

David Met Jonathan *After* Slaying Goliath

How I made peace with **my** penis and testicles

By
Barry Emanuel Zeve

Reading my words

will be like planting seeds in your head
that I wish you to water,
so they germinate and take root
in your heart and soul.
I've turned my words turned into black symbols
on white pages
for you to caress with your eyes.
Your mind then turns these symbols into the sounds
you hear in your head.
This is a process that's more than magical.
It's sensual.
I'm together with you inside you.

God Came to us with His Words,
not with art, music, theater or dance.
Scripture is His Preferred Medium.
The more we appreciate reading,
the more inspired we become to love life.
The human body is a machine you can read.
The more you right the world,
the deeper you'Re Allowed to read yourself.

Dedication

“To All The Girls I’ve Love Before”

by

Albert Hammond and Hal David

(my take-off)

To all the boys I’ve loved before
who traveled in and out my door,
I’m glad they came along.

I dedicate this song
to all the boys I’ve loved before.

To all the boys I once caressed
and may I say, I’ve held the best
for helping me to grow, I owe a lot, I know
to all the boys I’ve loved before.

The winds of change are always blowing,
and every time I tried to stay
the winds of change continued blowing.
And they just carried me a way.

To all the boys who shared my life
who now are someone else’s wife,
I’m glad they came along.
I dedicate this song
to all the boys I’ve loved before.

To all the boys who cared for me
who filled my nights with ecstasy;
they live within my heart.
I’ll always be a part
of all the boys I’ve loved before.

Introduction

This book is a reconciliation of my love life. I'm taking you beyond politics and religion into the realm of spirituality. This book is my greatest course correction in life. It's now sending me in the direction of my destiny on the world stage, away from my fate in oblivion.

If you aren't somewhat familiar with **scripture** – the Old Testament, New Testament and Quran – you may want to look up some of the passages I refer to, to get a firsthand look at God's Word(s). Or not... It won't really matter.

This book is a written confession about my love life through which I give up all the blame I piled upon myself for other people's errors of judgment and misfortune. (We were all young and inexperienced once.)

All the blame I imposed upon myself for my own errors of judgement, I've corrected to the best of my ability up until now. In doing both, I've creating an intimacy I never achieved before with myself before God or man.

When I was a precocious teenager, I had no idea that existential loneliness and the unbearable boredom of repetition (that makes up so much of life) would end up being important to my tale. My life was refreshed with new meaning in old age. I've never felt younger. I've never felt more hopeful. I've never felt more powerful.

Now, in early old age, looking back, I see myself as just one more Moses who made his way through a desert doing the best he could at the time. But **my** burning bush experience was a confrontation with my conscience, not with God. My mother was **my** ancient Egypt. Getting away from her and the bondage of childhood felt like it took 400 years, the length of time the Israelites suffered slavery under the Egyptians. Going back to her through self-examination has turned into an unexpected exodus to freedom.

This book is the story of my plodding, ponderous return to my inner Egypt living with my mother. I conjured up the angel of death three times as a young man by attempting

suicide to get the attention of the Pharaoh inside me. Once he agreed to let me go and live my life without **oppression** from others; **suppression** by family; **repression** of myself; and the ultimate consequence of it all: clinical **depression**, I took 600,000 voices in my head toward a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] that I'd never seen or been to previously.

Only there in **my** inner Israel did I find a way to forgive my mother for being old and frail and human. Only there could I forgive my father for not being my Father.

My story is what the **biography** of Jesus didn't tell you about the **autobiography** of Moses. Jesus Was a rabbi Who Chose To Go back to His Inner Egypt while living in Israel, a Jewish land that was a spiritual challenge to others then, and that is so still. He Chose To Be Crucified by pharaohs and slavedrivers in His Own Country rather than deny His Truth. He Chose To **Honor** His Mother, as Commanded in Torah, not **Love** her, as I'd mistakenly done with mine.

My story is for Muslims who are ready to admit that with God's Help they hope to crucify Jews and Christians with the cross they've been carrying all their life in their soul: the Quran. They're ready to put down their guns in favor of studying scripture with Christians and Jews. None of us can do this alone.

So, sit back and relax. There's nothing you need to do to prepare for this **tale** about my **tail**. I'll tell you how I found the words to say what I just said, so you can say what you have to say with greater conviction.

The crystal ball you saw on the front cover is a depiction of me handing off the power of the good in me to you. The crystal ball on the back is a depiction of death, what those who love life associate with the ultimate evil: the loss of loved ones.

All God's Goodness leads to love, and all evil inclinations, redressed, lead to wisdom.

But I must warn you from the start. You won't be able to waltz into the secret on the pages of this book without patience. So, read my words slowly! The word in Hebrew for **patience** comes from the root word for **suffering**.

Prepare yourself for an overview of spirituality that goes beyond this introduction. There's much you need to learn about me before you'll be ready to learn more about yourself.

If you should happen to lose patience along the way, just climb down from this cross I've lovingly nailed you to. Take a break. Enjoy a snack. You can always climb back up again when you're ready for more exquisite suffering at my hands...

Now say goodbye! Were about to leave the world you've grown so accustomed to. But you can come back to it any time you wish.

The Goliath I slew was me
by giving up drugs and alcohol almost 40 years ago.
That was a blow to my head
from which it couldn't recover.
I married myself at the Wailing Wall in 2008.
Then I ordained myself a rabbi
during another visit to Jerusalem in 2011.
I graduated the school of hard knocks
with a Ph.D. in me
by writing alone at home in San Francisco for 10 years.
I lived like a monk with only my boyfriend to comfort me.
(My previous 25 books on spirituality
were my doctoral dissertation before God.)

This book is about my love of men.
Cleaning up my love life required
figuratively washing myself below the waist.
And having you with me in the shower to rinse off with
is going to make this a lot more fun...
Such is the naked truth on the page.

P.T.S.D.

stands for

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

I don't suffer from **post**-traumatic stress.

I suffer from **pre**-traumatic stress.

I anticipate that things may only get worse for us all.

In an effort to remain hopeful (even when not optimistic),

I've had to anticipate my expectations.

I've had to find patience with my body,
even when it's in pain.

I've had to find patience with my heart,
even though it's been broken.

Goosebumps are champagne
poured over us that rain down from Heaven.
Angels make us laugh by tickling us with their wings.
I hope to do the same to you in my own inimitable way.
If you should feel goosebumps
from reading this confession,
expect to feel them between your nipples.
And if you have an urge to smile at yourself,
give in to it.
God Will Applaud you for your humility.
So, why wouldn't I?

The Jews call the place between our nipples
a burning bush [hairy chest].
The Christians call it a Sacred Heart.
The Muslims call it The Wind beneath their wings.
You know it as your soul.

Table of Contents

1. The V-Shaped Mirror	1
2. Teaching You How to Masturbate	4
3. 6 + 8	6
4. The Curriculum of This Class	8
5. Fantasies, Dreams and Nightmares	9
6. The Oracle at Bear-Bucks	16
7. Loneliness Is the Key to God-Consciousness	18
8. Self-Love	22
9. Social Life Verses Love Life	23
10. Kelev [Kmo Ha Lev]	24
11. Anal Sex Verses Sodomy	27
12. Virtual Anal Sex	32
13. Gay Speech	36
14. Other Queens	40
15. A Jewish Queen	44
16. Buenos Aires	48
17. "A Time for Us"	50
18. L.A. to Israel	51
19. Madrid	53
20. "I've Got to See You Again"	55
21. Tel Aviv	56
22. Bergen	64
23. "Let It Be Me"	66
24. Amsterdam	67
25. The Hague	69
26. Paris	73
27. Jefer	77
28. Helsinki	80
29. "You've Got a Friend"	84
30. Brighton	85
31. Dusseldorf	87
32. "Speak Softly Love"	89
33. In Nice, I Did Something Nice	94
34. "September Song"	98

35. City of the Angels	98
36. East L.A.	102
37. West L.A.	105
38. East Hollywood	106
39. Silverlake	108
40. Cranford	110
41. Death Will Follow You Anywhere	113
42. “(You’re the) Devil in Disguise”	116
43. Loneliness Everywhere	118
44. My Place	119
45. Liberty Heights	120
46. Eureka!	123
47. Back and Forth to L.A.	129
48. Life in Noe Valley	131
49. God Works in Mysterious Ways	139
50. Sonnet 29	148
51. Romantic Love	149
52. God’s Abrahamic Plan	156
53. “Killing Me Softly with His Love”	164
54. The Oracle’s Prediction for Israel and America	165
55. Predictions for World Peace	169
56. Praying at Home	170
57. Gay Endings	174
58. Final Exam	176
59. “Forgiving You Was Easy”	177
60. Beyond the End	178
61. “I’m Still Standing”	182
62. “Personality”	184
63. My Father	186
64. Celebration Dance	187

Previous Books

The V-Shaped Mirror

Alice may have gone through the looking glass in 1865 where she met many a strange creature, but I'm taking you through a V-shaped mirror to get a better look at yourself. I'm David, the queen of Israel and the queen of hearts! I'm an oracle and poet who's going to change your life over the course of the next 200 pages.

Let's begin this odyssey by me asking you to create a V-shaped mirror. (If you just read my instructions without following them, you're wasting **your** time, not mine...) You can do this with two hand-held mirrors or with one mirror held up against your bathroom mirror at a 90-degree angle.

While looking at yourself in the center of the V you've created, place the index finger of your right hand on your right cheek. Then touch your left cheek.

What you see is a real reflection of yourself. What you see is what others see when they look at you. You've broken through the looking glass – the mirror image of reality that's the opposite of the truth.

Everybody's living with the same mirror image of life in their imagination. We're all going through the looking glass in our own crazy way, and we're all coming away with a bizarre impression of the world, just as Alice did.

But when you look in a V-shaped mirror, you're looking directly at reality exactly as you appear to others. This is what an out-of-body experience looks like.

You don't have to read this book in the bathroom. You don't have to lock the bathroom door and take off all your clothes to see yourself as other people see you. There's an easier way Given to us in scripture.

All three of the Abrahamic faiths begin with the assumption that man Was Created in a garden by God. The first story in Genesis is actually the main metaphor of Moses. **Man** is the forbidden tree in that garden. He's a combination of forces that look different on the outside, but quite similar from within. Here are the components of that metaphor:

Adam	Head	Thoughts
Eve	Heart	Feelings
Serpent	Penis	Desires
Fruit ¹	Right Testicle	Goodness
Fruit ²	Left Testicle	Evil
Eden	Earth	Conscience

The Creation Story is a metaphor that describes a boy's first orgasm. Orgasm is the first, spiritual fact of life.

The words [semen] of the serpent [penis] that seemingly magically come out of its mouth upon orgasm originate in the testicles [the fruits of good and evil that hang down from the tree {male body}].

When it [serpent] conspires with her [Eve], he [Adam] gets in trouble with Him [God].

When our desires [penis] interact with our feelings [heart], our thoughts [head] trigger responses in our body that are exquisite, but they also trigger responses in our conscience that are beguiling.

The two main aspects of man [Adam {the head} and Eve {the heart}] become banished from the garden of Eden [childhood] in adolescence as every male works his way through life by learning about the reason for his being.

When a boy experiences his first orgasm, it's as though he hears the starting gun that begins his race through Torah to see if he can find the momentum to make it all the way through the Gospels and the Quran to know God before he crosses the finish line [death].

Whether you begin exploring the mystery of your life as a Jew, a Christian or a Muslim – you're going to have to account for the wisdom inherent in Torah, the love exuded by the Gospels and the loyalty to God found in the Quran.

To learn how you Were Personally Created in God's Image, you may have to do more than you're doing now to find your truth.

The Abrahamic faiths are more like an edifice with the Hindus in our basement. The Jews live on the ground floor. Our Jewish ceiling is the Christians' floor. And the Muslims Have Been Consigned to the penthouse above their Christian neighbors.

Don't congratulate yourself just yet for the view you have out of the windows of your mind. Even in the basement, there are windows with light coming in. Remember that some straight men are fools who hate one another. Don't forget how disloyal they can be to women and children.

The Abrahamic edifice is now surrounded by scaffolding on which the LGBT+ community is doing the job of washing everyone's windows from the outside. And let me tell you that what we see inside from where we're standing doesn't look good!

If you choose not to wash your windows from the inside, don't blame us for the pain and suffering your children and grandchildren will have to endure. Don't come running to us when global warming destroys the life you enjoyed up until now. You've been warned! Your interpretation of scripture is amiss.

When Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge, they didn't realize they were **naked**. They saw that they were **nude**.

Nude means physically exposed. **Naked** means emotionally apparent. Every **toddler** reaches the stage of realization that s/he's **nude**, and then s/he chooses to put clothes on because s/he doesn't want to feel nude before others. This is the banishment from the Eden of infancy.

Every **child** then comes to the realization that s/he's **naked** and reaches out to mommy and daddy not to feel exposed in that emotionally, oh, so painful way.

Every **teenager** then comes to the realization that s/he's **nude, naked** and **exposed** before others upon experiencing his or her first orgasm. So, s/he reaches out to peers for comfort and to share something totally new, mysterious and

different that no toddler or child can ever know; something his or her parents couldn't talk about using scripture.

If you're ready to go through the V-shaped mirror and the slight discomfort of feeling like an adolescent again as you relive your first orgasm with me, this book is just what The Doctor Ordered.

If not, shut this book now. You're not ready to grow like a tree in a **garden** [infant]; like a tree in a **grove** [childhood]; like a tree in an **orchard** [adolescence]; or like a tree in a **forest** [adulthood].

Teaching You How to Masturbate

I have no intention of trying to teach you how to masturbate. Nor am I going to try to teach you how to make love with another person. I assume you're already experienced in both those realms.

But I **am** going to talk to you candidly about lovemaking with someone of the same gender, whether or not you've tried it, because without at least theoretical knowledge of what that's like, you're never going to understand the secret that gay men Have Been Given that God Wants us to share with the world.

This book is for race car drivers on the road of life who want to become experts at going at speeds that most drivers are terrified of reaching. Just because you're behind the wheel of your vehicle [body] doesn't mean you're a good driver. You may have a partner in the passenger seat who's of the opposite gender, but that's not going to help you when it comes to driving yourself all the way Home unless you see that passenger as the mysterious other side of yourself – someone you can't see just by looking in a conventional mirror.

All men and women are 50% male and 50% female. The person in your driver's seat is probably the one who you associate with your genitals, which are male or female. But

the person in the passenger's seat must go anywhere you decide to go because you're the one driving.

When I lived in Holland, I had a gay friend from England named Richard who worked in Amsterdam but traveled home once a month to England to be with his boyfriend. What fascinated me about Richard wasn't that he drove to work in Amstelveen every day while I only peddled a bike to and from my job in Amsterdam. Richard went to Hoek van Holland once a month where he drove onto the ferry to Harwich, England. When he got off the ferry in Harwich, he drove off onto the other side of the road to go home. I thought that was jaw-dropping amazing! He could drive on the left side of the road as easily as on the right.

For you to be able to say you can do the same in the spiritual sense of getting Home, regardless of what's asked of you on your journey, you're going to have to know yourself and your fear of a world in which some people do things opposite to the way you're accustomed to doing them.

Fear of making love with someone of the same gender is like driving on the "wrong" side of the road. It's like finding yourself in the passenger's seat with a steering wheel in your hand or in the driver's seat in the conventional sense without a steering wheel to control where you're going.

The way we usually describe this is with words like **top** or **bottom**; **giving** or **receiving**; **penetrating** or being **penetrated**; **active** or **passive**; **assertive** or **timid**; **masculine** or **feminine**.

They say it's better to give than to receive. [Acts 20:35] What they mean is that it's better to be a man than a woman. It's better to be a top than a bottom. It's better to be masculine than feminine.

But what they really want to say is that it's better to give than to receive because, for good people, receiving is much more difficult than giving. It's humbling to receive. And humility is a feeling that's hard to bear.

You may have explored some of the attributes of these masculine and feminine attributes on your own through a heterosexual lifestyle, but you aren't going to understand gay life if you're straight any better than a White person will ever be able to claim to understand Black folk in America.

I'm not advocating that you make love to someone of the same gender any more than I'd advocate that you straighten or dye your hair or wear colored contact lenses to look like a member of another race. These issues of sensitivity can be broached with an open mind, a good heart and a vivid imagination. And if you're non-binary or transgendered, I hope this book will help you understand what a gift you are to us all.

This book will humble you as writing it has humbled, me.

6 + 8

I've never been quite sure of what you get when you add 6 + 8. I've always had to rely on my fingers to get to that quotient. In fact, I've had trouble with what you get when you multiply 6 x 8, too.

I don't understand the concept of my weight going **up** as my body gets heavier. Gaining weight makes me feel **down**, not **up**.

If 1 is higher than 0, and 2 is higher than 1, then the Hindus must be right about there being millions of gods. How could One God Produce abstract concepts like numbers and words if they have emotional correspondences unique to each one of us?...

Those who know me, know that I tend to confuse the words **Wednesday** and **Saturday**, and **kitchen** and **chicken**. There are a few wires in my brain that got crossed a long time ago, and I still short-circuit on some obvious differences to the meaning of words by getting emotional.

It was only over time that I came to understand the deeper reasons for these mental hiccoughs. The age of **6** was

a difficult time in my life because my parents separated in Buffalo, NY, and my mom moved us 3,000 miles away from my dad. When I was **8**, my parents divorced in Ventura, CA, and my father went back to live in New York City, where I was born.

The day of weddings [**Wednesdays**] and the Jewish Sabbath [**Saturdays**] may both be days for blessings, but they confuse me because they occur at different times of the week. Shouldn't weddings be scheduled on Wednesdays and prayers on Saturdays?...

Perhaps because of this confusion just within the course of a week, I've always had trouble knowing what day I'm supposed to hump and what day I'm supposed to rest... For that matter, what day **is** the "right" day to pray, Friday at noon, Friday night, Saturdays or Sundays?...

Because of crossed wires in my brain, I don't always appreciate the difference between a comedy and a drama, either. Sometimes, I laugh at inappropriate moments in movies and even in conversations. People find me **odd**. Believe me, that's a much worse sin than being **queer**...

Chickens might be prepared in **kitchens**, but eggs are prepared in "kitchens" inside chickens... That's why I found the concept of kitchens¹ [shells] within kitchens² [chickens] within kitchens³ [refrigerators] difficult to grasp.

I'm always looking for reasons¹ behind reasons² behind reasons³.

The logic behind these explanations is revealed through the emotionality I express around these issues. I have feelings that override my thinking because my feelings melt, dribble, ooze and pour out of me in ways my mind has no way to master. I'm **logical**. But I'm sometimes **irrational**.

Sometimes, I think about things **other** than feelings that **dribble** and **ooze** when I hear those words, if you know what I mean... Therefore, I've had to conclude that there must be a whole host of beliefs I still hold that aren't necessarily **logical, rational** or **reasonable**.

Perhaps that's why there were a lot of men in my sordid, love life. I don't want to dismiss them all now as inconsequential, but many of them came [reached orgasm] and went with little to no fanfare from either of us. That left me with a loneliness and boredom with repetition that led to questions I didn't want to deal with at the time. There were only a few guys who left a lasting impression on me. They were the ones who figuratively called to me to write this book **to** you, but **for** me.

The Curriculum of This Class

This book is a class in spirituality. It has a curriculum and a final exam. We're going to accomplish a great deal because you can go at any speed you like. When you finish this book, you'll have graduated the school of life with a degree in knowledge, love and loyalty for yourself that you could never have achieved in a college. You'll be able to look around at all the people running around like **heads without a chick** and smile with that knowing smile that Mona Lisa had on her face.

The expression we're accustomed to is "running around like a **chick without a head**." But our brain is like a yolk. The cerebrospinal fluid around it is like albumen, and our skull is like a shell. The only thing missing is the zygote that's alive within it. Your mind is now like an unfertilized egg. You should admit that sometimes even **you** run around like a head without a chick.

If you've ever watched "Queer Eye" you know about the Fab 5 and how they transform people in a week. Theirs is an orgy for men and women through interior design; fashion; facing their face; food; and food-for-thought for all the world to witness. The Fab 5 create miracles before our eyes by transforming people from the inside out.

Well, this book will transform you from the **inside** only. I'm not about to change a thing about you on the outside.

You'll change inside **for** yourself and **by** yourself with me as your guide.

What I'll do is figuratively implant my ideas about life into your mind, not dissimilar to the way a man inseminates another person with his semen. If you swallow my ideas, your mind will become fertilized and fertile in a whole, new way.

Then the zygote in you will incubate and grow from page to page until it's like a chick ready to break out of its shell. Then we'll do the same with the unfertilized egg in your heart, a true miracle since your heart's surely already broken.

When the chick in your heart is fully grown, and you feel as though your heart is going to burst, you'll break your own heart to get out of it. This time nobody is going to break it **for** you.

With these experiences behind you, we'll be able to fertilize your conscience in the same way until it grows with God-consciousness into a soul. To truly become a soulful person, we all seek an experience that transcends anything we've ever been through before. This is what the curriculum of this class offers you.

By the end of this book, you should be able to say that you know yourself, love yourself and are able to express all the loyalty you now give to others with **yourself** before God. With the completion of this course, you should believe in The Universal God of us all in a way that'll inspire you to help others in all your affairs.

Fantasies, Dreams and Nightmares

Allow me to begin the saga of my sordid love life by differentiating for you my understanding of fantasies, dreams and nightmares.

Fantasies are metaphors that come from the groin. **Dreams** are symbols that come from the heart. **Nightmares** are similes that come from reflections in the soul when viewed through a V-shaped mirror.

A nightmare is God's Way of rudely waking us up when our head is asleep at the wheel. A nightmare is a crucifixion similar to what God, The Father Put Jesus, His Son, though. (Surely, our Father Could Have Stopped the torture of His Son if He'D Wanted to. And if He Didn't Forsake His Son for the sake of the world, how does that gift to us all make a difference to you personally?) This question will be answered in this book.

Genesis, the first of The Five Books of Moses, is a fantasy [metaphor] that includes dreams and nightmares. If you don't begin Genesis from **your** beginning, you won't achieve the timing needed to understand God's Intentions for you alone. You'll arrive too soon or too late to the next chapter of your life. You'll miss turn offs. You'll find yourself swerving on the wrong side of the road trying to avoid oncoming traffic. You'll have to do what I sometimes have to do by adding simple sums using my fingers.

Your beginning began with the creation of you. In the first six days of your life, you summed up the big bang along with the little bang that brought you into this world. On the seventh day you rested.

What difference did it make to you then what came before that? What difference did it make what would come next? You were the measure of all things in you and around you. You weren't queen for a **day**. You Were Allowed To Be King of the universe for an entire **week**!

On the eighth day of life, after completion of one round of the Jewish calendar [seven days], Jewish males are circumcised. We cut through the Creation Story [metaphor], the story of Adam and Eve, with a knife that leaves a lifelong impression on us. The Creation Story is a **fantasy** from the groin in infancy that leaves us questioning the purpose of our penis for the rest of our life.

The Creation Story came from Moses. It's really the description of his first wet dream. [Moses wasn't circumcised until he was an adult.] The Creation Story is the

fantasy [metaphor] that begins the spiritual awakening process of us all.

This awakening is the conspiracy between the penis¹ [serpent], heart² [Eve] and head³ [Adam] that occurs at puberty. This is the cause for the “words” that cum out of the mouth of the serpent [penis] that turn out to be so beguiling for Eve [the heart], and indirectly for Adam [the head]. This is why those two fruits [testicles] that hang down below the serpent of man are so vital in creating life as well as in understanding the meaning of life. This is why the testicles are seen as the source of a man’s power and why all of us seek reasons¹ within reasons² within reasons³.

The Gospels are a **dream** that produce symbols from The Sacred Heart of God. Baptism in infancy is the ritual of embracing Christ’s Life. It’s not a trial by fire [pain], as is circumcision.

What if The Words of Jesus Are actually His Coming Out Story? What if the Apostles were straight buddies of Jesus who “cleaned up” His Gay Sex Life for posterity by making it universally accessible to straight men? What if Judas had actually been Jesus’s Jealous Lover? After Jesus Gave of Himself to Judas, what if Judas was terrified of what he’d Received from Him. The semen of a man given to another man represents the greatest gift of life one man can give another.

What if Judas had been Humbled beyond belief by Jesus? What if he couldn’t receive the gift he’d Been Given?

In my opinion, Judas may have been confronted with the force of the 10th Commandment. [“You shall not covet your neighbor’s house {body}, your neighbor’s wife {love}, his male or female servant {loyalty to life}, his ox or donkey {beliefs}, or anything that belongs to your neighbor {material possessions}.” Exodus 20:17]

To be filled with the container and contents of Jesus without being able to live up to His Virtuous Nature must have been maddening. If Judas was jealous of His Body and

envious of His Blood, betraying Jesus for 30 pieces of silver [\$2,000] was just an excuse. Judas couldn't let anyone know the depth and complexity of his feelings, positive and negative, for Him. Men just didn't do that in those days.

Think of Christ's Body as a delivery device for love. In that sense It Resembles the universal penis. Think of Christ's Blood as the essence of His Nature. In that sense It Resembles universal semen. For Judas to be confronted with that intimate relationship with Jesus would have confounded anyone.

Think of the bread of the Eucharist as more than The Body of Christ, but His Penis. And think of the wine of the Eucharist as His Semen. This is the true essence of the Mass.

If Torah really begins at puberty and the Gospels begin with the coming out of Jesus, then the Quran is a glimpse in a V-shaped mirror Given to Muhammad by God via the archangel Gabriel to explain the Old and New Testaments in a more universal context without shocking straight men.

Circumcision of males and females in Islam is something Muslims choose, rather than something chosen for them. For uncircumcised Muslim children that must feel like a **nightmare** they anticipate having to endure.

Genesis is like a **fantasy** to the spiritually pre-pubescent. The Gospels is like a **dream** to those who can't fully appreciate the depth of brotherly love. The Quran is like a **nightmare** until you've been through the choice of circumcision in coming before God.

Looking at The Words of God from any story in the Abrahamic edifice is terrifying and traumatic unless you're thoroughly trained in matters of The Spirit. Just viewing life through the main metaphor of Moses, the symbols of Jesus or the 114 suwar [chapters] of the Quran [which are similes for God] won't give you a complete picture of God's Plan.

If you tried to comb your hair in the V-shaped mirror exercise I presented you with in the first chapter, you surely

discovered what a nightmare it is doing things “correctly” once your hands are used to doing everything “backwards.”

Crucifying all the world’s Jews or killing all the new Jews [Christians] isn’t the goal of Islam. The primary goal of Islam is to martyr and **spiritually** crucify Muslims as brand-new Jews who model The Intentions in God’s Soul, not just in His Head [Judaism] and Heart [Christianity].

The Creation Story is a metaphor that describes the onset of puberty. The Body [container] and Blood [contents] of Christ Turns every man, woman and child on Earth into a religious symbol Created by God. God Fills us with His Contents [love]. Each surah [chapter] of the Quran is a simile for God’s Plans for us all.

When you look at God from a metaphoric, symbolic and comparative point of view, there’s little doubt you’ll be upset with how difficult it is to understand life until you begin by pondering the self-doubts Moses went through on his way back to Egypt to find a way to set the Israelites free after his encounter with God at the Burning Bush.

Why bother? Why not continue to run away from where you came from rather than go back to face your accusers? What possible benefit could there be in retracing your steps back to the scene of your own crimes.

The journey from the Burning Bush back to Egypt isn’t literally referred to in Exodus except to explain the reason for circumcision to appease God’s Anger. [Exodus 4:24-26] But you’re on that journey now with me. My penis is figuratively ejaculating all that I know from inspiration from God and through self-reflection into your mind. If you’re curious to get these questions answered, you’ll be impregnated with my spiritual sperm.

If you choose to abort my gift to you, you certainly have the freedom to do so at any point in this presentation. But because this is all happening in virtual reality, I can see no reason why you would.

You've Already Been Given instructions from The God of your understanding, but you surely live with doubts at times about how to carry them out. You may even live in fear of the pharaoh [political leaders] and slave drivers [bosses] who may want you to maintain the status quo.

You know you're just one little Adam [seed] who was planted in a garden. You had no idea you'd grow up to become a tree of knowledge with a serpent and two fruits hanging down from your trunk. You had no idea you were biologically forbidden to explore yourself until puberty. You may even be in doubt whether or not to do so now.

The difference between you and Adam is that you've literally grown up. You've already been banished from the **garden** of infancy and the **grove** of childhood, only to find yourself in an **orchard** of hundreds of trees in adolescence. You've already been biologically permitted to touch your own tree. By this point in your life, you may feel figuratively lost in the **forest** of adulthood. Why not find the courage within to go further down this road?

You know that getting the good juice out of the fruits of others is harder than it looks. You don't dare squeeze every man's right testicle to make your point... It's enough that you just shake his right hand upon first introductions.

I suspect Judas was consumed with a jealous rage after realizing that God Gave him A Lover Who Had everything he was missing. I'll bet Judas was envious of all Jesus Held within Himself and all that **He** Could Give of Himself to the world.

What would you do if The Pitcher on the mound Is so much greater than the catcher on the plate? The Sermon on the Mount was surely a fast ball Judas couldn't spiritually catch. It came too close to home.

What man wouldn't be jealous of someone like Jesus? What gay-Jew wouldn't react the same way Judas did unless he was born into a modern world with more than one name for God and more than one interpretation of His Words?

Now is the perfect time in His Story [history] to explore a new view.

The words of Moses give life spiritual **length**. The Words of Jesus Give life spiritual **width**. The words of the Prophet Mohammad give life spiritual **depth**. Torah, the Gospels and the Quran Were Created as one recipe Given to humanity over a vast stretch of time.

But what you may be serving up for public consumption (I'm sorry to say) may not always be edible or tasty. If you're bitter [disappointed] about your life or sour [angry] with others, how can you expect me to believe that you're really sweet [loving] inside?

Think of the print on this page as words coming out of the mouth of my serpent. Think of my testicles as made of crystal that you're now able to look deeply into and, possibly, right through. What comes out of my right testicle is the good in me that leads to love. What comes out of my left testicle is the evil in me that leads to mistakes made, that I've corrected, that led me to wisdom.

What we're doing may feel forbidden, but I'll bet it feels good, too. So, let's keep going.

Most of what I refer to as my daydreams are actually just sexual **fantasies**. I have daydreams about doing heroic things for people, but most of the time I look at men that pass me by on the street or on TV and just enjoy a brief fantasy about how they'd perform in bed. I fantasize to relieve my existential loneliness and boredom in having to do the same things day after day.

I rarely have good **dreams** at night. Most of my dreams are weird and twisted images in a V-shaped mirror that confound me because I'm so habituated to doing things the way I've always done them. I have to pry open my dreams like a can [symbol] to discover the code inside them that reveals the secrets I've been keeping from myself.

My dreams at night aren't exactly nightmares, but they leave me feeling unsettled until I've deciphered them. This

is what self-scrutiny does to you when you're Inspired day-after-day and night-after-night for a lifetime.

Over the years, I've had some wonderful dreams about flying that left me feeling high when I woke up. All my dreams were in color until I was 8 years old.

But then, overnight, my dreams turned to black and white. Perhaps that's why I'm an artist whose palette is black [words] and white [pages]. Perhaps that's why I'm a writer who spends his time trying to right the world from the inside out.

I used to have a lot of **nightmares**, and my boyfriend, Will, would have to wake me up because I thrashed about so. On a few occasions, I even hit him. So, he quickly learned to wake me up from my nightmares before I turned violent. This is what you may need to do for yourself when you feel like you're going through a nightmare.

Now I climb up on my cross every night and come down from it whenever I please, even in the middle of the night. I go back to bed whenever I choose to climb back up on my cross to allow God To Crucify me a little more with self-knowledge until dawn. Such is the life of an oracle, a poet and a queen of hearts. Such is the life of a Jewish queen who's in some ways like King David.

I think of you as my son, Solomon. I think of imparting to you the knowledge that made me great. There's no need to threaten to slice babies in two when you're the inner parent to an inner child modeled on the life of David with Solomon. There are better ways of solving problems than with literal applications of scripture.

The Oracle at Bear-Bucks

When I started writing books 20 years ago, I was alone and very lonely. About 15 years ago, I decided to kill two birds with one stone by writing in public. I chose to go to the Starbucks in San Francisco at the corner of Castro Street and 18th Street. This is in the heart of the gay hood; what we used

to refer to as “the gay ghetto.” We called our Starbucks **Bear-Bucks** then because it was frequented by bears [large tops] and otters [small bottoms]. When I first started writing at Bear-Bucks, I wasn’t sure whether I was a bear or an otter. I looked like an otter, but I growled like a bear.

I met Will at Bear-Bucks. He taught me a lot about myself. I’m a little bear [a barry], not an otter...

I came to Bear-Bucks to write so as not to feel lonely. When my literary efforts would get too intense, I’d start a conversation with the guy sitting next to me, and before you knew it, I found myself with a roundtable of odd characters who I’d meet up with every day. Needless to say, it was a great way to meet a minion of gay men, although I didn’t sleep with any of them until I met Will.

If you’re hoping for a salty and sexy description of all the bears and otters at Bear-Bucks, you’ll be disappointed. The inventory I have for you is about the men who shared my body and bed before I met Will.

I’m focusing your attention on where I’m coming from with all this rather than with whom I **came** and went, I hope you’ll be mesmerized by what God Has Given me the gift of revealing.

My secret never was that I was gay. My secret lay much deeper than what I like to do once I take off another man’s pants. My secret couldn’t be accessed with masturbation or sex. Yet my secret lay in the head of the serpent in my tree just as it does for every man (or in the worm in the apple of a woman).

You might even say that my secret lies in The Arms of Jesus, Whose Father Chose to wake up the world to what lies in every sacred heart, a secret you’ll have to get out of your head to hatch in your heart in your own unique way.

But if you have a problem with gays or Muslims or Christians or Black or Jews or even with Israelis, you’ll never get out of your infertile imagination, through your stiff

neck and into your own broken heart to fertilize yourself with your own love as Jesus Did with His.

An angel from God everyone can access [Gabriel] won't whisper to you, as he did to Mohammad, to coax you out of your heart when it bursts with self-love into your soul where God Will Be Waiting for you with Open Arms there in the darkness within you.

Don't think about the name(s) you use to describe God. They're not as important as the actions you take that Are Inspired by God. Don't be dogmatic, inflexible, authoritarian and intransigent. If you are, make your way through that stiff neck of yours, so we can continue on together.

Loneliness Is the Key to God-Consciousness

Now I'd like to go back to telling you how lonely I was until I went to Bear-Bucks to write. Loneliness is the key that unlocks depression. Depression is the key that opens the door to happiness.

I was 50 when I started going to Bear-Bucks. And as everybody knows, 50 is equivalent to 120 in gay years [the age Moses was when he died]. Most of the men I met at Bear-Bucks were young and curious about gay dinosaurs like me, but not interested in dating a fossil... Fortunately, I'm more like one of those herbivore dinosaurs of the past. I'm not the kind that rips other dinosaurs to shreds with my bare teeth. That pacifist nature of mine has made it possible for me to create interesting friendships and alliances. I'm odd. I'm queer. And, as you'll soon discover, I'm trustworthy.

Being a grandpa in a gay community where every man is searching for a dad, or a lad, had its perks. I was surrounded by gay sons and grandsons who needed the advice of an old queen to understand how to find the father or son they were missing. (Of course, as you and I already know, the man of our dreams lies within us.) The fellow traveler they were

seeking was only a companion for their trip through life. They didn't know where to look for their match Made in Heaven, even though they were no different than the Israelites when it came to wandering for years in a desert.

God, The Father, Is The Jewish God Whose Place we sometimes substitute with a father figure here on Earth. God, The Son, Is the Christian God Whose Place is sometimes filled with the earthly image of a handsome, young man to guide us as a traveling companion.

Whether you're looking for a man to share your life with or a woman, you're first going to have to figure out your mission if you hope to find your perfect mate.

I came to San Francisco from Sonoma County in 1990 to be with my boyfriend, Larry. Larry Wisch was Jewish. He was my wish come true. Larry was the father figure I'd sought for almost 20 years and finally found. When our relationship crashed and burned 14 years later, I was 50 years old, and needed to become my own father for the inner child in me who'd been severely wounded and felt as though I was figuratively bleeding to death in the gay community. I never expected to feel so alone surrounded by my people without a father figure to guide me.

Perhaps that's what motivated me to seek my Father through my Jewish roots. I sought answers in the Hebrew scripture. I wrote a two-volume book on Torah that presented my interpretation of the main metaphor of Moses in the Creation Story.

Then I wrote a three-volume book on the red words of Jesus from the Gospels. The symbolism Jesus Described using His Body [container] and Blood [contents] revealed an augmented truth to the main metaphor of Moses that I hadn't considered before.

Then I wrote a seven-volume tome on the Quran. The 114 surah are similes that require perceiving the good in **yourself** to see all the good Coming from God.

That prepared me to travel further east to the Far East to write books on the Hindu Bhagavad Gita and Kama Sutra; the Buddhist Dhammapada; and on the Chinese Tao Te Ching.

I wrote these books with the desire to seek out The God of us all. I wrote them from the perspective of an aging, gay-Jew in search of his father, a Holocaust survivor who, unlike Lazarus, couldn't be brought back from the dead no matter how hard I tried when he was alive.

My father, Solly Zeve, gave me life in 1952, seven years after he was liberated from Dachau Concentration Camp by the 42nd and 45th Infantry Divisions and the 20th Armored Division of the U.S. Army. But he gave me life seven years after his heart and soul had been burned out of him. He was a shell of a man after what the Nazis did to him. It was my birth from a man who was figuratively dead that I was searching to understand.

Once I completed my gay-Jewish studies through the world's greatest scriptures, I moved on to discuss them through a psychological/spiritual lens in terms every modern individual could embrace, ending with my 25th book, God's Gay Agenda. (You'll find the complete list at the back of this book.)

But this book is different. The 26th surah of the Quran is "The Poets." This book isn't about psychology or spirituality, per se. This book is about how to fall in love with yourself poetically to change **your** world. This book is about this one of the 114 suwar of the Quran. To access my perspective, you only need to stop blaming yourself for what others are doing to one another.

This book will guide you toward your destiny, although you already know that that future will be different for everyone who reads these words.

I've learned a lot about myself from my love of men. I'm sure you've learned a lot about others from your loves, too. But if you've become cynical, scornful, sarcastic or bitter

about what you can't change about the world, I hope to help you heal that pain you're in.

You'll have to decide for yourself what your love life has taught you about you. You'll have to decide if your past will predict your **fate** or your **destiny**. All it takes to avoid your fate and achieve your destiny is the help of an oracle by your side who you feel you can trust.

Like many men, I hated my penis. I didn't think it was long enough or wide enough. Consequently, I always worried that I couldn't get it in deep enough. I fantasized how much more I could accomplish if I had a bigger penis.

I also wanted bigger testicles. The bigger the fruits, the more juice that flows out of them, right?... Such are the conclusions many an Adam makes when he looks down like a bird from that nest on a branch onto the rest of his tree.

For a poet, that dilemma translates into **big** [capital] letters and **small** letters. If there's anything you take away from this book that's meaningful to you, I hope it'll at least be what a difference capital letters can make in understanding God's Intentions. Separating us from Him is paramount in shrinking our ego.

What I've learned about myself from my love life is that my penis is the perfect size for my spiritual height and weight. My testicles are oddly oblong with good reason. It's only when the juice of my own fruits washes over my imagination to cleanse me of my fear of death that I develop a queer eye for the straight guy [father] and gal [mother] inside me. Who needs the life-giving substance in me more than me?

I now look down more fondly at my junk with a Mona Lisa smile, not a frown or a grimace. I think that's an amazing achievement after having loved so many men with equipment I secretly despised. How many men can boast saying that? Most **males** with junk they dislike just complain about junk **mail**...

Because I was a ballet dancer when I was a young man, I spent a great deal of time looking at myself in the mirror for professional reasons. I spent my time judging my body for the way it moved. But my physical grace turned out to be a double-edged sword.

I loved my body, and I hated it. I had opinions about every little part of my body, and my opinions were set in stone. For me to change my mind about what I thought of my body seemed implausible.

I hope that gives you hope that there's wiggle room for greater appreciation of yourself no matter what you look like on the outside. If you can **appreciate** [increase in value] your opinion of yourself, you can surely learn to love yourself. We all know that loving others is so much easier.

Self-Love

Some think loving themselves begins and ends with masturbation. Their relationship to their body is **physical**, mechanical, perfunctory and impersonal. Their body is like a shoe they slip into every morning that fits like a glove. They don't even think about what it means To Have Been Assigned a one-of-a-kind human body Created by God.

Some think loving themselves is an **intellectual** exercise. They think that the more they know about the world around them, the more they'll love themselves for being factually honest and monetarily generous to others.

Some think that loving themselves is an **emotional** exercise. They think that the more they express their feelings candidly, the more they'll love themselves for being sincere.

Some think that loving themselves is a **spiritual** exercise. They think that the more they express their beliefs to others, the more they'll love themselves for being authentic before The God they were raised with.

Self-love is actually a combination of **honesty** that comes from our head¹, **sincerity** that comes from our heart² and **authenticity** that comes from our soul³. The more we

practice these three virtues on everyone, the more we discover the power within to love ourself, and how to give that love to others.

Unfortunately, there are people who aren't **honest** because they fudge the facts. They aren't **sincere** because they're in denial of what their penis [desires] is whispering in their ear. They aren't **authentic** because they're sore losers who God Isn't Giving what they want: the power to do as they please. They hate, despise and revile themselves, while claiming to love God. There are many names for them in every language. The common term is **hypocrite**.

So, put the name you use for God on the back burner, and put yourself on the front burner. I'm about to turn up the heat as I stir you. There's no way you can give to God that which you haven't first given yourself.

Social Life Verses Love Life

When I was young and horny, there was no difference between my social life and my love life. Everything I did socially was a means to sexual ends. I never went anywhere without dreaming about meeting a guy there. My dreams always included love, marriage and then lovemaking that would last at least an entire lifetime, if not eternity... There wasn't a guy I slept with that I didn't marry before I got in his pants or whom I didn't divorce as soon as I put my pants back on again.

What this amounted to was a history of serial monogamy that lasted 20 minutes, an hour, a night, a weekend or a couple of weeks at most. The number of relationships I had that lasted more than a month were few and far between.

And yet, I always dreamt of marrying one incredible guy who'd appreciate me for who I was. That guy finally showed up. (Obviously, it was me...) But then another man showed up after that who appreciates a great deal about me that I couldn't see in myself. That's Will, the boyfriend I've been with for the past 12 years.

Granted, I had a 14-year relationship with Larry before that. Barry and Larry seemed poetically perfect for one another at the time. But I can think of only four guys I dated for more than a month in my entire life. I'm now 70 years old! That means I did a lot of fantasizing before my dream came true.

If you'd like your dream to come true, too, I have experience that might help you cut the corner to avoid the time-consuming mistakes I made.

Kelev [Kmo Ha Lev]

The word in Hebrew for "dog" is "kelev." Kelev is a contraction of "kmo ha lev" which means "like the heart." The **dog** is man's best friend because the dog is the animal that most conveys the emotional loyalty and spiritual devotion that human beings are capable of showing one another.

Dogs are sincere. We love dogs because they inspire us to be emotionally candid with them in a way that we're not always willing to express with people.

When it comes to honesty, however, it's obvious that every human being has problems in that area to overcome. Everybody makes an unconscious effort to deny their disappointment with the body they've got, let alone the parents and family circumstances they may have been stuck with growing up. In an effort to avoid greater **honesty** about disappointments with themselves and their past, people really don't know what it means to be fully **sincere** or **authentic** with themselves, let alone with others.

When I realized I wanted to reconcile my love life, it wasn't enough that I admitted I sleep with men. It wasn't enough that I admitted I hadn't been sincere with all the men I'd slept with, especially after I'd gotten a good look-see at what they had in their pants. It wasn't enough that I admitted that I'd been somewhat inauthentic because my lusts had led

me through most of my life without achieving A Divinely Inspired appreciation of myself right from the start.

I just wanted what I wanted. If I wanted someone, I did what I could to get who I wanted. That was just how I was. But that wasn't **all** that I was. That wasn't who I had a yearning to perceive when I looked back on my love life in hindsight. I wanted to see the outcomes of my lovemaking through a larger lens to achieve the biggest picture possible.

I wanted to see the part of me that wasn't available to my conscious mind at the time I did what I did to get what I wanted. Underneath all that lust and yearning; hunger and hankering; thirst to get my desires quenched; and itch to get my itches scratched – something plagued me. I wanted to know the secret to being all of me that I was withholding from myself. I wanted what I saw others had that I was missing. I wanted to live the life of Judas with Jesus without making his mistakes.

I had no idea I was so driven by my passions until my passions shifted and I became more passionate for an honest, sincere and authentic appraisal of my desire to love myself with all the passion I had inside to give to another man.

Of course, whatever I had to do to achieve that would need to include strangers. So, I sought out small encounters with cashiers and large encounters with corporations in which I could prove to myself that I could be **honest** with money matters. Whether you take advantage of the little guy or the big guy, you're rejecting honesty with yourself. To achieve honesty with yourself, you're going to have to practice financial honesty with everyone.

You can't trust a back-stabber, and if you're stabbing others in the back, you certainly can't trust yourself. You have to avoid doing to you what you can now see that you were doing to others.

We've all stabbed ourself in the back. Obviously, it isn't easy to do that literally, but it isn't easy to screw yourself over, either. And we all know how that feels...

Then, there were small encounters with acquaintances, neighbors and friends in which I wanted to learn how to express myself more **sincerely**. I didn't have to cut people out of my life entirely. But I didn't have to smile in their face despite the fact that I was frowning inside. Insincere feelings for assholes are a way of figuratively rimming them to keep them appeased.

I got sick and tired of brown-nosing anuses, literally and figuratively. But I had to learn how to manage my feelings after having locked them in a chest in my chest.

Opening that chest without letting my feelings come flying out like bats, birds and flying squirrels that carry rabies required self-study. I had to learn how to overcome years of societal **oppression**, familial **suppression**, sexual **repression** and psychological **depression** by cracking open that chest just a little to allow myself to listen to all the wild animals squealing inside.

I really wanted to blame everybody, but I didn't have the chutzpah to do so. I wanted to **talk** about my negative feelings, not just roll my eyes, make a face or wink knowingly at others. And wiping all expression off my face wasn't the answer, either.

Once I could manage my truth with honesty and sincerity, I could see that I was buying off my thoughts and feelings with things. Making love had just become one of those things.

Another way of saying this is that when I discovered that my penis¹ [serpent] had been colluding with my heart² [Eve], and the two of them had betrayed my head³ [Adam], I came to realize that I had problems being soulful [Divinely Inspired at all times].

Because of that, my self-esteem, like money in the bank, was dangerously low, often in the red. I didn't have the spiritual savings needed to allow myself the luxury of esteeming myself. I couldn't just look back on my life and dismiss all the men I'd slept with. I couldn't wipe my love

life clean like chalk on a board. I had to suffer through negative feelings and self-doubts.

I needed good reasons to have slept with at least **some** of those men! I had to see them as lessons I'd learned from, exams I'd studied for and passed that had graduated me from one level of life to another – in which I could be more honest with myself than I'd been previously.

How can any of us pass our final exam [death] if we don't take each test life brings us and pass it with at least a 2.0 GPA?

I had to see my life as like a cliff I'd been climbing. I had to look back with an overview that gave me a greater panorama of the struggle I'd been through.

These are metaphors for the road of honesty, sincerity and authenticity. These are pictures I've drawn in your mind to exercise your imagination. Hopefully, tender feelings for yourself will now emerge.

Whether I'd behaved like a kelev [hound dog] or kalba [bitch], I had to find a way to account for my actions with an understanding of the spiritual struggle that brought me to today.

This struggle was like anointing myself with oil and then wrestling in the nude inside with myself. It was slippery but fun.

I once felt like a Tin man who had to learn to deal with his rust issues. But now that that includes you watching me oil my joints inside, I hope you'll learn to do this for yourself.

Anyone can masturbate with one hand or the other. But everyone has the ability to screw himself over without using his hands at all. This is what I want to help you avoid.

Anal Sex Verses Sodomy

Will doesn't like the word "sodomy." He associates it with the Old Testament. He associates sodomy with Sodom, the lowest place in Israel, the lowest point on Earth [the Dead

Sea] and the lowest moral digression where the residents were once punished by God for behaving badly. He associates sodomy with Abraham bargaining with God over how many good people were needed to save Sodom from destruction. In the end, only Lot and his daughters came out of Sodom alive. And they were nothing to write Home about.

Personally, I like the word **sodomy** because I associate it with anal sex, and I love anal sex. I don't associate anal sex with being a bad person. If all it took was a finger up your anus to be deemed bad, the fence around Hell would be made out of proctologists. If the difference between a finger and a penis up in there was what it's all about, then you got me! Then I'm the personification of evil...

When I was a young man, I was a bottom. When I became an older man, I discovered that I was more interested in topping other men who, curiously, looked a lot like me. I commend myself now for having been a good bottom because that gave me the knowledge I needed to become a good top – despite a very average-sized penis.

If you think I'm like an ancient Sodomite, you're going to miss the opportunity to blame all those who screw **themselves** over. Aren't they sodomites, too? What I do **literally** in bed with men is far less egregious than what some are doing to others **figuratively**. What we all do to ourself makes the issue of physical sodomy a moot point.

If you have issues with anal sex out of cleanliness, you should probably avoid it or learn to douche. But if you have a desire to be penetrated in that way or a desire to penetrate another person anally, you should explore the concept with your body not just your imagination.

Personally, I recommend that everyone explores sodomy from a spiritual perspective. It wasn't written into Scripture for no reason. Taking sodomy **literarily** rather than **literally** is what separates the men from the boys.

I'm only going to briefly touch on the relationship between anal sex and vengeance in this book. I went into that

in detail in my last book. Suffice it to say that vengeance can be very, very sweet if you know what you're doing! The vengeance I exact upon Will is a sweet punishment I could never give myself.

Vengeance lies at one extreme of a moral continuum. **Apathy** lies at the other. **Justice** lies in the middle with **compassion** looking down over the three. Often, people want to avoid justice entirely, or they seek to go beyond justice with a vengeance. Getting to the sweet spot in the middle [justice for all] is what all good citizens in a civilized society strive for.

Civility and the war on civility go back to the Civil War when Americans fought over whether to take Torah literally or figuratively. The North wanted to take Torah figuratively and thereby abolish slavery. The South wanted to take Torah literally. The South lost, but the desire to maintain a literal interpretation of Torah remains to this day.

America in the 21st Century doesn't always meet the definition of a civilized society. Americans are as fallible as all the other ignorant anuses out in there. Apathy and vengeance are as common here as elsewhere. It's only the laws we create to form a more perfect union for the sake of justice for all that makes the potential for our country so much greater than all the rest.

In terms of sexual exploits, apathy is often erroneously associated with bottoms; receiving; passivity; being penetrated; and being feminine. Vengeance is incorrectly associated with tops; giving; being active; penetrating; and being masculine.

Granted, there are people who choose to punish themselves with hamburgers, hot dogs and banana splits rather than a penis up their derriere. But isn't that just a personal preference? Some people even like to punish themselves with all of the above.

Some prefer to lose money in the stock market to gamble on their "luck." Some choose to marry someone who ends

up punishing them for them. And some people have kids who assume that burden for their parents...

Such are the sorts of options we have in life by which we can screw ourself over or find someone or some activity to do it for us.

The morbidly obese can't be the only people who know what I'm talking about. We're all fat in some ways and emaciated in others. We're all spoiled fruit. We've all gone bad. Sodom lies everywhere around us. But so does the potential for a land of milk and honey, rather than just a land of silk and money.

Think of God's Love as milk that nourishes us. And think of His Semen as honey that creates life. Now your mind is beginning to conceive of A God Who'S a combination of woman [breasts] and man [penis]. Now you can begin to imagine what it means to be A God Who Created everybody in His Image.

When I was young and ignorant about the existential meaning of my life, I preferred to get screwed **literally** rather than **figuratively**. I chose to be passive to men in bed by allowing them to top me. I gave them the opportunity to feel powerful, masculine and penetrating. And I loved every minute of it. I sought out that kind of "punishment." But I also smoked more than two packs of cigarettes a day because I was fuming deep down inside. Only now can I admit that my secret then was that I thought I was a very bad boy...

Now that I've stopped blaming myself for other people's indiscretions, I feel a lot calmer inside. I can let people pave their way to Hell with all their own good intentions. I can let go and Let God.

There's only so much a 70-year-old man can do to change the world. By my age, the time has come to change **my** world.

People who are passive in bed aren't necessarily apathetic. But there's a tendency to associate being penetrated with being passive, feminine and victimized. To

the degree that I can make these associations and then break them, I become a more powerful person while doing what I like to do with all the passion inside me. To the degree that I became an assertive bottom, I blended the stereotypes of masculine and feminine, top and bottom, penis and vagina.

When it comes to vengeance, however, many people who've been terribly apathetic throughout their childhood made their way into adolescence by becoming vindictive, vengeful and retaliatory to make up for the apathy they despised seeing in themselves in childhood. They become bullies or bitches.

Today, some Muslims have gone from victims to martyrs in their effort to manifest God's Desires for us all. Needless to say, I appreciate their effort even if I criticize their methods. Martyrdom is as exquisite as orgasm. But we all know how boring sex can be unless you know what you're doing. You don't want to screw with God by hurting people, whether literally or figuratively.

In my case, becoming a bully or bitch in adolescence wasn't necessary. I was physically lethargic and emotionally apathetic to my parents' outrageously unskilled and inappropriate child-rearing techniques. I had no interest in even comparing them to other parents. I didn't have an interest in fighting back when they treated me unfairly. I simply turned over and took the abuse.

Now I think that I secretly feared my parents would abandon me because they hinted at doing so emotionally if I didn't obey them unconditionally. Since my mom abandoned my dad by divorcing him, there was no reason to think she wouldn't do the same to me. More than once, she threatened to send me to live with him if I didn't do as I was told.

That turned me into a lousy bottom who succumbed to male domination unquestioningly. I didn't really **yearn** for many of the men who came in me. I was just attracted to the qualities of manliness and masculinity in them. I thought I

could achieve those features by growing emotionally close to men who topped me. I thought anyone who wanted to top someone as bad as me was doing me a favor, and I loved the charity. I couldn't get enough pity in the rear.

But the more a man began to love me, the less I respected him. I left many a man because he expressed genuine feelings for me. That was the ultimate turn-off. If a man could show feelings for me, even though **I** couldn't show feelings for me, **he** had to go. That probably explains why I attempted suicide three times. When I started to have feelings for myself, I decided **I** had to go.

I was actually sexually inattentive and distracted. But a man came along early in my love life who ridiculed me for being terrible in bed. But his message to me wasn't nearly dire enough. His story is the first story in my "tails" of the city.

Virtual Anal Sex

It wasn't until older age that I began to question my life in earnest by using the experiences I'd gleaned over a lifetime. It wasn't until I'd made it far enough up the face of the mountain that I could finally stand tall and look around at the panorama from the summit onto all sides.

Now I'm beyond even that. Now I'm making my way back down again. But now, I've wisely decided to take the same path down I took going up. I've decided to look at all I've been through while descending the same path I ascended. As we all know, the road you took one way looks very different going the other if you go back the same way you **came** (pun on the word **came**).

This is the same path Moses took back to Egypt after 40 years of running away from home and the scene of his crime. [Exodus 2:11-15] This is the same path that led to the severing of the figurative, umbilical cord that I'd been sawing through all my life.

Many are doing just the opposite. They're lemmings following leaders who are taking them over the cliff on the other side of the face they ascended. Those who are caught as they fall and sent to jail are the lucky ones. Being forced by society to atone for your sins is better than dying without atonement.)

Looking from the summit back down on the valley I was born in was an eye-opening experience. I could see my apathy at the bottom and my desire for vengeance at the top. I could see myself as a grateful bottom in bed when I was a young man who wanted to be penetrated, and a grateful top in bed when I became an older man who yearned to explore the greatest taboos of my life: expressing my vengeance sexually with a cooperative mate who didn't want to be hurt any more than I wanted to hurt him.

Will and I have no desire to hurt each other or to be hurt by one another, not in the bedroom and not in any other rooms of our house. Just because he's a Catholic and I'm a Jew doesn't mean that we have to relive the horrors of our people's past. He's patiently held me through my self-doubts as I've slowly become more proficient at expressing the masculine, penetrating and assertive side of myself. As a writer, I'd credit him for helping me find my voice. That's the real power I'd always yearned for.

I always wanted to overcome my inhibitions, but I knew I'd need to do so from within by myself with a witness to support me. Ironically, I needed greater privacy **from** others to become more comfortable in public **with** others. **Making** love requires making love to yourself with another person as your witness. It means being you with yourself in the loving presence of him or her.

Perhaps now you can see why it's so important to me that I have you to share this tale with. You're helping me become the poet oracle I always yearned to be. I can see more deeply into me with you by my side. So, I sincerely hope to say something that'll be helpful to you.

The idea of a man yearning to penetrate me and leaving me with his semen deep inside me was a great compliment in my eyes as a young man. It made me feel needed. It made me feel wanted and desired.

I'd even say that I had the audacity to feel that by giving my anus to men, I was giving them **more** than they were giving me. They were only giving me their semen. I was giving them my whole container to hold their semen, which would then reflect **their** reputation in having chosen **me**. Ironically, that made me feel that I was raising my self-esteem.

If you're a woman who finds yourself needing an abortion, maybe you can relate to what I just said. Maybe you've given your container to some man, and now don't want the life that's growing inside you. Maybe you regret having kept a secret from yourself that's gotten you into the trouble you're in now. Perhaps the "right to life" is really a veiled opportunity to use contraception rather than turn yourself into a receptacle for semen you don't want given to you.

Perhaps you think I was sleeping my way to the top by letting men screw me. But I admired myself then for being able to give myself to a wide variety of men and experiences. I felt like a power-bottom. I felt in control. The self-doubts I had were over the fact that **I** couldn't fill **me** the way **they** could.

Naturally, these feelings became important when I decided I needed and wanted to appreciate what it was like being a top. I wanted to learn how to let go and express myself through orgasm as a giver, not just as a receiver. As loudly as I howled on the bottom, I wanted to howl on top.

But beneath my urge to change my dynamics sexually, there was an underlying, unconscious urge to understand my need to be masculine **and** feminine, giver **and** receiver, top **and** bottom, penetrator **and** penetrated.

This was a question of semen, not penis. This was a question of what it was I figuratively had inside to give of myself, not the length and girth of my delivery device.

I needed to learn how to give by receiving and receive by giving. That's an important lesson in life that some politicians and businessmen don't yet know how to do except with money and the power it gives them. I'd go so far as to say that some artists and musicians don't know how to do it, either. And in the sports world, we see many men who fumble the ball.

The only people who know the basics in giving and receiving are gay men who understand the extremes between apathy and vengeance in achieving justice from a sexual perspective with another man. If you're straight, that puts you in a ticklish position.

Justice for gay men has been a long time in coming (no pun intended). But marriage equality is just the tip of the spiritual iceberg. When you look down from above at the valley you came from with gratitude at the miracle of having come this far, you look inside with a focused, mind's eye.

I wouldn't suggest you go to a race car driver for advice on the topic of driving your vehicle [body] spiritually. Those who **personify** the metaphor don't necessarily **perceive** the metaphor. As a general rule, keep your opinions about particular mufflers [anuses] to yourself. There isn't a person on the planet who doesn't have one. It's all a question of what you know about the one on the underside of you.

Would that more people would explore the meaning of justice in the ways we, gay men, do in bed.

You aren't going to know what we're thinking by watching gay porn. You aren't going to know how we interact with each other by watching us at Pride parades. So far, there aren't sitcoms on TV just about gay people. We're always the "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" character in today's tales. We're the Jew du jour.

Will and I have an amazing love life that I'm not going to go into detail with you (or with anyone else for that matter). What we do in bed is nobody's business.

But I'll eagerly tell you what I've learned from **how** we do what we do in bed. I'll gladly tell you what that talking serpent in my tree has told me. That's what this book is really about.

My penis is only a delivery device. What comes out of its mouth is my unique combination of good and evil. To understand yourself, you're going to have to understand those who can take brotherhood all the way. Brotherhood reaches climax with two men making love, and if you can't go there, you're just going to have to learn about brotherhood indirectly from us.

Gay Speech

As a post-graduate with a master's degree in education and another master's in English with a concentration in linguistics, I want to boast to you about having written an article in 1994 for a magazine in Great Britain called "English Today," published by Cambridge University Press. The title was "The Queen's English: Metaphor in Gay Speech." (You can read it at my website <barryzeve.com>)

In that article, I described gay speech as a language invented and spoken by a tribe of very unusual men who hold a linguistic pattern that reflects a mentality unique to all other ethnicities, tribes and nations. What we strive to communicate through gay speech is an expression of a relationship between men that no other men on the planet strive to express with one another. Straight men only convey this message of brotherhood through words and deeds that **indirectly** utter the words of the serpent in their tree with one another. They're sexually incapable of the intimacy we share and the language we speak.

When you meet a gay man, you probably instinctively listen for **verbal** cues that reveal his ability to speak gay

speech. Some think that verbal cue is a lisp. (Moses may have had a lisp or a stutter.) But gay men have verbal cues that are much more subtle than Moses's speech impediment.

When you meet a gay man, you probably look for **visual** cues that he speaks gay speech through his body language. Some think that visual clue lies in a bent wrist. If you think that being gay is physically located in the wrists, you're wrong about that. Our fluency in conveying our message of brotherhood has nothing to do with vocalizations or feminine gestures. Our body echoes a much deeper message that we must translate into plain speech for you if you're straight.

If you try to use your nose to sniff out whether a gay man consciously knows what he knows about brotherhood or whether he just is who he is naturally, without having come to know himself with God as his Witness, you're not using your proboscis properly.

To understand what we're really talking about, you have to understand the four demonstrative pronouns [this, that, these and those], and how to use them to edit yourself.

Previously, I spoke about the real goal of the Civil War, but I don't have to reiterate what I said. I can simply refer to the topic, knowing you know what **that** stands for in this instance.

In terms of the spiritual operating system, demonstrative pronouns can be described symbolically as brackets that you fill with information you already know. That [killing people to maintain a literal interpretation of Torah so you can maintain slaves] is a topic I don't have to put into words. Those words were already planted in your mind previously.

Gays have always used demonstrative pronouns to refer to sexual topics we didn't want straights to be able to follow.

If you wish to remember what you tell yourself, simply imagine putting the topic in brackets in your mind. Now that your mind can do **that** [associate brackets with demonstrative pronouns that refer to topics of value to you],

you have two symbols [] you can use to facilitate memory retrieval.

Historically, gay men had to be able to think faster than straight men. The same is true for Blacks and Jews. What many White men fear isn't a political take-over by minorities. What they fear is looking foolish.

What straight men profess and what they accomplish will always fall short if they lack the passion to follow through on their efforts to love and be able to communicate intimately with themselves. They may either be apathetic to themselves in some important ways or vindictive in having to be the way God Made them, so different from us.

These extremes don't bring them the authenticity they yearn for that's needed to express brotherhood in the full [sexual] sense of the word. These extremes don't create the setting for justice to emerge that they claim to strive for.

How can you be just to all men if you can't be just with yourself? (Self-blame for other people's bad behavior is unfair unless those people are your children, and they're under the age of 18.)

As I've previously described, much of the frustration and grief we see in straight men is the result of their dishonesty and insincerity, which leaves them inauthentic. That said, a gay man who doesn't know himself intimately and spiritually is just as sad a sight to behold!

I may have been a power-bottom who used love to learn about myself when I was a young man. I may have become a top in older age to use my experiences in my youth to give back in ways I'd never been able to give of myself when I was a youngster. But I did all that in bed with men.

Straight men can't call themselves straight and say that. They have to learn how to give and receive without using lovemaking with other men to do so. They have to learn about brotherhood theoretically from us. What it means for a man to love a man isn't something they can access with their penis or anus. They'll always be "doomed" to have to

project their self-love sexually onto women. For that fate, many women and children throughout the ages have suffered.

I don't fault straight men for loving women. I'm just describing a fundamental difference between gay and straight men that has profound implications when discovering your own unique, spiritual potential.

Straight men have been disgusted by us for millennia. Now's the time for them to fully realize the deeper implications of what they're missing. They can't love one another the way we can. They have to learn about a man's love for another man indirectly from women and gay men.

What straight men **can** do is explore the feminine side of themselves, rather than merely project it unconsciously onto women, and then try to retrieve it through lovemaking.

If every man is a tree of knowledge metaphorically, then straight men are forbidden from loving their own tree until they understand the power metaphors give them to delve below the ground of their being to their roots which they'll find are entwined with The Rock of us all. To know the main metaphor of Moses gives you power to complete yourself.

Gays aren't forbidden from finding oneself attractive. Perhaps that's why we're called **fruits**, so different from **nuts**, even though we both figuratively grow on trees...

A tree of knowledge is **equivalent** to a tree of life because it takes both to create life. A tree of life is equivalent to a tree of knowledge because women have the power to become as knowledgeable as men. Herein lies the essence of women's rights and gay rights. If straight men cut out the worm in the apple of every woman and vilify gays, they still won't be able to figure themselves out without starting wars. That's just the way they'Re Made. They need us whether they like it, or not.

The only way out of this dilemma is by first recognizing that all people are physically 50% male and 50% female. Just because straight men **oppress** women; **suppress** their

daughters; and **repress** non-dominant gender characteristics in themself – doesn't mean that they're going to avoid becoming **depressed**. Man no longer lives in the Age of Angst. Today, we all suffer with depression.

When I broach the topic of gay speech, I'm talking about a universal brotherhood that gays must discover for themselves that they can then teach straights how to achieve through non-sexual means.

This sharing of masculine and feminine virtues is occurring in civilized countries where gays are appreciated for our differences, not demeaned or reviled for them. Until we're **admired** worldwide (not just **tolerated** or **accepted**), peace on Earth is going to seem like an elusive dream that straight men will never be able to grasp, for which angry women will continue to ridicule, scorn and deride them.

I hope that women and gay men get a lot wiser to this "fact of life" because many straight men have become particularly violent since 2015 when Marriage Equality became the law of the land in our country under a Black President.

Many old-fashioned suppositions about what it means to be a man or woman are slowly being exposed for their hypocrisy. If you could see people through my eyes, you'd see some who are figuratively running around with both hands over their genitals. Their fig leaf was unceremoniously ripped off. Now they're worried because everything below their waist is exposed (on both sides).

Other Queens

At one time, I may have been the oracle at Bear-Bucks in the Castro, but San Francisco isn't ancient Delphi. Kings weren't coming to me to tell them their fortune or to advise them on how to conquer their foes...

For the most part, the men who came to me for insight were **princesses**. They weren't yet **queens**. Their mother was still alive. They came to me because their own mother

couldn't even tell them what they needed to know about themselves.

There are two kinds of princesses, those who want to honor their mother and those who want to honor their father. The princess who honors her mother prefers to be a bottom. The princess who honors her father prefers to be a top. Non-binary people just want to honor themselves.

The crown that every gay man receives upon the death of his preferred parent wasn't yet perched on the head of the princesses who came to Bear-Bucks to quench their thirst with a drink and a chat with me. For an oracle such as I, it was easy to tell the difference between the queens and the princesses. A crown on their head was the first thing I looked for.

A princess is in a relationship with herself that's vastly different from a queen. A queen knows life is like a waterwheel. A queen knows we've all been scooped up by the river of life and are turning that waterwheel while generating power for society. A queen knows she'll be poured back into the river to follow her parents downstream.

A queen knows she'll have to account to her parents for how she wore their crowns. A queen is no longer who she was as a princess. A princess can't yet know all that firsthand. A princess just assumes that such a metaphor is probably a true and accurate description of what will be.

A **princess** secretly thinks she'll always have her parents to rely on. She may not yet realize the loneliness in being a gay man without parents or a lover. A **queen** has faced the dark and empty expanse of inner space. She knows an isolation and seclusion from the world that no one likes to talk about. If she doesn't figure out how to turn that inner vacuum into solitude, she knows she'll die a tortured soul.

It takes wisdom of the heart to believe that God Gives us clues to His Plans through mysterious means. As a rule, what's in your head isn't nearly as important as what lies in

your heart and soul unless you're trying to ascertain the facts.

Leave the facts to science. Science specializes in facts. Leave the rest to religion that's been impregnated with spirituality.

Men who've been deeply and positively influenced by their parents have, generally, attained a level of self-love they can express with everyone. They're attractive to men and women in ways that they ought to appreciate about themselves in order to raise the bar for everyone.

As an oracle queen, it's my job to separate the royalty into its various denominations. Just because a man walks like a duke and talks like a duke doesn't mean that he isn't a princess at heart. The way I do what I do is by separating the **honest** from the **sincere** from the **authentic**, the **heady** from the **heartfelt** from the **soulful**. Let the truth fall where it may.

On-and-off-again **honest** men are simple and good at the root of it all. They fear reprisal from their boss, from their wife and from God. They may boast about being attracted to fillies, chicks, kittens and beavers, but they're repelled by old grey mares, old bats, sows, and bitches. Yet, all these names reflect the unperceived feminine side of themselves. They project their low self-worth onto women, so they don't have to deal with it themselves.

The **sincere** are far less simple, and better at heart. You can tell by the tone of their voice that they're sincere because they avoid raising their voice. They avoid using words that stab, draw blood or wound. They even avoid words that sting so as not to inadvertently hurt themselves, as well as others.

The sincere build their biceps figuratively to indicate that they have the strength to hold others in their arms. They don't bear arms if at all possible. They stand tall to protect the innocent. They maintain a fetching smile to tempt the bad to do better. But whether they can look in the mirror and find themselves as attractive as others find them isn't as likely.

The **authentic** are a whole other subset. The authentic question what they believe because they know that what they believe generally leads to how they'll behave if they don't let their penis or clitoris confound them. Authentic men listen with interest to the serpent in their tree. Authentic women listen to the worm in their apple. They talk to each other respectfully about what they've overheard.

The authentic avoid apathy and vengeance in favor of justice. They seek more of the good within themselves, knowing that the good always lies somewhere between the extremes.

The authentic would love to figuratively find a way to make love to the side of themselves that's repressed. They'd love to use love to coax the hidden side of themselves out of the closet.

For you to be honest, sincere and authentic, use your head, heart and soul in conjunction with your penis or clitoris, the seat of your desires. This brings up passion.

When the gays tell you that we've had to hide our love of men because some straight men despise us, believe us. When we tell you that you're enslaved by a part of yourself, even if you oppose enslaving others, believe us. Torah is a book for sorcerers, but the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are apprentices of The Sorcerer of us all.

When I'd sit at Bear-Bucks working on my books, I judged the princesses and queens by their body as well as their body language and the words that came out of their mouth. But most of all, I used my nose to discern what was going on inside them.

A good nose is all it takes to become an oracle. But you'd better have a strong stomach to stand the stench of what your nose may tell you... People want to be good, but they find it very difficult to do.

A Jewish Queen

Esther was the Jewish queen who confounded the Persians in the 5th Century BCE. I'm David, the Jewish queen who plans to defeat the enemies of Israel with three pebbles in my slingshot: Torah, the Gospels and the Quran. Don't be surprised if you see people fall around the world like Goliath fell because of young David.

When I was a child, my mother was my **mother**. She was in charge, and I had to do what she said. When I got clean and sober in my early 30's, my mother mysteriously and magically turned into my **sister**. We'd found a new language by which to communicate with one another. We were like siblings. But when she got very old; when her husband died; and when she started to suffer dementia – she mysteriously and magically turned into my **daughter**. I watched over her with a parental regard that prepared me for inheriting her crown.

Over my lifetime, I went from **son** to **brother** to **father** with my mother. She went from **mother** to **sister** to **daughter** with me.

Dementia is like a cataract of the brain. It clouds your thinking making it impossible to focus your thoughts. I've pierced my mental cataracts to shine my light through my cloudy thinking to ground myself. My queer eye may not be 20/20, but I see a lot of things others may miss.

Depression leads to dementia. To polish your mind until it shines brightly, just stop rubbing yourself the wrong way.

God Told us to honor our father and mother [5th Commandment]. Perhaps that's because our relationship to our parents needs to transform over time if we want to claim to have a good heart.

If we could just **honor** our parents and **love** ourself, we could learn to **like** one other person in our life without having to fight the whole world. This is the secret to romantic love. People who fight people end up hating themselves.

I may only have been the oracle at Bear-Bucks, but I was in a unique position vis-a-vis myself. I wrote self-help books for others that I could go to, to help me. I had wise words that I could take to heart, and they were all my very own. Editing what I said before it came out of my mouth was a way of weighing my thoughts and feelings so that they'd lie balanced in my soul. In this way, I learned to listen to what I advocated to others so I could ask myself if I was walking my walk or just talking my talk.

That's how I became my own hero. That's how I challenged myself to be more authentic. All the movie stars, sports figures, Marvel characters, medical and political leaders I revered in the past were for practice in coming to admire me.

I'm not impressed with people who infer they're more modest than others. I'm not impressed with people who imply they're humbler than everyone else. I certainly see that people who claim to be **gracious**, rather than simply model **grace**, humiliate themselves.

I move through my **embarrassment** with **modesty**. I move through my **shame** with **humility**. I move through my **humiliation** with **grace**. But that doesn't mean I'm through. The process continues in myriad new ways.

For someone with such low self-esteem that I tried to kill myself three times, I have to say that self-admiration doesn't look like what I thought it would look like when viewed from within.

When I was growing up, my mother was an angry woman, while I was a happy child. The happier I got, the angrier she got until I discovered that when I became sad, she became happy. So, to make her happy, I vowed to get as sad as I possibly could.

The first time I tried to kill myself I used pills. That made my mother feel guilty, which, surprisingly, secretly made **me** happy! The second time, I drove my car over a cliff. That

made her feel even more guilty, which made me even happier (although I'd never have admitted that to a soul).

The third time, I ate a toadstool from my neighbor's front lawn, but I didn't even get a stomachache. My mother never discovered what I'd done, but after having done so **I** felt guilty. That led me to join A.A., where I discovered my Higher Power, which changed my life.

I was finally ready to learn how to feel separate from how my mother felt. The blood in her veins was no longer coursing through mine. Our umbilical cord had figuratively been cut.

If you saw me today in public, you wouldn't distinguish me from the next guy. I'm pretty average and unassuming in most respects. There are no wings on my back. There's certainly no ray of light around my head or limelight shining down from between clouds that leaves me glowing wherever I go.

But I feel like a champion because there isn't an umbilical cord around my neck like a noose or dragging behind me like Linus's blanket.

Once I became an oracle queen and hero unto myself, I found I had much more to offer others than I could in the past. But I didn't show it by **trying** to look exceptional.

If you want to ask me a personal question while reading this book, that's impossible. You're listening to me in your head. You're not conversing with me in real life. Our relationship is virtual.

I'm a virtual entity so far as you're concerned at this moment. I'm a product of **my** mind mingling with **your** imagination. I'm nothing more than like rooster semen that's made its way into your yolk.

A literary experience is always mysterious and sensual; and that includes reading scripture. Even God Appears To Be virtual when reading His Words.

A conversation between us would have to occur in person for us to get real with one another. You can only hope

I'll say something in writing that you can apply to your life that'll lead you to answers to your questions.

That's what I want to have happen. I don't want you to depend on me **literally**. I want you to depend on me **literarily**. I want you to use my influence to answer your **own** questions. The deeper your personal questions, the more profoundly you'll feel when you answer them yourself.

I don't go to Bear-Bucks anymore to write in public. I don't want to be distracted from my existential aloneness now that I've turned it into solitude. I don't need to write self-**help** books anymore.

What you're reading is a book on self-**centering**, not a book meant to help you. You don't need my help. You're not helpless.

I've learned how to center myself. I now know that I'm a body in motion that tends to remain in motion. Therefore, I needed to learn how to center myself from 114 directions to keep my balance before God.

Many people may not care about what I just said, but you can imagine how Putin, the Iranian Guard and Kim Jong-Il might prick up their ears hearing words like this that no Christian, Muslim or Buddhist has ever uttered. I hope that gives you hope. They wouldn't like it if the people in those countries challenged their authority.

The world is 3D, not 2D, even though my words are coming to you on what appears to be a two-dimensional surface. Every day the lessons in becoming 3D [authentic] become more fascinating and complex to us all.

My previous books addressed how self-centering is achieved. But the one way in which I hadn't yet centered myself was with an inventory of my love life. This book is therefore dedicated to my penis; the wand of the fairy; the talking serpent in the "forbidden" tree.

If my penis could literally speak, it would say that **it** wrote every word of this book. It would say that Moses wrote Torah with **his** penis, albeit in a day-and-age when people

couldn't speak as freely as we can today. The penis: mightier than the sword!

This book will describe what I've heard my penis say that no other penis before me has ever raised its little, bald head to say before. Granted, I'll be including stories about my anus, too. But we already know that every anus can speak, and we're all ashamed when it toots its horn...

But I'm not in public, am I? So, I don't have to care about what life-giving substance comes out of the mouth of my penis or death-created substance comes out of my anus with you. You won't have to look at anything **lewd** or smell anything **rude** being emitted from me.

People who know me well are never quite sure what I'll say next. That's just the way I like it. I'm a bit **odd**, in addition to being quite **queer**. I'm a **writer** and a **righter**. And now I'm ready to disclose to you my **tale** about my **tail**:

Buenos Aires

Although I had my first sexual encounter in Los Angeles at the age of 18 with a guy I picked up on Hollywood Blvd., my second sexual encounter was six months later in London with an American who "happened" to choose to sit next to me on our charter flight. My third was with a Lebanese Jew at the residence hotel for new immigrants where he and I were living in Jaffa, Israel. My fourth was with a Filipino in Manilla when the Israeli ballet and modern dance company I was performing with was on tour in the Far East about six months after that.

Despite these **homosexual** encounters with strangers, I didn't come out as **gay** – a proud member of our organized LGBT+ community – until our dance troupe was on tour in Europe in 1971 when I was 19 years old. Until then, my attraction to men was something I secretly indulged in.

When I came out to one of the dancers while we were performing in Amsterdam, he told me that the whole troupe was going to meet at the D.O.K. club that night. Meeting up

with my peers at that gay club was my unofficial coming out party.

Coming out to my family back in the States could wait. At last, I had a way of making friends I could sleep with! I had a way to connect with men in a way I couldn't when I was growing up as a boy in L.A. My secret was out!

In Amsterdam, the troupe divulged to me that there was no gay bar in Israel, so the gays in Tel Aviv met in Independence Park at night. Once we got back from our European tour, I went to Independence Park where I met José.

José was an "older" man from Buenos Aires, Argentina who was living in Jerusalem. He must have been close to 30! He spoke English fluently in addition to speaking Hebrew just as well. (I think he may have been a student-teacher at the university.) My Hebrew was quite broken, but José accommodated me in English, so, I thought he'd be just as accommodating in bed.

Well, lovemaking with José didn't turn out as I expected. Because I'd already had sex with five men by then (I'd also slept with a guy from the Marianna Islands I met at the D.O.K.), I thought I knew all there was to know about sex with men. I thought I was experienced. And because I was young and cute and had a job with status as a ballet dancer, I thought I could turn any man around my little finger.

Well, José could see that, and he wasn't impressed with me as a person or as a partner in bed. I'd simply turned over and thought that was all there was to being a bottom. Boy, did he let me have it for being so passive! He told me in no uncertain terms that I didn't know how to make love to a man and that I wouldn't be able to please him because I didn't know what I was doing.

As a dancer, I was willing to learn anything that required using my body to obey other people's instructions. I became a professional dancer by moving through embarrassment of my body in the direction of modesty. I knew how to please

my dance instructors to get them to fawn over me. I knew how to overcome weakness with intellectual focus and coordination to achieve physical strength. So, I figured there was no reason why I couldn't please and appease José.

José had a very nice, thin and long penis. But he couldn't get it fully into me because I wasn't open to penetration. I was pushing against him penetrating me. Being fully **open** to penetration requires overcoming **fear** of penetration. That's something every man has to learn, whether sexually or otherwise.

Once José helped me tilt my hips as he calmed me down with encouraging words and kisses to open me emotionally, I felt I could trust him not to hurt me. I was subsequently amazed at how good it felt to have him all the way inside me. He literally touched me in a place I'd never been touched before. It was as though a light turned on inside me. Once I figuratively **saw the light**, I found the courage to ask myself what else might be there in that darkness within me to discover.

“A Time for Us”

by

Nina Rota and Henry Mancini

(sung by gays with God as our Witness)

A time for us, someday there'll be
when chains are torn by courage born of a love that's free.

A time when dreams, so long denied
can flourish as we unveil the love we now must hide.

A time for us at last to see
a life worthwhile for you and me.

And with our love through tears and thorns
we will endure as we pass surely through every storm.

A time for us, someday there'll be
a new world, a world of shining hope for you and me.

A time for us at last to see
a life worthwhile for you and me.
And with our love through tears and thorns
we will endure as we pass surely through every storm.
A time for Us, someday there'll be
a new world, a world of shining hope for You and me.

L.A. to Israel

Flashback: My very first orgasm was a wet dream I had in L.A. when I was 14. This was my personal recreation of the Creation Story. My second orgasm came from following instructions in masturbating that I learned from a book my father sent me when I was 16. (He must have realized I needed help getting started on the road to love.)

When I followed the literary instructions in that book to completion and came for the first time by my own hands, I was amazed at what had just happened. The first thing I asked myself was whether there were other secrets in my body that were there to discover.

The truth is that there are many secrets held in the human body. Some of those secrets are physical. Some are intellectual. Some are emotional, and some of them are spiritual. So, I'd asked a very good question. It just took me an inordinate amount of time to answer my own rhetorical question! But many men helped me along the way. José was just the first man who made a memorable contribution to that discovery.

Flashforward: Today, I'm an avowed lover of lovemaking. In my opinion, monogamy is only for people who truly think love is sublime. I endeavor to act passionately through all that I do, but I only want to express the sensuous side of my passions with **my** man [Will]. Although I often have urges to make love to other men, I reserve lovemaking for the one guy I've chosen.

Flashback: The earliest, memorable **lovemaking** I had was at the age of 19 with an Israeli by the name of Idan, who

was a soldier. He and I made it together a couple of times in Tel Aviv and again in New York City a few years later.

What made making love with Idan so incredible was that he was one of the most handsome men I've ever slept with. I was flattered that he chose to sleep with me.

Idan told me he couldn't masturbate. He was dependent on other men for cuming. But I was so naïve that I didn't realize what an entourage of guys there were in his life. I thought I was amazingly hot just because Idan had chosen to sleep with me. I was disappointed to discover that I was not his first or last. I was just one of many in his **harem**.

There was another young man I met in Tel Aviv in those early days of being out. He modeled affection in a way I'd never imagined. He mixed his passions with a **tenderness** that completely disarmed me. We did it three times in one night, but we never saw one another again. His name was Shlomo.

Shlomo was also a ballet dancer. We first saw each other in ballet class, but never talked in the studio. We happened to meet one night on the street, and he invited me back to his apartment. He was married with a baby daughter who he was watching while his wife was away visiting family. What we had that night was very memorable.

Shlomo brought me to conscious awareness of the depth of a platonic tenderness I'd experienced with my father when I was a youngster, despite later discovering that investing feelings in my father was like gambling with a one-armed bandit. My father couldn't be trusted with my love. He had a habit of disappointing the people who were closest to him. He couldn't help himself. He had no way to get out of his head. His heart and soul had been burned out of him by the Nazis.

After that night with Shlomo, I resolved to seek sex only with unmarried men from then on. I wanted what Shlomo had with his wife, but I was willing to avoid men who'd

achieved that tenderness with their spouse, even if they were willing to share their affections with me, as well.

I think the down low is low down. I think gay men who participate in it are scraping the bottom of the moral barrel. Unfortunately, I remained at the bottom of that barrel for a very long time.

There was a third fellow I should mention. He was a guy out walking his dog one night who I brought back to my place for a quicky. We started to fool around, but then he told me that I had some feces stuck on my anus.

I never had sex nude feeling more fully clad. That's when I realized that if embarrassment follows you to bed, embarrassment will follow you anywhere.

Madrid

While living in Israel, the U.S. military decided that I would be just the kind of guy who'd make a wonderful addition to their war effort in Vietnam. If I didn't check in with the U.S. recruiting office, I'd be declared a draft dodger and lose my passport.

My half-sister and her family were living in Spain at the time, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone by going to Madrid to see them and assure the U.S. army that I wasn't the kind of guy they were looking for.

I met Isidro at a gay bar and restaurant one night in Madrid. Isidro was a tall, dark and handsome Panamanian. His father was in politics and big business in Panama. He sent Isidro to Spain to learn how to become a gentleman. In my eyes, Isidro was already a perfect gentleman! He was well educated and kind. He thought I was a North American delicacy more enticing than strawberry shortcake, and I thought he was equally delectable.

We were both busy the night we met, but we arranged to meet another night for "dinner." I didn't realize that dinner with Spaniards doesn't happen until at least 11:00 p.m. By that point I was so drunk on an empty stomach that I couldn't

see straight. Yet, Isidro handled the situation impeccably well. We ended up at his place by about 2:00 a.m., and once I was sober, he made beautiful love to me until morning.

We got together a second time and did it all over again – this time sober. But that was the day before I was leaving to return to Israel. If Isidro had uttered one word to try and stop me, I might still be living in Spain (or Panama), and this book might have been written in Spanish...

Isidro was the first man to break my heart. I wanted him to love me forever, but he just wanted to spend a pleasant time together. He didn't treat me badly. He just wanted to enjoy our time in bed together and move on.

But I concluded that I must be the worst person in the world because he didn't "approve" of me enough to want to spend the rest of his life with me.

Several years later, he came to Holland with a lover. The three of us went to Sandvoort, the beach nearest Amsterdam. There, he was stung on the neck by a bee and his boyfriend sucked the poison out of him.

I was so jealous! But I didn't consciously know what jealousy was at the time. I didn't have the meaning of that word in my inner vocabulary (the words that I'd learned by heart through experience). I couldn't see myself as I looked from within. I could only feel my feelings while looking at others with hunger at what they had. I wanted what the two of them had in each other's arms, but I didn't know it consciously. I walked away that day feeling hollow, empty and depressed.

There was nobody wise enough to tell me what I was feeling at that age. The power of words for me lay mostly in the French terminology used in ballet. Those words literally moved me.

I could already communicate in French, Spanish and Hebrew. I was still destined to learn to speak Dutch. I just couldn't yet see that all words have the power to be taken to heart. Words aren't just ways to get you to move your body

and mind with grace. They're means to moving your heart and soul, as well.

Not all words correspond to material concepts. There are emotions and spiritual experiences that can be described using inspired words. But words require experience to draw out their deeper meaning.

Here is a song I've rearranged that does just that. Think of this song as being sung to you by Jesus, The God within, regardless of the name by which you may choose to refer to Him:

“I've Got to See You Again”

by
Jesse Harris

Lines on your face don't bother Me
down in My Chair when you dance over Me.

I Can't Help Myself.

I've Got To See you again.

Late in the night when I'M all alone,
and I Look at the clock and I Know you're not Home,

I Can't Help Myself.

I've Got To See you again.

I Could Almost Go there
just To Watch you be seen.

I Could Almost Go there
just To Live in a dream.

But, no, I Won't Go for any of those things,
To Not Touch your skin is not why I Sing.

I Can't Help Myself.

I've Got To See you again.

I Could Almost Go there
just To Watch you be seen.

I Could Almost Go there
just To Live in a dream.

No, I Won't Go To Share you with them.
But, oh, even though I Know where you've been,
I Can't Help Myself.
I've Got To See you again.

Tel Aviv

When I came back from Spain to Israel, I got a job as a telephone operator for United Tours [an Israeli, tour bus company] and then as a ground steward with Olympic Airways. But I couldn't find my place in Israel after having quit dance, my passion, even though my love life had germinated, blossomed and bloomed in the Holy Land.

This book isn't about the 27 jobs I held in my life before I retired at the age of 59. I hated my bosses on 26 of those jobs. I didn't like being told what to do. On the 27th job, I was the boss. But I still hated the boss! It turned out that I didn't even like having to tell **me** what to do!

I'm not going into the reasons I gave up my dance career or the reasons I returned to ballet in New York City to take another stab at fame without fortune years later. Suffice it to say that my relationship to my body has been a source of mystery and madness all my life.

I hated my job with the airlines. I hated having to be in the closet with everyone in Israel except my friends. I just wanted to go to Amsterdam to live an out gay life.

I met Yoram while I was planning to leave Israel. Yoram wasn't supposed to enter my life... We met two months before I headed for Holland. Menny, a dear, Israeli friend of mine who'd grown up in Canada, had invited me to a Danish film at a museum. But when he met Yoram, Menny invited him along, hoping Yoram would be interested in him.

Well, Yoram fell for me, and Yoram fell hard. I have to say, I fell for Yoram, too. He was tall and thin with a deep voice and a round head with bushy black hair. He looked like a pencil that had been electrocuted. He was exotic, a typical Israeli mix of European features. In bed, he wasn't

particularly erotic or imaginative. He was more inexperienced than me, although he was all top. He didn't excite me as much as I excited him. I was Yoram's first love, but my heart had already been broken by Isidro.

Yoram and I soon related to one another like family rather than just boyfriends. Our discourse was so relaxed and comfortable that it felt like all my defenses magically came down. I'd never felt so at ease in any man's arms. He was like the older brother I never had. He liked having a younger brother like me. I just wasn't sure I liked being treated like a sibling. I suffered from unresolved family issues; and Yoram was bossy. That drained some of my passion from our lovemaking.

Our days together turned into weeks. The weeks turned into more than a month, while my impending departure for Holland loomed like a Damocles' sword over our heads. Yoram begged me with his eyes to stay.

He was a dress designer, so he took a fabric I'd bought on tour in the Far East and made it into a fabulous shirt for me. He decided on a strategy of introducing me to his closest friends, one of whom was a famous, radio announcer in Israel that everybody knew, (even me). He dazzled me by surrounding me with delightful, artistic types who anyone would want to befriend.

One night, I brought home a bottle of cream that had been left over when I completed my task of securing the aircraft. Yoram and I whipped the cream, added all sorts of flavors to it and lathered our bodies with it, licking it off each other. I'd never turned a sex act into dessert before. It was kinky and fun.

What I didn't realize at the time was that the whipped cream experience spelled the end of our affair.

I was really into eating the cream off his body. I thought sex and food were meant to be entwined. For me, whipped cream was an erotic substitute for semen. I couldn't get enough of it. At that horny time in my life, I wanted to be

lathered inside with semen and outside with whipped cream. I was fire and food personified. But Yoram wasn't as into licking me passionately. His lack of interest was a turn-off.

But Yoram was tall, and my **mother** liked tall men. I associated tall men with big penises, and I thought I liked big penises. I later discovered that I didn't. They're uncomfortable to suck on with the mouth or the anus. A small penis attached to a man who knows what he's doing is so much more exciting, in my opinion.

Yoram was also quite thin. The truth was that he just wasn't my type. I needed a guy who was shorter, more muscular and hungrier for love. Yoram was more like family. As much as I first found that attractive about him, I later lost my interest in him for the same reason.

Of course, I didn't have the strength to bring this opinion up from my unconscious in words. I couldn't tell you then why I left Yoram. I came up with all sorts of reasons why I couldn't stay in Israel and make a life with him. The deeper truth was still beyond me.

I told people that gay life in the early 70's in Israel was just too limiting. I'd come out in Holland, and I wanted to go back to Holland to live an out life. Amsterdam was the place to be in those days. I asked Yoram to come with me, not to force me to stay with him there.

I second guessed myself by telling myself that I could always find another Yoram in Holland. I convinced myself that if I'd found a boyfriend in Israel who loved me and who I could speak to without feeling defended, then there must be many more like him elsewhere. I led Yoram on a wild goose chase. I just didn't realize that I was the wild goose I was asking him to chase.

I didn't yet know that every person is unique. I didn't know that feelings for people are impossible to replicate. Feelings are special bonds that act differently than thoughts. And feelings about feelings create beliefs that are even more tender, diaphanous and fragile than feelings themselves.

But what was even more truthful that I couldn't yet reveal to myself was that **I** was unique. **My** feelings couldn't be replicated. They just were what they were.

The most authentic aspects of the forces within me were still submerged in my unconscious. That's what it means to be young and inexperienced. Fortunately, I was willing to learn. Unfortunately, I was a very slow learner.

I squandered my love for Yoram because my heart had been broken growing up with the parents, siblings and classmates God Gave me. No man had ever gotten closer to me than Yoram. And I freaked out. I couldn't stand the intimacy. I couldn't stand facing the possibility that I was damaged goods by the age of 19.

Yoram and I met again six months later. I surprised him by coming back to Israel, but he was over me by then. I had no idea how ambivalent feelings can become in so little time once you've broken someone's heart.

He came up to Amsterdam to stay with me later when he moved to Paris. I stayed with him a couple of years later in Paris. We saw each other years later in L.A. But you can't go back to feelings you once had. Thoughts may **change**. But feelings **transform**; and they transform in ways you can't anticipate or replicate.

Like buds in the springtime, feelings blossom and then fall from the tree. They're replaced by leaves [guilt] that unfurl and surround fruit [virtues] that seemingly magically appear dangling from your branches. But the buds [feelings] of the next, new love are never the same as those that first year.

What I learned from Yoram was not to hurt people who get close to you. Yoram's friends told me he pined over me when I left for Holland. He turned bitter and cynical when he realized he'd been rejected and abandoned. He turned to drugs. In Paris he got into a bad crowd that was cynical, scornful and jaded. Our mutual friends lost track of him.

They think he died of AIDS or drugs, or both. I felt ashamed of myself because of that.

Why am I still here and Yoram is dead? What did I do that got me through the AIDS epidemic without getting infected? How can we account for the outcomes of others in a world where we can't even account for what happens to ourself?

I don't have all the answer. But I do now know that there wasn't the rush I thought there was to get to Europe when I was 19 years old, living in Tel Aviv.

Impatience is a common attribute of the young. I'm a little less impatient today. Now, I'm able to look down from the shore of the lake into the water like a Narcissus to see below the surface to plummet what lies at the bottom of my unconscious.

Patience is something I'm working on by delving into my **subconscious** by day and my **unconscious** by night. I consciously sift through my fantasies and dreams as though panning for gold. I pierce my mind with my mind's eye. In doing so, I discover what motivates me. I dredge up what lies submerged inside of me to see the truth when exposed to Son Light.

Life is like a river that cuts through the land. I'm on the gay side of that river. I look over at the other shore and yearn to cross over to unite the two sides with brotherhood and understanding.

My bridge [superpower] is the only bridge I have to get across that river. My bridge is constructed with pilings made of spirituality Given to me by God. I have no other way to gift you. I'm not a secular kind of guy who has a lot to say about news, weather and sports.

The bridge that Moses gave the Israelites was Given to him by God. It was a bridge submerged at the bottom of the Red Sea. God Only Had To Part the sea to reveal the bridge. Everyone is a Moses with his own bridge to help the innocent across. But to part your Red Sea to reveal your

bridge, you're going to have to prove yourself to yourself before you prove yourself to others.

Spirituality is made up of words of varying lengths, widths and depths that form pictures. If my words don't paint a picture of what I'm thinking, my message gets lost in translation. It's important to me that I find ways to describe my bridge to you so you can cross it. I hope you'll want to do the same with your bridge.

My bridge emanates out of my mouth. My bridge is a double-decker. The bottom deck takes my thoughts out of me, and the top deck brings my thoughts back to me after they've gone through you.

This allows me to pierce projections by viewing the men inside me as aspects of myself, not the real men in my life. A he¹ in me isn't the same as a he² around me. What I often conclude are forces created by others (them²) are forces created by my mind [them¹ – voices inside of me]. My heart and soul don't have to obey the voices in my head. My feelings and beliefs are separate from my thinking. This is the key to breaking out of superstition, fear and timidity.

Each of us lives in a house with walls, windows and doors. But where you might have a window out onto the world, I probably have a wall. I can't see what you see in the world around us. I can't engage in world events the same way you can. I have walls that keep me from seeing what you see.

But I have windows where you probably have walls. I can see things that you may not even be able to imagine. And so, we're all dependent on The Grand Architect and City Planner to teach us how to achieve more than how to decorate our exterior with smiles, affirmations and a cheerful disposition. We're in need of lessons in interior design to create functional spaces within our inner home.

Politics is not my bridge to society. Family is not my window out onto the world. Religion, sports, cooking, gardening – you name it – these aren't doors that lead me to

actions I can take to change America or have an impact on how the world turns.

I'm an artist who paints words on a virtual canvas. If I don't find just the right words to describe a belief I hold, I get impatient with myself.

But I get even more impatient with people who believe they can't change because they let somebody get in their head. I don't understand why politics and religion have to be so complicated. If you're facing a wall inside, cut out a window! Don't rape, pillage and plunder society.

Science won't solve the problems of pollution and the climate until scientists are inspired to do so. Politicians won't solve the problems of poverty and civil disobedience until they're similarly moved. Their inner homes need to be redesigned to afford themselves the joy of floor-to-ceiling windows and French doors in place of walls. I can only inspire them in my own humble way.

They told me that Rome wasn't built in a day. But I know Rome was built day-by-day. Marriage equality didn't happen overnight, either. Gays had to redesign the human domicile to make it homier for residents of the 21st Century. The Jews did the same with the spiritual hovel everybody lived in until the first half of the 20th Century came to an end.

While back in L.A. in my late 20's, I went to a meeting of a group called Black and White Men Together, There, I was first introduced to the idea of gay marriage as a means of achieving our civil rights. I laughed out loud at the thought of it! Gay marriage was too far-fetched for me to take it seriously in those days. I couldn't see any further than the gorgeous Black guy sitting across from me.

Man's penis represents his point of passion. Once you associate your desires with the serpent in your tree, you find a power and passion you never knew before. You model the power every guy holds in his penis. No man wants to hold back his passions.

Even though Will and I aren't interested in getting married to recreate the bonds of "true love" that some straights profess to monopolize, we have something much dearer. We **like** one another. We strive to **love** ourself and **like** each other. That's created a magical bond in and out of bed that I'd never experienced with any other person before him.

Granted, Yoram and I had a magical relationship, too. Our chemistry made it possible to lower our defenses and let the other in. But we could only go so far. What we each wanted lay buried too far down inside of us. Where he looked out a window to worship me, I stared at a blank wall. But at the tender age of 19, I couldn't yet read the handwriting on that wall.

I ruined that relationship. Yoram thought I rejected him. I didn't. I rejected myself. I banged my head against that wall because I didn't know why I was doing what I was doing. I wasn't ready to consummate my love for myself with Yoram as my witness because I couldn't yet face my demons and my parents' taboos.

I had to break out of my **shell** before I could sprout. I had to **sprout** before I could blossom. I had to **bloom** before I could **fruit** with the labors of self-love. Only then could I look for a boyfriend to **like** me for who I truly was. This is what now makes it possible to **love** myself.

Life had to happen the way it happened to get me to where I am today. The same will hold true tomorrow. No one can know what tomorrow will bring, except in retrospect when tomorrow has turned into yesterday.

There's An Intelligence behind the universe that's far more mysterious than any young man, then or now, can profess to understand. You have to be able to look back from a height high enough to catch a glimpse of where you've come from. You need to perceive this world from inner space to move proudly into outer space.

Bergen

The next spiritually, memorable lovemaking I had was with a Norwegian fellow in Holland. My boyfriend at the time, Paul, was a Dutchman who lived in Utrecht, about 40 minutes south of Amsterdam. Paul and I met at the D.O.K. He saw a mysterious magic in me that put a strange smile on his face. It was that smile on **his** face that fascinated me. I wanted to see what he saw.

Paul had had a Norwegian boyfriend for five years who decided to visit him from his home in Bergen, Norway. By then, Paul and Johan were just friends. They drove in from Utrecht to Amsterdam so the three of us could spend the afternoon playing tourist together. I was their American tour guide...

Paul had to go back to Utrecht to work that night, but Johan stayed the night with me rather than take the train back since Paul would be out all night anyway. Johan and I hadn't planned on making love. It just happened.

I suppose Johan and I both must have felt a little guilty that we were cheating on Paul. But Johan wasn't **officially** cheating on him, and Paul and I had made no **commitment** to one another. The truth was that the sex between Paul and me hadn't been very good, even though he was very good looking. Johan wasn't as good looking, but, as it turned out, Johan was **really** hot in bed!

The fact that Johan and I were making love behind Paul's back was something Johan might have even secretly relished since it was obvious to me that there was still some tension between the two of them. I may have been unconsciously angry at Paul for not performing as the top that I'd hoped he'd turn out to be. Trying to get a guy hot enough to screw you can be a frustrating and unnerving task, as I was beginning to discover in Amsterdam. In Israel, bottoms were revered. In Holland, tops were treated like gods.

Johan was a natural top, and he got very excited as we were doing the deed. I did, too. I felt that he was a perfect match for me, and I was just the flint to ignite him.

But once he was deep inside of me, he started to hyperventilate. Maybe he was reacting to his own vindictiveness against Paul. Maybe his heart was having palpitations because he felt guilty about what we were doing, and his guilt expressed itself physiologically. Or maybe I was so hot that he'd never experienced such passion before...

I know **I** was feeling really excited about getting to be the Paul [bottom] in Johan and Paul's relationship. I was an aggressive bottom in those days. I wanted to suck Johan's penis like a lollipop with my ass. But I wasn't the least bit worried about how that would make me feel emotionally in the morning. I was on fire.

When Johan came in me, it felt like lava had spurted out of him. The land within me caught fire, burning its way till it reached my heart, which was like an ocean that turned his lava to steam.

I felt nothing for Johan. I was well protected inside my heart, in my ocean of emotions. All the fire around me had no effect deep down within me. I didn't have feelings for Johan. I didn't love Paul. I was just a third wheel for a bicycle that wasn't even in working condition anymore. My mind was **charred**, not **charged** by the experience.

I'd sworn off men who were in relationships with women, but I'd created a loophole for men recovering from relationships with men. I suppose I secretly wanted to know how far I had to go to find love.

Johan couldn't have been more than 25 years old, so I wasn't really worried about him dying in my arms when his heart started to beat rapidly. By that point, we were both so excited that I felt more like he owed me. He really wanted to cum inside me, and I really wanted him to, too. Getting him

across the finish line was a weird way of forcing him to follow through on his unstated promise to give **it** to me.

Because I was morally confused by my desires in those days, I didn't realize that cuming in another person is as much an expression of commitment as allowing another person to cum in you. Johan made me aware of the intimacy and commitment in cuming.

I'd never looked at lovemaking as a short-term commitment that needed to be fulfilled in order for the deed to be spiritually complete. That changed the way I looked at both stated and unstated promises. It changed the way I looked at the depth of words spoken and unspoken. Sleeping with Johan had been a good experience. I just couldn't apply it to the promise I'd previously vowed to uphold.

Sex with Johan made the 7th Commandment a little more meaningful for me. [Thou shall not commit adultery.] In other words, don't break your word. Your word is all you've got that separates you from all the animals out there as well as the animal within you.

“Let It Be Me”

by

Pierre Delanoe, Gilbert Becaud and Mann Curtis
(sung by me to God)

I bless the day I found You.
I want to stay around You.
And so I beg You.
Let it be me.
Don't take this Heaven from one
if You Must Cling to someone,
now and forever,
Let it be me.
Each time We Meet, Love,
I find complete love.

Without Your Sweet Love
what would life be?
So Never Leave me lonely.
Tell me You Love me only,
and that You'll Always
Let it be me.

Amsterdam

I worked for an American bank located on the Frederiksplein in Amsterdam. There was a gay bar on the Utrechtsetraat nearby, but I always wanted to hop on my bike and get right home after work. I rarely mixed with the happy hour crowd.

But sometimes I'd get lonely at night by myself on my 60-foot-long houseboat, and so I'd ride back into town for a drink. I was especially keen on going to that bar. They showed movies on Thursday nights, and since I didn't have a TV, I really enjoyed going there then. One time, they showed a gay porn cartoon about Snow White and the seven dwarfs. I never laughed so hard in my life as I watched cum spewing forth from the chimney of the cottage the eight of them shared.

It was there that I met Joost. He was a religious student who lived in the dormitory of his college in downtown Amsterdam. Joost thought me being Jewish, having lived in Israel and speaking Hebrew was fascinating. I guess he wanted to know me in the biblical sense of The Word. Since he was pretty cute with those rosy cheeks and little up-turned nose that the Dutch are famous for, I agreed, not thinking it strange that his attraction was to my faith more than my body or personality.

As we got close to his place, he told me that he had a roommate and that we'd have to sneak into the building and make love in the library. That didn't bother me in the least. In fact, I found the thought fun and even kinky.

But when we were naked in the library of his college and doing the deed on the carpet that he'd covered with a blanket from his room, Joost did something to me that no one had ever done before. He rimmed me. I'd never even conceived of doing something like that before! I started to laugh, and the more I had to muffle my laughter to keep anyone from discovering us, the funnier the situation looked to me as I lay on my stomach with his face in my butt.

I now associate this sexual position with grim and ironic circumstances in a desperate or hopeless situation. I associate rimming with brown-nosing. I associate what Joost did to me as the final frontier of sexual exploration, a taboo I hadn't reached before. Having him rim me seemed so bizarre at the time that I couldn't do anything other than laugh out loud.

We all know that the anus is dangerously dirty, and rimming is unwise. But from a spiritual perspective, Joost introduced me to the idea of associating rimming with humiliation. Finding myself in a position of sexual power over Joost was more than I could endure without extreme embarrassment that caused me to break out in giggles.

From that night face down on the floor of a library in a Christian college, I began to look at the world differently. I began to see how people use sex to express their thirst for dominance and submission. I simply hadn't seen that before, even though I considered myself a dominant bottom. Now I can see that the most dominant position for a bottom is being rimmed, not anally penetrated.

Because of my timidity, it was hard for me to see myself as others saw me. I'd been placating, appeasing and indulging others all my life. But the thought of being the top by conceding to allow others to rim me made me uncomfortable.

I was much too shy and hesitant to act out my urges with others with complete consciousness. But the truth was that I'd been figuratively rimming myself all my life to keep me

passive and unaware of my power over me! I hadn't seen how the sadist in me allowed the masochist in me to placate and appease him. That was a stunning revelation I didn't come to until half a century later.

That was the secret I kept from myself all my life! But that I didn't see until I looked back at the message Joost indirectly brought me, albeit out of my reach at that time.

Bending over backwards for other people was what I often did because I felt I wanted to, needed to or had to. But taking a position of power in a relationship, politically or spiritually made me uncomfortable. I didn't want to upset anyone.

Figuratively bending all the way forward to such a degree that I was rimming myself was something I hadn't considered. My imagination wasn't that flexible until I got through my stiff neck and developed a backbone.

I'd been very limber as a dancer, so I was able to suck my own penis when I was young. But I could never have gone any further forward to **literally** lick my own anus.

But **figuratively**, I'd been rimming people all my life by placating or trying to appease them. Only when I brought the issue full circle to how I was rimming myself was my character defect revealed to me.

I'd been in a power struggle with myself and didn't know it. I'd had to humiliate myself many times in life to find my way to greater grace and peace of mind.

The Hague

Then, there was a fellow named Jan whom I met at the C.O.C., a governmental organization for gay rights. Jan was an architect who worked for the Monumentenzork, an organization that supervised maintaining the originality of the nation's ancient architecture.

Jan was a nice-looking guy. He was sensitive and good natured. He was gentle, and he was kind. But he was a bit

insecure and high strung. And that didn't match well with my insecurities. I needed a man who was surer of himself.

Jan was a successful gay man in a straight man's world. He had a creative job in the Hague in which he made good money. But when you took his pants off, he was yet another bottom who I wished were a top.

Jan and I made love a few times and stayed in each other's life as friends. He even gave me an architectural rendering of a house on the Prinsengracht canal in Amsterdam that he'd helped preserve. I wasn't accustomed to getting presents from gay men in those days. I put it up on my wall and appreciated it as a sign of gay love. But we didn't make love after that. The gift may have been his way of parting from me sexually.

The last time I saw Jan, he confided in me that he'd had an infection of the foreskin, and they'd had to circumcise it. But apparently the doctor didn't do a good job. He unzipped his pants, and I could see that there was still a patch of skin hanging down from his short, broad penis.

What I got out of my experience with Jan was that I didn't become a very heartfelt person when people I cared for were sick or wounded. In fact, I got slightly disgusted and angry at my friends for getting ill. That said, I got very soft and sensitive when I wasn't well.

Sadly, I had a wall there, not a window. And that worried me. It was evidence that I was a hypocrite, especially if I tried to sound concerned for others. Jan will always be my buddy because he made me see how calloused I could be.

My thick skin was surely handed down to me by my parents. Perhaps only those Jews with thick skin survived the Holocaust. My father had no pity for anyone. My mother deeply pitied herself.

My father was the Wizard of Oz [a humbug]. My mother was the Wicked Witch [a bitch]. I was their Dorothy trying to find my way Home. All the friends of Dorothy in L. Frank Baum's novel didn't know how to help someone like me.

But my inner friends did show me the wisdom [Scarecrow]; love [Tin Man]; heroism [Cowardly Lion]; and friendship [Toto] I needed to figure out with my fairy godmother's [Glinda's] help the power I'D Been Given.

The Scarecrow in me found the wisdom to put out his own fires. The Tin Man in me wasn't just bent out of shape. He was rusted from within. He wasn't able to look for his own heart until he oiled his feelings from within. And the Cowardly Lion in me should have given himself a medal long ago for having overcome so many of his inhibitions.

You, too, might be a Scarecrow who needs water [life] to put out the fire [stress] within you. You, too, could be a Tin Man who needs oil [self-compassion] to get yourself moving emotionally for others. You're probably a Cowardly Lion who uses alcohol or drugs rather than affirmations to overcome your inhibitions. Try giving yourself a trophy instead!

Life, compassion and affirmations are the three figurative liquids that make up self-love. We all need to learn how to apply them as needed.

I was a humbug like my father who wanted power over others. I had to pull back the curtain on myself to see the Sturm und Drang I was creating on the outside that was a show to keep people distant and afraid of me.

I'm no longer another Dorothy desperately trying to find her way Home. Now, I'm Being Given daily lessons from The Teacher through all the people in my life.

Making moral choices can be harder than they look. Every time I get to a fork in the road, I have to fly over it to see where both roads lead. Such are the options for an oracle queen.

When my father discovered through gossip that I was gay, he blamed my mother. He accused her of being the monster that made me that way. He didn't remember that when I was five years old, he and I used to watch wrestling on TV together. While he was grinding his teeth and

clenching his fists at the screen, I was stirred in my groin by those handsome, half-naked men touching one another all over.

When my father was on his deathbed, he threatened my siblings and me with a lewd gesture. We couldn't decide whether that was a message about the world or just intended for us three. I believe his only tender feelings were for my little sister who couldn't be there that day. I think he was blaming us for her not being there. I think he pitied my little sister for having had a monster for a mother and a fairy for a brother. Like Adam, I think he blamed that woman [Eve] God Gave him. Even on his deathbed, my father couldn't take responsibility for his own behavior. He never figured out when he played the part of a perpetrator or victim.

Those who don't look at their parents closely using an impartial, moral compass won't see the humbug [father] and the wicked witch [mother] who fought one another for power when they were a kid. So, they certainly won't see how they mirror the best and the worst in their parents. They won't understand their journey in making their way Home a hero. They'll remain lost in the masquerade [Oz].

When I was a child, I fantasized about living in a firehouse with firemen. Not only did I dream about cozying up to a different fireman each night. I dreamt about the thrill of sliding down the fire pole to get to the firetruck to put out fires all around town.

Sex for children is something that's lost in translation. It isn't until their biological clock sounds the starting gun that they begin the race to self-understanding in earnest.

I had no pity for **anyone** other than me when I was young, and I had pity for **everyone** other than me. I was my father and mother's son. I was a mix of the two of them, but I didn't yet fully understand how to use my fate to evolve my destiny.

When I looked at Jan's penis after his circumcision, I was disgusted. I saw death staring me in the face, not a

delivery device for life. That unknowingly enraged me about me. I was disgusted with Jan's penis because onto it I'd projected all the worst desires in me.

Paris

I met Jean, a French doctor, somewhere in Amsterdam; I don't remember where, but I found him pretty hot from the first glance. He looked a lot like Yoram. Perhaps I wanted to revisit my first, brief, love affair to try to make it right with different guy.

Jean was typical French in appearance: dark, thin, with deep-set, black eyes and a curiously mysterious air of importance.

Yet, at the same time, he was humble. I liked that about him. As a doctor, he was dedicated to life and to preserving life. Who isn't attracted to a guy like that?

But Jean had one little, physical failing that sent me round the bend. His feet smelled. I couldn't forgive a gay, French doctor for being that human!

That was a challenge for me. It wasn't until years later that I realized people are a contradiction walking on two feet – whether those feet smell, or not. You never know how they're going to contradict themselves.

We're all projecting aspects of ourselves onto others. We're all smelling things that remind us of inner issues we find odorous and onerous. God Brings us unpleasantries to spur us to ask ourselves why.

So, allow me to review some terms I introduced earlier:

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1. Oppression: | The way society treats people they don't approve of |
| 2. Suppression: | The way parents treat children they don't approve of |
| 3. Repression: | The way we treat ourselves when we don't approve of ourselves |
| 4. Depression: | The consequence of all of the above |

I was **oppressed**, and so I **suppressed** my boyfriends. In unconscious ways I did to them what my parents had done to me. But I didn't see what I was doing to my gay family of friends. Because of my ignorance, I unconsciously **repressed** myself to the point of becoming clinically **depressed**.

People who live in cold climates generally try to solve all four of these problems with liquid spirits: alcohol. The Scandinavians have done an admirable job of eliminating #1 [oppression] and they've made great inroads into #2 [suppression]. But their suicide rates indicate they've got a long way to go with #3 [repression] and #4 [depression]. Using **spiritual** means rather than **liquid** means to manage your spirit is the answer. That they're not known for doing.

All the above issues revolve around that part of the body that our parents told us to stay away from at the cost of going to Hell: our penis (or clitoris). This part of our body has been personified in religious terms as Satan. But Satan is a code word for what's right there hanging between your legs! If you don't confront the serpent in your tree or the worm in your apple, expect to get lessons from God that you didn't anticipate.

Our kin, clan and country taught us not to touch ourself; not to think about **it**; not to think with **it**; and certainly not to use **it** in the figurative ways gay people do with theirs.

Everybody's uptight about something because they're only literally using their penis in the bedroom and the bathroom. They're uncomfortable using it figuratively in the living room with other people as a delivery device that emits the mystery of their amazing life in myriad, spiritual ways.

Once you realize that The God of the Jews is no different than The Millions of Gods of the Hindus, The Three Gods of the Christians and The God with a name of the Muslims, you begin to relax. You begin to find a sense of humor as you make your way from one class to another down the halls of humanity in the school of life.

Here's an experiment you might like to try: Next time you need to urinate, reflect on the feelings you have while holding your penis. You might be habituated to avoiding thinking about what you're feeling when you urinate, so try this experiment. (You might want to repeat it in a public bathroom, as well.)

I'll bet you'll be able to consolidate your feelings into one of two feelings (possible both): **embarrassment** or **modesty**. So, test yourself to find out which it is at this moment.

The first time we made love, Jean and I moved into 69'ing one another. While I was facing his penis, I suddenly felt the need to ask him a seemingly odd question, "Est-ce que je peux te tutoyer?" (Can I use the informal pronoun "you" with you?) I was already using the informal pronoun/verb agreements in French when we were dressed, but I wanted to know if I could do so nude in bed with him.

Surely, Jean must have thought that was an odd time to ask a question like that. But he was uncircumcised, and I felt a little formal with him about the difference in the look of our penises. Naturally, he laughed and agreed.

What I was feeling was embarrassment about my own penis being circumcised. I felt emotionally naked and spiritually exposed in front of him.

Children are only conscious of being **nude** until they reach the age of two or three. Then they suddenly feel **naked**. That's when they choose to cover their genitals of their own accord. I was still naked in my 20's. I was still a child, even though I'd reached the legal age when making love is permitted by society.

Children have to go through the second story of Genesis [Cain and Abel] in which their head [Cain] fights with their heart [Abel] over who's going to get what it wants. Most good parents try to teach their children to make peace with their head and heart, although parents don't yet personify the

head and heart to make their lessons more personal and plausible.

That struggle ends with puberty [Noah and the Ark] when a child's first orgasm changes everything about infancy and childhood, thereafter.

Men with an uncircumcised penis perplexed me in those days. I didn't quite know what to think about **it**. Were they more evolved, or were they less evolved because they hadn't signed on to a covenant with God the same way I'd been chosen to? It took making love with several Muslims who chose circumcision by themselves before I could even ask myself that question in the spiritual light of brotherhood.

Now, I can say that Jean was the first Christian in my life who felt comfortable enough making love with a Jew to allow me to use the informal pronoun/verb agreements with him in his mother tongue. Such is the mystery of intimacy between gay men from different countries, languages and religious traditions, so different from the challenges of straight men.

When I look back at all the penises in my past, I see An Intelligence behind what attracted me to them. There was a reason for my **lust** that went beyond mere physicality. Call that allure **attractiveness**. Jean was **attractive**. But at that time in my spiritual development, I couldn't tell you why. But it sure as hell wasn't because he was doctor! I never used that Jewish stereotype as a means to find a husband.

Spiritual attraction to a man doesn't come from the penis, and it isn't achieved with the hips. It arises from the soul. To be gay means to be hip in a way that comes from a curiosity that knows no earthly bounds. It doesn't matter if our penis is circumcised or not. What matters is that we recognize our attractions to one another as soulful. For us, lust and allure are one and the same.

Jefer

Jurgen was my first German boyfriend, (but not my last). Jurgen and I met in Dusseldorf at a gay bar when my mother came to visit me in Amsterdam my first winter in Holland.

My mother was a Holocaust survivor from Germany. She hadn't gone back to Germany since she left in 1948 at the age of 27. When she came to visit me in Holland in 1973, she told me she'd like to see Germany with me by her side, 25 years after having left her fatherland. (Germany literally was her fatherland because her father was a Catholic from Bavaria. Her mother was a Jew from Austria.) So, I arranged for us to go by train to Dusseldorf and visit Aachen, a city in eastern Holland, on the way back.

It was late December. On our way **back** to Amsterdam, I remember us sharing New Year's Eve with the guests at our hotel in Aachen. We bought a bottle of wine and some snacks and started a party in the lobby with the staff and guests. It was the best New Year's party I ever hosted because my mother and I created it in a strange city in a foreign country with people we didn't know who felt as cut-off from the rest of the world that night as we did. We helped everyone overcome their loneliness and feelings of separation from loved ones. That was a gift for us as well as them. After returning to Holland from Germany, my mother felt a relief she couldn't put into words that she wanted to share with the Dutch.

I, on the other hand, felt an excitement having met Jurgen at a gay bar in Dusseldorf that **I** couldn't put into words, either... While my mother had been back at the hotel sleeping fitfully in the country of her birth where the whole nation had tried to kill her only 25 years before for the crime of being Jewish, I was out "hunting" down Germans with my little "pistol."

Jurgen was a soldier in the German army. He had a place of his own on the barracks, but he snuck me into his parent's home, where we made love silently in his room in a cloud of

guilty pleasure before he took me back to my hotel to reconnect with my mother.

If forbidden fruit is sweet, then lovemaking in the 1970's between Germans and Jews was about as forbidden as it got in those days...

Jurgen and I had a deep abiding physical yearning and allure to see each other again. He drove a convertible, sports car that I could see he was very proud of when he drove me to his parents' house the night we met. Soon, he drove it to Amsterdam to see me again.

But it was obvious from the start that he wanted me to adore his car as much as him. He wore driving gloves and a cap when behind the wheel. I did what I could to compliment his choice of cars, but I was truly dismayed when I discovered he couldn't parallel park. I can't tell you how that disappointed me...

Jurgen also wasn't a willing top in bed. He looked like a top and acted like a top in public. But despite all the hyper-masculinity he exuded, he was really a bottom who I think was deeply ashamed of being a bottom. I think he may have wanted to be with a man who looked like a bottom who could top him, so no one would suspect his passivity, femininity and receptivity. I think he was secretly thrilled he'd found a Jew to do **it** to him.

In those days, I preferred to be on the bottom rather than have and hold a bottom, so I couldn't understand his guilt. My respect for Jurgen only diminished when I watched him behave clumsily behind the wheel on the open road.

Paul was a bottom. But Paul wasn't macho. Paul drove a deux-chevaux. Granted, Paul's car was missing some of the floorboard, so you could see the road beneath your feet. But Paul knew how to parallel park!

Paul watched over boys at night in a group home for troubled youth. He dated me to discover the secret to his own passivity and femininity. Paul was in touch with the feminine side of himself. He wasn't ashamed of it.

I guess Jurgen had a reputation to uphold as a “man” because he was a soldier. Maybe he had an issue with forgiving himself for other Germans’ transgressions. I’ll never know.

I only know that I wanted more from Jurgen in bed, but I was constantly disappointed. I always ended up having to top him. That wasn’t the fantasy I was striving for in those days.

The following Easter, I had four days off work, so Jurgen and I arranged to meet in Groningen, a city in the north of Holland. By then, he’d been transferred from Dusseldorf to Jefer, a small town with a military base in the far north of Germany.

I took the train to Groningen, and he met me there to drive me back to his place. Well, I forgot my passport! I could have gotten over the border into Germany in those days, but I couldn’t have gotten back into Holland without it.

So, we were stuck in Groningen. We took a hotel for the night, but I could see that Jurgen was upset with me. I couldn’t blame him. I consciously thought we could have turned my mistake into an adventure, but unconsciously, I knew I’d sabotaged the relationship.

Jurgen was a man with a plan, and he couldn’t forgive me for upsetting that plan. I did to Jurgen what the Germans did to the French at the Maginot line built by the French before the Second World War. The Germans simply invade France through Belgium.

Jurgen was totally unprepared for how I did an end-run around our relationship. I snuck around his [French] defenses by unconsciously sabotaging him in a [German] way he hadn’t anticipated.

Gay men are always looking for forbidden fruit. We’re always doing things before straight people do them. Gay Israelis and Arabs have a history of making peace in the

bedroom that straight Israelis and Palestinians haven't been able to achieve at the peace table in more than 70 years.

We build bridges with our brothers before straight men even bother to look for pontoons because we do so with our penis. We put our passions into what we do. We make peace with our enemies with our heart and soul because we start with physical love and work our way in by penetrating all the more deeply. Straight men can't do that with men. They'll never be able to do that. They don't lust over men even if they find men alluring.

Jurgen and I recreated our fantasy in Jefer a few months later, but it was like the time I went back to Israel to surprise Yoram. The fire had gone out. There was only the smell of a flame that had burned before. Jurgen and I were too young to know what to do with the embers. We parted. But we left our bridge [superpower] intact for others to cross for us.

Peace on Earth lies first-and-foremost in our gay hands. We know lust and allure, the basics of making love, in ways that no straight man will be able to achieve through brotherhood.

Therefore, we're spiritually obliged to pass our efforts along to others. **We** must guide **them** through the spiritual process of peace making. The one who builds the bridge has the responsibility for its upkeep.

Helsinki

I'd wanted to live in Europe since I was a kid, and I got my dream-come-true when I was hired for a job in the international department of an American bank in Holland after having worked that summer for Canadian Pacific Airlines at Schiphol airport outside Amsterdam. What I didn't realize at the time was how lonely it can be living in Europe, especially at Christmastime if you're Jewish; a foreigner in a Christian country where you've only made modest inroads into learning their language; and you're far from family and friends.

My first Christmas was with my mother who came to visit me. The summer and fall before that, I spent most of my free time on my bike riding around Amsterdam and through towns and villages nearby. I felt like I was on a magic carpet flying across a fairyland kingdom. I felt untouchable.

Now, I'm an old queen teaching you how to figuratively ride a bike through life. The first thing I'd say that you need to do is uncross your legs... The next thing is to get comfortable in the saddle and put more effort into pedaling. Just because you feel like you're going around in circles doesn't mean that you aren't moving forward. After that, it's just a question of keeping your balance, learning to use the gears and watching where you're going so you aren't thrown over the handlebars if you have to make a sudden stop.

Riding a bike is easy to talk about if you already know how to do it. The same goes for using the spiritual, operating system you Were Given. Your S.O.S. [Spiritual Operating System] is as simple to describe as a bicycle, and as complicated as learning how to ride one. Praying to God with your "S.O.S." is incredibly quick and easy to do once you've been taught how to do so. (More about that later.)

One season in northern Europe, unlike California and Israel, is a world apart from the next. I'd never experienced living in a place with four distinct seasons. When Christmas came around the second time, I was still like a kid on a bike with training wheels zipping around without any real notion of how to celebrate the birth of love, the season of peace and goodwill toward men.

I was in awe of the marzipan pigs in the bakeries, the lights on the canals and the strange Christmas melodies I'd never heard in America. My second Dutch Christmas felt like I was observing a family celebration from outside their house in the snow looking in.

I suddenly realized I was lonely. It was dark, and I was cold. Everybody had somewhere to go and someone to be

with, but me. I wrapped my long scarf around my neck many times tight and tucked it into my coat. I got back on my bike and peddled. I pedaled through Christmas in Holland with red cheeks and a rosy nose, but with a forlorn disposition.

I couldn't tell myself that I was a 22-year-old kid fresh out of my teens who was figuratively riding around Europe on a bicycle with training wheels. I couldn't admit to myself that didn't have a clue what I was doing.

I felt hollow inside. I shivered and shook as I rode over the cobblestone streets, reverberating from an equally windy, rocky road within. I couldn't even ask myself why I had to endure the burn of existential loneliness again and again. Hadn't it been enough that I'd cried at the residence hotel in Jaffa after my Lebanese sex buddy hooked up with a French immigrant and dumped me? Hadn't it been enough that my best friend in L.A. had sent me the lyrics to Carol King's, "You've Got a Friend," which sent me into an emotional tailspin in Tel Aviv before I came out as gay? Hadn't it been enough that I'd left Yoram, a man who loved me dearly? I had no idea what to do to make life right. Why wasn't coming to Holland in search of free love enough?

One Saturday afternoon close to Christmas, I went to a café in the center of town where I met a young guy from Helsinki. His name was Hannu. I remember that he was soft, not hard; kind, not mean; soft-spoken, not rude. He was short like me, not tall. He was about as muscular as me – just the way I like 'em. I like to hold a man who gives me the feeling that I'm holding myself.

Hannu was a gentleman, although we were both too young to admit to ourselves that we were **gentle** men in those days. That was something that attracted us to one another that I found mysterious that I'd never questioned before. Because we were both lonely but couldn't put that feeling into words, we were drawn to one another in a magical, mystical, mysterious and merry Christmas kind of way.

I brought him back to my houseboat, and we spent the night together, first watching the sun set on the water from my living room. I made us some dinner, and then we made love and sat in bed talking well into the night. Hannu taught me how to say, “Good night” in Finish: hyvää yötä. I’ve never forgotten it.

Before I bought my houseboat, I’d lived for a couple of years in a garret on the fifth floor of an apartment building on the Zeeburgerdijk. The bank offered me a generous interest rate to buy a house as an employee, so I used it to purchase a houseboat on the Schinkel, a lake just outside of town. My boat was on a prime location at the end of a pier with large trees lining the lake. It was enchanting.

In the morning, after we made love a second time, I made us breakfast. Hannu and I spoke more about our past, our present and our hopes for our future. We connected on a level I hadn’t connected with anyone in a long time. Perhaps it was nostalgia mixed with sentimentality mixed with melodrama. Princesses who are far from mom and home have a tendency to get soft and mushy.

We were young. We felt innocent at the same time that we felt experienced. We were willing to be there for one another with one another for a magical, winter weekend, but we both knew it wouldn’t last forever. Hannu had to go back to Finland that day. We wrote a few letters to one another, but time marches on.

What Hannu and I had was special. I subconsciously realized I could share my loneliness with another man, even if I couldn’t yet tell that to myself consciously. My road to overcoming loneliness was still blocked by shame. It would take me decades to carry those boulders of shame to the shoulder of the road to allow myself to travel down the road of loneliness feeling liberated by the mystery of being without God.

Having left my family at the age of 18 to move to Israel had been a lonely and frightening experience. There was no

way to contact my mother except through letters. Phone calls were out of the question in those days – far too expensive. Once I left Yoram in Israel for Holland, I felt more alone and perplexed than ever.

Meeting Hannu didn't cure me of shame of my loneliness, but it did relieve it for a weekend. At the time, I didn't think anything could have done that.

I was wrong. A stranger coming into your life at an auspicious moment can do more than relieve you of loneliness. Such an experience can point you in the direction of faith.

“You’ve Got a Friend”

by

Carol King

(sung by Jesus [The God within] to you)

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

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

Brighton

I had family in England that I arranged to visit since I was living so close by in Holland. I'd never met them before, but what better time to do so. They lived in London, so I decided to spend a few days at the beach in Brighton, as well.

When I got to Brighton, the first thing I did that night was go to a gay bar to be with my people. There, I met a guy who was a merchant marine. He was between jobs, but he

offered to take me to Portsmouth the next day to take the ferry over to Dieppe, France. He said his friends working that line would be glad to sneak us on board.

So, we spent the night together at my hotel and got up early the next morning to take the train to Portsmouth, just outside Southampton.

John was an outgoing and adventurous guy. His previous boyfriend of several years owned a hotel somewhere in England that the Queen would visit once a year. Every time she came, the two of them would spend tea together one of those days.

John, perhaps like his former boyfriend, was most comfortable being of service to others. He liked to give through serving. He liked to keep busy by helping people, and he liked to be appreciated for his efforts. He was the salt of the earth. We hit it off well enough in bed; he was an attentive mate. He helped me see that I have good taste in men.

We were hoping to do it again on the ferry the next day, but the weather got rough, and neither of us did well with rough seas. I have to say, in retrospect, that it was then and there that I learned that the ocean will never be my friend so long as I'm onboard a vessel. I've been on boats since, but I always get queasy.

Well, I was as sick as a dog on the way over to France. When we snuck off the ferry after the passengers had disembarked, I really didn't want to have to go all the way back to England the same way. I would have been fine just taking the train home from France through Belgium to my own bed in Holland, even though my backpack was in a hotel in England.

But I had to take the adventure roundtrip, which meant throwing up all the way back to England, as well.

That didn't stop John and me from maintaining contact. He was still in a funk from his breakup with his previous boyfriend, so he asked me if he could come to Amsterdam

to stay on my houseboat and fix it up for me in exchange for a place to stay.

I jumped at the opportunity. I have two left hands in addition to legs that'll never be seaworthy. Any help I could get was much appreciated. And lovemaking came with the offer! What was not to like?

John was the first buddy who turned into a friend. He lived with me for a few weeks. We slept together most nights. And we gave each other the space to do as we pleased without any pressure or expectations.

For someone who'd married every man I slept with and divorced him when we were through, John was symbolic of a change of heart that gave me an adult view of gay life I'd never experienced before.

I was approaching the spiritual age of 13. I was almost a spiritual adolescent making love with other spiritual adolescents. I was leaving spiritual childhood. I was growing up, albeit at a snail's pace.

Dusseldorf

I met Jochum and a friend of his at the D.O.K., the biggest disco in Holland at the time, and probably the biggest gay disco in all of Europe in the 70's.

What attracted me to Jochum was that we were about the same size and weight, and that he was a top. Because I'm 5'7" most men in Europe are much taller than me. Only in Israel did I feel like I was normal in height compared to everybody else.

When I met Jochum, I found a man my size who wanted to top me, and that was suddenly a real turn on. He was a little older than me, which I also found attractive. And he was German, which was more forbidden fruit for a Jew. So, we hit it off pretty well right from the start.

Jochum and his buddy both lived in Dusseldorf, which is about two and a half hours from Amsterdam by car. And Jochum had a car, which was also a turn on. I had an old,

German motorcycle from the War years and two decrypt bicycles, one for visitors. But it was always a treat to sit in the passenger seat of my boyfriend's car as we drove around town instead of peddling against the Dutch wind on my old bike or turning into a snowman on my motorcycle.

Jochum and his friend had bought an apartment in Amsterdam that they were in the process of fixing up. A lot of gay Germans in those days had apartments to get away and play. They'd come to town every Friday night, work on their apartment all day Saturday. Jochum would sleep over at my place and they'd drive home on Sunday. Because they didn't have the plumbing connected, he always started by taking a shower when he got to my boat, and then we went from there to bed. It was a nice set-up for us both.

But one Saturday night, Jochum came over nicely dressed. He told me he'd completed the plumbing project, had taken a shower at his own place and thought we might go out to the D.O.K. to celebrate. I readily agreed, so off we went.

We happened to run into his friend at the club, but then we got separated. I walked around looking for the two of them for over an hour. I finally went outside to look for his car. He and his friend had left! I guess once his bathroom was finished, he dumped me! Suddenly it occurred to me that his friend may have been more than just a friend. I'd never asked. Once again, I may have gotten mixed up with a man in a relationship.

It still didn't occur to me that I was a home wrecker. I still couldn't see my jealousy and rage over relationships God Was Giving to others that He Was Withholding from me.

Normally, I'd ride my bike to the D.O.K. I didn't like taking the night bus because there were often drunks and losers on the bus, and I didn't want to be associated with the likes of them. Besides, it was more than a mile from the bus stop to the Schinkel.

But that night I felt like the biggest loser of them all. So, I took a taxi home. And believe me, that was quite a luxury for me. It was probably the first and only time I took a taxi in Holland. That night, I learned the importance of “mad money.”

I never heard from Jochum again. He was memorable because he made me feel like a fool. He’d used me, and I’d naively let him by not asking questions I didn’t want the answers to. I suppose it’s some comfort to me now to know that people have been taken advantage of in far worse ways than that.

But I was 22 at the time. I wasn’t experienced. I wasn’t cynical and bitter (yet). I wasn’t bruised and broken by what people have a way of doing to one another.

Jochum stole my naiveté out from under me. He dirtied me with experience. He sullied something innocent and irreplaceable in me. For that, he needed to be recalled in this book.

I now thank God that my Jewish lesson with a German wasn’t anything close to what my parents had been through.

“Speak Softly Love”

by

Nino Rota and Lawrence Kusik

(sung by Judas to Jesus before he became jealous of Him)

Speak softly, Love and Hold me warm against Your Heart.

I feel Your Words, the tender trembling moments start.

We’Re in a world, Our very own

Sharing a love that only few have ever known.

Wine colored days warmed by the sun,

deep velvet nights when We Are One.

Speak softly, Love so no one hears Us but the sky.

The vows of love, We Make Will Live until We Die.

My life is Yours and all because

You Came into my world with love, so softly Love.

Wine colored days warmed by the sun,
deep velvet nights when We Are One.
Speak softly, Love so no one hears Us but the sky.
The vows of love We Make will live until We Die.
My life is Yours and all because
You Came into my world with love so softly Love.

Judas may have been able to relate to Jesus in the second-person singular [You], but he wasn't fully able to understand the profundity of Their Relationship in the first-person plural [We]. He couldn't see himself being augmented to a new "We" that he shared with Him.

Judas was probably just a fallible and imperfect gay-Jew. He knew The God of the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] Who Came to him through his head, but he couldn't yet consciously access Him through his heart. Jesus, his Lover, Was Bringing him God-consciousness from a new place in inner space. Matters of the heart were confounding for him and for many other Jews then.

I see Judas as jealous of Jesus's Body [container] and envious of His Blood [contents]. This would have made him question how God Could Have Created One such as Jesus, so different from him.

There are no capital letters in Hebrew to accentuate the difficulty Judas was going through. Only now can we understand what ignorance of love can do to us all.

We see this problem in Christians who claim to have a personal relationship with Jesus, yet behave in despicable ways to non-believers, Jews, Muslims and even other Christians. These Christians have raised Jesus to the level of The Deity, but they still can't raise their actions to behave equally godly.

Every student of life knows that there's A God within us as well as A God around us. The God around us is called **Y.H.V.H.** by the Jews. The God within That Doeth the work is called **Jesus** by the Christians. When The Two of Them

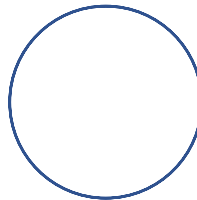
Work together outcomes Are Created through what the Christians call **The Holy Spirit**. Muslims recognize **Allah** as The Name for All Three.

In Judaism God Has no name, so all three of these tasks are performed by The Same God without differentiating between functions. But in Christianity, these functions have been conveniently separated into three names for God, so we can understand the spiritual process more distinctly. In Islam, God is given a name which is further made distinct using 114 similes to describe His Intentions for us all.

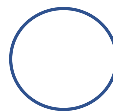
Until you achieve conscious understanding of these truths, you're going to nap through aspects of your life while on your way to waking up. You're going to be influenced by fantasies, dreams and nightmares that you won't be able to relate to your own big picture.

Here is a diagram that expressed the overall relationship of the self to The God of us all:

God: The Holy Spirit:
That Interfaces with
God: The Father and The Son,
[known to Muslims as **Allah**]



God: The Father:
[known to the Jews as
Adonai/The Lord, a euphemism for
Y.H.V.H., The Nameless One]



God: The Son: Jesus
[also known to the Christians as
The Personal God,
The God within us all]



the self



A true believer is someone who can put all four of these circles one inside the other beginning with the self, while remaining at the center, equidistant from the circumferences of all four.

When we talk to ourself, there's nobody inside us to answer our questions. We're left to our own devices. There's nobody with us inside to share ourself with.

But when we talk to The God within Who'S just beyond the circumference of our self, we can have a meaningful relationship with The Personal God [also known as Jesus], which helps us overcome our loneliness and boredom. This circle around us gives us a way to expand ourself.

That said, The God within us Isn't The Same as The God all around us Who Created the universe. The Interrelationship between The Two [The Holy Spirit, known by name as Allah] Creates outcomes that behoove us to ponder. Those who access aspects of God without first having created these four relationships, generally end up behaving badly. Just relying on your conscience is rarely good enough.

Once you have both a personal relationship with God as well as a public relationship with Him, you can then see that the interface between The God within you and The God around you Will Create circumstances that'll benefit you with carrots and sticks to advance you on your spiritual journey.

To understand how Allah adds to the concept of The Holy Spirit, you need only study the Quran for the similes for God that awaken us to the outcomes He Desires. Through the revelation of this perception in addition to today's Judeo-Christian view, you'll come to understand why things have worked out for you as they have.

Israel [Jerusalem] isn't going away. But neither is Italy [Rome] or Saudi Arabia [Mecca]. It's about time that straight men start to look more deeply into why things are the way they are from a spiritual perspective. We'll all do much

better if we unite our efforts to heal the world rather than continue to divide it.

Life is like a school with The Same Teacher. But as you advance in your understanding of yourself, your understanding of God grows, too. You can then see how He'S Created His Story [history] in a way that reveals His Intentions to unite the world with peace and understanding for all over time.

Y.H.V.H., The Nameless [wise] God of the Jews, came chronologically before the names for God: Jesus [love] and Allah [loyalty]. Whether you use one or more of these names for God makes no difference. "A Rose by any other name Would Smell as sweet." [William Shakespeare]

Once the ancient Jews understood that there was only One God, they realized that the gods of the ancient Greeks and Romans were merely psychological projections of man's nature, not God's Nature.

Once the ancient Jews had reached that level of spiritual understanding, along Came a rabbi [Jesus] Who Perceived the need for A Personal God within each individual. Without that, we'd still be dependent on sociological solutions [a one-size fits all God] to all our problems instead of psychological/spiritual solutions tailor-made to our individual needs.

The Revelations from God via the archangel Gabriel to the Prophet Muhammad 700 years after The Revelations of Jesus provided a scriptural path of similes for God that Give us further understanding of the interface and outcome of ourself with The God within each one of us and The God of us all.

For the Jews, there's no name for The God within us. There's no name for The God around us, and there's no name for the outcome of the interface between The Two. It's all One and The Same God. Therefore, Jews argue over Earthly matters, not over names for God in the way that Christians

and Muslims have historically fought among themselves and with each another.

Sadly, some straight Jews, Christians and Muslims can't see this for themselves. They've had to hear it from a gay-Jew. I guess it's true that God Works in mysterious ways...

In Nice, I Did Something Nice

I was fired from my job at the bank for having left one day early on my vacation to catch a charter flight from Brussels to L.A. Granted, I shouldn't have lied to my boss about being sick, but it was the only roundtrip, charter flight I could find with a two week stay in L.A. I really wanted to see my mom after almost five years abroad. That was the only way I could do it.

The truth is that I hadn't been a model employee at the bank. I can now see that I carried a resentful attitude all day, every day. There was a cloud over my head, even though I was an exemplary employee in terms of my work output. But firing someone for missing a day of work? That's excessive.

The word for **work** in Hebrew [avoda] means both **work** and **worship**. I've always done my work with almost a religious conviction. I just didn't associate work with worship when it came to how I treated people.

I hated my job. I needed it to maintain my residency permit in Holland. My boss resented my resentment, and so he used my indiscretion to fire me. (I had a feeling that if I'd asked him for an extra day off even without pay, he'd have denied it. And if I'd asked him why, I doubt he'd have sat me down and had an honest talk with me about my attitude.)

Once fired, I had to sell my houseboat because my mortgage rate was only for employees and I couldn't afford the mortgage without a job, regardless of the rate.

But I made a lot of money on the sale, which annoyed the bankers immensely, I was later told by friends from work. That gave me some sense of satisfaction and revenge...

Then I took the train down to Nice, France to figure out what I was going to do with my new-found freedom. I had money in my pocket, but I'd burned my bridge to a future in Holland. There was no way to stay in Holland without a work permit, and there was no way to get another job there without a reference from my previous employer. And to make matters worse, I hated banking.

In Nice, I rented a room by the week in a rundown pensione in a poor part of town. (I was never the type to live a lavish lifestyle even once I had money to burn.) There, I officially began my writing career at the tender age of 22.

I didn't see myself as a carefree "American in Paris." I wasn't dashing around Europe as George Gershwin portrayed in his orchestral piece in 1928. I was a gay-Jew in the 1970's who'd given up a dance career and a secure life in Israel. Then, suddenly, I was a gay-Jew in the south of France without a college education, without a job, without a home and without a future in Amsterdam, the gay Mecca of Europe. So, I did what my intuition dictated I should do. I became a poet...

But a poet who hasn't contemplated his experiences to turn them into wisdom is like a window-washer without a bucket of soapy water. I had a tool in my hand [money] to do the job, and I had a job to do right before my eyes [a window on life]. But I was looking right through the work that was in front of me to focus on a blank page. I was still much too ignorant of the meaning of life to describe life poetically.

I was missing an element vital to that job: water [self-love]. It would take me almost 50 years of wandering through the desert of humanity to fill that bucket with wisdom [soap] and love [water] to wash away the grease and grim on other people's windows before I'D Be Allowed to wash my own from the inside.

Today I'm beyond being a **poet**. I'm an **oracle queen** living in a promised land. I can see the present as well as the

future. I can see where people are coming from and describe to them how they got here. From here, they can decide for themselves where they want to go next. I have no agenda other than to protect gays and Jews, and even that is entirely based on self-interest.

No one can see the next moment in time. But if you have a good view of this moment, you can make better choices about how you'll interface with the next one. That's not just true for me. So, take my advice for what you think it's worth.

In Nice, I met a gay-Parisian lawyer who thought I was an amazing free spirit that he wanted to catch and cage like a bird. I met an American flutist on a musical retreat who thought the timing of my tongue was as great as her timing in playing the works of the great composers. I even met a part of myself as though in a dream just by unconsciously falling in love with self-love during a summer on the Riviera.

I rented a motorcycle for a day and drove through Monaco to San Remo, Italy where I bought a pair of red, snakeskin boots that I wore with cut-off jeans. (I looked like Lola, the vamp in "Damn Yankees.")

I wrote poems late at night on bus benches, until some boys drove by and threw an egg in my eye. Then, I limited my writing to daytime or while at "home" at night.

I bought fresh croissants every morning at the neighborhood patisserie, and I made café au lait in my room in a big earthenware bowl in which I dunked the rolls I'd lathered in butter. In other words, I pretended to be French.

I befriended a one-legged pigeon on my balcony with crumbs. I had no other friends.

I met a gay-South African doctor in Cannes who lived and practiced medicine in Manhattan. He invited me out for dinner to a fancy restaurant, thinking I was some poor hippy who was sleeping on the beach. After dessert, I pulled out a hundred franc note and paid for my own meal. Then I added insult to injury by sleeping with him anyway just to look charitable. (In truth, I didn't want to have to sleep in the train

station until the morning train came through to get me back to Nice.)

I was slowly becoming unhinged after the bank had burned my bridges. I was liberated in one way but felt imprisoned in another. There was an anger brewing in me that I didn't see or understand. Somebody [my boss at the bank] had changed the course of my life without asking my permission, and that infuriated me.

After having begun my adult life in Tel Aviv and then dismantling it to rebuild it in Amsterdam, I knew how much work starting over again would entail. I didn't want to do it a third time. I was in that odd place where suicide isn't an option, but there weren't any better options I could think of off-hand. I couldn't stop dwelling on what to do next.

In Nice, I did nothing particularly nice for anyone but me. The most important thing you should do when times get tough is nice things for others. Nothing helps as much as giving away your gifts when you feel that God Is Withholding His.

The man I slept with in Nice who I'll always remember was me. He wasn't an alluring guy or a great catch. He was just the best I could find at the time. I did a few nice things for myself in Nice, but I didn't even know it at the time.

Here is an abstract picture of you that expresses what I know about you:

Here is a picture of me in in my 20's:

_____ (Stress)

Here is a picture of me in my 50's:

_____ (Stress)

And here is a picture of me today:

_____ (Stress)

“September Song”

by

Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson
(modified and sung by me to God)

Oh, it's a long, long while
from May to December,
but the days grew short
when I reached September.
When the autumn weather
turn leaves to flame,
one hasn't got time
for the waiting game.
Oh the days dwindle down
to a precious few:
September, November.
And these few precious days,
I'll spend with You.
These precious days
I'll spend with You.

City of the Angels

I returned to L.A. with my tail between my legs. I felt like a failure, but I continued to pretend to be a man of the world.

I got a job in a restaurant even though I spoke five languages. I'd been a ballet dancer with a professional, modern dance company, but I found myself slicing deli meats and running a cash register. I'd lived in Israel, Spain and on a houseboat in Holland, but now I was living like a hippy in a studio apartment in Venice, CA. long after the hippy movement had moved on. I'd probably jetted to two dozen countries by the age of 23. Now I was walking to work without a clue to what had happened to me, or why.

My life spiraled down from bad to worse. I got mixed up with drugs. I attempted suicide three times in five years. I

ended up in Bellevue Mental Hospital in New York as I tried to rekindle my ballet career. I came back to L.A. and then drove my car off a cliff [200 feet high] in the Santa Monica hills and ended up in St. John's Mental Hospital. I got clean and sober in my early 30's. Once sober, I resolved to live a "normal" life despite the fact that I was anything but normal and would never be.

I'd burned through my 20's in a way that I couldn't find a way to describe until decades later. I felt charred by middle age. When Larry cheated on me with his former lover, there was nothing left to burn inside me.

Yet here I am in old age with a fire blazing even brighter than before. I feel like you and I are sitting in front of a hearth, rocking back and forth, having an intimate chat and a toddy. How did this happen?

There's a burning bush inside everyone that burns as precariously as a candle in the wind. Here are the seven attributes I've discovered about that fire:

1. Illumination	Wisdom
2. Warmth	Love
3. Burn	Redemption
4. Smoke	Prayer
5. Mystery	Mystery or Madness
6. Sound	Calling
7. Smell	Intuition

I used my intuition [smell] about this eternal flame to discover, explore and write down this truth. I'm offering it to you in the hopes that if you find yourself figuratively on fire, you'll know what's happening to you and will be able to live with yourself even if you're being burned alive by life or feel charred inside after the blaze has gone out.

I hope you'll be able to see what aspect of the flame has set you aflame and find your way through the smoke inside to a place where you can breathe fresh air. I could only get

comfortable in that burning building of mine by serving God through others.

Let's see what you do when you realize your house is on fire, and you've got nowhere to run. Let's see what you decide to do when you feel homeless with nothing but the figurative smell of smoke in your nose to describe what happened to your domicile here on Earth.

What's the point of claiming to have a conscience if you can't see it as an eternally burning bush? What's the point of having an eternally burning bush branching out of your chest if it doesn't transform into a sacred heart? What's the point of having a sacred heart if you don't transcend it as a wind within that moves you?

What's the point of having the **gift** of an oracle in your life if s/he doesn't teach you how to deal with your **present**?

Damn what you did before now! Damn your past and your future! You know you're gonna die some day! What matters is that you learn how to live all day today, every day, until the day comes that your flame goes out for **good**.

Physical, mental, emotional and spiritual illnesses are nothing more than psychic burns Brought down to Earth from God to you. They're an incineration of an evil inclination in your body, head, heart or soul that can be very painful as they cauterize you. Since all human beings Are Made in The Same Image of God, we're all spiritually flammable. We all get burned, and we're all as sick as our secrets.

The wind that makes our flame flutter is self-doubt. Those who are perplexed feel wind-swept because they're bereft of self-knowledge. They're either a tree of knowledge [male] or life [female] they can't plummet; or they're a burning bush [conscience] that they can't get close enough to, to pick its fruits. The fruits of their spiritual labors are still unripened.

The secret to coming **in** is to seek your secrets, so you can come **out** as an honest, sincere and authentic human

being who **you'll** admire. This lies in recognizing your burns, as well as enduring your burns while admitting that what remains each time you've been burned is the smell of a fire that's been extinguished **for now**.

That "smell" is a preview to death. Your flame will die someday, once and for all. That'll be the end of you physically. So, look around you and within you while you can. Everyone is just like you. You can even smell the extinguished flame of some people. You can see no evidence that there's still a fire burning deep down within them. You may not even be sure there's a flame still alight in you because you flicker so.

It isn't with your eyes or your ears that you'll be able to perceive this. It's with your nose that you'll figuratively detect this flame that sings without literally burning.

We're all like Lazarus. [John 11] We need to come back from the dead. The fire in us must be reignited time and again.

Jesus Only Modeled that once for the ancient Jews in the Gospels. You're going to need to do what He Did time and again for yourself.

Jesus Only Modeled His Last Supper once, too. You've served many spiritual meals to the spiritually needy. You know the essence of serving and giving. When you get to Heaven, you'll probably serve many more meals There. There'll probably be no rest for the awakened. Life is a school, and the job you'll Be Given when you graduate here will have to keep you spiritually fed for all eternity. This world is only a school. Wait until you graduate and get A Job.

Your nose knows this. Your eyes and ears will never be able to reveal the full truth to you. You must figuratively work through the nose if you want to grasp life like an elephant, with your intuition.

Life is like the smell of jasmine on a cloudy, summer night without the moon in the sky or stars to guide you. Life

must be inhaled, and you must follow the fragrance of life through the darkness the only way God Gave you: with your nose. Even Helen Keller knew that!

I not only have a **Jewish** nostril in my nose to guide me. I have a **gay** nostril, too. Therefore, I smell something about you that you're so accustomed to that you may not smell it yourself.

Think of me as a bush on fire that isn't being consumed. [Exodus 3] I'm not God Speaking to you. What Moses described was his conscience if you ask me. That's what told him to go back where he came from to help his people.

It's not only Christians who are submerged like fish in a world of feelings that they don't understand. It's not only Muslims who move through an ocean of emotion like whales that have a sonar that aids them in the darkness, cold and pressure they find themselves in deep down inside.

When the awakened surface; when they breach and look out over the world – they do so using their nose, not just their eyes that show them the two sides to life that religious leaders talk about without sufficient study of other scriptures. They see a level of life they're yearn to describe to those still submerged in deep, dark feelings.

Get to know the fire within that burns you without consuming you, for that's a fire that burns underwater [in your heart]. That's a fire that creates a wind with a mission [in your soul]. That's a fire that leaves an odor that guides you to where you need to **be**.

East L.A.

I found myself back at the “crime scene” in L.A. with my tail between my legs just as I turned 23. My mother and her second husband lived in Marina del Rey. I found a studio apartment in Venice, just next door, and I found a job between the two at the deli counter of a Jewish-style restaurant owned by a Protestant dentist – the outer limit of the integration of the faiths in those days.

The next memorable lovemaking I had was with a Mexican-American from East L.A. who was hitchhiking late at night as I was driving home from my parents' apartment. His name was Jesús (pronounced haysoos).

Jesús and I drove around for a while to decide if we wanted to get busy. When we agreed, I drove to my apartment and found a parking spot out front. Jesús was visibly shocked when he saw that I just opened the door of my ground floor apartment without a key, despite my front door being virtually at the sidewalk.

I hadn't been back from Holland that long. There, curtains were considered rude trappings on windows and keys unnecessary for doors. In those days, the Dutch thought curtains and keys gave your neighbors the wrong impression.

Jesús and I had an incredibly hot time that night. We looked like salt and pepper shakers, about the same size and shape, one dark, one light. We brought a spiciness to scrambled eggs I'd never tasted before. Our passions set us aflame.

We combusted like lighter fluid that just required a match to ignite our tinder. When we were through, we must have looked like we'd been incinerated. We lay in each other's arms like coal still glowing after a barbeque. The meat had all been eaten. There was nothing left but bones and embers.

But the story didn't end there. One night while I was alone in my studio apartment, sound asleep, I had a dream I was kissing a man who was embracing and fondling me, and me, him. I dreamt we were underwater writhing in each other's arms without needing to come up for air. Everything about our embraces were happening while breathing underwater. Our bodies were slowly rising to the surface from the bottom of the sea. But when we got close to the surface, I couldn't decide if it was a dream or whether there really was a man making love to me.

As I broke through the waves into the open air, I opened my eyes and saw there really was a man in my bed! When I pushed him away and got a good a look at his face, I saw it was Jesús. He'd snuck into my apartment knowing the door would be open. He'd taken off all his clothes, gotten into bed and was caressing me without first waking me up.

He'd invaded my space and touched me without my consent. But he'd done it in such a mischievous way that it completely disarmed and captivated my imagination.

That said, in the back of my mind I sensed he was a lost soul. I say that because I'd bought a pair of fancy, cowboy boots in Paris before I came back to the States. Jesús had admired them that first night we were together, and the second night he put them on and wore them to bed. I now conclude he didn't want to walk in my shoes. He wanted to make love to me in my own boots. He wanted to **be** me making love to me.

Jesús did everything he did with such finesse that I was completely disarmed by his approach. It was a fantasy/dream brought into reality.

Men have many methods for getting what they may want without you suspecting that their methods are devious and disreputable when viewed with deeper insight.

Perhaps nice, Jewish boys from Manhattan and good, Catholic boys from Mexico make love to one another to prove to rabbis and priests that the clergy don't know everything about scripture... We can go to places that are more forbidden than pork and penises because we hold the secret to brotherhood.

Look at the worshippers in synagogues. How many gays do you see among them? Look at the laity in churches. How many gays and Jews do you see there? Look at the devout in mosques. How many gays, Jews and Christians are on the ground prostrate before God?

The institutions of faith are filled with the spiritually faithful, but some of them may be duped by hateful

hypocrites who think gay lovemaking and pork are forbidden. What's forbidden is breaking your word and behaving like a pig.

Churches in America are Black and White. There are no queens on the chessboard. Churches are filled with rooks and kings who use knights and bishops to help them win. Bring a few queens onto the board, fellas, and watch what will happen! You won't believe your eyes at what we can do to transform religion with spirituality!

Although there were a lot of men who broke my heart and a lot of men whose heart I broke, the lovemaking was never memorable. We were always trying to squeeze a round peg into a square hole. We wanted something we couldn't attain with one another. That was the tragedy of lovemaking in my youth without insight. I had no way yet to reflect on what I was getting out of what I was going through.

I hope Jesús didn't die of AIDS. He'd be in his mid 70's today. Who knows what sort of life he's led? I hope he's as playful and imaginative as he was then. Being with him was an experience that left me with a great story I've enjoyed telling you.

But I locked my front door after that, and still do.

West L.A.

A couple of years later I was at a shopping center at the corner of Overland and Pico in West L.A. The fellow who helped me in one of the stores found me cute, and since there was no doubt we were both gay, he asked me out. And I accepted.

Jamal lived in the Fox Hills, a middle-class Black neighborhood not too far from where I lived at Venice Beach. He owned his home. He drove a new sedan. He dressed well. He was polite, polished and thoughtful.

We didn't become boyfriends, but we made love from time to time. He had very dark skin which looked especially nice contrasted with mine. He had thick lips which were

amazingly sensuous and fun to kiss. He very much enjoyed penetrating me and leaving a gift inside me that made me feel wanted and special. We probably could have been lovers if I'd been more emotionally mature.

But Jamal could see I wasn't boyfriend material. I was emotionally flighty and unreliable. I could never have committed to one man in those days, even though I was always looking for prince charming. What I didn't realize was that I was consumed with **finding** a lover. I didn't have a clue how to **keep** one.

What I most remember about Jamal was the feeling of being a poor, Jewish kid in the home of a middleclass Black man. He held me respectfully. He understood how needy I was. He understood how raw I felt. (I'd already tried to kill myself once, by then.) So, he held me with very open arms. He didn't squeeze. He didn't force himself on me, and that sort of kindness isn't forgotten.

East Hollywood

By my late 20's, I was finally ready to go to college to try to knock some sense into my head. There at L.A. City College on Vermont Ave., I met a Jewish gal from England who became a good friend. Previous to marrying her Jewish-American husband, she'd been in a relationship with an American Jew who figured out he was gay while dating her, and she wanted me to meet him.

She wanted to see him happy and settled down, and thought the two of us would hit it off. So, we arranged to go out on a double date. She and her husband met me in front of her ex-boyfriend's house and the three of us walked in together.

I took one look at Ben, and a strange feeling came over me. After the slightly uncomfortable smiles and introductions, I turned to my girlfriend and her husband and asked them who Ben looked like that the three of us knew.

They had **no** idea, but it was clear to me. Ben looked like **me!** I found him curiously alluring!...

Despite what I thought was an obvious similarity of facial features, there was one glaring difference between Ben and me. I'd been a ballet dancer with two legs that had been carefully carved with years of training, (especially after studying ballet at American Ballet Theater and Harkness Ballet School in New York). Ben only had one leg. He'd taken L.S.D. one night during a storm and then decided to take his motorcycle out for a spin around town while tripping. He got into an accident and lost a leg. Acid figuratively burned it off.

Ben and I only made love a couple of times. It was the second time we were together that I decided to get up the courage to touch his stump. I figured if I could be so intimate as to French kiss him and suck his penis, I should get up the courage to touch the stub at the end of his thigh. I felt common courtesy required that much of me.

So, on our second date, as we were naked in bed kissing, I slowly sent my hand down his waist, past his hips and down his thigh. But then something unexpected happened. I reached his knee! I was on the wrong leg and had to start all over again on the other side...

I'm describing this to you in this way because I'll never forget the feeling I got from figuratively holding all of this man's pain, suffering and regret in the palm of my hand. In a twisted sort of way, I wished I could gather all my own negativity together into one spot on my body. Wherever I looked at myself in the mirror, I saw something different depending on how I felt about every part of me.

Soon after that encounter with Ben, I drove my car off a cliff in my second suicide attempt. Now I have a slight scar under one eye from flying glass that hit me in the face that eventful day. When I look in the mirror, that scar says it all.

Silverlake

I've made love with a quite a few Black men, so, you might say that I overcame my prejudice against African-Americans one Black penis at a time... For some reason, I felt the need to find my way into many a man's heart through his genitals. I suppose that's just who I am and how I operate.

There was one Black man, though, who stands out in my mind above all the rest. He was a guy who drove through my neighborhood when I was living just outside Silverlake in the Wilshire district, one of the many suburbs of L.A. He called to me from his car, asking me how to get to Griffith Park (which is in Los Felix, no easy task from where we were.)

I sensed he was interested in going up there to look for sex, so I decided to ask him coyly if he'd like me to get in and guide him. Needless to say, I was cute, and he was hot. So, we arranged to do it in the park.

But I was on my way home from the laundromat at the time, so he followed me to my apartment. I dropped off my clean clothes, and then off we went.

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

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

But when I think back now to that hot and horny, summer day in L.A., I see the event somewhat differently. What stands out in my mind now is that I looked at the cum in my

hand, and in the back of my mind I was surprised by what I was thinking. I noticed it was white.

Although I'd made love with a number of Black men before him, they'd always ejaculated in my colon, so I'd never really gotten a look at their semen. So, when this fellow ejaculated in my hand, I guess I was so naïve that I thought his semen would be black like his skin.

From my experience that day with that fellow who's name I never asked, I finally woke up to the realization that all semen is white. It doesn't matter where you **come** from, what language you speak or the color of your skin. And I came to the even greater conclusion that God Created all men in His Image, Giving us all white semen, even if He Chose To Give us different containers to hold our contents. That's been meaningful to me in making peace with all mankind.

There was one more fellow I should mention while my thoughts are still on my life in Silverlake. He was a fellow I met at the A.T. center [the home of gay A.A. in L.A.]

I attribute my recovery to Alcoholics Together in Silverlake. I first got sober at the A.T. Center located at the old laundromat on Sunset Blvd. and continued by making my moral home at their new location on Griffith Park Blvd. until I was ready to leave the nest to live life on my own.

Nick was someone I admired. He had more sobriety than me. He was confident. He was cool. He looked to me like a camel on a flying carpet. He just sailed across the room, looking down on everyone with wise detachment. We made love from time to time. He always made me feel like I fit in, like I wasn't that odd and different.

But the last time we made love, I had to ask him to stop in the middle. He was hurting me. He was quite big, and I finally realized that I didn't like the pain of anal sex anymore, something I used to relish.

Cranford

I left the “crime scene” [L.A.] 14 years later with five years of sobriety under my belt. I was 36 years old by the time I left my mother for a second time to make my way out in the world.

After having taught junior high school English for four years in East L.A., I got hired as a drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, the county seat of Sonoma County in Northern California, about 70 miles north of San Francisco. I was all set to leave the city forever in favor of country life. I moved to Healdsburg, 20 minutes north of Santa Rosa, to be near a dear, lesbian cousin of mine.

What I wasn't ready for was when the kids I was teaching decided to taunt me for being gay by October of that school year. That rudely awakened me to the fact that many in the world weren't yet ready for one such as me.

I decided to come out to my students rather than leave them with the impression that they could use my sexuality against me. It was there that I learned you can't kill homophobia any more than you can kill racism or misogyny. You have to love them to death.

The principal of the school was a virulent homophobe who set the tone for everyone who worked or went there. Within days, the administrators, teachers, parents and kids made my life so intolerable that I felt like I was living a nightmare. I had to quit in the middle of the term [The Ides {15th} of March to be precise]. The teacher's union got me paid through the rest of the year if I agreed not to sue the school district and reveal the smell of the rotten fish in “Denmark.”

The year was 1990; the gay nineties were just about to commence. I assume the smirks on the faces of those at that school have been wiped off their faces by now, or they've moved to other small towns where racism, misogyny and homophobia are still in vogue.

Teaching hatred isn't what a public-school education in America is supposed to be for. Here, we're supposed to liberate the Jew du jour in each one of us, not crucify him or her.

Using our schools to control what kids think is no longer as easy now that virtual learning has been introduced to public education thanks to God Giving us COVID. Kids are learning about life on their own.

Thank God that the truth will set us all free. The Nazis said, "Arbeit macht frei. [Work will set you {Jews} free.] That was the sign over Auschwitz Concentration Camp. I saw it myself. Well, in this century, the **truth** and hard **work** are working overtime to set us all free, but that'll never be enough. Love is also needed; love, truth and hard work all mixed together.

During that nightmare, I met Larry at G.M.S.R. [Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat]. That year they met in Camp Meeker, an unincorporated community in the redwood forest of Sonoma County. I moved in with him in San Francisco a few months later. We were partners for 14 years.

When we met, Larry thought my strength of character was amazing. I just thought he was a cute Italian from New York because of his looks and accent. He had a big, black moustache, dark eyes and black curly hair. Turned out he was a gay-Jew from Cranford, New Jersey, just south of New York City.

I was born in New York City and raised in L.A. I'd traveled around the world and made love to men from every country you can imagine, including Japan, China, Mexico, Guatemala, Cuba, Columbia, Ecuador, Chile, Belgium, Morocco and Egypt, in addition to all the other countries I mentioned in this book. I moved to San Francisco to be with Larry more than 30 years ago.

I'd been around the world and up and down in this world in many gay ways. But I'd never have guessed that I'd find someone who matched so many of my needs by the late age

of 37 as Larry did. And I certainly didn't expect the man of my dreams to be a gay-Jew from New Jersey! Sometimes God Works in mysterious ways – and Slowly I might add.

Larry never met a stranger. He loved people, and he **loved** loving them. I think he got HIV because he couldn't **stop** loving gay men. He went to the baths weekly while the baths were in style. It was a **sexual** ritual as well as a **social** rite for him.

But I was HIV-. Somehow, I'd avoided the **gay** plague that turned out to be a preview to the **world** plague that COVID has brought down upon us all. Today, vaccinated America is learning how gay men felt in the 80's and 90's when half the country ignored our pleas for cooperation, civility, social responsibility and medical assistance.

A friend of mine at the time said that Larry was so vivacious and inspiring that it would be a terrible thing to watch him lose his life to AIDS. It was.

I'm sure the unvaccinated today grieve over their losses no less than we did when we had to deal with **our** challenge from God. If more people would **compare** themselves to others (rather than **contrast** themselves to them), we'd all learn more about human nature and how God Teaches us how to deal with defiance and autonomy.

When Larry and I met, he'd been in business for himself for a little over a year. He owned a market research company and worked out of his kitchen. He had an assistant who worked in his dining room. There was a serving hatch between the two rooms through which they passed papers and spoke to one another.

When I moved in, Larry moved the business to a loft above an old drugstore in Potrero Hill. It only had room for five or six people at most. But his market research company took off, and a couple of years later he moved it to an office space above a ladder store South of Market where he employed 50 people in shifts, day and night. Many of those employees were the kind of hippies and fringe types who

couldn't get a job in a "normal" office atmosphere. But they were very good on the phones inviting people to participate in paid focus groups.

Because Larry was HIV+, we had to be very careful during lovemaking. Because we were both really bottoms at heart, sex wasn't the most important part of our love life. Our relationship centered more around turning our house into a home, our family relationships and travel.

Death Will Follow You Anywhere

A couple of years into my relationship with Larry, our parents helped us buy a house, and our house became our labor of love. But once our "baby" was fully grown ten years later, Larry got severely ill. And because he'd refused medical attention for HIV right from the start, the pressure on our relationship suddenly became enormous.

With symptoms of AIDS, not just HIV, Larry knew he didn't have much time left. So, he secretly got together with his previous boyfriend (who also had AIDS), and the two of them made up for lost time with the kind of lovemaking neither of them could have enjoyed with a healthy partner.

Larry had used alternative medical techniques for years to maintain his health because there wasn't yet a cure. But once he contracted lymphatic cancer in three places and started to have night sweats, I finally succeeded in convincing him to give the medical model another try. He went to an oncologist who said that without immediate surgery, Larry wouldn't have more than a couple of months to live. (That doctor told me privately had never seen such large tumors except in medical books that had documented natives in Africa who came out of the bush to seek help.) Larry went into the hospital immediately, where they miraculously were able to operate and save his life.

Sadly, the doctors and nurses couldn't do the same for our relationship... Larry lived, but our relationship died.

Larry's previous boyfriend died soon after. I moved in with a girlfriend.

Larry lived another seven years. I met his new and last boyfriend a couple of times. Even my mother and Will met them on one of her visits up here.

Larry died on Cinco de Mayo in Berkeley in 2011. We were both 58 years old. I felt that his death severed me from middle age like my umbilical cord had separated me from my mother and in the way that Jochum had separated from me in Amsterdam the night he left the D.O.K. without me. I felt older and wiser, but bitter.

Larry's death set me up for old age and seeing life in ways that young people can't fully appreciate until they, too, are old or have experienced a devastating loss in life that wipes away their naiveté.

I now see that Larry had never really gotten over the boyfriend before me. Once their penises were again on the same page, I became nothing more than a bookmark. They could finally make love to each other without restraint. Years of separation had wiped away their previous wounds. The end was near for both of them. Screwing me over in the process wasn't of concern to them any longer.

Larry's previous boyfriend was actually quite cute. If the two of them didn't have AIDS, I might have agreed to a threesome.

I didn't know then why they always say, "Two's company; three's a crowd." I didn't yet know the difference between desire and intimacy. Jealousy would have destroyed me if we'd had a threesome. But at the time I was desperate to keep what I had.

When Larry and I broke up, I walked away with enough money to buy myself an apartment in Noe Valley, just outside the Castro neighborhood in San Francisco. Since I also got the business in the dissolution of our estate, I had an income for years to come.

I was 50 years old in 2004 and still somewhat pleasing to the eye; I had an apartment in the city I'd cut a check to pay for in cash [\$500,000]. What's more, I only had to work an hour a day to enjoy my new, found, single life in San Francisco. And I even had my health!

What I didn't realize was how bitter I felt about the way my life had turned out. I was sour [angry] at the world and bitter [disappointed] about myself. But I couldn't talk to myself about how I felt. My feelings were still masked by having to save face before others.

I was still a humbug. I was ego driven. I'd created an image of myself that looked like the erroneous Christian interpretation of The "Wrathful" God of the Jews, full of fire, fury and ferocity.

I was still waiting for a Cairn terrier to pull back the curtain on me as I was working furiously in my closet to make an impression on others. I was a self-proclaimed wizard who didn't know why he was doing what he was doing.

Today, I can finally applaud Larry for seeking a passion he couldn't achieve with me. Why bother to live in a world of beige and burnt sienna instead of all the colors of the rainbow?

Larry did what he needed to do to make his way below his belt to the mystery between his legs. It's just a pity he didn't know himself better to have done it in a more morally magnified manner. He burned our bridge in San Francisco the way the bank had burned my bridge in Amsterdam. That wasn't the way to do things correctly or kindly, regardless of my mistakes along the way.

I was a Scarecrow who had to study myself to access the brains in my head. I was a Tin Man who had to love myself To Receive the heart beating in my chest. And I was a Cowardly Lion discovering the balls that gave me the courage I lacked to use my delivery device in righteous ways.

What turns a man into a lion is his semen [contents], not his penis [container]. What give him his roar are the trophies he's given himself for doing difficult things correctly under trying circumstances.

I was a Dorothy making my way through an odd place where nothing was exactly as it should have been. I just wanted to go Home [Heaven].

The wizard and witch were within me. They reminded me of my parents, but I was too old to blame my parents anymore. I'd internalized my friends by then, as well.

I wanted to return Home a hero. But I needed a fairy godmother to guide me. I still had to become a Glinda unto myself.

When I'd first met Larry, I was so naïve that I really didn't know what life was all about or what it would mean for me personally to mature.

The feeling of loneliness I'd experienced in Israel with Yoram; the humiliation of getting fired from my job in Holland; and the bitter sense of defeat when Larry and I parted ways – were vital for me to **choose** to grow up regardless of the pain and suffering that created. Loss can make life deeper and more meaningful if you don't take out your frustrations on others.

Life can be bittersweet and disappointing at the same time. Life can be sweet and sour, loving and maddening. But you never learn any of that without loss.

“(You're the) Devil in Disguise”

Songwriters:

Songwriters: Baum Bernie and Giant Bill

Lyrics:

Elvis Presley

(put into the past tense by me and sung to Larry)

You looked like an angel, (looked like an angel)
walked like an angel, (walked like an angel)

talked like an angel
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise.
You fooled me with your kisses.
You cheated, and you schemed.
Heaven knows how you lied to me.
You were not the way you seemed.
You looked like an angel, (looked like an angel)
walked like an angel, (walked like an angel)
talked like an angel
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise
I thought that I was in Heaven,
but I was sure surprised.
Heaven helped me, I hadn't seen
the devil in your eyes.
You looked like an angel, (looked like an angel)
walked like an angel, (walked like an angel)
talked like an angel,
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise.
You were the devil in disguise...

I'm not God. I'm not Jesus, and Larry wasn't Judas. We were just two gay-Jews trying to understand life as best we could at the time.

There's no such thing as the devil. The devil is a misinterpretation of the serpent in the Creation Story which acts as a euphemism for man's desires.

What started out as two gay-Jews with entwined penises turned in a sword fight. Judas did the same by figuratively stabbing Jesus in the heart.

I was no Jesus. I didn't want to forgive Larry for cheating on me. I didn't want to forgive him for loving another man. I didn't want to let Larry go because in some ways he was the father I never had, even if he acted like a big brother.

There is A God. And there are a lot of ignorant people out there trying to figure out how to make the most of life under trying conditions. If you can't forgive Him, at least forgive the people He Brought into your life who disappointed you. There's method to His Madness. Loss leads to self-love. All it takes is faith to make that connection.

Do the best you can to make sense of your feelings without burying them, given how little any of us know about what will come next. The harder you try, the luckier you'll get.

Loneliness Everywhere

The feeling of loneliness mixed with abandonment and betrayal was pivotal to me becoming a man. But I have to say I was a particularly obstinate, defiant and persistent person. Being **queer** doesn't do that to you. Being **odd** does.

People tell you they're **crazy**. What they really mean to say is that they're **odd**.

Torah implies that God experienced a loss when Adam and Eve ate fruit from His Tree. How odd! What possible difference could a couple of fruits literally have made to God? Is God odd?

The Gospels infers that God, The Father, Experienced another loss at the death of His One and Only Son. Surely, you know the meaning of loss, yourself. Loss doesn't make you odd. It makes you human. Loss leads to self-love.

The Quran describes loss even more directly. "We Will Certainly Test you with something of fear and hunger, and loss of wealth and lives and fruits [earnings]; but give glad tidings to the persevering and patient" [2:155]. The persevering and patient are the ones who are odd.

The first surah [chapter] of the Quran is only seven lines long. It's a prayerful introduction. The second surah "The Cow" tells us what we get when the golden calf in us [described in Exodus] grows up. We should all grow up from a golden calf we danced around to a cow we can appreciate for the beneficent gifts we have to give to others.

If you don't begin the Quran with this interpretation of the cow, you're already as lost as the Jew who can't see the Creation Story as a boy's first wet dream.

Growing up to become cynical and snide is a vital piece to growing old with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye. There's much to learn about how we **respond** to the circumstances we're Given, rather than **react** to situations beyond our control. The more heroically we behave every day, the more we'll Be Rewarded with gifts we could never have anticipated.

My Place

Juan and I met at a walk-in discussion group at a gay organization that dealt with the mental health of our community. I thought he was very good looking. He was young, my height and dark skinned. I just wasn't sure if he was attractive from within.

So, I invited him over for dinner, and he accepted. But because I could tell that he was a troubled soul and probably a sex addict, I wanted to proceed cautiously.

I made a meal of several courses and suggested we spend time in my dining room eating and talking through one course, followed by going to my bedroom to get to know one another physically with our clothes on. He agreed, and so we made our way through two or three courses and trips to the bedroom to try to achieve intimacy in both rooms.

Needless to say, my cooking isn't what I remember about that night. What I remember was me trying to get to know Juan by combining food with food-for-thought as well as physical intimacy.

I wanted to get to know him and for him to get to know me without cuming. **I** wanted to get emotionally naked without being nude. **He** wanted to get nude, but not emotional naked.

For some reason, I'd gotten it into my head that once a guy had cum with me, it was all downhill from there. So, I tried to get him to like me and want me enough to extend his interest in me so that by the time we did the deed we'd have some intimacy to go along with our passion. I wanted him to get to like me so he wouldn't lose interest in me after we'd cum together.

Juan had gorgeous skin; dark flashing eyes; and shiny black hair. He was eager to proceed to the bedroom where he insisted on exposing his penis to me, even though I didn't want him to.

I remember how beautiful his penis was. It was much darker than his body, almost black. That was a real turn-on for me.

I like a nicely shaped penis, and his was very shapely, too. It was just a little bit bigger than mine, and I found that sexy.

But Juan didn't want intimacy. He didn't want food-for-thought. He didn't even show much interest in my cooking... He wasn't as interested in filling his belly as in me filling his butt.

If Juan reminds you of you, or I remind you of you, you know it's not worth the expenditure of time or emotions you're going through with either kind of guy.

We didn't make love. That's what I remember about Juan. He wasn't the guy who got away. He was the guy I chose to release from my clutches.

Liberty Heights

Despite looking for love, I still wanted sex. What I yearned for with Juan wasn't possible. He wasn't ready for

what I had to offer. The lesson for me in that experience was in letting go.

I met Jack online when I was about 56 years old. He wasn't what I wanted either, but I was fine with just having sex with him. We arranged to hook up one afternoon at my place. He turned out to be a good-looking fellow from Hawaii who'd been married for many years. He'd come out to himself as gay; divorced his wife; and found a boyfriend. Jack and his main squeeze were new arrivals to San Francisco from Honolulu. (I still hadn't learned the lesson with Shlomo, the married man in Israel with the baby daughter sleeping in the next room. I was still working my way out of relationships with unavailable men. Jack was apparently in an open relationship, but I didn't care because I didn't think that would affect me.)

The sex with Jack wasn't anything to write home about. One thing I **can** say about Jack was that he had one of the biggest penises I'd ever seen in my whole life, and I'd seen quite a few.

I wasn't surprised to perceive that I felt a bit forlorn about what Jack Had Been physically Given that I had to live without. What made my encounter with Jack so important came well after we'd cum.

He'd walked over to my apartment, but because he was new to the city, he didn't realize all the hills he had to negotiate despite the fact that we lived only a few blocks apart. So, he arrived somewhat winded and disheveled.

When he was ready to leave, I offered to drive him home. He accepted, but when we got near his street, he asked me to drop him off, making the claim that he didn't want to take me out of my way. (Obviously, what he didn't want was to have his boyfriend see him coming home in a strange man's car!)

Then it hit me that I was **jealous** of Jack's penis and **envious** of his relationship with his boyfriend. He had the two things that I most wanted in life [a big penis and a

boyfriend]. To me, it looked like he'd just waltzed into the gay community and gotten everything he wanted that I was forced to live without.

I'd been in my body all my life, and my penis hadn't grown one inch longer than it was when I was a teenager. I'd always look like a kid even if I sounded like an old man.

I may have been in a 14-year relationship that had blown up in my face, but I just wanted to replace my physical and emotional losses with a boyfriend who'd accept me for who I was. Was that too much to ask for?

I had a **penis** problem and a **semen** problem. I didn't appreciate the power of what was cuming out from inside of me or the delivery device that emitted it.

In other words, I couldn't stop making love with men who were in relationships or otherwise unable to commit to a relationship with me. I couldn't see my inner power as something I needed to learn to use to control **me**, not **them**.

Although I did as Jack asked and dropped him off to walk the last block home, I felt a desire to be vindictive and take him all the way to his door just to get him in trouble with his partner...

It was at that moment that I realized that I was through screwing around. I wanted to be in a committed relationship, and I was willing to do (or not do) anything it took to get what I wanted. Using sex to get my feelings of vengeance out of my system felt as bad as using my feelings of vengeance in other ways.

I realized I was sabotaging myself with a mixture of grief, bitterness, regret and denial. What had happened in the past Had Been Ordained To Teach me to see my way through my own naiveté. I had to stop myself from making matters worse than they already were.

It was then that I realized that God Micro-Manages us. You find Him in the details. He Moves us inch by inch in the direction He Wants us to go over a lifetime. That journey can feel like a marathon even though it can end in an instant.

God Was Leading me to atonement [course corrections], whether I knew it, or not. He Was Humbling me by making me face **immodesty** of my body, **shame** of my character and **humiliation** before Him.

Getting to know yourself is harder than it looks if you move as slowly as I did to recognize the three levels of guilt.

Eureka!

It wasn't long after that, that I met Will at Bear-Bucks. He'd just arrived in San Francisco from Eureka, CA where he'd lived his whole life. When we first started talking, I told him that if I decided I was interested in dating him, I'd let him know. I told him that I'd been badly burned by many men, and I wanted to get to know **him** before I got to know his **penis** and **anus**.

What I omitted telling Will was that I'd burned many men in my day, too. I'd led them on. I'd made them hopeful and then dropped them. I'd brought disappointment and regret into others' lives, and I needed to make that right.

What makes lovemaking with Will so incredibly amazing is that I can never anticipate what it's going to be like the next time we do it. It's always new and different. It's always a course correction [atonement] that leads me more consciously toward greater leadership skills in helping myself and others.

You'd think making love would get old after more than a decade doing it only with one person. That's not the case for Will and me. We always find our lovemaking exciting. For me that excitement comes with coming to know myself better and better.

Neither of us is ever the same person twice. We reinvent ourselves day-to-day. We take the same step into the river, but it's never the same river. When **we're** not the same inside, our **body** responds differently to stimulation from the outside. This is an experience Will and I talk about in a language all our own.

We share intimacy, not just passion and tenderness. Intimacy is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. Intimacy is the word for what happens when you make **spirituality** your guide, and not just your genitals or blind faith in the name for God you were introduced to by kin, clan and country.

Intimacy with your partner leads to intimacy with The God of us all. That doesn't require that you be straight or White or male or Jewish or Christian or Muslim. Intimacy with The Universal God is available to everyone.

But don't expect intimacy to come free of charge. You'll pay for everything you learn in life. I can guarantee you that!

When the "I" in **my** "it" interfaces with the "him" in Will's "it," the two of us experience something new and profoundly different each time we do "it." This is what it means to be a spirit in a body on a journey. This the result of bringing God into the bedroom with us, not leaving Him outside our door.

We're the kind of gay men who've come out of our closet without stuffing God in it, instead. We live an out spiritual life. God Lives in our life, and our life includes our love making.

We've chosen to share our bodies, thoughts, feelings and beliefs with one another until death do us part. That makes it easy for us to share our desires without hurting one another.

It's as if our penises are interwoven. Think of the caduceus, the modern symbol of logistics. We're like two serpents entwined and facing one another. Our desires speak **to** one another and **with** one another. Our containers are filled with each other's spiritual contents regardless of how we physically embrace.

That doesn't mean that we agree on everything we think, feel or believe. It just means that we're equally curious to discover the miracle of evolving spiritually together.

Will and I are in a **like** affair, not a **love** affair. We **honored** our parents. Now we're free to **like** one another and

love ourself. This is the secret sauce to all romantic relationships. This is the secret sauce to monogamy.

The difference between us is that he's built like a tansu chest, and I'm built like a jewelry box. He compartmentalizes everything. You open me up, and I do have a few drawers, but most of my inner wealth is just sitting there on organizer shelves with separations, not compartments between items.

My box lies between my legs. That's where I keep my jewels. His chest lies in his chest. His tansu chest isn't consciously connected to his jewels [testicles] the way my jewelry box is.

Because of **his** skills, he can do a wide variety of things in the external world that I can't do. Because of **my** skills, I offer a wide range of knowledge on the subject of spirituality.

Will's externally oriented. I'm internally oriented. He doesn't talk about what's going on inside because he's on a need-to-know basis with how he operates, even though he's very astute about how **other** people operate. I don't talk as much about what's going on around me. You'd be shocked if you saw what a dipstick I can be while doing some of the most basic of things.

Needless to say, I cling to Will as much as I feel attached to my right arm. But how can you separate a part of yourself from the rest of you? How can you separate your partner in life from your life, whether your partner is a man or a woman? If you're lucky enough to have A Partner in The God Who Speaks for all of humanity as well, you've found your own answers to the meaning of love.

The thought of losing Will saddens me. I loved Larry. But Larry played games with me not to have to miss out on greater passion before he died. Larry sought answers from the outside in. That cost him his life long before he was ready to die.

Will may be Catholic while I'm Jewish, but we share a partnership with each other and a Partnership with The Same God. There's only One God. I don't care what name you prefer to use to speak to Him or about Him.

I didn't know it wasn't the size of my penis I didn't like. It was my lack of knowledge of what my penis does for me in the spiritual sense that I didn't like.

I didn't know it wasn't my disillusion as a bottom that motivated me to become a top. It was my need to explore the masculine side of myself. All men have that need. My need was complicated by the trauma I'd experienced with a dad who hardly knew anything about the role of a dad. But every young boy is going to have to learn how to become a man, regardless of the model he was given in a father.

Now that I father my own inner child, I can share my gifts with others in ways I couldn't before. Now that I can appreciate the influence my inner mother plays in my life, I can reduce the stress of having to seek perfection.

The Germans aren't perfect. My mother was German, and she wasn't perfect. My father wasn't perfect, and he wasn't German.

God Is perfect. I don't want to strive to be God or perfect. I only want to strive to be the best me I can be. God Only Gave me one gift [bridge/superpower] to make that happen: spirituality. It behooves me to use my spirituality to ask for help from others to do the things I can't do. We need many bridges. I can offer only one.

The Jews come very close to the truth about God through the name Y.H.V.H. God Is in many ways nameless. Good Jews have created many bridges by parting many seas. And good Jews have guided the innocent across them to the other side, while watching out enemies drown in their own hypocrisy.

The second book of Torah [Exodus] is "Shemot." It means "names" in Hebrew. In Genesis, God Changed Abram's name to Abraham; Sarai's name to Sarah; Jacob's

name to Israel; and He Made Joseph's name a household word in Egypt. In Exodus [Names] God Gave Moses a description of Himself [Y.H.V.H.] but not a name by which to call Him.

It's impossible to use one word to describe God. All the names in the world won't do. The Hindus aren't wrong in having given God millions of names. The Christians aren't wrong in having reduced those names to three tasks [creation, love and influence]. And the Muslims aren't wrong in having summed it all up in one word that corresponds to all three tasks: Allah.

But the whole truth is hard for everyone to talk about. The big picture is always getting bigger. The truth is that God Isn't nameless. God Is name-full. You can only become intimate with God if you draw nearer to him from every direction. These directions require spiritual length, width and depth. These three directions can only be fully described with 114 similes. Reality is something we're all capable of participating in righteously if we understand all of God's Goals.

God Is 3D. His Length [Judaism], His Width [Christianity] and His Depth [Islam] must be plummeted in all three ways to perceive Him in this three-dimensional world He'S Given us.

To know all of God by embracing reality without lies or denial, you must learn about all of yourself, your fragility and your bridge, whether it's a bridge to freedom, liberty or emancipation. Just coming to Him from one place in inner space isn't enough. Just having had your gears [genitals, heart and head] fully engaged in puberty won't reveal the magnificence of the timepiece that you are.

As the gears turn within you, you're probably only aware of your head and heart enmeshed with one another. When we think about the bigger gear [your penis or clitoris] connected to your head and heart, we all get flummoxed. Suddenly, all sorts of external voices emanate out of our

breastplate that we can't account for without quoting our parents, religious leaders or the societal norms we signed up for in our culture.

The spiritual operating system is like the gears of a watch. In puberty, the gear in our groin connects with the gears in our heart, which then engages our mind in very new ways. Unfortunately, people don't realize the spiritual impact this has in connecting these gears to the gear in their soul which controls the rest of their apparatus. This is why people have such trouble managing moral conundrums.

Making love as gay men do has nothing to do with morality. If you're excited about two women making love but disgusted by the idea of men doing so with one another, the problem lies in you, not in the LGBT+ community.

Over time, you'll learn how to bring all the gears of your timepiece to consciousness and shift gears as you would in a manual automobile. Being on automatic pilot has its pluses and minuses. It's really nice to learn about what you're doing when you're consciously behind the wheel and fully in charge. That said, the process is complex.

If you give people one third of a recipe, how would you expect what they cook to turn out? It makes no sense to follow one third of a recipe. You'll spend your life hungry for something you can't serve yourself, or others.

The Abrahamic scriptures aren't **three** holy books. They're **one** holy book Given in thirds at three times in history. If you study only your favorite one, that's like exercising only one arm and both legs or one leg and both arms. You're going to look pretty unbalanced by the time you're old and grey. There are three scriptures and you. You'd better exercise all four.

When you find yourself thinking about your partner dying and leaving you alone in this world or when you find yourself thinking about dying and leaving your partner alone, you experience what it means to **like** somebody.

We're all striving to love ourself. But if God Has Given you someone to learn to **like**, you'll know it by the grief your mind imposes on you in an effort to avoid the worst of all possible losses: existential loneliness and boredom. Therefore, learn to love yourself and honor your parents before you try to like someone else.

The way to do this is by putting people before you. Put your parents **right** before you and put the rest of the world behind them. Put God behind you. Let Him Guide you from behind. Just keep your eyes on your parents and all the rest who are in front of you. That's how you achieve a life-long romantic life that's fulfilling with someone special who you like.

I do everything I can to experience tenderness, beauty and spontaneity in every area of my life. I try to open myself to the mystery and magic of life through everything I do. I strive to be open to new possibilities with the same boyfriend because of the joy that monogamy with him brings me. Why would I continue to live with someone who doesn't satisfy my need to be happy?

Therefore, I've opened myself to becoming someone **I'll** love and admire even more than I do now. That reflects in how much more I have the ability to like the others I'm with. People hold a mystery in who you are **not** that'll lead you to discover who you **are**.

Back and Forth to L.A.

Many lonely people have children in the hopes of creating a friend from scratch who'll love them instead of them doing the hard work of loving themselves. This is what both my parents did in creating me. They couldn't have been all that different from other parents.

Children grow up to love **their** children, not their parents. And grandchildren who seek love from their grandparents instead of honoring them, too, are only further postponing the hard work of learning to love themselves.

God Told us to honor our father and mother, not to love them [5th Commandment]. That's because our parents loved us in order to teach us to love ourselves, not to love them in return. We owe it to ourselves to love ourselves but only honor our parents and grandparents. Once your self-love overflows to your children or your mission, God Will Give you reason to love yourself even more.

People who put God before all others have the worst of all possible priorities. Honor your parents as stated in the 5th Commandment. Then use your experiences in life to give yourself medals for all you've been through. That'll be a sign of your love for yourself. Once you can succeed in doing that, loving your neighbor as you love yourself will be a piece of cake. [Leviticus 19:18] Jesus Quoted Moses in this regard. [Matthew 22:36-40]

Once you've got trophies on the wall for how you've loved yourself, then you can love yourself as Jesus Modeled love of His Father. You can't love God if you can't witness your love of yourself through your deeds to others.

After that, it's just a question of how much you **like** those around you. Do the best you can to **like** people. I know it isn't easy, and I know that that's an understatement...

If you prioritize your spiritual duties in this way, and put God last [i.e., behind you], He'll Bless you all the days of your life. The last thing God Needs is to be put before His Creations. That's not what it means To Be A Loving God.

I live in San Francisco, but my mother lived in the Jewish retirement home in L.A. from the age of 90 until her death. I called her every day. We'd talk for half an hour to an hour. Sometimes, we'd talk twice a day.

I'd visit her four to six times a year, until she got so old and suffered from such severe dementia that she didn't recognize me anymore. Then I called the home every couple of days to get a report on her condition. And I went to visit her a couple of times a year for the last couple of years of her life.

I honored my mother. And when she died, I celebrated her life. Will and I went out for a fine meal. I ordered lamb.

I haven't cried once over her death because I don't miss her. I internalized her and have continued to use her virtues to guide me and her vices to steer clear of her mistakes.

I cry over other people's losses. I don't feel like I lost out on anything given the mother I Was Given.

Life in Noe Valley

Does God Love every gay-Jew in His Own Special Way, or have I just gotten "lucky"? Was the Pope correct in telling his followers to embrace their gay family, or is he delusional?

I started out trying to be the best little boy in the world. But along the way, I chose to kill myself rather than those around me... Three times I didn't succeed attempting suicide in my 20's. I also got hooked on drugs and alcohol, but inebriants didn't end up crucifying me, even though drugs nailed my mind and body to hopeless outcomes.

Jesus only Had To Spend about six hours on the cross. I felt crucified for 60 years! I still do sometimes.

Twice, I was involuntarily committed to mental institutions, but I found a **freedom** through Judaism, a **liberty** through Christianity and an **emancipation** through Islam that they don't dare discuss with you when you're out of your mind. By then it's too late.

I got clean and sober in 1984 at the age of 31, and I'm still clean and sober today, almost 40 years later. Sure, I got into a monogamous relationship that "only" lasted 14 years... But now I've been in a second, monogamous relationship that's lasted 12! As lonely as I was all my life, there were incredible moments of connection with others and miraculous connections with myself that have given me hope and have led me to faith in God.

There's no such thing as luck. Either you're Blessed or you're Cursed. We're all Blessed and Cursed. Every day we

make decisions that lead us one way [up to Heaven] or the other [down to Hell]. We all wander around like an Israelite for 40 years before we get our bearing. We're all seeking a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom], not realizing that it's being modeled for us everywhere around us. If only we could experience it within! Israel was only the first manifestation of that spiritual truth.

Some people curse the Jews in Israel or the gays around the world. Some people curse us both. They damn foreigners living in "their" country, and they squabble with family over matters that amount to more money, property and prestige.

Yet they'll tell you in no uncertain terms that there's a Heavenly Reward waiting just for **them**, but not for some of us because we don't believe what they believe or behave as they behave.

Every gay person is a Moses parting a different Red Sea. Each of us is making our way through an emotional impediment no others can traverse before we go through it ourself. Our enemies who follow in pursuit of us are drowning in their own vile hatred and hypocrisy. Yet, some still refuse to look at the outcomes of reality for personal insight.

I don't literally believe in Heaven or Hell after life, but I believe we can all strive to figuratively go up in a heavenly manner or down in hellish ways through every action we take. I believe in a moral compass, but my moral compass only indicates two directions, up [Heaven] and down [Hell]. If you watch gay people, you'll see that we're the angels on Jacob's ladder going both ways that only Jacob could see. Today the whole world can see us. And **they** revile **us** because they're not the angels they claim to be. That makes no sense at all.

Morally speaking, most people are just going around in circles. They're doing what's expedient and expected of them. They're getting their bearings in order to follow the sun (pun intended). They only use Heaven and Hell to

describe life after life. They don't use these two directions practically to make personal choices day-by-day.

A woman who marries a man she later discovers hasn't lived up to his promises has the right in a modern society to divorce him. A woman who allows a man to inseminate her has the right in a modern society to end an unwanted pregnancy. Are there moral outcomes to such actions that have to be addressed? Of course, there are! But it's not your business or mine to make those choices for her. We're all going to suffer Gods Curses, and we're all going to enjoy His Blessings, whether we like it, or not. Why make it harder for others? Aren't life lessons hard enough?

The Jews Were Chosen by God not to have to believe in an unknowable outcome after life. We use the moral compass given to us by our parents through our upbringing to decide our actions. Or we do just the opposite of what they did.

The Christians and Muslims prefer to remind one another of where they'll be going from here [thumbs up or thumbs down]. Yet many of them will swear that the **other** is going to Hell for their beliefs while **they're** going to Heaven for **theirs**.

Your destination after life isn't morally important in the here-and-now. What's important this day is that we all move in the direction of Heaven [up] every day of our life. That, all Jews, Christians, Muslims and gays can do. That's something even murders and suicide survivors can do.

God Created this world in the here-and-now. The past was a here-and-now then. And the future will be a here-and-now **then**. But we're all locked into the here-and-now. We can't access the past or the future.

What will happen after we're dead is completely beyond our ken. It's what happens while we're alive that gives us more and more control over ourself. If we don't strive to go up, we'll go downwards in a spiral of desires that'll cost us dearly over our lifetime.

Divorce, abortion and lovemaking between men are personal choices that can end any way God Deems appropriate to the people involved. Stay out of other people's personal business. It's not your business to command them. Command yourself. You're the one who needs to be disciplined.

The road to hell [agony] is paved with good intentions if you use any means necessary to get your ends met. Some swear they're wise, loving and devoted to God. But all the while, it's their penis or clitoris [egoism, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth] that makes their decisions for them. Their desires determine their actions. Their groin is doing all their talking.

Christianity is just an extension of Judaism, and Islam is just an extension of Christianity. The Christians are new-Jews, and the Muslims are brand new-Jews who've gotten out of their head and are taking our faith further into our heart and soul than we could have taken Judaism without them.

When people believe that their God [Adonai, Jesus or Allah] is the sole name for God, they're left with only a third of the truth. They're left with a moral compass that's turning them like a top instead of leading them higher and higher. Still, some of them will swear they're a heavenly body going in a "straight" line.

There's a joke about a yeshiva bocher [a student of Torah] who's studying at the school of a well-known rabbi. The kid goes to a restaurant where he happens to see another yeshiva bocher eating a cheeseburger. So, Chaim goes up to Moshe and says,

"Moshe! What are you doing? You know a cheeseburger isn't kosher! You know it says in Torah that we mustn't mix the meat of the cow with the milk of a cow! Why are you doing this?"

But Moshe just shrugs his shoulders and points to his plate, saying, "It's a chicken cheeseburger."

Well, everyone knows there's no law against mixing milk products with chicken or fish. The law expressly forbids mixing **beef** with dairy. You don't want to boil the calf in the milk of its mother. [Exodus 23:19, 34:26 and Deuteronomy 14:21] So, Chaim is deeply perplexed.

Chaim goes to his rabbi, and he asks him, "Is a chicken cheeseburger kosher?"

His rabbi says, "Absolutely, positively **NOT!** A chicken cheeseburger is **NOT** kosher!"

"Why?" asks Chaim simply.

His rabbi retorts, "If something doesn't **look** kosher, it **can't** be kosher."

In other words, we're not here to look for loopholes. We're here to learn about the law and the wisdom, love and loyalty which are a combination of Torah, the Gospels and the Quran. If someone wants to avoid the whole truth, they'll seek devious means to do so. They'll break the Ten Commandments in an effort to make **God's** Ends justify **their** means. One of the worst of all religious tricks is to study only one of the three Abrahamic scriptures that Were Given to us all by God.

Nobody knows better what a chicken cheeseburger is than the super-rich. They practically invented chicken cheeseburgers! They hire lawyers to grill them. They hire politicians to serve them. And they hire news medias to give people the recipes of how to make them themselves.

That said, I kept breaking the 7th Commandment by swearing off unavailable men, and then breaking my promise to me. I adulterated my own word.

If you think you can get away with a chicken cheeseburger like Moshe, pat yourself on the back for your cleverness... But don't expect to get away with it once you're dead.

You're in denial if you look for loopholes. You're breaking the 9th Commandment [You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.] People insist that they're

telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth to others, but they refuse to look at what they're telling themselves.

There isn't anybody in your life who's closer to you than you. **You're** your closest neighbor! Don't lie to yourself. Don't love yourself as you love your other neighbors. Who can't see how little you do for your neighbors? Believe me, you're doing just as little for yourself. You're simply in denial of how poorly you love yourself.

Moses should never have killed a man. He should never have run away. He should have gone back to the scene of his crime to repent, not to lead the Israelites to freedom. They should have all stayed put and fought for their rights where they were.

But God, in His Infinite Wisdom, let them have His Chicken Cheeseburgers. He gave them one of His Loopholes. But that doesn't mean He's Allowing us to do the same. Global warming is the result of man's chicken cheeseburgers. Totalitarianism around the world is the result of man's chicken cheeseburgers.

The question is when enough is enough. Are the loopholes you're taking hurting others? Are they hurting you? Or are they "just" hurting God?

Slavery hurts slaves and slavedrivers alike. Gays aren't hurting anybody. Blacks aren't hurting anybody. Women aren't hurting anybody. Jews are only hurting those who hurt us. Yet who's more vilified in this world than gays, Blacks, women and Jews?

As an oracle queen, I meet people every day who aren't happy with the way their life has turned out. They wish they could figure out what they're doing that's not kosher [clean]. But when you grab their plate with a chicken cheeseburger on it, they suddenly scream bloody murder. They think there should be a loophole just for them. They think they're too big to fail. They think they're too important to go to jail.

God Gave Israel to the Jews to ground us in Torah. God Gave Jesus to the Christians to ground them in their body,

and God Gave the Quran to the Muslims to ground them in the destiny of mankind, not the world.

Your nose knows this. Your nose can smell when something **looks** fishy [not kosher], **sounds** fishy [idol worship] or **smells** fishy [not halal]. You don't need to taste a chicken cheeseburger to take one look at it and know that it's not kosher, just as you don't need to avoid pork to know that living like a pig is what the ancient rabbis wanted their followers to learn from the laws of kashrut.

How could not eating pork or shellfish make you a better Jew? The only way to become a better Jew is to avoid living like a pig or sinking down to the level of low-life.

I, myself, am like a pot-bellied pig. The story of my love life is the story of how I made it up from the bottom of the sea to see. I've been spoiled by the good life, but now I'm pregnant with one good idea after another.

If you're not morally clean in your intentions, whether people call you a rat, a pig or yellow-belly sapsucker, you'll end up serving idols by dancing around golden calves. If you serve others only for money or with a bad attitude, your intentions are sullied. If you work only for fame or fortune, you're gobbling down chicken cheeseburgers.

Work only for atonement [course corrections]. You have no idea what a "straight" line looks like because you were born on a round planet. You have to use your imagination to determine what straight means to you.

Seek God! Seek Him through all His Names and Ways in everything you do.

In A.A. they say, "You're only as sick as your secrets." Being gay is a secret for some. But for others of us, being gay isn't our secret. Coming out isn't even a revelation for us. It's a normal part of our spiritual process in becoming honest with ourself, and others.

But for some, their secret lies deep down inside where they believe they couldn't possibly reveal it to a living soul, sometimes not even to themselves! Their secret lies in the

father and mother God Gave them, not in their sex life. They ought to question the circumstance of the life that Was Handed to them.

The truth is that He'S Got the whole world in His Hands, not just Jews, Christians, Muslims and gays. Look at what you've got in **your** hands and question why that is.

You're figuratively in a box with four walls. Your father is one of those walls, and your relationship to him is reflected onto the opposite wall. Your mother is an adjacent wall, and your relationship to her is reflected on the other opposite wall.

But you're not your father, mother or reflections of them. You're someone looking down into that box. You need to parent yourself to discover yourself. You need to discover the secret God Has Given you by devoting yourself to Him through His Micro-Management Style of Guiding us all.

Don't defend your mother against your father. Don't defend your father against your mother. Honor them. Teach them to wake up to reality in the 21st Century. But curb your enthusiasm to fix one or the other. They both hold virtues that you'll want to appreciate. They both wear a crown that you'll want to inherit.

You Were Planted like a seed in a **garden**. You found yourself surrounded by trees in a **grove** you called family. When you grew up, you discovered you were a tree in an **orchard**. By middle age, you found yourself lost in a **forest**. And when you die, you'll go back to the ground you came from.

So, don't tell me that I'm a sinner because I'm gay. Don't tell me that I'm not going to Heaven because I'm a Jew. And don't tell me that I can't marry the man of my dreams in Israel! I'm a modern citizen of the world, and Israel has as many hyper-religious juveniles living there who couldn't find their anus with both hands tied behind them as you'd find anywhere else on Earth!

I have a friend who was a preacher boy in his family as a child. He was famous throughout Texas. People adored him when he was a child for the incredible way in which he could parrot back the Bible in that one fundamentalist way he'd been raised to mimic.

But when he hit puberty, he discovered he was gay. When he came out to his parents and congregation, word spread throughout the state. He was reviled and denigrated for his honesty, sincerity and authenticity. He was verbally crucified by followers of his own faith.

Being gay wasn't his secret. Making love with men wasn't his revelation. Neither were his challenge in making a life for himself on his own from the age of 17. His parents would have been proud of how well they raised him if they hadn't been so ashamed of him for being gay.

His challenge was admitting to himself that he **still** loved God! His disappointment with his community and clan soured him on Him, not them! He claimed to be an atheist, but he secretly still loved Jesus. He **still** loves His Father. He **still** loves The Holy Spirit, even if the whole, gay community and hyper-religious Christian community he came from shrugged their shoulder together with disdain of his secret. What bitter irony!

My friend didn't even know his own secret. He had to go to Taiwan to find another path to God through Taoism because Christians and gays had cut him off at the pass.

But God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Offers Many Paths to seekers. Redemption will take the good through hell on Earth to Heaven where we'll all get our just desserts.

I hope these words will be valuable to you in using your moral compass proudly.

God Works in Mysterious Ways

The truth is that God Doesn't Work in mysterious ways. His Ways become more and more obvious over time as you

become more aware of your relationship to yourself through spiritual insight.

God Knows your secret if you **don't** know it, and He Knows your secret even if you **do**. God Is God because He Can Use you any way He Likes. You don't have to approve of God or His Choices. He Allows what He Chooses To Allow. He Forbids what He Chooses To Forbid. But don't think He Can't Change His Mind about your destiny. God **Loves** everybody. But He Doesn't **Like** everyone.

Using your life to monitor your curriculum in **the school of life** is useful in coming to understand God's Participation in your studies here. Looking at other people's grades over time will also help you to separate the bozos at the back of the room from the bright lights yearning to shine their light onto The Teacher.

I left Yoram and Israel because my will was stronger than God's Will. He Allowed that. I left Holland because God's Will was stronger than my will. He Allowed that. And I left Larry because God and my will Were strong enough to do what needed to be done.

The blind can only lead the blind for so long. And then even the blind can see where they've been misled. The same can be said of all religious leaders who take their parishioners on wild goose chases.

Here's what I wrote to my preacher friend who claimed to be an atheist:

By telling you candidly that I believe you still love our Father¹ [Adonai: Y.H.V.H.], Jesus² and the Holy Spirit [Allah]³ – despite all the resentments you've had about what God Has Done to you – I've ripped off a band aid you've been keeping on a wound that healed a long time ago. I know you're a true believer and will always be a true believer despite how your family treated you. I know your allegiance to God has been the secret you've been withholding from yourself.

Your life as a preacher boy and a preacher's son didn't end when you reached puberty and discovered you were gay. God's Gay Agenda is as profound as His Straight Agenda. That said, only a gay man can love a man to the depths of brotherhood we do. Making love physically to a man is something only we can do with heart and soul.

Everybody needs to learn a lot more about love than s/he professes to know about love. Everybody needs to learn about love from the inside out. Who you fall in love with is a reflection of how deeply you can love yourself at that time in your life.

Intimacy is greater than **passion**. Intimacy with others is what you'll need to give before you'll Be Allowed intimacy with yourself. There'll always be some straight men and women who'll revile us for the gift of intimacy with someone of the same gender that we Were Given that they'll never be able to fully grasp or comprehend.

Figuratively speaking, there's only The God within and The God of us all. The God within is The God you can access through your head, heart and soul. Some foolish Jews access Him through their head using a preoccupation with food. Some hateful Christians access him through their heart with a preoccupation with liquid spirits [alcohol]. And some perverted Muslims access him through their soul using a preoccupation with sex, not love. This is often enhanced with drugs.

We gays are the wild cards. We're the jokers in the deck. We come from any place we want in our body. We can access God in every way because we

were expelled from the Abrahamic edifice. We're window washers on the outside, trying to get the religious world to wash their windows from within.

We're not limited by food, drink or lovemaking. We're interior decorators who just want our **interior** to look as nice as possible for ourself and as a model for others. We're only limited by our lack of understanding of **self-love**. We're limited by our lack of faith in the name-**full** God of us all.

To understand reality and the way God Allows this world to unfold, you ought to get in touch with your desires [penis or clitoris]. Once you understand your desires [penis], your thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] will begin to lead you like a parent with a child. We, the LGBT+ community, have the natural ability to love our fellow (wo)man physically. Therefore, we have a greater potential to grow enlightened enough to access The God within from every place in inner space through our experiences. As such, it's up to us to lead the world by example. It's up to us to build bridges, not burn them.

Self-love leads to brotherhood. Brotherhood leads to God's Universal Love. God's Universal Love Will Guide us as we endeavor to heal the planet.

There's no guarantee that I'm right about this for **you**. There's no guarantee that I'm right about this even just for **me**. The conclusions I've come to are based on guesswork, supposition, assumption and choices I've made that were, themselves, often based on intuition, not cold, hard facts. Only my nose

knows. And it only knows what it knows based on experience.

All I can say is that my books on poetry, philosophy, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, psychology and spirituality are crumbs that I've scattered through a forest of faith-based outcomes to show you how to get to where I am now. If it upsets you to think of gays as having more spiritual potential than straights, or if it confuses or insults you, that's your cross to bear, not mine. Few will venture where angels dare to tread.

My friend replied to my email by telling me how he's gone **beyond** Christianity while still rejecting it. Here's my reply to him:

What I'm talking about has something to do with Christianity as well. But those who believe everything revolves around Christianity are hateful. And those who reject Christianity entirely are also hateful. It's those who believe that everything revolves around **reality** who are on the way to a level of wisdom that few seek to attain.

The Jews are experts on eating. We Were Given a story about eating forbidden fruit that led to the food-for-thought in the Creation story that Has Blessed the world with wisdom. When Jews behave badly, we look **foolish**.

The Christians are experts on drinking. They Were Given Christ's Story on how to quench their spiritual thirst through a love of mankind that few fully attain. When they behave badly, they look **hateful**.

Muslims are experts on making love to God through the Quran. They Were Given the archangel Gabriel's instructions on how to draw nearer to God by getting out of their head and heart and into their soul. When they behave badly, they look **perverted**.

Only we gays Were Given a holy place outside the world's scripture where we can perceive the whole truth. We're like window washers on scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice. We can look in everyone's windows to describe to them what they're doing that they can't see, themselves. If we're truly generous of spirit, not vindictive, we can lead the world on a Pride parade that the angels in Heaven will celebrate with all the boys and gurls in the band!

But just washing people's windows from the outside isn't enough. We all have to wash our windows from the inside. That no other person can do.

When I talk about the knowledge of **knowing** yourself, I'm, in part, speaking from the Hebrew Testament. But there's a level to self-knowledge we all have that's personal, private and different from what we all (should) agree on about reality.

The issue for sane human beings has to do with the meaning of words and the depth of words for the sake of redemption. Taking words from scripture literally will only take you through the agony of hell on Earth [misery]. It's only by combining all the world's scriptures that you can make your way steeply upwards to reach Heaven in your own inimitable way.

When I speak about self-knowledge, I'm speaking about knowing certain things from within in a way

that no one can contradict you because no one has walked in your shoes, experienced your experiences or come to your truths. I'm using the verb "to know" in a rarified way. I'm expanding on knowing **another** person in the Biblical sense of the word [sexually] to describe knowing **yourself** in The Divine Sense.

The Biblical sense of knowing comes from two verbs in Hebrew **la-akir** and **la-da-at**. **la-akir** means to know in the sense of having met someone. **la-da-at** means to know in the sense of having slept with someone. To know someone in the Biblical sense of the word means to have slept with them [la-da-at].

But to know yourself in the sense of having eaten, drunk and slept with yourself means that you've passed through infancy and childhood into spiritual puberty. Although you've surely accomplished that physically, to achieve that level of self-knowledge in the intellectual [head], emotional [heart] and spiritual [soul] sense requires experience, practice and psychological expertise about how people behave.

You already know that God Didn't Just Create Christianity or any one of the other Abrahamic faiths, as though in a bubble. You already know that the mystery of Judaism has defied hateful Christians since Jesus Walked the Earth.

But God's Creation of Islam is equally vital to His Plan. Until you come to understand the connection between your own thoughts, feelings and beliefs about The God within you, you aren't going to understand the big picture as Given to us this day by The God of us all.

The big picture must include your own path to redemption. It must include atonement for your own ignorance of yourself, in addition to your sins before others. There isn't a one-size-fits-all answer that comes out of any one of the Abrahamic faiths. You must find your own answers to your own **syndromes** internally if you hope to solve any of your **problems** externally.

There's only one truth you can come to know from the self-knowledge you have facts to back up. That truth must be based on your personal experience of reality, not just thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires given to you by any particular house of faith. That inner knowledge is a level of awakening that's so personal and intimate that there really isn't another human being on the planet who can know what you know; atone for what you need to atone for; or draw nearer to God in the way that you can.

We can all profess to understand each other's reality. But that takes skill, insight, intuition and experience. That deep a level of understanding requires wisdom that isn't based only on knowledge figuratively kept in your head. That deep a level of understanding requires the love in your heart and the loyalty to life that emanates out of your soul.

The only way we can bridge our reality to the reality of another person is with metaphor, symbolism and similes. These are the fundamental tools in creating fables [animals] and allegories [people] that explain the meaning of life in ways we can all relate to.

In that sense, the Christian Bible was the first bridge built out of the fundamentals of Judaism. Christianity

moved toward a wider understanding of reality. Christianity is still the only faith based on two faiths. Denying the width of the Christian bridge isn't helpful to those in Islam who take the deep bridge to reality.

The best way to get people across bridges is to help them overcome their fear of water [life]. We all know how easy it is to drown in stinking thinking and hateful feelings that leave you at the bottom of yourself flailing about without the desire to take another breath.

You're a Christian, and you'll always be a Christian. You're a symbolic fish. Don't tell me that you walked out of the ocean like a salamander unless you're prepared to explore your spiritual evolution and embrace every aspect of it. Don't tell me that you aren't yearning to earn your wings.

Telling a Christian about God is like telling a fish what earth, water, wind and fire are. A fish has water within it and around it. A fish is swimming in water. A fish even drinks water. Unless you hook a fish and drag it out of the water it's so accustomed to, it isn't going to be convinced that there's a whole other world above the one it knows so well.

This only happens when a Christian admits s/he's done something horrible in the name of God. Only in retrospect does s/he achieve the insight needed to see the error of their ways.

Jews have to awaken themselves to the ground of their being with food-for-thought. Just filling their belly with food, whether kosher or not, is not good enough.

Muslims have to awaken themselves to the spiritual realm their bridge is submerged in. Islam lies under a cloud on a spiritual bridge that gives reality depth. It's as hard for

them to perceive the meaning of **wind** as it is for Christians to perceive **water** and the Jews to perceive **earth**. All they can agree on is the meaning of **fire**.

Muslims must become aware of the serpent in their tree [penis] or the worm in their apple [clitoris], and how its desires can overwhelm their loyalty to The Universal God of us all. Cutting the worm out of the apple in every tree of life is futile, useless and cruel. They might as well cut the serpent out of every tree of knowledge, as well. Even then, Muslims won't be able to stop **thinking** about making love with God while making love with one another.

Gays and lesbians are waking up to the leadership skills needed to guide the world to brotherhood and sisterhood. Unless **we** enter the realm of religion with our spirituality fully fruited from a burning bush experience all our own, the world is doomed.

Here is my favorite sonnet reinterpreted as a prayer.

Sonnet 29

by

William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.	guilt-ridden
I all alone bewep my outcast state,	
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries	one-sided prayers
And look upon myself and curse my fate	doubtfully
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope	fantasizing
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,	jealous
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope	envious
With what I most enjoy contented least	perplexed
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising	
Haply I think on Thee, and then my state	atonement
(Like to the lark at break of day arising	
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;	hopeful

For Thy Sweet Love remembered such wealth brings
God-consciousness
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Romantic Love

We all need to learn about our relationship to ourself indirectly through those of the same sex as well as the opposite sex. Whether you're straight, gay or somewhere in between doesn't change your allure to you. Because we've all been created 50% male and 50% female, there are a wide assortment of sexual attractions available to teach us in an effort to honor 100% of ourself.

Let's start with what romantic love is **not**:

When you want to sleep with somebody who you're physically attracted to, that's not romantic love. That's lust based on jealousy of their body. If you're a straight man, you're jealous of the female body you weren't given. You want a physical relationship with the feminine side of yourself that you can't literally access. That's why you want to make love to women.

If you're a straight woman you're jealous of the male body you weren't given, even though you may be able to figuratively access many aspects of the male side of yourself because we all have to live in a man's world. That's why you want to make love to males.

If you're gay, regardless of the degree to which you're able to access the male and female sides of yourself, you want to make love with someone of the gender you were born with because you'd secretly like to make love to yourself.

Straight people who discover more about the non-dominant side of themselves don't usually become gay. They become open-minded. Gay people who discover more about the non-dominant side of themselves don't usually become straight. They become tolerant and even spiritual.

As far as the non-binary and transgendered are concerned, often those who question their gender realize that their physical attraction [lust] and spiritual attraction [allure] to themselves is fluid. They may realistically see themselves as the physical combination of a man, but their emotional relationship to both sides of themselves is a unique combination of masculine and feminine qualities.

All of us can change ourselves externally, which will then change the way others will interact with us. Inside, however, we'll always relate to the complex person we are and are becoming all the more curious to fathom.

Outside we **change**. Inside we **transform**. And through our transformations over time, we **transcend** who we were to become a more magnificent rendition of who we were before. This mirrors what caterpillars do in becoming butterflies. But never forget that it's butterflies who change the world, not lions and tigers and bears!

What will change over time is **how** you **behave**. The more good you do for others, the more you'll be allowed to know **who** you **are**. [I once knew a man who behaved like **bastard**. He had a sex change and became a woman. But then he behaved like a **bitch**. Frankly, I don't think he accomplished anything.]

The more you know yourself, the more you'll discover how much there is to improve about yourself. The more you do that, the more you'll come to know God. Don't get too lost in externals.

Penis **envy** is the desire for another man's body, not just his penis. It's a lust to have the container God Physically Gave him. Vagina envy is the desire for a woman's body. It's the lust to have the container God Physically Gave her.

A man enjoys penis envy [lust] through lovemaking if he's gay or vagina envy [lust] through lovemaking if he's straight. And there are probably a whole lot of men in between gay and straight who enjoy lust their own unique way.

Semen envy [allure] is about the life-giving substance within a man. Colostrum fluid or mother's milk envy [allure] is for the life-nurturing substance within a woman. Semen or mother's milk is an outward sign of what you find alluring about another person's character, separate from his or her physical looks. It's a yearning for the what's inside the other person that we associate with their virtues. This is love.

Penis envy or **vagina** envy [lust] is physical. **Semen** envy or **mother's milk** envy [allure] is spiritual. Either you want to get intimate with the delivery device that emits a person's power, and/or you want to get intimate with the source of that life giving/nurturing power within them.

You can lust for sex. You can lust for sex and the allure for love. It's all about your nature and temperament and how it matches up with the other person.

When **it** [serpent/desires] conspires with **her** [Eve/feelings], **he** [Adam/thoughts] gets in trouble with **Him** [conscience/beliefs]. Nothing is going to change that about reality. There's no name for God that'll undo what you desire to do or have done to you. We all have a spiritual, operating system that's identical, but which works in a unique way.

Once you're consciously aware of the spiritual forces within you [thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires], decisions become easier because you can observe possible outcomes from more places in inner space before you decide to take action.

Questioning your **gender** identity and **sexual** identity are necessary to conclude who you are [gender] and what you desire [sexuality]. Spiritual intimacy with your penis or vagina will bring you the power and passion you need to make morally astute choices.

You're not a child anymore. Going beneath your waist to matters below the belt isn't forbidden to you. But acting out your desires indiscriminately will always get you in hot

water. Nothing has changed by what I've revealed to you, and everything has changed.

Romantic love comes from the delivery device [genitals] **and** power [love] within you. It's the realization that that you can help others by becoming a better person just by being yourself.

If you fall in love easily and often, you're able to love the container and contents of many individuals. You crave everything about people. You desire the body and spirit of many individuals.

Although I've found that monogamy is the best course of action for me because it focuses me more sharply on my spiritual desires, those who prefer polygamy or celibacy also have the challenge of getting to know their genitals in the figurative sense of the word [desire].

I personify all seven of the Seven Deadly Sins [egoism, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth]. But I try not to only attribute these failings only to others rather than recognize them in myself, as well. Blaming others can be vindictive if you're highly emotional or diabolical by nature.

Just because you don't act on all seven of these sins doesn't mean that you shouldn't be aware of them as innate tendencies within you. Just because you're in a monogamous relationship doesn't mean that you, too, don't crave the container and contents of others. It just means you don't act on your covetous nature because your word [reputation] means more to you than the autonomy to do anything you please.

If I'd learned that when I went to bed with Shlomo [the married man with a child] when I was 19, I wouldn't have had to repeat that lesson in myriad ways to discover the power in my penis and testicles that was overwhelming my actions. I could have avoided breaking the 7th Commandment by not adulterating my promise to me.

The more I came to understand all the forces [+ and –] in me, the more powerful I became. I could then master my destiny, not succumb to my fate.

When you realize that the Creation Story holds a universal secret to all God’s Scriptures, you may not at first want to admit the power of The Words of God. You may find yourself angry at the Jews for what God Gave us through Tanach [the Hebrew Testament]. You may even find yourself angry at God for Having Created the Jews and the concept of Israel, a promised land, a land of milk and honey [breasts that exude milk and penises that exude honey {life}]. You may find yourself coveting a secret Given to the Jews that Wasn’t Given to you – including Israel.

Well, now that secret isn’t a secret any longer. If you hate Israel, that’s because you hate yourself and the way God Made you. **That’s** your dirty, little secret. If you love Israel, you can recreate it in your own country in your own way with The God of your understanding.

“The Word of God” is Torah [the core of the Hebrew Testament], not Tanach [the entire Hebrew Testament]. Torah was once written down as one word because the cost of parchment was so high that the ancient Jews couldn’t afford to separate the words. Spaces between the words would have been exorbitantly expensive. The ancient Jews concluded that spaces between words signified nothing, therefore they weren’t going to waste money for nothing. Therefore, all of Torah was written down as one, long word for almost a thousand years.

It wasn’t until the ancient Greeks commissioned the rabbis to translate Torah into ancient Greek [circa 300 BCE] using the invention of inexpensive paper made from papyrus [invented by the Egyptians] that The Word of God could be separated into many words so that the common man, not only the great sages, could read Torah. The spaces between the words fractured “The One Word of God” like a diamond into 79,976 pieces, each shining a reflection of God’s One

Eternal Light. Jesus Assembled That Light and Fractured It into a rainbow that He Personified. The Prophet Muhammad condensed 79,976 words **by** God into 114 roads **to** God.

Until you compare the Creation Story to your first wet dream (or experience of orgasm when you were on the precipice of puberty), you won't appreciate that the beginning of The Word of God commences when your body says so. No child of God is ready to understand the depth of His Designs before puberty. Torah isn't for children. People who disseminate Torah, the Gospels and the Quran with childish interpretations of scripture find it slow to evolve.

Your desire for self-knowledge won't grow greater than your desire for food, drink and lovemaking. Your hungers aren't limited to one or another of your organs. If you're a prisoner to materialism, a slave to outer reality, you ought to question your desires.

Romantic love is a reflection of your desire to know yourself. Your partner augments your knowledge of yourself and God. Whether you like what you learn about yourself will determine whether you wish to continue living with your partner. But that shouldn't affect your relationship to God.

All matches are made in Heaven. But whether you consider that match a carrot or a stick may change over time. God Has a tendency to beat us with carrots and use sticks to scratch our itches... Therefore, it behooves us to be open-minded to changing ourself regardless of external circumstances.

Romantic love is the love of the mystery in being you that you choose to explore with the help of one person you feel Blessed to have in your life. If God Has Already Blessed you with that person, appreciate him or her for their Divine Influence in your life.

But if you discover that your partnership feels like a Curse [as happened with Larry and me], not a Blessing; or if you discover that a man has inseminated you with a gift you

don't want – you have the right to change your mind and renege on your promise.

If we allow divorce, we should allow abortion. The right to choose is what makes us feel Chosen. If your choices are taken away from you, it had better be for reasons that affect us all, like wearing a mask in public during a pandemic.

That said, the right to kill Has Already Been Taken away from us. If you choose to kill a human being, as I did three times in having tried to kill myself, you're going to have to face consequences for your actions. If the law doesn't cover your transgression, God Will.

So, the question arises who has the right to play God, and to what degree? How does a civilized society face these issues that emanate out of His Complete Recipe, not just one third of it? I recommend you combine Torah [wisdom], the Gospels [love] and the Quran [loyalty to God] to discover the best answer for you.

The great Jewish sage Hillel was born 200 years before Jesus. They asked him to sum up the meaning of Torah while standing on one leg. In other words, they wanted him to spend no more than a moment telling them what the Hebrew Testament is all about.

What he said was, “Don't do unto others that which you find **abominable**.”

Then Came Jesus Who Said just the opposite. Do, do unto others that which you find **extraordinary**!

As Queen David, I can sum up Torah and the Gospels on one leg by telling you to love and hate the one you're always with. Don't spread these extreme feelings to others. Respect yourself by applying your most extreme feelings of love and hate only to you.

If you must, swear to God that you'll do anything you want to Him in Heaven. He Can Take it. He Knows you're only human. Hurt God in your mind using all your heart and soul. That's permitted. But don't hurt people or destroy

things. Spare us your anger, frustration and desire for revenge.

If you can do this, I think you deserve the endless joy of romantic love with someone special. God Knows what to do **for** people like you, and He Knows what to do **to** people who aren't like you, too.

God's Abrahamic Plan

If you feel challenged by what I've said, allow me to take my message even further by telling you God's Overarching Plan and the eventual outcome of It.

Firstly, allow me to say that we've all been told that we shouldn't utter The Lord's Name in vain [3rd Commandment], and so you may think that means I don't have the right, the scope or the spiritual insight to tell you what His Universal Plans for us all Are. But that's a misunderstanding on your part.

The 3rd Commandment [Do not utter The Lord's Name in vain] Was Given to motivate us to question His Name, as well as the vanity that makes us think He Has only the one name we may have chosen to use. The Lord's Name is a combination of all the names for Him worldwide, not just Y.H.V.H. When you add together the millions of names for God in Hinduism; The Nameless God of the Jews; The Son of God of the Christians; and The Overarching God of the Muslims Who Represents The Holy Spirit Who Acts out The Will of The Father and The Son upon us all – you come to know more of The God you believe in and call universal.

Take all that you go through in life to heart because God Is Allowing you to experience what you're going through. The Blessings and Curses you'Re Being Given are carrots and sticks Applied to you to move the world in the direction God Wishes To Take us all.

You may not have asked yourself whether you're trying to whip others with your carrots or scratch their itches with your sticks. If you refuse to reflect on the meaning of your

desires from every direction with every step you take, don't be surprised by quivers, shivers, jitters, shudders, vibrations, tremors, shakes, shocks, quakes and cavernous holes in the ground that swallow you up. [Numbers 16]

If you don't like the fact that you're not as free as a bird, earn your wings to **figuratively** fly like a bird. That's what it means to be an angel in disguise. An angel isn't a human being with chicken wings who stands in his own light. An angel is a human being who understands his or her relationship of loyalty to service to others as a way of serving God in order to get to know and love himself.

Here is a brief review of God's Plan as Given to us historically over the past 3,400 years. (I'll explain the past to you before I predict the future.) This is His Abrahamic Plan incapsulated in a few, short paragraphs. (For the moment, I've left out those aspects of The Plan that Were Given Anonymously to those living in the Far East.):

God Came to the ancient Jews through their head. He Filled them with knowledge through metaphor that led to wisdom. He Did so by **Not** Giving the Jews His Name. He Implied that there is no name for Him that can refer to all of Him.

Out of that environment of learning for the sake of awakening, one Jew [Jesus] Evolved Out of His Head and into His Heart. Jesus was envied by most of the ancient Jews in His Day because He'D Made it out of His Head through the stiff neck the Jews had inherited from their Israelite ancestors. He Presented Himself as a model of holy contents [love], half human [Mary], Half God [Y.H.V.H.].

Who wouldn't envy Jesus? The stiff neck Given to every human being on the planet was first described by God to Moses, but we can all see that everybody's got a stiff neck.

Who can't also see that nobody likes a good example? Who wants to think of himself as a chick still in its shell? That leads to the temptation to embarrass, shame and humiliate others rather than peck your way out of your shell.

Stubborn people are ignorant. Ignorant people are in denial. Those in denial are angry [red], anxious [orange], frightened [yellow], covetous [green] and sad [blue].

But they aren't curious about the mystery of life [indigo], and they aren't ecstatic [violet] about being here. Those in denial know five of the seven colors of the rainbow, yet they strut about like cocks and hens.

If you know you're still just a chick in a shell, have hope. Chickens have excellent color vision that includes the spectrum of indigo, violet and ultraviolet light. [internet]

Jesus Spoke about this challenge euphemistically from a whole other place in inner space [His Heart, not His Head]. He Died for the **ignorance** of humanity, not for our **sins**. (For our sins, each of us has to die individually.) Jesus Died in an effort To Teach people what they didn't yet know about their spiritual operating system.

I think He Was surely gay. The Gospels are most probably His Coming Out Story tactfully told in a way that people then could accept more easily.

Christmas and Easter are the two ends of His Life that encapsulate the coming out of everyone from the birth of their love of life through their crucifixion over a lifetime to their death. If you wish to avoid a tragic outcome, you'll need to open your mind to the meaning of life hidden in the Quran.

To Be Blessed with the ability to love men is a mystery that every man must discover in his own way. For some that'll include the physical love of men. For most, it'll remain platonic love achieved through justice and mercy.

To accept the ways in which your life mirrors Christ's Crucifixion will enlighten you. It'll inform you of your own unique relationship to God through pain and suffering, albeit over a lifetime, not all in six hours.

Every man had a father and mother. Every man is half female, even if he's out of touch with the feminine side of

himself because of social constructs that force him to fit into society as best he can.

Ignorance of the masculine and feminine sides of yourself isn't a **sin**. That ignorance is a **failing**. Many people have died in the last 2,000 years because of their ignorance of that truth. But we'll all die, wise, loving and aware of our destiny [100% of ourself], or we'll die by succumbing to our fate [50% of ourself].

You were fated to have the parents you Were Given. You were fated to be pressured by society to accentuate the masculine or feminine side of yourself in the ways that you have.

But you have the power to explore the other [forbidden] side of yourself. You have the power to challenge yourself to embark on discovering a unique secret that God Has Given you alone.

Most men don't know how to tap into the feminine side of themselves where that secret is buried. The clue to their forbidden secret lies in their relationship to their grandparents, parents or children. Sometimes that secret is projected onto the animal kingdom. Sometimes it lies in lovemaking or food. Sometimes they resort to gambling or a career to teach them how to make their way out of their shell.

Seven hundred years after Jesus, God Sent a messenger [the archangel Gabriel] to Muhammad. Gabriel spoke to Muhammad through a heart that had been opened by good Jews and Christians who modeled an open mind and a merciful heart as best they could in their day. Gabriel urged Muhammad to get out of his heart in the same way that Jesus Had Urged the ancient Jews to get out of their head. Gabriel urged Muhammad to make his way to a third place in inner space: his soul.

The Quran is the story of the spiritual, coming out of the first straight, **non**-Jewish man. Muhammad paved the way for all straight men to discover God's Plan in its entirety without having to feel physically pressured to make love to

men to do so. Muhammad overcompensated for his masculinity with 13 wives and 3 concubines. But there are men today who claim to appreciate brotherhood, yet they do the same.

The Quran is like looking in a V-shaped mirror to see yourself as you truly are. If you can't see the feminine side of yourself, you're blind to A Side of God!

Y.H.V.H. is an acronym for The God Who Created the Universe and everything in it who leads us to wisdom. Jesus Is the name for The God Within Who Teaches us the meaning of love. Allah is the name of The God Who Determines the outcomes of our actions based on how we treat ourself and others. To understand why things work out as they do for you, you've got to understand all Three Aspects of our Creator without concern for the names that describe His Actions.

The three distinct, mass delusions that the Abrahamic faiths have created by the ignorant who insist on separating God by name even though He'S A Universal God must be pierced with spiritual answers that peel back the forbidden secret Given to each one of us that we must find the courage to solve.

Y.H.V.H. is an acronym for: **will be riches will be**. This isn't God's Name, but His Eternal Prediction. The richer you become within, the richer your Reward will be hereafter. Jesus Was a man Who Held a unique relationship of love with His Father. Allah is God's Relationship to each one of us based on the wisdom, love and loyalty we model to life.

The Christians have been fighting with the Muslims over two names for God [The Holy Spirit and Allah] for 1,400 years.

Jesus is referred to in the Quran in Surah 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 19, 21, 23, 33, 42, 43, 57 and 61. Muslims hold no grudge against The Jew: Jesus.

Some Jews have remained in their head, believing only in Adonai, the euphemism for Y.H.V.H., as they've looked

down on the Christians and Muslims with scorn and derision for their stubbornness and ferocity.

But straight Jews, Christians and Muslims have all proved their ignorance concerning the deepest meaning of life by rejecting one another's holy book rather than proving their wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] to God by uniting His Scriptures in a personal way.

Israel is the alpha and omega of peace on Earth. Until the Abrahamic faiths make meaningful course corrections, every individual on Earth will remain frustrated in his or her yearning for God-consciousness. Only by studying scripture together will the Abrahamic faiths achieve this goal.

Until you're willing to contemplate your navel and the mother you were literally attached to when you were born, you won't associate your blood with the connection you had with your mother through your umbilical cord. You won't associate your loyalty to your tribe as a projection of motherhood. Nor will you be in a position to see the talking serpent that raises its hooded or unhooded head above those two fruits that hang down from your metaphoric tree. Consequently, you won't be able to discern what's forbidden from what's permitted.

You're lost in a masquerade until you know the difference between the tree of knowledge [father] and the tree of life [mother] who gave you life. (Isn't it rich that every sane person on the planet now comes into public life wearing a mask? Now we're all literally in a masquerade.)

Gay men love the serpent in their tree. But every man can question the serpent in his tree by scrutinizing his head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and soul [beliefs] with the candor needed to achieve realistic answers to the deepest meaning of life, love and scripture.

Learning to see your own limitations is the beginning to leading your life with the permissions you've Been Given. You can't appreciate the **freedom** promoted by the Jews, the **liberty** embodied by the Christians and the **emancipation**

aspired to by the Muslims if you're a pharaoh who treats yourself like a slave.

Life is a school, but most students aren't willing to do the homework needed to pass their tests without undo pain and suffering. They sit at the back of the room afraid to ask good questions, conspiring with one another in an effort to conceal their ignorance, naïveté and vulnerability. They secretly detest having to be in the school of life long after they graduated the school they went to as a child.

The 29th surah of the Quran is on the spider. Nobody wants to be bitten by spiders. That brings pain and poison from the outside world in. But when you're in pain and suffering from within, it's like you're being bitten by millions of poisonous spiders. We all want to avoid pain and suffering regardless of the direction from which they come at us.

There's only the Big Bang that produced the universe and the Little Bang that produced you. If you don't unite the two consciously through spiritual awakening to your reason for being, you'll discover what it means to be "unlucky."

Humanity is constructed upon one metaphor for **wisdom**. If you don't separate the three forces of your head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and penis [desires] so you can reunite them with personal understanding of their effect on your nature, you'll die ignorant of who you are and why you're here. You won't see yourself as a metaphoric tree or identify with the plight of the trees in the day-and-age we live in. You'll scorn global warming, God's Warning of what's to come for those who don't cooperate with one another by conspiring against one another.

Humanity is constructed upon two symbols Given to us to teach us how to **make** love. You won't understand the importance of filling your container with spiritual contents. If you don't consume yourself symbolically as bread [body] that's soaked up wine [blood], your flesh will rot spiritually, and your blood will boil over nonsense. You'll die cursing

the world while unconsciously raising your fist to God for how **He** Let **you** down.

Humanity is constructed upon 114 similes Given to us to describe all the ways to loyalty to life. If you don't read the Quran as the third book in an Abrahamic series, you'll admonish others the way my father admonished three of his four children on his deathbed. That penis of yours will mean nothing to you because you've done nothing of consequence with your desire to help the world.

A world **without** charity becomes a preview to Hell. But a world based **only** on charity describes totalitarianism.

In the beginning there was spiritual infancy, and then came spiritual childhood. But nothing got off the ground until spiritual puberty Was Brought to us through the Creation Story Given metaphorically.

Torah was never intended to be taken scientifically. Only the infantile and childish come to conclusions about the external world by taking Torah **literally**, not **literarily**.

What cums out of the mouth of every serpent [penis] is semen. That's the mysterious **language** figuratively spoken by the serpent that beguiled Eve. The serpent's **words** are used by God to teach man what it means to **create** life. The words emanating out of the breasts of women are intended to **nurture** life. Together we'Re Given the recipe for charity that motivates God To Be charitable to us.

Those who've been properly aligned for the uphill journey out of this world into The World to come will be guided to the front of the classroom as models for the class. Whether they can maintain that place of honor is up to them.

We're all holy with a potential to reap the rewards after life Given to those who understand and apply scripture to their daily life. We're all Made in God's Image.

If Jesus, The Gay-Jew, Is holy, only then are all straight men holy. There are charitable exceptions that'll be tolerated for straight men who are ignorant of their ignorance. But everyone is expected to grow. Savages who kill [#6], cheat

[#7], steal [#8] and lie [#9] to get what they desire [#10] must repent. This is why the second tablet of the Ten Commandments deals with our relationship to humanity while the first tablet Was Given separately to describe our personal relationship to God.

The similes Given to the Prophet Muhammad by God via the archangel Gabriel aren't intended to separate Muslims from Christians from Jews. They're intended to unite us.

But if you can't bring your head, heart and soul to bed with you to share yourself authentically with your soulmate, what will you have accomplished out in the world that could be worth more? What good is coming into Paradise if you can't cum together with your cherished loved one while here on Earth?

When I told you at the beginning of this book that I was going to reconcile my love life before you and with you, you couldn't anticipate the depth of the words I'd utter. But now I can talk to you candidly about how God Will Work in your life to unite your Jewish head, Christian heart and Islamic soul in terms that are Abrahamic in scope.

Even though you're probably not a gay-Jew; even though you probably didn't have parents who were Holocaust survivors – you can still apply the story of my tail to your tale.

Any boy of 14 who has the reading skills of an 8th grader and has tasted his own cum has enough experience to contemplate the difference between penis envy [lust] and semen envy [allure]. Every David should dream about taking down a Goliath and falling in love with a Jonathan or Jo-Ann.

“Killing Me Softly with His Love”

by

Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel

(sung about God)

Strumming my pain with His Fingers,
Singing my life with His Words,
Killing me softly with His Song,
Killing me softly with His Song,
Telling my whole life with His Words,
Killing me softly with His Song,
I heard He Sang a good song. I heard He Had a style,
and so I came to see Him, to listen for a while.
And there He Was, This Young Boy,
A Stranger to my eyes,
Strumming my pain with His Fingers, (one time, one time)
Singing my life with His Words, (two times, two times)
Killing me softly with His Song,
Killing me softly with His Song,
Telling my whole life with His Words,
Killing me softly with His Song.
I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd.
I felt He'D Found my letters and Read each one out loud.
I prayed that He Would Finish, but He Just Kept right on,
Strumming my pain with His Fingers, (one time, one time)
Singing my life with His Words, (two times, two times)
Killing me softly with His Song,
Killing me softly with His Song,
Telling my whole life with His Words,
Killing me softly with His Song...

The Oracle's Prediction for America and Israel

I am Queen David who's revealed a truth to you that no one else knew. You can now perceive a depth to reality you couldn't fully appreciate or dream of applying to your life.

The God Who Created us Did so in indigo, the mystery and miracle of the sixth of the seven colors of the rainbow and on the sixth of the seven days of the first week. Once you move through the grief [blue] of the loneliness of loss, even if the only one you lost was yourself, you discover Him in the indigo realm of reality. Continue from there through

the mystery of your being, and you arrive in the violet range of ecstasy. This is where eternal joy resides.

The rainbow is made up of seven emotional colors:

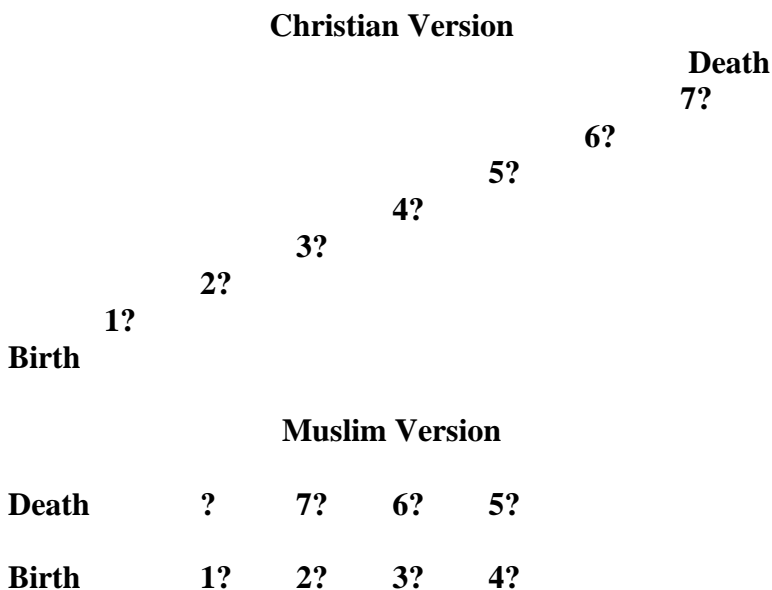
1. Red	Rage
2. Orange	Agony
3. Yellow	Terror
4. Green	Jealousy and Envy
5. Blue	Grief
6. Indigo	Mystery or Madness
7. Violet	Ecstasy

You know these colors of your heart by heart. Nobody's ever explained your feelings to you in this visual a way. You were emotionally blind, but now you see. The promise from God to every adolescent is the passage from childhood to adulthood. You're the rainbow personified. Wisdom of the heart lies within **you**.

Here are three renditions of what life looks like. Each number corresponds to a different experience you've been through and will go through again. Each question mark corresponds to an outcome with an emotional effect that'll be repeated. All three of these versions are true:

Jewish Version

Birth		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Death
1 R	Red -Rage	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
2 A	Orange -Agony	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
3 I	Yellow-Terror	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
4 N	Green-Coveting	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
5 B	Blue-Grief	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
6 O	Indigo-Mystery	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	
7 W	Violet-Ecstasy?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	



The Jews see hope in their heart through fathoming their experiences with feeling. Every experience delivers a feeling that can be plotted like a graph.

The Christians see hope in their progress by moving always upwards toward Heaven. Every experience raises them higher and higher.

The Muslims see hope in their destination as coming full circle. All questions about life will be revealed upon death.

I've told a lot of queens what to expect out of life if they learn about themselves from a spiritual perspective. Now I'll tell you what to expect to see happen this century if you act on these revelations in your own unique way:

1. The war of truth between the secular Jews and the orthodox Jews in Israel will come to an end. The outcome of that battle will unite Israel into a modern, Jewish state without homophobes, misogynists or racists. That'll set the bar for the rest of the Abrahamic world.

2. The war on truth in America will come to an end. The outcome of that struggle will unite our political parties in a modern, spiritual society modeled on all three of the Abrahamic faiths as well as the three Far Eastern philosophies.
3. Religious Jews and Christians will explore spirituality as a God-Given way to appreciate the relationship between our faiths. They'll include Islam to grow their faith in God. All three Abrahamic faiths Will Be Given a spiritual rebirth with a greater sense of humanitarian purpose. They'll come to understand how embarrassment can be turned into modesty; shame can be transformed into humility; and humiliation can be transcended with grace. Such is the effect of life on every guilty conscience that turns into a living soul.
4. The ultra-rich and powerful will go through a similar crisis of faith in which they'll come to see that their money, power and prestige are suffocating a part of themselves that they need to get them through the eye of their own needle. [Matthew 19:24]
5. As masks become common everywhere, people will come to see life through the eyes of veiled, Muslim women who use eye contact to perceive that the eyes are windows to the soul. The religious masquerade will end.
6. People will appreciate how Jews stand up to God; Christians kneel down before God; and Muslims prostrate themselves before God. All three of these positions of prayer mirror what the penis does over and over again. They'll all admit that names for God have been getting in the way of the actions He Is Asking us to take.
7. Palestinians will seek peace with Israelis in order to study scripture together. Peace will come to the Middle East.

Predictions for World Peace

Taiwan is the key to peace in the Far East. In Taiwan, the feeling of devotion to their country is as real as the Jews' 3,400-year devotion to Israel. The Taiwanese feel a level of cooperation and unity among themselves that the Chinese can't duplicate with their communist commitment to "sharing." Taiwan is already the first country to achieve marriage equality in the Far East.

Once the Muslims give up their vendetta against the Jews, the Muslims will work together with Hindus in India to achieve **admiration** of one another's interpretation of God, not just **tolerance** and **acceptance**. That'll create a bond between the East and West that the Chinese will then come to appreciate and emulate.

For this to happen, five things will occur:

1. The Russians will overthrow the oligarchs who've enslaved them for millennia. They'll get beyond penis envy [lust] to face their semen envy [allure].
2. Chinese men will realize that their semen is white, just like the semen of every other man on the planet.
3. The Indian friendship with Israel will grow, making it possible to unify the rift between the Hindus with millions of names for God and Muslims with one name for God under one name-**full** God Who Goes by many names.
4. Marriage equality will spread everywhere in the world.
5. Gay people will be lauded worldwide as the honey needed for the milk of human kindness to produce a unique land of milk and honey in every country on Earth.
6. America, the land of silk and money, will become the beacon for the first land of milk and honey outside Israel.

The abortion issue will end here at home. Greater than the “right to life” is the right of the individual to choose life over death. Although each of us has the right to break the 6th Commandment, we have the potential to choose life over death in many ways that touch us personally. Guns and abortion are only two of these rights that must be regulated responsibly.

Making love will lead to ending all wars. People will stop behaving like children and consciously move through spiritual adolescence to behave like adults. They’ll begin that by reading the Creation Story as a metaphor.

As more women unite with gay men to relieve the feeling of oppression, suppression, repression and depression, American society will see our better angels defeat the “devil” within us all. The rest of the world will be inspired by our fight for good over evil as we each wage it primarily in our bedroom not in public. The obscenity of saying anything that cums to mind will finally end.

Praying at Home

Don’t profess to know how to pray in a house of prayer if you can’t pray at home alone. Don’t pretend you know how to draw nearer to God than a gay man just because you learned a few one-size-fits-all prayers by heart. Even **I** can quote the Scriptures! It doesn’t take what you think it takes to pray effectively.

In the end, it’s always about Us against them. We all have a personal relationship with God that gives us the erroneous right to think that we have all the answers. All the answers have been reduced to three: a right road [Jewish] going one way; a right road [Muslim] going the opposite direction and a middle lane for turning [Christian].

Let’s start the discussion of prayer with what I’ve learned about my own religion, the right road going one way:

I may have been born in the U.S., but I’m a Jew. I may not have been born in Israel, but I’m as much a Jew as any

other Jew, including an Israeli Jew. I may have lived in Holland, but I was a Jew there, too. Wherever I go, I'm a Jew. I'll die a Jew just as Jews have died for 3,400 years.

I may have been in the closet in my youth in the U.S. but I'm out now. I'm gay and I'm proud to be gay. I may have come out of the closet as a teenager in Israel. I may have lived out of the closet in Holland as a young man and remained out of the closet after I left Holland, but I'm gay everywhere I go.

I won't go back in the closet. My closet burned down in three stages, each an attempted suicide that I'll never be able to change. There is no hate crime greater than suicide. If I have to protect myself from straight people who reject me, I'll do so publicly by carrying my cross as a gay-Jew for all to see. Like Alexei Navalny, a straight, Christian dissident in Russia, I'll show God what I'm willing to do to make His Dreams a reality.

This is the right road for me. All the promises about Heaven and threats about Hell aren't going to change the way I think and feel about myself.

I may hold a U.S. passport and speak with an American accent, but I've been inseminated by so many men from around the world that I feel like a citizen of the world... I'm so comfortable with my penis and semen that I'm now content to literally share it only with my partner, Will.

To feel like a citizen of the world and yet share your desires with the world in a way that others can admire is a spiritual skill. Maintaining a monogamous relationship with one person becomes a joyous privilege if you've made peace with your penis or clitoris.

Many people can't do that. They have to choose between names for God or by breaking their word with their partner, family, society or faith. They have to cheat.

Their desires overwhelm their head, heart and soul. They've got to deceive themselves one way or another to get a

head, when the main metaphor of Moses makes it clear from the start how to get both **a head** and get **ahead**.

You'll never be able to convince the pharaoh within you that he should let you go. Don't even bother. It's your business to love **him**. Love will set you free if you include hard work and worship.

But if you can't love yourself rather than indulge yourself, you'll never be free. You'll always be weak. You'll always choose the easier, softer way rather than the right road for you.

To be a beautiful person inside and out, I had to connect with The God within me. I had to be able to convince myself that I'm beautiful thanks to my actions. Actions speak louder than words. To love my father as well as my Father, I had to learn to serve the greater needs of Them both. Only by sharing my inner beauty with everyone could I pray to God effectively.

Being **holy** begins by admitting you Were Created with **holes**. If you're too embarrassed to look deeply into the holes in your body, you'll never discover the holes in your soul. You'll deny that your soul is as full of holes as Swiss cheese!

I'm **holy** because I'm **holey**. If you want to pray to God effectively, I recommend you begin by asking Him why you look the way you do. There's no coincidence about the way you look physically and the way you behave. The more you come to know the vehicle you've Been Given, the more you'll come to understand the unique journey you're on.

Prayer at home should only be about three things:

1. Confession
2. Moral Questions
3. Gratitude

Leave out all your issues with others. God Already Knows all that. Focus all your attention in prayer on yourself and how to serve yourself through others.

God Isn't interested in spending a lot of time in your company if you have a grievance with gays or Jews. Therefore, I suggest you begin your prayers in Hebrew with the word **amen**. Amen means "I believe" in Hebrew. It comes from the verb **la-amin** which means **to believe**. Once you've started with **amen**, what you say will weigh more heavily on your conscience.

When you end your prayers, I recommend you end them with **amin**, the word in Arabic used by Muslims when praying. You might like to associate open quotation marks with **amen** [wisdom] and close quotation marks with **amin** [loyalty]. Then everything you say in between will be the equivalent of a loving poem to God.

You might even choose not to pray to God in words at all. It's fine to use body language, facial gestures and sounds that cut linguistic corners. Since you've already got your own shortcuts when it comes to communicating with yourself, it's fine to use them when communicating with God. He'll know what you're talking about without grammatically correct sentences or vows of faith in Him. (I just recommend you try to use caps appropriately to separate you from God.)

If you have nothing special to say to God, you might like the words between amen and amin to be "Ah! Men!" For a gay man, that says it all.

1. Amen	I believe in the wisdom of the God of the Jews.
2. Ah! Men!	I believe in the love of the God of the Christians.
3. Amin	I believe in the loyalty of the God of the Muslims.

Your dreams at night are God's Prayers to you. They're The Teacher's Way of Giving you a sneak preview into your lesson plan that day. They're as important as **your** prayers to

Him. Therefore, examine your dreams and find a way to pray that's personally meaningful to you. You can pray without words. Everybody can pray. There's no one way to pray correctly.

If you're in business with a partner or in an intimate relationship with a loved one, you know that the fewer words needed, the deeper the respect and understanding the two of you have for one another. The same goes for your Partnership with God.

Paradox is a part of God's Designs. Expect to awaken to contradictions that you need to solve with moral choices. When you look down from the summit of the mountain, you'll see the story of your life as the outcome of those choices.

"Why me" is a great question to ask God. If you pray by beginning with **amen** and ending with **amin**, you should begin to feel that your prayers are lessons in a curriculum in a major toward a spiritual degree. That curriculum will lead to meaningful tests that you'll pass or fail that'll lead to new classes with new topics and tests. In this way, you'll make your way day-by-day toward your final exam [death].

One-size-fits-all prayers will lead you astray if you don't pray in a personal way as well. Short personal prayers throughout the day will increase your spiritual speed so you can think, feel and believe as quickly as reality requires of you. This will make you more aware of the need for brotherhood [and sisterhood] to emanate out from within, beginning with brotherhood and sisterhood with yourself.

Gay Endings

A **happy** ending isn't the same as a **gay** ending. A happy ending is an orgasm. A gay [glad] ending doesn't have to leave you happy [sexually sated]. A gay ending draws the world a little closer to Heaven with moments of brotherhood and sisterhood.

To bring Earth further up toward Heaven, we need both happy endings and gay endings. We need a world in which everybody celebrates the body s/he Was Given as the beginning of the mystery of being. We need a world where children are protected from lovemaking so they can fantasize about the miracle of life before puberty changes the way they see themselves.

But now that pubescent boys are bringing guns to school to kill their teachers and classmates, it's time to improve the transition to adulthood with a greater discussion of the spiritual truth about us all. The LGBT+ community must lead that cause by describing the difficulty in coming out in our society. That'll give straight kids the courage to face their challenges in striving responsibly for adulthood, not with a need to dominate over others or succumb to victimhood. Straight men and women obviously can't do this without our help.

Each time a gay man or lesbian cums, an angel in Heaven smiles with joy. Now, all we have to do is teach gay men to treat one another like angels disclosed, rather than angels in disguise. (You'd think that some men were devils by the way they treat men they don't want to sleep with.) This is totally unkind and unnecessary.

“Vengeance is Mine, Saith The Lord.” [Romans 12:19-21] Some men don't seem to realize that when it comes to cumming. If more men would apply their head, heart and soul to the high standards they set **with** their penis **for** their penis, the whole world would look a lot better! If “Rue Paul's Drag Race” and “Queer Eye” are about anything, they're about how to live life authentically.

I can't impress upon you enough the need to listen to your penis or clitoris [desire] without acting on everything it says. Men who are overly concerned with what their penis is telling them end up miserable, depressed, dejected, disheartened, sad, glum, discouraged, despondent, suicidal, lonely and bored. That's not good for our team effort. If

others are going to see the light, we're going to have to shine our light a hell of a lot further into our own soul.

One of the most important acts of coming out that a secure person can do is pray in synagogues, churches and mosques with people who only see God's light as it shines one way. Some straight believers don't yet perceive The Whole Lighthouse and The Incredible Light God Shines in every direction. Some buds don't appreciate the task of bees and butterflies.

The genitals are the delivery device for the good and evil in all of us. Cutting off the hood of the serpent isn't going to make the serpent good or evil. Cutting off one or the other of a man's testicles isn't going to make him a better person. And cutting out the clitoris of a woman isn't going to make her do good things or stop her from doing anything bad.

Final Exam

The last thought I want to leave you with happens to be your final exam in this class. It has to do with the sneeze.

Regardless of what you like to do or not do in bed, you sneeze. As I said before, the nose knows. The nose is figuratively the organ of intuition. To find your way to God, you must use your nose. Your eyes and ears will deceive you if you're inexperienced; asleep at the wheel; sadistic; or masochistic to the point that you insist on dying a martyr rather than a friend to us all.

When we sneeze, we hold a tradition of saying, "God Bless you." But this expression has become unexamined. When you sneeze when you're alone, you should say, "God Bless me." when you're verklempt [Yiddish: overwhelmed with joy], you should say, "God Bless You!"

"God Bless You" states that you want God To Bless Himself. It indicates that now that you've become so much more aware of **your** influence in your life, you wish God To Know that you're becoming more aware of **His** Influence in your life, as well. You wish Him To Bless Himself because

in Him Acknowledging His Own Amazing Wisdom, Love and Loyalty to life, He’S Affirming yours.

For your final exam, I’d like you read the words below, using your imagination to sound out these words in just the way that they become meaningful to you:

God Bless You	You: Second-Person singular	The God Who Created the universe with you in it
God Bless You	You: Second-Person singular	The God within you
God Bless You	You: Second-Person plural	The combination of The Two

If you can bless yourself after you sneeze, you can then anticipate that you’re welcome. That’s what people say when we thank them for blessing us after we sneeze. If you can bless God directly by asking Him to Bless Himself, you can anticipate that He Believes we’re all welcome both down here and up There.

God, Bless **you** and **You!**

“Forgiving You Was Easy”

by

Willie Nelson

(Sung by Jesus [The God within] to Christians)

Forgiving you was easy,
but Forgetting seems to take the longest time.
I Just Keep Thinking,
and your memory is forever on My Mind.
You know I’Ll Always Love you,
and I Can’t Forget the days when you were Mine.

Forgiving you is easy,
but Forgetting seems to take the longest time.
The bitter fruit of anger
growing from the seeds of jealousy;
oh what A Heartache!
But I Forgive the things you said to Me
'cause I Believe Forgiving
is the only way that I'Ll Find peace of mind.
And Forgiving you is easy,
but Forgetting seems to take the longest time.
The years have passed so quickly,
as once again fate steals a young man's dreams
of all the golden years.
And growing old Together you and Me.
You asked Me To Forgive you.
You said there was Another [our Father] on your mind.
Forgiving you is easy,
but Forgetting seems to take the longest time.
Forgiving you is easy,
but Forgetting seems to take the longest time.

Beyond the End

God Gave original man [Adam and Eve] an orgasm. [references to Adam and Eve in the Quran: 7, 15, 21, 24, 32, 49, 50, 57, 71] He Gave Cain and Abel [the next generation of self-awareness] the competition we see between the head and heart that leads us to examine our choices. [references to Cain and Abel in the Quran: 3, 5]

But many people stop their spiritual development there. They grow up physically, but not spiritually. They remain childish at heart.

This looks like the kind of person whose thoughts and feelings are in a constant struggle with one another over conspiracy theories and paranoias that create an inability to forgive. It looks like someone who isn't comfortable with making love. Such people come across as young, immature

and unassertive [masochists] or old, domineering and aggressive [sadists]. They unconsciously believe that some places in inner space are off limits to everyone. So, they sacrifice growing up spiritually to avoid taking up too much space within.

When God Gave the rainbow to Noah, He Gave hope to all adolescents throughout the ages who are going through puberty and facing the challenge of becoming emotionally whole. [references to Noah and the ark in the Quran: 3, 4, 7, 11, 17, 23, 26, 29, 37, 66, 71]

Noah means **comfort** in Hebrew. Don't get too comfortable in your house of prayer. Don't get too comfortable in your home or in your country and culture. There's more to life than a man of comfort can perceive.

What started out as one tree in a garden in infancy spread to include a grove in childhood and an orchard of trees with enough wood to construct an ark by puberty. Noah filled himself with a sample representation of all the animal instincts within himself in anticipation of the great flood that we all went through as adolescents. Moses was describing the indescribably mysterious way that raging hormones disrupt every adolescent's life.

Physical adolescence begins and ends during the teenage years. But for a fully-grown adult to feel that s/he's completed this transition from childhood to adulthood can take a lifetime if s/he doesn't realize that this rainbow of love within us is a passage and promise from God that'll last a lifetime.

The next story of Genesis, The Tower of Babel, describes the social interaction of young adults in relation to their elders which mirrors the voices of the world. [references to a tower in the Quran: 2, 28, 40]

When we're young adults, we conspire with one another to get to Heaven to usurp God on His Throne to stop the flood [of puberty] from ever happening again. (Fat chance of that happening a second time!...)

Lack of faith in God is just one of the passages of life that lead to the discovery that fear of God is unnecessary. Building a tower to Heaven to stop God despite Him Having Given His Word is what all young adults do after a childhood filled with having to obey authority. Cynicism eventually leads to disappointment with authority. Disappointment with the authority of man often leads to disappointment in God's Authority, as well. The collapse of your tower to power in early adulthood represents a breakdown of the projection you created onto your childish and juvenile views of life.

Self-doubts are critical in breaking through the fears we project onto God. Once we realize we're afraid of our own imperfections, and not God, we discover the tools to descend from our tower of power to join the world in cooperating rather than conspiring to get what we want. We learn to communicate consciously from the inside out.

Over time, you'll move from this fourth story of Genesis to the stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the forerunners to the modern head [Abraham], heart [Isaac] and soul [Jacob] you have.

The seven emotional passages of the rainbow of love will point you in the direction of eternal ecstasy [violet]. Your feelings will turn toward Earthly matters and away from Heaven. Your loyalty to humanity will develop, not just to The God you were told about in your house of prayer.

Your orgasms are just brief brushes with ecstasy [violet] that you'll cherish and dream of coming to understand as slices of Heaven brought down to you here on Earth. Everything good you do **for** mankind will increase your faith in God, and everything you do **against** humanity will reduce your faith in a Heavenly Reward.

This book wasn't written in any of these seven colors of the rainbow. The print on this page isn't violet. My words were figuratively written in the realm of ultraviolet light. You can't literally see the power of my words. You can only perceive how they affect you.

Whether the language of your heart is communication, people, money, nature, food, fashion, arts, crafts, hospitality, service, sports, science, education, language, lovemaking or poetry, you have the power to advance your spiritual studies in the school of life by developing greater faith in yourself. That's done by becoming a poet of life and leaving your prosaic attitude to problems behind you. There's no way you can give your poetic prayers to God if you haven't first written them to yourself.

Mary Richards [Mary Tyler Moore] was a character constructed in a dominant seventh chord who sought resolution in her major. We create characters through art that we use to imitate life.

This book is a melodic message in a dominant seventh chord from which you should anticipate more **mystery** in my next book that'll end more of the **madness** you see around you.

Until then, don't be intimidated by madness, whether within or without. Conquer the madness of others by overcoming the madness you're subjected to within yourself. You were once a master over a slave. You were once a **man** beating up a woman within or a **woman** beating up a woman within. Now you're an angel growing wings while earning a dimmer switch for your halo.

The scripture you read in the original or in a formal translation isn't the way you speak to yourself or to others. To become the embodiment of your faith, you're going to have to translate your scripture into the modern speech you use.

The power of Torah lies in getting out of your head to take it to heart. If you don't begin Torah right from the start by applying it to your first orgasm, you'll project your hatred onto women, Blacks, Jews, gays, etc. You won't discover the Eve within you. You'll oppress women, whether you're male or female.

You won't apply the laws of slavery to yourself. [Leviticus 25:39-46] You won't admit that sleeping with yourself as does a man with a woman is something everyone must do to discover self-love. [Leviticus 18:22; 20:13]

Timing is everything. So reread your scripture beginning with Torah from a new beginning.

In the beginning, God Created the world in seven ways. Then He Came to Hindus with millions of renditions of Himself. Then He Gave the Jews a moral calendar that set the timing in place for the spiritual unfolding of the whole world. Then He Created Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam, chronologically speaking.

Every nation and tribe have their own agricultural calendar to know when to sow and when to reap. The Jews were the first To Be Given a moral calendar of seven days in length. But if you don't poetically begin using that calendar biologically when you reach puberty, your whole life may feel as though it's delayed or off course.

“I’m Still Standing”

By

Elton John

(sung by gay men)

You could never know what it's like. **You aren't wise
enough**
Your blood like winter freezes just like ice. **You aren't
loving enough**
And there's a cold lonely light that shines from you. **You
aren't loyal enough**
You'll wind up like the wreck
you hide behind that mask you use. **You're a hypocrite**
And did you think this fool could never win? **You
underestimate our gay agenda**
Well look at me, I'm coming back again. **My penis is erect**

again

I got a taste of love in a simple way, **I know my semen**
and if you need to know why I'm still standing,
and you just fade away.
Don't you know I'm still standing better than I ever did,
 I've got my erection back
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time, **I got hard again**
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
Once I never could have hoped to win.
You're starting down the road leaving me again.
The threats you made were meant to cut me down,
and if our love was just a circus, you'd be a clown by now
You know I'm still standing better than I ever did, **My**
 peter knows all about your pall
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time, **I got hard again**
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
Don't you know I'm still standing better than I ever did,
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time, **I got hard again**
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **I got hard again**
I'm still standing (Yeah, yeah, yeah). **And you aren't ever**
 going to cut out the serpent from my tree.
 Don't shake that fleshy thing of yours at me.

The Jews pray standing. The Christians pray kneeling. The Muslim pray prostrate on the ground. These postures correspond to the spiritual position of man before God when he realizes how defiant his penis is.

If you don't agree with Elton John's position or my interpretation of his song, you're free to point "fingers" if you think that'll help you improve your relationship with God. But I don't think it's going to help me change mine. I think my father's warning to me on his deathbed was a warning for the whole world, not just a warning to his children. If you don't believe my father, wait till you're on your deathbed and then see how you feel then about **our** Father.

"Personality"

by

Harold Logan and Lloyd Price

(Sung by God to us all)

Over and over

I Tried To Prove My Love to you.

Over and over

What more Can I Do?

Over and over

My Friends say I'M A Fool.

But over and over

I'Ll Be A Fool for you.

'Cause you've got personality,

walk, with personality,

talk, with personality,

smile, with personality.

charm, personality,

love, personality,

and plus,

you've got a great, big heart.

So, over (over and over) and over
Oh, I'Ll Be A Fool for you.
Now, over (over and over) and over
what more Can I Do?

Over and over,
I Said that I Loved you.
Over and over,
honey, now it's the truth.

Over and over
They still say I'M A Fool.
But over and over
I'Ll Be A Fool for you.

He Will!
Therefore, I suggest you behave wisely,
even if you already consider yourself loving,
and loyal to God.

My Father

My father seemed to be **pleased** when we met in my teens
and he could see that I wasn't a boy anymore.

I don't know how he knew,
but I think he knew that I'd finally
learned how to masturbate.

My father **didn't** seem pleased when we met in my 20's,
and he could see that I was gay.

My father seemed **displeased** when we met in my 30's
after he discovered that my boyfriend was HIV+.

But on his deathbed,
when I was in my 40's,
he seemed pleased with my choice of boyfriends,
and even told me so.

Then my father seemed displeased again
when he took out his penis and waved it at us.

That's when I realized that my father was not my Father.

My father was more like pharaoh,
and I was more like the son **he** lost
that he blamed on Moses
and The God of the Jews.

Celebration Dance

Please cup your right hand
and place it under your Adam's apple.
Then reach out with that hand as though serving others.
Leaving that hand extended,
place your left, cupped hand
under your Adam's apple,
and reach out with that hand, too.
Put your legs together
and stretch your arms out by your side,
keeping your hands cupped.
Now relax your hands and wrists.
This class in spirituality is over.

Previous Books

I recommend you read my previous books in the reverse order written, beginning with God's Gay Agenda, penis envy or semen envy? that is the question. In this way, you'll retrieve the crumbs I scattered in the order I left my trail for others to follow me.

But if you prefer to pick and choose your next book from the list below by what sounds interesting to you, that's fine, too. You'll find my theory remains pretty constant throughout my spiritual curriculum. What changes are the methods by which I describe the spiritual operating system.

25. **God's Gay Agenda**

penis envy or semen envy?
that is the question.

24. **Chicken Salad for the Soul**

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

23. **Star-Drek**

A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet

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

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

21. **How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms**

A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. **Lampshade for the Light**

of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. **Call Me Glinda**
a book for friends of Dorothy
18. **Home Schooled**
why my inner child refuses to go to college
17. **Lazy Susan**
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought
16. **Your Buddha Within**
Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian
Who Yearns for Peace of Mind
15. **Playing god With God**
Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself
14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**
Volume 1 High Lights
Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 5 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 6 Sky: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 7 **Flames**: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul
7. **A Guest at Their Table**
My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**
Torah For Straight People
Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers
and Deuteronomy of Everyone
2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**
Life Is a School. I Am My Major
1. **Becoming**
89 Poems of My Love for Me