly dead, she's probably just rolling over in her grave when she hears me talk this way...

There's a very close friend of my 96-year-old-girlfriend who covets her relationship with our mutual friend. She told me I have mother issues and that I should get help because my relationship to our 96-year-old-girlfriend is sick. Her, I literally told to shut up! I told her to keep her sick opinions of me to herself. And since I didn't hear my mother roused from eternal sleep, I suspect that my mom may even have agreed with me...

My relationship to my mother **was** sick. I **loved** my mother. The 5th Commandment tells us to **honor** our parents. But **I** couldn't stop there... And neither could she. I never asked her to stop touching me because it made me feel creepy. I never told her to stop smothering me even though it made me feel infantilized. I didn't tell her to get her need for a partner met elsewhere, preferably within. I had to wait until late middle age to take on the job of mothering myself.

I figuratively dragged that damn umbilical cord of "ours" around with me every day of my life until she died... I couldn't believe how relieved I was when she finally cut the

cord **for** me with death as our blade... I was so relieved when she was dead! It felt like a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

I finally found myself with a literal knot where, previously, there'd figuratively been a very long cord... You'd think I could have gotten the message sooner. I'd been dealing with my mommy issues by plugging in more and more extension cords to take me further away from her without figuring out how to spiritually let go...

It takes what it takes to wake up to what you've been dragging behind you. It takes what it takes to open that duffel bag or backpack you've been figuratively carrying around all your life to see that it's just filled with extension cords... I'm just glad I did.

I cut the emotional cord with Itzi-Witzi, as well. Now I care for his physical needs without getting further involved in his mental health issues.

My Buddhist-turned-Catholic-friend rescheduled our date. We had a wonderful time together. She's now going to watch "The Wizard of Oz" and read my book, Call Me Glinda. We're already planning a date to talk about it. And I've promised not to give her any more of my books after that...

I've decided my lesbian-cousin's-wife doesn't have to tell me about herself when I ask her how she's doing. I'll just threaten to hug and kiss her instead...

That said, I did not recreate my relationship with my mother with my 96-year-old-girlfriend! And I think I made that perfectly clear to her friend when she accused me of being a momma's boy. She's the kind of person who sounds like a bathroom fan. She makes the kind of noise that drills through you without you really hearing it as it's happening.

All I can say is that the moral of this story is to tell your bathroom fan to shut up just before you turn it off... I found that so liberating! You may find that doing so even puts a smile on your face at what you can accomplish with the flip

of a switch... All my other relationship issues seem to be falling into place, too. And now I can smile again inside.

Pyramids Everywhere

My 96-year-old-girlfriend lived with a family as a maid while going to high school. There she had her first encounter with indoor plumbing. After high school, she worked on a violent ward of a state mental institution in Maine. She wasn't afraid of the patients. She said she blended right in...

Where she came from and where she is now is a literal expression of what she's figuratively gone through in life. I always enjoyed hot and cold running water. I never blended in with the crazy people around me... So, I've had to look for other ways to measure my success.

From there she entered the convent and was given a habit to wear. Then she entered the Navy and wore a uniform. Then she entered local government in San Francisco as a social worker and wore blue jeans with embroidered flowers at the cuffs.



These were the social pyramids [institutions] my 96-year-old-girlfriend helped construct and dress for during her lifetime. But she always found herself at the bottom of these social pyramids. She never wanted to make her way to the top. Today, she's in another social pyramid, a Catholic home for the aged. She still wears her embroidered blue jeans, along with colorful, fuzzy sweaters and long earrings. But she's more aware than ever that shrouds have no pockets.

The Israelites built the pyramids for the ancient Egyptians. The Hebrews were their slave force for 400 years. Today we are their neighbors. We now know much more about the figurative construction of pyramids. Look at our history. Look at how we've contributed to the construction of societies throughout the Western world.

The star on our flag are two intersecting triangles that represent the external society [yang] we must all learn to

construct, support and repair, and the internal society [yin] that mirrors our internal efforts to come to know and love ourself.

The Star of David symbolizes the father [sociology] who points up and the mother [psychology] who points down. As such, the Star of David is the universal sign of the **child**.

You are the personification of every Star of David. You are two pyramids that you're constructing in your own unique way. Your external world is magically linked to your internal world. The yin  and the yang  of you are like every other star that God Has a Hand in constructing.

Dealing With Dying Rather Than Death

When I was a young adult in my twenties, I tried to kill myself three times! The first time I took 100 Bayer aspirins [a whole bottle]. The second time I drove my car over a 200-foot cliff. And the third time I made an omelet out of a huge, wild mushroom I picked from my neighbor's lawn.

Needless to say, I couldn't even succeed in committing suicide... I was as bad at dying as I was at living... Eventually, I got clean and sober and chose to learn how to live rather than to continue to yearn to die.

Here I am now, almost at the age of 70, with 37 years of sobriety, and I still can't say that I'm an expert on living. But what I can say is that I'm stronger than I was before. I can entertain the thought of living through to the bitter end, rather than trying a fourth time to kill myself.

My inner father always wanted to kill me, and my inner mother only wanted to die. Now that my inner child is old enough to see what my inner parents were unconsciously doing to me, I can keep the two of them under control.

For me, that's what progress looks like. That means that I can now find life interesting from within, rather than just ride the rollercoaster of external ups and downs until they come to a nauseating halt, at which point I'll crawl out of my vehicle and probably throw up...

My Boyfriend

My boyfriend is just the opposite of me. He's normal... He knows how to get along with people, and he enjoys places and things. He's externally oriented. He knows how to let almost everything roll off him emotionally like water off a duck's back.

My boyfriend would have joined the military if he hadn't lost a lung in early childhood. He's physically disabled, but he refuses to admit it. He wants to think that he's whole, even though everybody can see by his posture that he's twisted...

I chose two long-term boyfriends in my life. The first was figuratively twisted; the second literally so. I'm so much happier with the second.

But it's only in bed that my boyfriend allows himself to be adored. It's only my excitement in holding him naked in my arms as I play with his body that arouses him. I don't think he feels that way about himself. I think he experiences lust from the outside in. I think he experiences intimacy with me as though it were our little secret. Even if so, it's only a secret he's keeping from himself...

I, on the other hand, take every person, place and thing on the planet too much to heart... The holes in my emotional filter are very large. I get emotional when folding the laundry and I find one sock without it's mate... I think of loss as something for which I'll be punished.

But I think I shouldn't be this way, even though loss is the greatest impetus to appreciating life. I didn't worry about losing my health when I was young. I smoked, drank and took drugs. I even lost my mind. They committed me to two institutions! But nobody in either one of them told me to commit myself to looking for my mind...

I've never driven too fast when behind the wheel of a car, but only because I've always been afraid of high speeds. When I drove my car intentionally over that cliff, I didn't have my seatbelt fastened, so I flipped into the back seat where it was possible to survive the massive force of the

engine as it rammed the steering wheel through the driver's seat. And then, because I'd filled the gas tank completely, when the car stopped rolling over and over, there was no air in the gas tank to set the car aflame...

I wasn't concerned about losing my life during my twenties when I committed all three of my suicide attempts. And now I'm alive and well enjoying sex with a man who adores me adoring him. I'd call that a miracle!

I worried about losing my first boyfriend in my forties after he cheated on me with his former boyfriend... Now they're both dead, and I've been able to move on to a boyfriend who pretends he's in the military while I secretly play five-star general with his private in bed...

Things slipped easily through my fingers when I was young and inexperienced. Now I'm old and can finally see that we're all playing games until we're more knowledgeable about the deeper meaning behind the news, weather and sports.

We're all internally oriented, each in our own way. But all good men are more like women in the bathroom when relieving our bowels... We're all more like our mother than our father, more suicidal than homicidal.

Even my father was more like his mother than his father. My father tried to kill himself with every forkful of food he put in his mouth since he was liberated from concentration camp... I come from a long line of fathers who were like their mothers, and mothers who were like their mothers. There wasn't a lot of male influence in our family.

I think that Jews are the personification of Eve, not Adam. Jews don't blame God and that woman that He Gave us. We're tempted, and so we eat... Because some others are tempted, they drink... And because gay people are tempted, we tried eating from the opposite end of our mouth, only to discover that we like **it** that way... But that doesn't make us different from anybody else.

Deepness, Depth and Profundity

When I was a young man, I thought I was a particularly deep person. People even told me I was. So, I never bothered to doubt them.

Now I can envision a level of profundity that I couldn't see before. And I find that exciting. If I was a deep-sea diver, I've discovered the Mariana Trench. If I was a land lover, I've traveled to the Dead Sea to look up from the lowest point on earth.

The clue to my relative superficiality then didn't come upon me suddenly. It was very slow in coming. Over the course of a lifetime, I began to question my **thinking**. I began to question my **feelings**. I even began to question my **beliefs**.

When I got out of my head via my stiff neck to discover my heart, I realized that I'd need to make a lateral move from my heart to my soul. It was in this way that I discovered that I had feelings and beliefs, in addition to good thoughts emanating out of a head that was finally screwed on more tightly to my shoulders than had been the case in my past.

It was while believing that I could become a soulful person who cared about others that I began to question myself based on what was happening around me that I'd never before tried to take to heart. Just raising my eyes to the sky and saying, "Why me, Lord?" wasn't a satisfying reaction to what I had to go through. There had to be more to me than rhetorical questions.

Naturally, there wasn't anywhere to go above my head. I had to go down. I had to go further beneath my heart and soul to a dark and foreboding part of me that I hadn't considered frequenting. I had to take the bucket that went down my well to find the guts to explore my navel from the inside looking in.

Contemplating my navel from within was a satisfying and productive endeavor. Not only did I realize that it was the first wound my body had ever received. My navel

connected me to every other person on the planet, not just to my mother. It was a disconnect from a previous world where I was all alone to a world I share with everybody. We're all born of woman.

There'd always been a part of me that had rejected the idea that the stork brought me or that my parents found me under a cabbage leaf in their garden – especially since they were living in an apartment complex in the Bronx when I was born.

As a Jew, I'd never believed in Santa Claus, but when I discovered there was no tooth fairy, I wasn't at all surprised.

But until I contemplated my navel, I really didn't think of myself as fully human. In fact, I felt like the most alien creature on this God forsaken planet located in a far corner of the universe.

I was somewhat confident that “my people” would someday come down to Earth in a flying saucer and take me back where I came from... [It never occurred to me that I was the one who needed to come down to earth.]

The conclusion about me being an alien is no longer my cup of tea. I don't want to be a teacup reunited with a flying saucer. I want truth, not childish fiction. My **fiction** created **friction**. Now, I just want to delve down into the darkness within me. I'm not interested in going up into outer space.

Words are the only way to plummet someone as diaphanous as me. Thank God for words. Words hold the greatest power in healing. All other remedies and cures are the results of words combined in better ways than by those who came before us. Words hold the essence of hope.

I needed to take the bucket down the well to my guts to find a way to get out of me. When I came to a fork in that road, I took it... I wanted to know everything about how to exit from both ends.

Naturally, with a history of failure, flubs and fiascos in the world around me, there was nowhere for me to go but down in every way... I was an expert on going every which

way but up. So, it was no surprise I found myself facing the existential meaning in having a penis, testicles and an anus.

My wants [-] and desires [+] were flowing out of the mouth of my penis quite easily, evenly and often by that late date. By then, I was in a stable, committed relationship with my boyfriend.

I'd never enjoyed peace of **penis**, let alone the peace of **mind**, that comes with a love life you can depend on as well as find interesting. I'd never experienced the joy of a truly stable partnership.

Working on liking one other, flawed human being besides me is now a luxury and pleasure. Who needs porn, fantasies and other bodies in your bed, when you've got a lab rat with whom you can play mad scientist to your heart's content? Who needs to pretend to be a French Lieutenant when you've got an American private in your hands?...

Putting myself through a maze of sexual exploits in search of the cheese had become the guiding principle of my love life. Now that I've found the cheese, I'm glad to share it with you.

Discovering my penis and testicles in the creative sense of the word was a sinking below my waist to a depth of self-expression and shared ecstasy that I'd never considered to be the bene. of monogamy. But it is!

Since my boyfriend and I have become so "practiced" – dare I say "likeable" to one another, there isn't a sex scene that doesn't end with a passionate kiss on the lips. We both appreciate the **self**-intimacy that **shared** intimacy provides.

The depth of my being brings me to my knees... I can practically feel a tingling in my toes when I contemplate how much lower I still have to go to reach the lowest part of me... If I eventually reach my Achille's heel, it won't even matter. I'll still aspire to be soleful...

The Unexpected Male

My boyfriend is the unexpected male who came into my life. I knew I needed one. I just didn't know what to envision I needed in a man. What I got is a guy who's very externally oriented, but not very introspective. He does well relating to others in non-confrontational ways. And he has insight into what motivates them. But he has little interest in how he operates. We're quite different in that regard.

He's also messy by my standards. He's "accused" me of cleaning up his closet more than once... I told him that it's **our** closet. I straightened it up in the past because of my neurotic need for neatness.

I've since promised him not to do so. I've noticed that his closet goes from moderately **disorganized** to downright **messy**. But when it reaches the level of **chaotic**, he cleans things up on his own.

He recently asked me to stop trying to convince him that God Has a Hand in everything we do. And I agreed, sitting that that was one more closet that I'd allow him to manage his way. Chacun à son goût.

I have my own chaos to contend with in life, but mine is mostly internal. Learning to live with my boyfriend has helped me live with my own. It's not possible to have life all sorted out. There's a natural need for questions that open us up to chaos of one sort or another. Order is the result of virtues applied from many directions. Hopefully, I'll die with most everything inside me in order. I'd hate to look disheveled when I meet my Maker...

"Sordid Lives"

Del Shore wrote a gay play that was made into a movie. It's about the death of a matriarch and the coming together of her family at the funeral.

Now, I'm a bit weird. I cry at weddings, and I'm filled with hysterical laughter at funerals. So, you may now be able to see why I have so much trouble relating to the human race.

The thought of melding my life with another human being through marriage is the last thing I'd like to do. It's easy to love people. It's damn hard to like 'em. My boyfriend and I have a monogamous **like** affair, and we're not about to ruin a good thing like that with traditional, wedding vows... We think what we have is just about as good as it gets.

I **love** me. I've conceived an inner child with me. I'm the inner parent to the greatest inner child in the world! But my boyfriend had nothing to do with that. He's a whole different person with a whole other set of goals.

My boyfriend doesn't even want an inner kid. He's got his hands full just dealing with me and the crazies at the church where he works. The last thing he'd need is an inner child pulling on his sleeve demanding his attention.

I, on the other hand, just love that little guy inside of me. He's the reason I finally found for living. I get up every morning and just want to dedicate my whole day to the **him** in **me**. I've never been as close with another human being as I am with my inner child... He's my BFF...

Del Shore got it right. Write gay movies about funerals. But I'd also suggest playwrights write sad movies about weddings that end happily by avoiding marriage entirely. Marry yourself for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Follow these two pieces of advice from me as though they were Gospel truths... I think this is about as realistic as it gets if you've finally come to the conclusion that you'll never be like anybody else...

“Seinfeld”

Jerry Seinfeld created a sitcom about **nothing**. And everybody loved it. I write books about **everything**, and I can't get a single soul to buy a one of them... What's his secret? You'd think people would be willing to pay for **everything**. It turns out they're only willing to pay for some things and a lot of **nothing**...

That doesn't make me happy. I thought I had a sure thing here. I thought talking about politics and religion in relationship to psychology and spirituality would be of interest to everybody. You'd think that anybody with a body would love to learn more about their head, heart and soul. You'd think that once they'd created a bust of themselves in their imagination, they'd want to pursue the guts behind their navel and add to that all that lies below their waist. You'd think that they'd want to become soleful so they could wiggle their toes in delight at being alive...

I was wrong...

Nobody's interested. It turns out it was a dumb idea from the start... If I was a smarter Jew, I'd have been like Jerry, not Barry. I'd have sold the world on nothing. People can't seem to get enough of nothing... Jerry's been in reruns for God Knows how many years. He got all the fame and fortune that should have been mine...

Can you just imagine Jerry Seinfeld meeting his Maker, and God Asking him what he contributed to this world? And Jerry answering, "Nothing! I gave them plenty of nothing. And they loved me for it. If I'd had any less than nothing to give them, I would have... Looking back, it's a shame they were content with nothing. I could have done less than nothing for them if there'd only been a market for it. Maybe with Your Help, someday there will be..."

If you were God, what Would You Do then? Would You Escort Jerry Seinfeld into Heaven, or Would You Point him the other way? Who the Hell hopes to get into Heaven by promoting nothing, selling nothing and getting people to pay good money for nothing?...

I'm stunned! I thought I understood how this world turns! I thought I'd studied the world faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism in the hopes of having **something** to offer everybody. Turns out, I was doing it all wrong... All I needed to do was watch "Seinfeld" to find out how the world really works.

But frankly, I never even understood his show! “Seinfeld” used both a laugh track and a live audience. There should have been plenty of clues from that that the jokes were zooming over my head. But I kept trying to catch ‘em... I still watch the reruns with a straight face, wondering what everybody’s laughing at.

If I were a TV mogul, I’d make a sitcom about people working at a funeral parlor... Now that’s funny! I’d make movies about planned weddings that people later realize was a one-way trip to Hell that they narrowly escaped by falling in love with themselves...

People sitting around a living room in a cramped New York apartment that isn’t even especially pleasantly decorated, talking to one another about nothing, isn’t funny! Funeral parlors and ships that mysteriously pass in the night without colliding are where the jokes are at...

When I read this chapter to my boyfriend, he suggested I start small by writing about a **just little bit** instead of about everything or nothing...

Good, Better and Best

People don’t know how to measure their good fortune. They’re penny-wise guys and dullards foolish. Take my boyfriend for instance.

He likes to drink his coffee with half-and-half. And so, I buy it for him in large containers for \$3.49 at Costco. Well, I forgot one week. And he had to buy himself half-and-half at the market near his job. But **he** bought organic, and **I** don’t do that.

So, he asked me why I don’t buy organic. And I told him the truth. The organic is \$1.40 more expensive than the regular. And he said, “Oh! So, I guess I’m not worth it.”

So, I said to him, “Well, now you’ve made me feel guilty. Next time, I’ll spend the \$1.40 extra and buy you the organic. I don’t want you to think I don’t feel you’re worth it.”

So, naturally, he retorted, “Now it’s too late,” with a big grin on his face. In other words, he insinuated, “I got what I wanted by making you feel bad, you calloused, cheap, old Jew. Now we’re even...”

Well, I wouldn’t want to contradict my boyfriend... He’s 12 years younger than me. And I think I may have told you that he’s simply terrific in bed... You can see that he sent me to the doghouse with that retort, and I didn’t want to let him watch me slink out the door with my tail between my legs.

So today, I bought him the organic half-and-half. But it turned out that it’s \$5.39, **\$1.90** more than the regular, not \$1.40! So, I didn’t miss a beat in calling him on the way home to tell him the real difference in price...

I need him to know that our relationship has money problems just like every other relationship. But when we’re lying around the pool at the Fairmont, that five-star hotel we like on the Big Island, I want him to bless me for being a cheap Jew who cries out over a couple of bucks I have to spend on half-and-half... I want him to know he could have it a lot worse. I’m good to him, and I’m getting better all the time. And, now that I’m buying him organic half-and-half at Costco each week, he’s got to see that he’s done the best he could possibly do in boyfriends... They don’t come any better than me...

That’s how you work on money problems in a relationship. That’s how you get your partner to hold you tight while making love.

My Muslim Country Western Song

I’d love to sing country western, but I can’t carry a tune. I’d love to write country western songs, too, but I’m a gay-Jew. I don’t believe I could make a success of it. I love misery too much to cry about it...

My problem with Jesus, and Christians generally, is that I’m being crucified, too, but with suffering, not pain. That said, I’m also writhing around from boredom with hyper-

religious Christians, in particular... I'm grimacing from their stupidity, while stuck carrying Christ's Cross in my head and heart, not throughout my body... I'm sure these wacko Christians will now begin to collude among themselves how to add pain to my suffering.

I've taken great care of my body. I'm in excellent health. So, the only way for me to carry Christ's Cross lies in my heart. And I don't think I should have to apologize for that.

If I make it to Heaven, and they ask me what I learned on Earth from hyper-religious Christians, I'd have to say I learned how to yawn... I couldn't be more bored if people literally tried to kill me with negligence, ignorance and disinterest in my wellbeing...

All most people want to do is help me if I **pay** them. They ask me to **pray** for them, but they really only want me to **pay** for them. Most won't even lift a finger to help themselves.

Somehow, I thought I read somewhere that money was the root of something... Now what was it? Oh, yes: **evil!** And yet you can't convince a religious soul nowadays that they need more than money to get out of this world with a smile on their face.

I feel more like a Muslim trying to figure out the meaning of country western lyrics. Take this one, for instance. "If you've got the money honey, I've got the time." Why would anyone advertise an attitude like **that**? Have all American Christian men turned into prostitutes and American Christian women into johns? How would a self-respecting Muslim explain those lyrics to another Muslim in a forgiving way?

Surely a Muslim already understands that the Kingdom of Heaven can't be accessed with gelt. Why would a Christian suggest that selling sex is something worth singing about? Has sex been so disassociated from the hereafter that it doesn't matter if you try to relieve your boredom here on Earth with sex?

From my perspective, it looks like Christians today have become sexually self-indulgent while the Catholic Church couldn't be more shame-faced at once having sold indulgences. Doesn't anybody try to string God's Lessons together into a cohesive curriculum?

The body needs money. It needs food and shelter, clothing, medical attention and rewards that don't come cheap. And that's true for men as well as women. It's even true for non-Christians.

But the heart and soul need **honey**, not **money**. My heart needs **love** [milk] and my soul needs **wisdom** [honey]. And I haven't been able to find a store anywhere that sells love or wisdom – although many claim their products produce both.

Everyone's looking to Israel, the land of milk and honey, to pass out huge portions of love and wisdom for nothing. And the whole world curses the Jews for selling both rather than giving them away. Just ask yourself if you're satisfied with what you had to pay for this book...

If, by chance, you're a Muslim looking to sing a song about a land of milk and honey that you can get real cheap, look no further. Nashville is where it's at... "If you've got the money, honey, I've got the time."

Wednesday's With My Gurlfriend

There was a marvelous book called Tuesday's With Morrie: An Old Man, a Young Man, and Life's Greatest Lesson by Mitch Albom. Well, I spend Wednesday's with my 96-year-old-gurlfriend. But I have to endure the "children" who run the place where she resides. And that's not easy.

Is it just the Catholics who think they have to wag their finger at everybody, or is this a more common practice than I think?... Is the problem of blame Catholic or catholic [universal]?...

My gurlfriend tells me she doesn't feel safe there. She puts her teddy bear in front of her door each night, The staff

carefully move it aside when they enter her room in the morning. I tell her she's perfectly safe, secure, well sheltered and well fed. She's just surrounded by "children" who don't know the first thing about death. They're spiritually undeveloped when it comes to living life in the company of the dying.

The problem isn't in how they take care of her body. The problem is that "children" who care for the elderly are going to miss important details in dealing with the importance of dying with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye.

I myself forget that I'm still earning my Heavenly reward while she's got hers securely under her belt. She can laugh at things that I still take very seriously. So, talking to my 96-year-old-girlfriend about death is the best way I've found to make greater meaning out of **my** life.

That said, she complains bitterly when the head nurse empties her garbage can without asking permission. It's a dementia ward! Did you think there'd only be one side to this story?...

I'd have thought that no one would be more obsessed with dying than the Catholics... Apparently, I'm wrong. Even Catholics find the topic morose. They seem to be no less squeamish about dying than anybody else. And the only way to tell, of course, is by joking with them on the topic. That shows you how much people have been conditioned by society to turn the other cheek rather than face death as a friend, not a foe. The angel of death is, after all, an angel. He comes to us from God.

I say that up until now, only gay men of a certain age have learned the truth about dying... AIDS forced us to celebrate death. Getting the Hell out of here early was a reprieve in those days... There certainly wasn't much reason to celebrate life as a gay man in this society then.

Today, everybody is having to question the spiritual reason for the COVID pandemic. It's the Black Plague of the 21st Century. And you can easily see who's learning how to

celebrate life and who prefers to ask God to spread His Legs so they can rim Him instead...

People will take all sorts of unhealthy actions in bed, but they don't see that those behaviors doesn't stop there. The N.R.A. [National Rifle Association] blew their own brains out. What they didn't tell us is that their rifle was lodged firmly up their ass... That's where their brains were located... Let's see what Republicans decide to do with guns now to stop abortions. The "right to life" is an oxymoron in the hands of morons.

Every society on Earth is constructed like a pyramid. Most people are at the bottom with somebody at the top, and the options in changing people's mind get slimmer the further up you go. That's why we need pyramids that go in the other direction.

Everyone's inner world is constructed like an inverted pyramid. Your options get fewer the further down into yourself you go. God's Designs Are baffling until you take a closer look at yourself in relation to everybody else. He Didn't Create gay-indigenists, gay-Hindus, gay-Jews, gay-Buddhists, gay-Taoists, gay-Christians and gay-Muslims without a plan in Mind. What's the problem, Houston?...

The ancient Jews built pyramids for the pharaohs. But once we had a country of our own, we realized we had to simultaneously construct just the opposite of pyramids within. Granted, most straight Jews turned their children into their pyramids instead of copying the Egyptians by shlepping rocks uphill... That was our secret to making it through 3,400 years of cruelty, violence, vindictiveness and stupidity in a world full of pagans and, later, hyper-religious assholes.

The star on our flag waves the essence of what we know to be true – two triangles pointed in opposite directions. If you don't use your knowledge of the external **and** internal world when dealing with people who are all going to die

someday, who knows what cruelty, violence, vindictiveness and stupidity you'll impose on someone?

Catholics are full of pain and suffering, just like the rest of us. But when it comes to the three levels of guilt, they don't yet know how to pray to God begging Him for humiliation. They don't beseech Him to Teach them how to overcome embarrassment of their body with modesty and shame of their character with humility. How else can any of us come before Him ready to receive the humiliation needed to shrink our enormous ego?...

Now that the Catholic laity knows more about embarrassment and shame as the result of having been molested by priests, they can protect themselves from their own belief system in the future. They can admit their errors of judgment that stemmed from taking the Hebrew Testament literally, not figuratively. They can admit their humiliation as Catholics thanks to The One God Who Created us all.

Most people are afraid to ask God to humiliate them. They're afraid He'S Heavy Handed. Everybody claims to want to achieve more loyalty to life and the miracle to be anticipated at death. But they don't have the faith needed to ask God for personal lessons in doing so. The best they can do is pray for Jesus to Intervene with The Father on their behalf. They think they need a Jewish Middleman...

That was never Christ's Intention. He Wanted to teach people how to deal with God as **He** Did: directly. He Set Himself up as a model of loving intention and good behavior, not as An Intermediary between God and man.

The reason for abusing Jesus's Gift is simple. Christians were too lazy to learn Aramaic and Hebrew to discover what He Said in His Own Primary Languages. They were willing to accept linguistically inadequate inquiries by non-native Hebrew speakers who couldn't describe the poetry and profundity of a verbal relationship with God in those two languages. Jesus Spoke Hebrew with the fluency that Latinx

born in America speak English. But Aramaic was His Mother Tongue. And Greek was His Foreign Language. If Christians today were more interested in the profundity of what Jesus Had to say, they'd dump all the literal translations that miss the mark and look to books like mine on what His Message meant. ⁴

Well, today's Wednesday, and today I spent it with my 96-year-old-girlfriend. Naturally, we sang our favorite song together, "The Glory of Love." And since I don't imagine you looked up the lyrics when I mentioned this song earlier, I'm setting the lyrics down now:

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.

I brought my girlfriend two copies of this song so she can give one copy to the woman down the hall, so they can sing it together. I brought her another song, as well.

⁴ 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

If You've Got the Money Honey

By
Lefty Frizell
1950

If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
We'll go honky tonkin' and we'll have a time.
We'll have more fun baby all the way down the line.
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
There ain't no need to tarry.
Let's start out tonight.
We'll have fun oh boy, oh boy, and we'll do it right.
Bring along your Cadillac; leave my old wreck behind.
If you've got the money honey, I've got the time.
We'll go honky tonkin' make every spot in town.
We'll go to the park where it's dark,
and we won't fool around.
If you run short of money, I'll run short of time,
and you got no more money honey, I've no more time.

You can't get into a person's heart with scripture alone. The lyrics, without some music, is going to leave your soul dry.

You've got to go back to those who interpreted scripture for us when we were young and sang about it. If you haven't become a "bridge over troubled waters" for others, you won't have a prayer in becoming a bridge over your own. If you haven't "been a poor boy whose story's seldom told; who's squandered [his] resistance for a pocketful of mumbles" – you haven't learned to box. You're just running around the ring – scared.

Paul Hollywood

"The Great British Bake-Off" is a reenactment of the British royal family through a cooking contest on his island nation. Paul Hollywood is their culinary king. He was first

crowned king of the bread world... He then “married” Mary Berry, the queen of cakes... But he “divorced” her and her two princesses [hosts of the show] to “marry” Prue Leith... Their male hosts today play mischievous princes who scamper about in their parents’ shadows...

Paul Hollywood is the royal patriarch of Great Britain... He’s reshaping his country by reshaping its chefs. The secret to *The Son Rising* and *Baking the British* empire has had to come to them through their stomach... They used to say that English cooking was like her geography: surrounded by water... That’s no longer the case thanks to their projection of food-for-thought onto the culinary world.

There isn’t a female contestant who’s been on the show who hasn’t confidently declared that she’s a greater baker in life than she was before. And the males on the show all graduate from boys to men.

If you want to know how to grow up by cracking eggs, whipping meringues and beating dough until it’s pliant and properly proved, watch this show. This is how you turn people into delicacies that are crunchy on the outside and soft, moist and tender within...

What’s Hollywood’s recipe? Hollywood California – née – the whole world – is asking! How do you command the respect of a nation divided by critiquing its citizens using a tongue-lashing based on taste? Inquiring hearts and hungry souls want to know.

“Modern Family”

I fell in love with “Modern Family” because my family appeared to be modern, too. But we were immigrants to this country. **Everybody** from the older generation in my family spoke English with an accent.

Speaking English with an accent doesn’t make you old-fashioned. And speaking English without an accent doesn’t make you modern. Only late in life did I discover that I had

to listen to what people **said**, not just how they said it to determine whether they were modern or old-fashioned.

That may sound obvious to you, but it was a revelation to me! What's more, even though both my parents spoke English fluently, their modernity shifted depending on the topic. There was no way to determine by their accent, their gender or the style of their dress when they were modern and when they were transported back to the old country.

Phil and Claire weren't always modern, either. Their three kids weren't always modern, even though they were young enough to think so. Even Manney, who was about as modern a kid as they come, at times had to learn from both Jay and Gloria how to navigate the modern world.

You'd think that a gay couple like Cam and Mitch would have been the personification of modernity. But they, too, had a lot to learn about how to move through the modern age we live in.

So, the questions just pour out of me. "What is modernity?" "How do we move through it?" And "If today is modern, then what comes next?"

I'm sure King Louis XIV thought he was modern. I'm sure Beethoven did, too. Why wouldn't every pope have thought he was contributing to the cutting edge of modernity during his reign?

If you ask me, I think the word "modern" just refers to the present tense. We're all stuck in the present tense. I've been in the present since I can remember. Every day I wake up and I'm **here**, and it's **now**.

This helped me to see that the past and the future don't really exist. The past is gossip, and the future is hearsay. We're **all** stuck in the here and now. Only our mind can perceive events that aren't in the present tense. Our mind can visualize other states of time. But we're all literally in the present tense until we die. The fact that we add markers to verbs to describe when an action is taking place is merely a linguistic trick language affords us.

What happens when we leave the present tense is a very good question. And people around the world all try to prepare for that eventuality by the way they choose to live their life. Some live it **defiantly** in opposition to having had to be born and having to die. And some live **cooperatively** in the here and now until the There and Then slowly arrive of Their Own Accord.

I'm a modern man living in a modern age. I'm trying to go through the present as slowly and cautiously as possible. I like being here. And I like to think about the challenges and rewards in being here now.

But I have to leave some aspects of reality to experts on particular topics, such as sewage maintenance, traffic light control and piloting aircraft. But when it comes to talking about the modern age, I think we all have something to say about it, since we're all a part of it.

I just wanted to offer you my opinion on that matter. Consider it a present in the present that won't change in the future.

Sarah Silverman

I read an article in Huffington Post this week about the "Jewface" problem in Hollywood. Apparently, Hollywood is afraid of letting Jewish actors play Jewish characters in movies, especially those biographies where the person's Judaism was intrinsic to their fame, such as Ruth Bader Ginsburg and Joan Rivers.

The same can be said of gay characters that Hollywood insists on hiring straight people to portray. God Forbid a really **gay** man were to play the role of a gay man... What would that say about sodomy? Is Hollywood now worried that we might give sodomy a bad name?...

Who would hire a White actress to play Oprah and smear black paint on her face? But the executives in Hollywood have no problem doing the equivalent to gays and Jews.

Apparently, something is at stake that prevents us from portraying ourselves.

I didn't realize this was happening until Sarah Silverman outed the Neanderthal gorillas who pace the halls of Hollywood with their knuckles scraping on their highly polished floors...

The drek always rains down from the top. And we, as hungry as we are, eat it up without bothering to ask ourselves what it really tastes like...

You'd think that God Could Have Seen this predicament a mile off and Would Have Given the Israelites manna that grew up out of the ground instead of coming down from the heavens. Now every god tries to do the same as Him.

Oh well. Those at the bottom will just have to manage the simians at the top with ribald ridicule. What other course of action is there when all is said and done?

Anti-Semitism and Anti-Zionism

Even though I'm Jewish and a strong supporter of Israel, I'd like to add some fuel to the fire of anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism. Why should everyone else be able to get in on it, but me? If Ben and Jerry [two Jews] can fold spiritual poison into their ice cream, I can add a spoonful of bitterness to what I'm serving you in book form...

I hate the Orthodox Jews because they hate gay-Jews. I'd be a fool to embrace them or offer them my love and wisdom. They insist on interpreting Hebrew scripture literally, although society is **finally** coming to terms with the fact that you can't pass out religious exceptions because fanatics will always abuse what we hold true in the modern age if you do.

The Orthodox Jews are destroying the triangle pointing down in the Star of David. They're turning Israel into a patriarchal society where everything matriarchal and internal must be subsumed to their control.

Interpreting any world scripture with hate for gays or Jews is a recipe for disaster. And using God as your strategy is **deplorable**. In fact, I'd call it **abominable**. As both a gay and a Jew, I say that the Orthodox Jews have to be stopped.

Israel is the most modern country in the Middle East and probably the most modern country in the world if you're measuring modernity by presence in the present. Yet the Israelis aren't dealing with the problems created by the Orthodox Jews vociferously enough. And that brings me from my anti-Semitism to my anti-Zionism.

What's the point of having recreated Israel after 2,000 years if the light of our nation is only going to be shined in everybody's eyes, leaving them blinded? If Christianity is a lighthouse for the world, then Judaism is a light that should be shined onto **their** tower of light to warn all those at sea.

Jesus was Jewish. The light He Shined was Jewish. If Jews don't yet appreciate what good Christians have contributed to this world, that could only be because White people have such a deplorable history of oppressing others. But that couldn't be because of their religion. Hate some White Christians, sure! But don't hate Jesus.

Shining the light of Judaism in people's eyes is rude. Orthodox Jews are rude. And Israel is playing the world for a fool by not turning their light in the direction of the Christian lighthouse that rotates its glorious light around the world.

How are the Hindus, Buddhists, Taoists and Muslims who are lost at sea without a sail or a rudder going to beware of the promontory of land [Israel] God Gave to the world if they can't perceive the beacon and the tower of His Power that supports it?

Spiders and Flies

Itzi-Witzi was a spider. I'm a fly. Itzi-Witzi comes from a family of shnorers [Yiddish: takers]. And he learned from them how to construct a complex web to catch his prey.

I bought him a computer. I got my boyfriend to be his IT administrator for all his technical needs. I went food shopping for him every week and always bought him a present or reduced his bill to make it easier for him financially. I spent years as his therapist, focusing all our time together on his emotional and spiritual challenges. And I advised him on all sorts of everyday issues as they came up. In addition, I was his spiritual cheer leader.

But Itzi-Witzi's crawl up my waterspout is over... When I saw two of his eight legs go in a direction that was totally independent of the rest, I realized he was a spider, and I was his fly...

The Orthodox Jews in Israel are spiders. They wrap the state in guilt ridden arguments from Hebrew scripture, so they can receive handouts instead of having to work for a living. The fanatical Muslims do the same with the Quran by killing Jews and then sucking rewards off oil-rich Muslim nations for their "heroism."

My father was the spider in his family before the War. As the youngest of eight children, he became an expert in snoring to get what he wanted. When the whole family was cornered in an attic in the ghetto of Kaunas, and the Nazis set the whole ghetto on fire, they gave him two gold coins which he swallowed before they all ran out of the building and surrendered. He was young and strong, and therefore taken to Dachau, a labor camp in Southern Germany. The rest of them were exterminated. He used one gold coin to bribe his way into a job in the kitchen in concentration camp after bribing another Nazi with a gold coin to forge his identity as a Russian, political prisoner rather than a Jew. I have written proof of that. He was recorded as a Russian, political prisoner in Nazi documentation that I obtained when I visited Dachau. The rest of the story, he told me himself.

My mother was a spider who trapped my father, who was her fly... She taught me to sit like a fly on the wall and listen.

Sadly, I got bored and wanted to fly. But I banged my head against a glass pane I could **see** through but could never **get** through...

God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Has Allowed the window to open a crack to let me out from time to time. But I always seem to find my way back into this awesome/awful room.

Dear John Letter

Itzi-Witzi never apologized. He just admitted in an email that he needed help. He claimed he was getting that help from a new book he was reading. He's always excited about some new book he's reading. Needless to say, he's never bothered to read any of mine...

With the help of my boyfriend, I realized I shouldn't dump him for his lack of emotional intelligence. But I also realized I can't raise his E.Q.

I foolishly equated I.Q. with E.Q! For some strange reason, I thought people who told me how smart they were, **were** smart. And when I realized that they were users deep down, whether of themselves, or others, I felt the need to correct their errors of judgment. I thought it was merely a misunderstanding I could clear up in no time...

People are both spiders and flies. And if you watch them long enough like a fly on the wall, you'll even come to see the web you've created to catch them...

Here's what I told Itzi-Witzi:

My boyfriend and I would like to assure you that we're always here for your physical needs. He'll continue to attend to your technical problems. And I'll continue to do your food shopping, including bringing you gifts.

But I'm not going to be able to continue to assist you with your spiritual growth and development. I've found that that's taken a toll on me, and I can't allow that to happen anymore. For the time being, I'm going to pass on our Thursday get togethers. I'm sure you now understand why.

I reread the email I first sent him. I can see how hurt and angry I was at having felt used. I now realize there isn't anything I can do about how he operates. He played a spider. I played a fly. And I had to get out of his web and not fly that way again.

People aren't in this world to give **me** something to occupy my time. I'm in this world to give **myself** things to do. I can always change my actions if I want to contribute differently.

When I think about all the flies I've literally seen and heard banging up against my windows, I think of myself and the bruises I've suffered in trying to get through something seemingly invisible but impenetrable. I think of the force field that's kept me from going where I've wanted to **be**. And I think about God's Reasoning in me having to remain right where I am until I know better.

There are very few sounds that creep me out as much as a fly banging into a window. There are very few feelings that creep me out as much as a spider or a web touching my skin.

I'm just lucky I can talk about it at long last. I'm lucky I've learned a lesson or two that makes life meaningful. It's not that I won't ever help another human being ever again. It's just that in the future, I'll need to be more aware of my motives.

I can't do more for anyone than I'm doing for me. I'm not a martyr. I'm a **good** person. I can't allow myself to be used, victimized or scapegoated.

My Israeli-Cousin's-Husband's-Driver

My Israeli-cousin's-husband was a colonel in the Israeli army. Therefore, he was given the use of a car and a driver. His driver was a young, male, Yemenite soldier who spoke a little English, which my family only discovered when I moved to Israel, and I conversed with him.

Over time, my Israeli-cousin's-husband's-driver and I became friends, mostly because he met a French gal, and

they fell in love. He spoke no French and her English was worse than my Hebrew. So, he came to me to help him understand the world of women, since I spoke English, French and Hebrew by the age of 19, which made me an “expert” on almost everything...

His fiancée moved back to France to await him completing his military service. And he came over to my place once a week to learn about life from me. I was dancing in an Israeli, modern ballet company at the time. I was a very minor, distant star in their society. We’d lie on my bed and talk about the things young men discuss when the moon is full, and the stars are twinkling nervously overhead.

I think I neglected to mention that he was thin with jet black hair, dark, piercing eyes and smooth, brown skin. And when he’d break into a smile, women fainted, and gay men got weak in the knees. But I curbed my enthusiasm at my physical proximity to one as beautiful as him, and so our friendship grew tighter.

When he moved to France and I later moved to Holland, I came down to Paris to visit him. By then, his wife had had their first child and their apartment, he said, was a mess. So, they asked her parents to host me in their Rive Droite apartment in one of the more fashionable arrondissements. His in-laws treated me like a visiting prince from an exotic land. I couldn’t have been made to feel more welcome.

But when my cousin’s-husband’s-driver came up to visit me in Amsterdam a couple of years later, he did so when his wife was pregnant for the second time.

In Amsterdam, he confided in me that he had a girlfriend on the side. And I confided in him that I was gay. He was shocked and dismayed at what had become of **me**... He even bemoaned about what might have happened back in Tel Aviv on my bed all those nights when we spoke so intimately side by side.

I didn’t have the guts then to tell him what I thought of **him**, an adulterer who came to visit me in the hopes of

meeting a Dutch gal through me to have a little more fun with while his wife was at home “enjoying” morning sickness... I just wished he’d go away.

This weekend, my boyfriend and I went South to a hotel with a pool in Milpitas, a bedroom community outside San Jose. There, we enjoyed the last rays of the Indian, summer sun and ate dinner at an exotic restaurant he selected – an activity he lives for that I cannot for the life of me understand...

But I digress. While at the pool, there was only one other couple enjoying the outdoor amenities, a Spanish speaking man and woman. She looked considerably older than him, but she sounded like a little girl, begging and pleading with him as he kissed her passionately in public. He, on the other hand, laughed like a pedophile the whole time. He even gave my boyfriend and me the impression that he was doing it for our sake. [Weird!]

I watched them out of the corner of my eye and thought back to my Israeli-cousin’s-husband’s-driver who had the nerve to criticize me for speaking French with an accent once he was proficient enough in French to notice that I was far from a native speaker in a language I’d never learned in the country where it was spoken. I wanted to tell him that if you use your eyes and ears, you don’t need to speak foreign languages to be able to discern the age and maturity of the people around you.

When I think back to my time with him and his wife in Paris, I recall the patronizing sound of his voice calling her “Cherie” and her whining. Another example of “children” making children to prove to the world that they’re grown up.

Has anyone bothered to mention that having children is an activity which externalizes the relationship between your inner child and inner parent? Growing up doesn’t require making babies. It requires raising the baby in you until s/he’s an adult.

“Twilight Zone”

In one of the television episodes of, “The Twilight Zone,” [1959-64], Rod Serling, the writer and producer of the show, told a tale of an alien race that came to Earth to help us achieve peace on Earth. The aliens constructed domes around each nation which eliminated the need for any further military force. People all over the world began to relax and treat one another without fear and suspicion.

The aliens even gave us their bible, which was written in their language. And humans started to travel to their planet to discover the cultural and spiritual source of the miracle they’d brought us.

One of the linguists who’d been working on translating the aliens’ bible was just about to get onboard a flying saucer to visit the aliens’ planet when a colleague ran up to him to tell him that they’d finally decoded the title of their holy scripture: “To Serve Man.” It was a cookbook!...

If you still think I shouldn’t bother to come up with more “humble proposals” to heal the world, in my defense I have to say that I haven’t told a single, cannibal joke... Necrophilia was my self-imposed limit...

I still think that sex with dead people is what most people are doing without a clue that most people are just doing their best to come alive spiritually...

But what I haven’t mentioned is that what I think people most yearn to take a bite out of in life is themselves. Their hunger for food-for-thought emanates out from within. To consume themselves, not God, is what people would really like most to discover about the mystery of life... And for men that’s usually interpreted as literally eating their penis and testicles to come to know the **life**-giving force within them... For women, that means eating their breasts, the **love**-giving force within them with which they nurture new life... Who knew that the **milk** of human kindness was so different for men and women?

My Next Book

I'm sitting in a hotel in Milpitas, California, about 50 miles South of San Francisco. It's early morning. My boyfriend is still sleeping. The room is dark. It's only lit up by my computer screen. This book is now considerably more than 100 pages in length. I didn't want to write books that are more than 100 pages long. I can be awfully long-winded...

I've already got a title and topic for my next book. It's going to be called, Chicken Salad for the Soul. It'll be a surprise story about what you get when you knock on some stranger's door and say, "trick or treat." And they invite you all the way in rather than just dump something at you from the door. I was lucky with my boyfriend. I got both a trick and a treat... And I couldn't be happier.

Although my boyfriend likes to have sex in the morning, it's never dark by time he wakes up. Our blinds at home let light slip in. But this morning we're going to do **it** in a hotel room in which there'll be pitch darkness.

Doing **it** in the dark makes **it** harder than **it** looks. Doing it with a shadow figure who you think you know well takes strength of character. You realize that things aren't always what they seem or where you expect to find them...

Life is like sex in the dark. It's magical. It's mysterious. And it's a bit frightening at times, too.

You're going through life with a complete stranger within who you're Given the opportunity to get to know a tiny bit better each day. That's the shadow figure you should be looking for when you bow your head in a house of prayer.

It's only when you draw the curtains and let in the light that you suddenly see what you've been doing and who you've been doing it with...

Life should be described as a **sticky** business... But if you just lie there and play dead, you're only going to get a sense of victimhood out of **it**. You're going to feel screwed over by something or someone you can't clearly see.

Human beings are nothing more than billions of tiny pieces of star drek rubbing up against one another. The world is complex and more deceiving than it looks. It can't be explained by science **or** religion. It has to be explained by **both**.

There's a method to God's Madness. And the only way to discover what that madness means to you, personally, is by questioning everything that happens around you as a clue to what God Is Teaching you about yourself from within.

"Beam me aboard, Scotty." My mission here is over.

Epilog

James T. Kirk was the captain of the Enterprise, the starship in Star-Trek. **James** was the brother of Jesus. "**T**" stands for the cross. And **kirk** means **church** in German.

I've added this epilog because, yesterday, William Shatner, the actor who played Kirk in the original Star-Trek series made a 10-minute flight into space.

The 90-year-old man came down to Earth overcome with emotion. Shatner said it was the most profound of all his experiences! He called air the blue "comforter" around the world. And then he hugged Jeff Bezos.

For me, his trip into outer space struck me differently. I recall Shatner, a Jewish actor, and Leonard Nimoy, also Jewish, arguing their way through 79 episodes of Star-Trek, trying to come to a decision about what should guide man, his head [Kirk] or his heart {Spock}.

Because the show aired in the 60's, the real question being asked at the time was how our head [Adam] and heart [Eve] are supposed to manage the messages received from our penis [serpent]. That's what the sexual revolution of the 60's was really all about. If you weren't there, let me vouch for this interpretation of that decade.

For Jeff Bezos to find a way to get a hug from a heartfelt Jew was the positive message I received. But watching billionaires playing with expensive toys is something I've

got no interest in. Shatner's 10-minute escapade had nothing to do with outer space for me. It was all about inner space. Where do any of us go from here?

Your Song

By

Elton John

Accompanied by Alessandro Safina

My written rendition of "Your Song"
should heal the rift between
the Church of England and the Vatican.

It's a little bit funny
this feeling inside.
I'm not one of those who can easily hide.
I don't have much money, but boy if I did,
I'd buy a Big House where we both could Live.
If I was a sculptor, ha,
but then again, no,
or a man who makes potions in a traveling show.
I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do.
My gift is my song, and this one's for You.
And You Can Tell everybody
this is Your Song.
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done,
I hope You Don't Mind.
I hope You Don't Mind
that I put down in words
how wonderful life is while you're in the world.
I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss.
Well a few of the verses, well they've got me quite cross.
But The Son's Been quite kind
while I wrote this song.
It's for people like you that keep It Turned on.

So, excuse me forgetting,
but these things I do.
You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue.
Anyway the thing is, what I really mean,
Yours Are The Sweetest Eyes I've ever seen.
And You Can Tell everybody
this is the song.
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done,
I hope You Don't Mind.
I hope You Don't Mind
that I put down in words
how wonderful life is while you're in the world.
I hope you don't mind.
I hope You Don't Mind
that I put down in words
how wonderful life is while you're in the world.

I couldn't have "amended" this song if I hadn't been Given the mother I had. She was Jewish by the definition of the Jews [mother] and Christian by the definition of the Christians [father]. Ergo, she gave me a bridge between two of God's Faiths that few are born with.

It's up to those who feel like a Frankenstein terrorizing the villagers to prove to them that our intentions are grand, kind and bashert [Hebrew: God Intended]. It's up to the villagers to learn from those labeled "monsters," not to vilify us.

Granted, my mother took away privileges when I was young. I would have preferred she'd discussed her values and principles with me rather than make me suffer for what she believed in. But she was thrown out of school in the seventh grade by Nazis; got married young; and then had to work to support her children because my father, turned out to be a deadbeat dad. And so, she never learned the critical thinking skills I was privileged to receive through my formal education.

My mother was a very good person who I crucified on a very small cross for very minor issues in the grand scheme of things. But God Has Helped me work all that out over time.

If there's one thing I'd like to leave you with, it's to forgive the small things, not the big things. Forgive the Democrats for being human. Don't forgive the Republicans for being inhumane.

Previous Books

If you're a Democrat, I recommend you read my books in the reverse order written. In this way, you'll be able to see everything I didn't know previously that you already know. You'll be able to absorb the details of my ideas like semen that explodes into you. Using this order Given to me by God, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me as a sexual act with many climaxes that you won't have to feel guilty for feeling, even if you're married or in a committed relationship with another person. You'll be able to enjoy the process of reading as a sexual act with many happy endings.

If you're a Republican, I recommend you read my books in the order I wrote them. In this way, you'll be able to see everything I learned in the order I learned it. You'll be able to read about the details behind my ideas as they exploded into print on the page. Using this order Given to me by God, you'll be able to enjoy the process of reading me in a way you won't have to feel in any way guilty about.

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

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

21. **How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms**

A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. **Lampshade for the Light**

of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. **Call Me Glinda**

a book for friends of Dorothy

18. **Home Schooled**

why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. **Lazy Susan**

How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

16. **Your Buddha Within**

Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian
Who Yearns for Peace of Mind

15. **Playing god With God**

Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**

Volume 1 High Lights

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

Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life

Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life

Volume 5 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 6 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself

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

7. **A Guest at Their Table**

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

Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body

Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood

Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

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

Torah For Straight People

Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You

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

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

Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**
89 Poems of My Love for Me