

Knowing God in the Biblical Sense of the Word

If you've got a banana and two plums,
I'm sure you already know
that your fruits were once forbidden.

by
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Sex with God is the greatest taboo of them all –
and there are many to choose from.

What good is striving
for a lifetime of monogamy with one person
unless sex with God Himself was the only enticement
that could tempt you to act otherwise?
Isn't that what the mystery of death is all about?

I'm a black writer
in the sense that I write about that which some find
vile, loathsome and disgusting.

I'm a Jewish writer
who writes about my Hebraic scripture
in a way that's modern and cutting edge.

And I'm a gay, male writer
who adds a dash of perversity to everything I say
to remind people what's really abhorrent.

Hypocrisy is really abhorrent,
in case you're wondering what repulses me.

Other than lovers of **penis**,
what other men on the planet
would describe the heart of man more aptly than **heinous**?

Man can't literally have sex with God.
The topic can only be discussed theoretically
by men who open their mind to sex with other men.
After all, everyone claims God Is male.

That said,
romance must begin within.
If you can't love yourself,
don't expect to succeed
in loving anyone else for a lifetime.
What does it even mean to die if your hungers will live on?

Sexual evolution is a marker
of the spiritual advancement of mankind.
If straight men would endeavor to be so good
that God found them irresistible,
just think how different things would look
on the 6:00 o'clock news.
Most men don't want to be **that** good.
They think of God as male,
and they don't want to share their hungers with **Him**.
I suppose this isn't a problem for straight women,
but I can just imagine how lesbians must cringe at the idea.

Of course, we, gay men,
have no problem having sex with one another
with an eye toward this heavenly reward.
We have no problem striving to become better by the day,
even if the Abrahamic faiths loathe our agenda
in seeking an orgasm with God that will last for eternity.

Granted,
straight Muslim men are promised 70 virgins in Paradise.
But doesn't that just expose their disdain of the idea
of having to love Allah, their Creator?

There are two words for the verb **to know** in Hebrew.

The second refers to sexual knowledge.

Knowing someone **in the biblical sense**

means to have had sex with him or her.

So, why can't we cum

to know God in the biblical sense of all His Words?

Torah, the core of the Hebrew Testament,

is a sacred book about a mosaic interest in free speech.

Why wouldn't you want to solve the puzzle of being you

if that would mean knowing about

the greatest Forbidden Fruits of them all?

Sex with God certainly beats the thought

of having sex with your parents.

Yet, for some strange reason,

some straight men are terrified of broaching this topic.

Do they worry

they'll be tempted to tear off their clothes

in houses of prayer and run about naked?

I doubt that will happen.

Straight men already bring guns with them

to synagogues, churches and mosques to kill parishioners.

I happen to think that's far more egregious

than praying for your wildest dreams to come true.

If you enjoy sex in the privacy of your bedroom,

then contemplating sex with God

is something you should find a lot more appealing

than watching pornography

while taking drugs to turn yourself on.

Just think how your sex life might improve

if you could invite God into your imagination.

If we're all Made in the image of God,

why Wouldn't He Want To Join us in celebrating

all our hungers in life?

A prayer at the dinner table

could be followed by a prayer before bedtime

while enjoying sex with someone you love.

All a man needs
to know God in the biblical sense
is how to think more with his penis.
I'm sure most men already claim to be experts
in that regard.
If they could just master this challenge,
not be so amateurish at it,
they could become much more powerful than they are now.
Men could stop using penis substitutes –
knives, guns, semi-automatic rifles and Javelin missiles –
to get their rocks off.
And they could give up semen substitutes such as
bullets, grenades, mines and nuclear bombs.

Thinking more with their penis would only require men
to think about guilt
in getting their wants [-] and desires [+] met.
That's the sticking point.
That's what so many men don't want to have to do.

As a gay man,
I'm a world class expert on male genitalia.
My testicles look like plump plums
because I rehydrate them with scripture daily.
And although my penis is nothing to write Home about,
I am glad for what little God Gave me.

That said,
I have a feeling
more women than men are going to be interested
in what I have to say.
Women care about our penis problems, guys.
They not only care about the delivery device of our power,
they even care about how our testicles
aren't contributing their fair share
to the life-giving substance
we're infusing into every**one** and every**thing** we do.

Granted, forbidden fruit is sweet.
And I suppose prunes are sweeter than plums
in a **gleeful** rather than **joyous** sort of way.
But we all have the power to master ourself
from the inside out,
even if most men are missing the self-knowledge needed
to make more of those shriveled up prunes hanging down
from those two tiny twigs on their fleshy tree.

In this, my 28th book,
I plan to soak your testicles
in a wet, warm solution of sensuous words
of encouragement, hope and faith in **yourself**
until your testicles are nice and plump again.
Don't worry, this isn't going to hurt a bit.
As a matter of fact,
I expect you'll find it exceedingly pleasant.

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Who Does He Think He Is?

He's gay. He's Jewish. And he's the child of Holocaust survivors. He was born in the Big Apple, God's University of diversity here on Earth.

He has no intention of dying in Florida, God's Nursery School for those who went so far south in life that they can't possibly graduate with a Ph.D. in **Me, Myself and I**. You can't even say the word **gay** in Florida anymore. Why would anyone want to utter their last words there?

God Knows, the Orthodox Jews won't even say the word **Jesus** because rumor has it, he was gay. If they feel so compromised on their deathbed that they'll say anything not to perish without God's Love, they'll have to state his name to themselves while only implying he was **gay**, since it's against the law in Florida to say the word [gay] if you're young at heart.

Even though the Midwest is the spiritual breadbasket of the world, San Francisco will always be home to sourdoughs like **me** who are fed up with the hypocrisy of bigoted, homophobic and misogynistic religious folk. A lot more people can see through what's going on these days and are willing to talk candidly about God in terms the religious "right" will one day have to acknowledge is all wrong.

[As you're about to see, he's suddenly going to switch to the first person singular. He must have a problem with his identity.]

My **Jewish** father met my **Jewish** mother in Munich, Germany a couple of months after the War. He was a Dachau Concentration Camp Survivor from Lithuania. She was a German fugitive who managed to avoid getting caught in the Fatherland for the crime of being Jewish.

My father had bribed Catholic orphanages to hide his two children and a niece after their entire family had been forced into the ghetto before being taken to concentration camps for extermination. The three children were rounded

up after the War by a close family friend and joined our father in Germany, although his first wife and all their family members had literally gone up in Christian smoke.

Long story short, my mother and father married, and the five of them came to America as refugees where I was born in New York in 1952. My younger sister was born two years later.

But once my western-European, German mother and Eastern-European, Lithuanian father realized they had about as much in common as a female factory worker from a large Chinese metropolis and a drug dealer from a Black ghetto in America, the race was on to trap the allegiances of their five kids as their marriage dissolved into a pool of bitter disappointments.

I was my mother's son and firstborn. So, I got **her** love all to myself. My little sister was daddy's little girl. She gave her allegiance to **him**, and he to her.

All three of the older kids scrambled to get in line behind me – they certainly wanted nothing to do with our father who the Nazis had turned into a hot mess. But sadly, everyone knows there's no way to get all the love you need if you have to stand in line behind others to get it.

You might like to think of me as “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” a privileged gay-Jew borne into this world as though on a silver platter [flying carpet]. I was given more love from my mother than I could ever know what to do with, even though my father chose to give all his love to his little, Jewish princess.

My mother thought I was brilliant. She thought I was handsome. She thought I had the potential to become the spiritually richest man on Earth. She just didn't think I'd turn out gay.

I didn't realize at the time that the knives being flung in my back were the result of stabbings from my siblings. That's what comes with a birthright of unprecedented love, such as mine.

Jealousy and envy are very real forces we all have to contend with, especially if your mother loved you **dearly**. You never know exactly what another person will covet in you until you ask yourself why people behave as badly toward you as they do.

If I am a lord of God's Love and Jesus is His Prince of peace, then who wouldn't want to love me just as I am? Surely, sibling rivalry issues over insufficient love don't matter to God. Surely nothing could be as awful as what my family had to go through in the War and what I had to go through in my family.

There must be a lot more to talk about when it comes to the topic of **love** than rabbis, priests, pastors, parsons, ministers, monks, imams and clerics have told us up until now. Love begins within. Could it be that they consider this topic verboten because they just don't know enough about themselves?

I like to think of myself as another George Carlin born to reveal the secrets in the English language. Carlin was a **straight**, lapsed Catholic who opened our imagination to what was really coming out of our mouth in our usage of everyday speech. He talked about the seven words you can never say on TV, "shit," "piss," "fuck," "cunt," "cocksucker," "motherfucker," and "tits."

But these were all male words. They were words created by angry, straight men who didn't want to embrace the human body with love. Although I learned these words on the school quad and have, at times, used them to prove my anger in having to be alive [trapped in this human body he was Given], I don't think gay men and men who love life should utter them. They're like the words "n----r" and "f----t." It's time to dump all these words as degrading. They've outlived any iota of usefulness except as arrows that turn others into targets.

I'm a **gay**-Jewish genius who can open your imagination to what's spiritually oozing out of your penis when you reach

orgasm. I'm going to teach you how to embrace your sexual emissions as your best-kept secret, and how to share that spiritual secret with everyone. I just have to do it like a drop of cold water on a hot skillet. I have to jump around.

[You may already see that he likes to attack topics from many directions. That's the result of years of mental illness instigated by family, friends and foes, from which he lost his mind and has never been able to find it. You'll see that he has a hard time remaining on one pronoun for very long.]

In all our other books, we made a big deal about differentiating between speaking literally and figuratively. We're not going to do **that** again. We're going to assume you know what's coming out of your mouth without any help from us. If you don't, you may not be ready for our insights and inspiration. You won't find the patience to put up with those as scattered by mental illness as we are.

In all our other books, we made a big deal about not offending our readers by insisting men can't know what we know without having sucked at least one penis in their life. And since very few men can suck their own, that means having to overcome a sexual obstacle with men that stands in their way.

We also made a big deal about men not having to be inseminated by a Jew to receive the life-giving force in us. But now, even that, is figuratively up for grabs.

In our literary past, we were careful not to offend our readers with jealousy of our body and envy of our semen. But that's because we didn't have any readers. We still haven't sold more than a handful of books, and this is our 28th try at it. So, what do we have to lose in letting our hair down now?

You can't imagine how we used to struggle to construct sentences that wouldn't be misconstrued. We didn't want anyone to misinterpret our intentions or be upset by our language for fear they'd conclude the subject of spirituality

is unspeakably foul. Such is fate of those who wish to love themselves. It gets complicated.

[Please excuse him. He's feeling an urgent need to move back into the first person singular again.]

If you get confused, upset or insulted by what I [he, we] have to say, slam this book shut and throw it at a wall. After all, that's what the impediment inside you looks like. Everyone's constructed a wall of ideas they've mortared together with antiquated beliefs. I don't have the strength anymore to care if you don't like what I say.

I see myself as like George Carlin, a grandpa to the younger generation whether they're true believers or agnostics.

If **Grandma** Moses could make a splash in the world of art at her age, then I'm the **Grandpa** Moses who can do the same in the literary world. I'm here to tell you that the secret to eternal life lies between your legs.

I'm not interested in being your daddy. I have a boyfriend for hot sex. His name is Will. We've been in a monogamous relationship for 12 years, and I'm consumed with desire for him, alone. Together, we've worked our way out of the psychological chains our parents shackled us with. I'm not interested in getting too close to what men sport between their legs, although I'm always up for a peek at their junk in movies on TV.

I was never a hippy who endorsed the idea of free love in my day. I didn't fit in with most of my generation when life revolved around matters talked about on the quad in high school. [I didn't even start taking drugs until I was 19, and I gave them up along with alcohol in 1984.] I wear my hair short. Will cuts it for me.

So, I'm not privy to the chatter of bartenders, hair stylists and drug dealers today. I don't know what's in and what's out. I wear hand-me-down designer underwear that Will got tired of, but only because I like the idea of getting in his pants

every morning. Not even shopping is a pastime that interests me.

When I hold Will in my arms at night, I have everything I could ask for in life. The Creator of sweet, teenage boys and viral men has Given me more than I deserved. If there is a Heaven, I believe it'll be an eternity of lovemaking with Him or orgies with Them [if you include Jesus and the Holy Spirit]. That's what it means to me that He'S A Loving God. I certainly don't plan to miss a Reward as great as that!

Will and I have been in a monogamous relationship for 12 years. He's a quiet type. I'm the kind of guy that when I die, you'll have to bury my mouth separately. Each voice inside me would just keep talking unless they find a way to shut me up once and for all.

I may fantasize about other men from time to time, but what Will and I have is so great that I'd never want to change anything about it.

That said, everything changes in life. Change is inevitable. My body will betray me with death, even if it remains loyal to me for a lifetime with excellent health. This is one of many **facts of life** my father failed to tell me.

Although I've always admired George Carlin like the father I never had, I have no intention of ever going on stage as a comedian. That would leave me open to ridicule from today's audiences. Just because I can guide the young and innocent away from sexual and spiritual naiveté, I'm not about to give up the peace and quiet I enjoy sitting at home writing books about sex and the spiritual facts of life. Either my audience is willing to ponder what I have to say using the written word spoken aloud in print, or our relationship is over before it's begun.

If you're hearing my voice[s] inside you by reading these words, I've already penetrated you with my penis. I'm releasing my germ and sperm in your mind where you're going to have to deal with them yourself. My penis has already penetrated your vagina or anus. I've conquered your

innocent heart without even having had to make promises to you I won't keep.

Now, I'm in your head, where I have every intention of showing you how to transcend your conscience by turning it into a soul. All I have to do now is guide you through your stiff neck down to your breastplate. That's as far as you and I are going to go together in this book.

Although I gave up all inebriants [including caffeinated beverages] a long time ago, I didn't have to give up my popularity – **because I never had any!**

“I'm stuck like a dope with a thing called hope, and I can't get it out of my heart.” [If you don't recognize the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein from “South Pacific,” let me renew his genius for you.]

Hope for a peaceful inner life is all I've got to work for. The **optimism** some people have for external life as we know it, I rarely indulge in. I'm a **hopeful** person.

I've got one foot in San Francisco in the 21st Century and one foot in small town America more than 50 years ago. I'm a gay-Jewish Democrat who quotes the Bible to open American minds to the potential for a greater thrill to be found between their legs. That probably moves me a little in the direction of the political center, especially when it comes to my undying support for Israel.

{Oh! Here he goes again!}

If you already hate him because he's a centrist, Zionist and spiritualist who quotes the Bible [in addition to quoting the Kama Sutra, Bhagavat Gita, Dhammapada, the Tao and the Quran], then you've got some prejudices in place that you might like to look at more closely. You'll find all of them dried up and festering in your testicles.

When he was young, he was too intimidated by denim to wear jeans. He wore bellbottoms, provided they were made of other fabrics. Although he did eventually overcome his fear of Levi's and long hair, his Jewish curls never gave him

the long, blond look Jesus became renown for throughout Europe.

He's always been what they call a **slow learner**. He didn't want to **look** like everyone else. He didn't want to **sound** like anyone else. And so, you can just imagine what his social life looked like when he was in high school in the 1960's. He really wanted to get laid but was too terrified to tell anyone he was gay. He couldn't even make his way through "normal" conversations with people. They eventually drove him nuts.

His mother was the one who was desperate for him to be popular. In those days, he could already see how much she sacrificed to make herself attractive to men, and he didn't admire her love life. He couldn't imagine meeting the man of his dreams by bending over backwards to fit in to life as it was for her then.

That said, she met her prince charming before he did. She dumped his father in 1959 when he was six, but didn't get married again until 1976, 17 years later.

Even though his father remarried seven years after his mother got divorced, his father's been dead for almost 30 years. Ironically, he's grown a lot closer to him since he retired ten years ago. There's nothing like old age to make you feel differently about your parents, whether they're alive or deceased.

Aging is a humbling experience at any age, but I've been humbled by aging for 70 years now. There doesn't seem to be any end to my humility and growth other than by me facing a terminal illness. A quick death is all I yearn for. [Sorry! I didn't have time to warn you.]

My mother met the second man of her dreams when she was 55. They enjoyed 35 years of marital bliss before he died. She died ten years later. I didn't meet my first boyfriend, Larry until I was 37. We were together for 14 years. I met Will when I was 57, two years before I retired.

I hate to call Will the man of my dreams, but I've got to confess to you that it doesn't get much better than this! Our sex life only gets hotter and better. [It's all an inside job.] I'd describe a graph of our relationship as starting at the bottom left and going towards the top right in an unbroken straight line. It looks like a penis in constant, increasing erection.

[Quick change to the third person again. Please don't hate us!]

When he was a teenager, he was envious of Christ's lean body and straight, blond hair. He got his bright-blue eyes, but he's physically more typically Jewish than Scandinavian in appearance. If he'd been a squat, dark-skinned Roman with black hair and brown eyes, he'd have been jealous of Christ's gorgeous long, lean body. As a Jew, he's not only jealous of his container. He also envies his contents.

For a Jew, Jesus is the greatest of all forbidden fruit. We're not supposed to like him. He's the one rabbi we're not allowed to read or quote or strive to emulate. And we're certainly not supposed to talk about having sex with him, even though he hangs there on the cross almost naked, so fetching and seemingly attainable.

If Jesus is God in the flesh, then he's forbidden fruit that hangs like a naked, Black man from a tree. Such deaths are obscene and offensive. Who, but God, Would Give mankind such horrible sights to ponder with regard to our struggle for humanity? What a weird world we find ourselves in.

A lot of Jews think Jesus was a gay rabble-rouser and Judas was his lover. Their relationship went south. And we all know how that ended.

Life is a rollercoaster. It goes up and down for everyone. You just have to hold on tight.

Jealousy of God is the ultimate shade of green we're all lost in. We see forest green in human nature. We saw it in nature. Why else did we cut down all the trees?

White men in particular have been renewing their urge to covet their knowledge of God in myriad, awful ways.

They've taken out their frustration with how they were Made on a multitude of peoples and places around the world.

[And I'm back.]

My relationship with Larry [who was also a gay-Jew] went south, too. But it wasn't because I was like Jesus, and Larry was like Judas. Granted, Larry left me for his former boyfriend when he got full-blown AIDS. But I don't hate him anymore for that. And I was only briefly jealous of his boyfriend.

I was HIV- when Larry and I met in 1990, and I'm still HIV-. But that meant that Larry and I had a very unenviable love life in those days. I think when he realized in 2003 that he was going to die, he went back to his former boyfriend [who also had AIDS], so they could both go out together with a bang. Sadly, that guy died a few months after Larry and I split up in 2004, and Larry stuck around for another seven years. [Don't ever tell yourself you know what God Is Planning for you. He Has a way of surprising us all. Just remain in your seat buckled in until the ride comes to a complete halt.]

Judas and Jesus obviously didn't have Larry's and my problems in life. But neither Larry nor I had to embrace perfection in the other.

Everybody should see himself as a masterpiece in the making. Learning about God's Love indirectly is hard for us all. I wouldn't want to sleep with the perfect man night after night, like Judas did. I'd go crazy.

Fortunately, Will isn't perfect. But he **is** HIV-, and we've achieved something pretty exceptional in bed and out.

When I was a young man, all my mother wanted was for me to meet a nice, Jewish boy and settle down. Where she didn't succeed in **her** first marriage, she put plenty of pressure on me to make up for her dashed dreams.

My father just wanted me to be White, straight and rich. He only got the third of his wishes to come true. I'm rich.

I'm not **rich**, rich. I'm comfortable. Larry made plenty of money, and I was sure to divide it evenly when we split up.

I'm not White. No Jew is White. We're people of color who blend in as best we can physically, emotionally, spiritually and politically everywhere on Earth using our conscience as best we can as our guide.

I certainly could never pass as straight, even though I easily pass as White. I love men, and it shows. I don't want to kill any of them. That said, I tried to kill myself three times in my youth, and I'm a man. So, I can hardly call myself an exception to the rule when it comes to the stupidity of men.

I'm not saying I hooked up with Larry because he was Jewish to satisfy my mother and to please my father since Larry became rich over time. But it certainly didn't displease either of them.

Larry owned a market research company. I suppose if I'd really wanted to knock my Jewish parents' socks off, I'd have looked around for a Jewish **doctor**. My sister married a Jewish **lawyer**, and my parents were pleased as punch about that. Too bad my sister divorced my brother-in-law after 27 years when she discovered he'd forged her signature to get a house loan to cover his failing business ventures.

Why do parents even bother to have children? Why don't they just buy a mirror instead? You'd think that people could just look in the mirror and tell **themselves** what they want out of life. There's no good reason to conceive children just to make us do for our parents what they wouldn't do for themselves.

I've never been well liked although I always dreamed of having a lot of friends. People don't see me as warm and fuzzy. And since I'm average in looks now that age has robbed me of my greatest embellishment [youth], people aren't drawn to me for any reason they can see. I'd be easy to lose in a crowd.

I'm also not the kind of person you'd call to make you feel better about yourself if you were depressed. I'm too

honest. **And** I'm the kind of guy people think of as a pushover.

People usually call me for help when they're desperate and finally ready to hear the truth. I'm the kind of messenger some want to shoot because I'm the only one stupid enough to carry the message nobody else wants delivered.

I guess you've already diagnosed me as suffering from multiple personality disorder. My mind goes in and out of all the nominative case pronouns. I'm not **scattered**. I'm **shattered**. My heart was crushed and fragmented into little pieces. Each little part of my heart now has a voice of its own. They correspond to the seven pronouns: I, you, he, she, we, you, they.

I used to think of myself as an **it**, but I've recovered from that. Now my body is it, and my spirit answers to the seven pronouns listed above. I'm many persons in an object.

George Carlin was a rabble-rouser like Jesus. He died in 2008 at the age of 71 of a heart attack. Apparently, he'd had three over the course of his lifetime.

My father died of heart disease, although he made it to the age of 84. I think I'm lucky because I don't believe I have a heart, at least not in the conventional, figurative sense. No one has ever accused me of being soft-hearted or even hard-hearted. I supposed I'm the kind of guy people think of as **heartless**.

I see how people tenderize their heart by pounding it with feelings for others that they wouldn't think of feeling for themselves. I see how they soak themselves in a **sour** solution of anger to which they add the **bitter** salts of disappointment and regret just to marinate their heart until it can absorb sympathy for strangers.

I don't use that recipe. I only have a soft-spot in my heart for people who've been through what I've been through in life. All the rest can go to hell as far as I'm concerned. **Empathy** is what I've got to give from that place in my chest where feelings are supposed to usher forth.

I can look at a man and feel sorry for what he and I have both been through. I can't look down on him from the summit of the egotistical mountain I've amassed and not secretly smirk inside knowing he got what he deserved. **Sympathy** isn't my strong suit.

I'm not a **rabble**-rouser like George Carlin and Jesus. I'm a **Babel**-rouser. My issue is with towers to power men claim will get them from here to Heaven. My issue is with penises and how to use them more effectively to change people's minds.

I think George Carlin was much more soft-hearted than I ever was. I watched all 12 of his videos. He was a magnificent orator. He didn't appear to suffer stage fright in the least. The man was fearless when he spoke about the facts of American life to a theater full of his devoted fans. He could tell it like it is when it came to the American rendition of the English language that we so abuse by not fully understanding what we're saying to one another.

Apparently, someone in his Vegas act early on in his career screamed out, "Have a little feeling for your audience." That night, he threw in the towel, gave up his suit and tie, and continued his comedy routine in counter-culture dives thereafter.

I'd be terrified if people booed me if I told thousands of them out loud what I'm really thinking. Don't put me on a stage and ask me to tell [White] men what I really think of what they're doing with what they've got between their legs. If you want the truth out of me, it's only going to ooze out of my fingertips onto my keyboard like ten penises all cuming one with the other.

I guess I could always blame my shyness on my parents. But my father was a rage-a-holic, and my mother was so secretive about her feelings that she didn't even reveal them to herself.

I'm an apple from the Big Apple that did a huge hop-step-and-a-jump as far as I could from those two parental

trees of flesh who created me. I'm not my parents. I'm a typical Democrat. I resonate with all persons in objects.

Because of my shyness, however, I could never be a performer. I don't want the 15 minutes of **celebrity** promised by Andy Warhol. I want an eternity of **fame**. I'm going for the Big Prize from God Almighty – eternal orgasms with Him and anyone who chooses to know me in the biblical sense once I graduate from this school for fools.

I know. I know. I'm Jewish and gay. There's no hope of St. Peter opening that golden gate into Heaven to one such as me. But it's always nice to fantasize.

At one time, I thought about converting to Islam to make my way into Paradise instead, but that doesn't look any likelier than me getting into Heaven. I couldn't even get through a Muslim country alive nowadays with the words **gay-Jew** practically scrawled across my forehead. So, what's a gurdy guy like me to do with the penis and testicles God Gave him?

I tend to think that in Christian **Heaven**, I'll find gay men flying about with clothes on that expose their muscular arms and angelic wings, while in Muslim **Paradise**, straight men will be walking around naked with billions of ex-virgins wandering about aimlessly, not knowing what to do without their hymen.

When I was young, I preferred the idea of Muslim Paradise because I dreamed of getting 70 male, Muslim virgins there. But as I've aged with sexual experience, I'm becoming more enamored of going to Christian Heaven where I can conceal my naked body from angels' probing eyes.

I'm sure priests, pastors, parsons, ministers, monks, imams and clerics all have good explanations for my assumptions about the afterlife that they'd be more than glad to give me. But to tell you frankly, I wouldn't believe a one of them. And just because rabbis don't comment on the topic

of life-after-life, don't think for a New York minute [one second] I'd believe any of them, either.

As you can see, I seem to have a pretty good idea who I am and what I'm here to do. I'm not just a bunch of nominative case pronouns trying to make sense of one another's presence inside me.

The only question I've had to ask myself since I've given up entirely on being "normal" is whether I'm a **narcissist**. But I've come to the conclusion that I'm not. I'd never allow myself to succumb to a condition named for someone else.

[Take a deep breath. Your first impressions of him are over. That wasn't too intense, now was it?]

Who Do You Think You Are?

You're the type of guy or gal who'd love to star in a one wo/man play. You'd love to let all the voices inside you out on stage for all the world to see and hear.

You may not be the kind of person who finds it easy to express your feelings out loud, but you would if you had a good director who'd pull out the passion in you. You're the kind of person who might even contemplate rereading the first chapter out loud to play-act being me. You might even consider putting on a variety of hats and caps to make it more fun.

You're not the type of person who walks into a room in the middle of a discussion thinking you'll add to the conversation despite not knowing what was said before. You wouldn't try to squeeze a word in edgewise as someone rants and raves about his relationship to God and man. You're too polite and kind-hearted for that.

But once you'll be able to say that you fully understand the main metaphor of Moses that underlines all of Torah; the two symbols Jesus created out of his body and blood; and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad – I'm sure you'll have a lot to say about your preferred scripture or the safe distance you keep from all of them.

For the moment, I anticipate you'll want to “curb your enthusiasm.” You wouldn't be averse to learning how to draw God into Helping you deal better with your life, but you're willing to let me tell **my** story about **His** Story my way. [That said, you're not so strait-laced that you wouldn't steal any line you liked out from under me.]

If you're a man, you'll have to decide whether your penis [vehicle] has gotten you where you've wanted to go without having recharged your testicles [batteries] along the way. If you're a woman, you can easily translate this into clitoris and ovary issues.

Once I rehydrate those prunes you have now into plums, you'll be amazed when you'll suddenly be able to deliver the power needed to keep your delivery device erect and hard, regardless of what turns you on.

If you happen to have read any of my other books, you already know I was twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. You know all the gory details about how I tried to kill myself [three times!]. You know about my problems with drugs, alcohol and penis envy. And you **accept** me [ne – **admire** me] for how I've made my way to my own rendition of sanity without giving away my dignity to all the zombies out there who are lurching forward every day without a clue to the spiritual **meaning** in what they're **gleaning** just by staying alive.

You know you've got **psychological** problems [you sometimes feel you hate yourself] and **sociological** problems [you sometimes feel you hate everyone else]. This makes you my kind of guy or gal. You've already got something in common with someone as crazy as me.

The trick to getting through psychological problems lies with the [universal] notion that there's only One God. When God Adds up everything you're doing right, before He Moves forward into the next moment in time, your number is going to be [considerably] less than One. The way for you to increase your spiritual worth is for you to do the littlest of things to help yourself by raising that fraction even ever so slightly.

In my pursuit to help you help yourself so that your [sex] life will improve substantially, I recommend you agree to anything you tell yourself about how you **feel**, without **doing** anything to change those feelings. If you're angry at others, commend yourself for it. If you're sad for them, admire yourself for feeling that way. Whatever you're feeling, validate it. Just **don't** act on any of your feelings!

What you'll find over time is that you've been your own worst enemy just by having struggled against your feelings.

Give yourself credit for **all** that you feel. All feelings come from the heart. If you experience something emotional, consider it a good force to have within you.

The next step will be based on what to **do** about how you **feel** [heart] in relationship to what you **think** [head]; what you **want** [penis]; and what you **believe** [soul] to be the right action to take.

I can't help you with what you **think** [head] and what you **believe** [soul], but I can help you get what you **want** [penis].

We'll come back to the topic of **psychology** later. I've said enough for now about the importance of feeling everything in order to get your wants met.

Now I'll take a moment to discuss **sociology**. If you add up all the good that all the people in the world do every moment of every day and divide it by the number of people on the planet, you'll get a number considerably less than one, as well. A lot of people aren't contributing to making this world a better place for everyone.

Whether you look at your **psychological** average or the world's **sociological** average, you'll begin to see why God Has Given you the headaches and rewards you've got. You're no great prize, no matter what you may think of yourself.

God Wants To Make you the best person you can be, inside [for yourself] and out [for others]. And He'S Willing To Use carrots and sticks To Do so. If you don't like the pain and/or suffering you're going through, welcome to the club. Nobody does. If you think you deserve more carrots, you're in the right place. I do, too. We all do.

If you think you can look at other people and measure their happiness by their M.P.P. [money, power and prestige], you're way out of line. Their bottom line has nothing to do with **money**. It has to do with **honey**.

The land of milk and honey [Israel] is only a very small piece of the whole planet. The real land of milk [love] and

honey [wisdom] lies within us. If you want happiness, you're going to have to work with God to get it.

If you like sex, then having sex with yourself ought to be the greatest form of pleasure and reward of all in life. Sadly, it's not. Screwing yourself isn't nearly as much fun as screwing others. But so long as nobody gets screwed **over**, theoretically, it's all supposed to turn out for the best.

Fortunately, Jews, Christians and Muslims all believe in the same God, so that should make it easy for you since you probably come from one of these three faiths. You should be able to agree about how you can work together with God to achieve a land of milk and honey from within with every other member of the Abrahamic faiths. All it takes to do that is a good, firm penis and two rehydrated testicles.

Who Do Our Parents Think They Are?

The 5th Commandment is to honor our father and mother. And I certainly did **honor** my parents till the day they died. My problem was that I believed I needed to **love** them. That's where I went wrong.

You don't have to love the parents God Gave you. You don't even have to love Jesus. You only have to honor them. If you haven't read the red words of the Bible, I suggest you do [I wrote a three-volume book on the topic.] Jesus had a lot of good things to say. They were all about the self-love he produced that he then had inside to give to his Father.

If you'd tried to love Jesus as Judas did, you, too, would have come away with a penis problem. You, too, would wonder why God Gave Jesus so much, and you, so little by comparison. You'd covet what Jesus got. You'd fight with strangers over how little you have [religious rivalry]. You'd fight with family over how little you got from your parents [sibling rivalry].

God's Love, unlike the religious and sibling rivalry that comes from lack of parental love, can always be further examined until you realize your idea of what love is and what love does is limited.

We never get to see Jesus's penis and testicles on the cross. You'd think that if the Romans wanted to humiliate him, they'd have ripped off that rag around his waist to expose his junk for all to see.

I know **I've** always wondered what he looked like nude. Haven't you? I've even tried to imagine what his jism looked like. Was it rainbow colored? That's of far more interest to me than his blood.

Once you give up loving everyone instead of yourself, you'll be well on your way to turning your life into a masterpiece. You'll be able to use your body [container] and blood [contents] as Jesus used his. You'll be able to fill yourself with self-love and give some of that love to others

in the form of honor and respect – including God. That’s what the concept of religious symbolism [love] was always for.

Because sex with God was much less of a taboo for me than sex with my parents, I was drawn to explore scripture with an urge for intimacy with God in mind. What greater Forbidden Fruit could I explore than sexual intimacy with my Creator?

Torah begins the topic of the mystery of penises by advocating Jewish men be circumcised. But sadly, Torah doesn’t tell us anything we need to know about foreskins. And there are a lot of men with foreskins out there. I can attest to that.

Whether you’ve got a penis with a foreskin or without, you’re going to have to go through pain and suffering in life. But the degree to which you’ll have to do so will be related to your wants [-] and desires [+], whether you can successfully conceal the urges that emanate out of your testicles with a foreskin on your penis, or whether they’re fully exposed with circumcision.

Having a foreskin doesn’t do anything to conceal your innate urges [+/-]. When you touch yourself in that one special way, you only focus on what you’ve got, not on what you’re missing.

Life is a mystery in which you’re going to have to lose some things to gain others. And the mystery of how that will work out lies in in your hand[s] and God’s Hands. And you can never know how His Hands Will Guide yours. So, it’s worth considering that “He’s Got the whole world in His Hand.” Your hands lie in His.

God Uses pain and suffering to improve us all. If you’d like to complain to me that you’re having to deal with more physical **pain** and emotional **suffering** than you think you should have to bear – I say to you that your penis has everything to do with what you’re going through. The penis is the organ that represents the delivery device of the best

within you. So, look between your legs for answers to the happiness quotient in your life.

I'm not going to argue with you about what you literally have and what you figuratively have. But there's always those shriveled up testicles I mentioned.

The **evil** [-] in men that can only be turned into wisdom by making mistakes, acknowledging mistakes, apologizing for them and making amends.

And don't be fooled by all the **good** [+] in you. If the good in you isn't turned into love, think about what you'll be missing? What good is the good in you if it doesn't turn to love?

If you don't think your testicles look like prunes that can be rehydrated with self-redemption, you and I aren't looking at what's between your legs the same way. I suggest you take a second look. I'll bet I've been scrutinizing my genitals for a lot longer than you have.

Men are capable of **goodness** that can grow into **love** and **evil** that can grow into **wisdom**. And the combination of the two in each one of us produces the equivalent of the soupy semen that comes out of the mouth of our penis [serpent] when it converses with the feelings in our heart [Eve] when we ejaculate.

The story of Adam and Eve isn't about two people who lived in a garden. In Hebrew, it's a play on words. It's about **man** [adam: every man] in relationship to **life** [chava: life, which has been badly translated as a woman called **Eve**]. There is no woman in the Creation Story. It's a metaphor that explains the meaning of **man and life**.

As a man lives out his life through his understanding of the main metaphor of Moses, he discovers the consequences of his **urges** [serpent] conspiring with his **feelings** [Eve], to the detriment of his **thoughts** [Adam]. This gets him in trouble with his **beliefs** [conscience/God]. This is the motivation that leads men to grow and change as the result

of guilt through redemption. This is the spiritual operating system reduced to its basics.

Screw guilt. I'll explain the three aspects of guilt **embarrassment**, **shame** and **humiliation**, and what they're for near the end. Good sex will take care of guilt.

But if you think you're going to avoid the lessons that arrived with orgasm at puberty – that signaled the beginning of meaning in your life as an adult member of society – you can't yet tell the difference between the forces [**thoughts**, **feelings**, **urges** and **beliefs**] within you and the forces [physics] around you. Your head, heart and conscience are still being commandeered by your urges [+/-].

Therefore, your confrontations with the fruits of good and evil [morality] are causing you pain and suffering that you could avoid if you only knew how to operate yourself like a mature human being who yearns to enjoy the rewards of self-love.

In my last book, I mentioned that I'm like Noah [**Noah** means **comfort** in Hebrew. I'm a man who seeks comfort through sex.]. I built an ark in puberty in anticipation of the testosterone hormones that were going to rain down on me from above. Where others drowned in the deluge of adolescence, I sailed through it relatively unscarred. I'd filled my penis with all the animal instincts I saw around me that appealed to me. And I later let them off my ark in young adulthood through sex with exotic men on my travels around the world.

Although I lost my virginity at the age of 18, first to a woman and then to a man, my sex life didn't take off until I moved to Israel later that year [1970]. That's when I finally felt I had permission to let the menagerie off my ark two-by-two. I enlisted the help of young, Israeli soldiers who were eager to feed my grounded animal instincts for me.

The only two creatures I didn't let off my ark were my monkey and parrot. My penis may have been my ark, the vessel in which I'd held all the animal instincts within my

hold. But I couldn't convince the **monkey** [my father] and **parrot** [my mother] to disembark with all the others.

When every boy reaches the end of childhood and has his first confrontation with the serpent in his tree, he realizes he's no longer alone in a **garden** with one forbidden tree that he's been told to avoid on penalty of death. He's now growing in an **orchard** of trees similar to his. He's become physically free to touch himself in that oh, so special, sexual way. That's when being a man among men becomes his life's work.

We start out as a spiritual infant in a **garden** until we're biologically allowed to touch our tree in a way that elicits "words" that emanate out of our serpent's mouth.

Soon after, we realize we're now in an **orchard** of billions of trees just like our own. And as we age, we find ourself lost in a **forest** of erroneous notions and ideas. This is the first spiritual outcome for all men.

In the same way that I'm going to lead you out of your head, through your stiff neck and into your soul [which is located below your breastplate], I'm going to lead you through the forest, as well. You can't imagine what lies on the other side.

Monkeys and Parrots

I'd like to start by telling you about my mother, the **parrot** in my tree. My mother was a bird who taught me to parrot back to her everything she knew by heart. The only problem was that she wasn't in touch with her heart, so she didn't know what she knew about what she felt.

And because she didn't know what she knew about what she felt, **I** didn't know what **I** knew about what **I** felt, either. I didn't know how prejudiced I was against certain individuals, groups of people with certain physical characteristics and even about nations that hold beliefs about God that are different than mine.

My mother and I were like two parrots, parroting what we'd learned and then unconsciously agreeing with one another. This made for an amazingly intimate relationship, albeit one that was devoid of conscious awareness of what we **each** had and what we were **both** missing.

My mother believed she had the right to do some things wrong because of how much she'd suffered during the War, and I unconsciously agreed with that. She cheated on her taxes. [She didn't believe in contributing financially to society.]

She lied about her past to get sympathy. [She told people her Jewish mother had died in the War, when her mother survived Theresienstadt concentration camp and died nine months after the War in Munich.]

She also omitted to tell anyone that father had been a Catholic. [She was ashamed of being of mixed religions: Jewish and Christian.]

These were her little White lies. They were her way of retelling her tale to White people in a way that ingratiated them more to her than the way things really had been. And I did the same when I moved to Europe by putting on a British accent and retelling my story in a way that pleased **me** more.

What's the point of living in reality if you can't embellish it a little with a vivid imagination, eh?

Once you realize you were raised by a parrot, it's very easy to believe you've earned your wings and don't have to "lower" yourself to the rules that many other people have agreed to follow. Once you see yourself as a fully hatched chick that came from a parrot, you'll say some things without bothering to take them to heart.

If you watch parrots "speaking," you know what I mean. That's what a lot of people sound like when they open their mouth. There's no connection between what they say and what they believe.

This breaking of the 7th, 8th and 9th Commandments [cheating, stealing and lying] leads everyone astray, as it did my mother and me. It may prove to be an albatross around your feathery neck, too.

My father was the **monkey** in my tree. He played the piano and the violin on my body when I was a kid, tickling me all over with fingers that were like steel after he'd slaved away for nine months for the Nazis in Dachau before it was liberated by the Americans. And I do mean to say that he literally **slaved** for White Christian men.

From these musical numbers he performed on my body as though I was a piano or violin, I was liberated with laughter when I was child. I came to love the sensations my body could elicit. When I grew up, I became playful in bed with men. I wasn't inhibited by sexual expression. If anything, I felt enlivened by it. I found sex to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

You'll find three monkeys inside every man where he may only think there is one. Those monkeys are **See-no-evil**, **Hear-no-evil** and **Speak-no-evil**.

It's easy for men to close their **eyes** to evil. They just turn and look the other way.

It's harder for men to avoid **listening** to evil, but that can always be done with denial.

But **speaking** evil is actually quite commonplace. That's the monkey that eventually reveals the presence of the other two.

My father was a monkey who didn't know why God Made him inside and out as a Jew. He almost died just because he was a Jew with a circumcised penis in a land full of White Christian men with foreskins.

But I could see that he was missing knowledge I needed in order to know about how to be a Jew in this world if I wanted to stay alive. That information would have been especially handy for when it came to surviving as a gay man in addition to being a Jew. Sadly, my father told me nothing I could relate to about being either. I had to figure it all out by myself.

The Importance of Thinking Like a Jew

If you think of the Star of David as comprised of two arrows, one pointing up to God ▲ and one pointing down to the earth ▼, then my father pointed me up and my mother pointed me down. I was a combination of the two of them.

But **up** doesn't mean **male** [good] and **down, female** [evil]. These directions indicate positive and negative moral directions that everyone goes through.

If you associate these moral directions with gender or sexuality, you're going to be beguiled by the serpent in your tree. And you're going to start swinging from the branches of that tree like a monkey and eat the fruits of that tree as though you were a parrot in the Amazon, not a human being trying to survive the urban jungle.

What everyone **wants** is very different from what everyone **deserves**. Moral matters depend on what you **earn**, not what you think you should be given.

Morality may be something you began to learn about from your parents, but they were only the initiators of those lessons. There's far more that you're going to learn about good and evil on your own than you ever learned while living under your parents' roof.

You could say that you graduated Eden with your first orgasm. And now you're a full-fledged student in the school of life learning your lessons directly with The Teacher and indirectly through other. Until you graduate your studies here and move on, you're going to have to figure out what [and who] you want to **do** with your penis and testicles.

I was a triangle with a monkey in it ▲ and a triangle with a parrot in it ▼. And in the place where the two triangles of the Star of David intersected in me ★, I was a monkey and a parrot that I needed to come to understand. My parents divorced one another and never tried to understand one another after they failed so miserably at marriage. Their job was passed down to me.

The whistle on a teapot and the foreskin on a penis have a lot to do with the monkey and parrot at the center of every Star of David [child of God]. Neither the whistle on the teapot nor the foreskin on the penis change the fact that there's a hot substance boiling inside of you.

The Jews initiated circumcision. The Christians offered an easier, softer way to access God by not having to go through circumcision and the dietary laws that were [once] sacrosanct to all the Jews.

The Muslims reinitiated circumcision for inclusion in their religion, as well as the dietary laws of **halal**, which are similar to, but not exactly the same as, the laws of **kashrut**.

To believe in One God nowadays, you can be endowed with a foreskin, or not. You can eat whatever you want, or not. And you can sleep with whomever you want, or not.

The traditionalists in all three of the Abrahamic religions may criticize you for not doing what they do, based on their beliefs. But the spiritually inclined will do what they do regardless of what their penis looks like or what they choose to stick in their mouth or anus.

Just as we have electric tea kettles nowadays that boil water and turn themselves off automatically without the need of a whistle, we have spiritualists who believe in God who don't follow any of the rules and regulations of any of the world's religion.

Just as we all know how to peel a banana without using our teeth to get through to the meat, we also know how to slice a peeled banana. I'm doing that for you right now. I don't need a knife to make my way to the marrow of your bones or boner. I can do it with my sharp tongue.

There isn't a man on the planet who believes that to be a good human being he has to stand up like a Jew, kneel down like a Christian and prostrate himself on the ground like a Muslim. These aren't religious positions we take. They're moral positions we move through.

If you've got a banana and two plums, you should be able to relate to what I have to say about life and your place in it as a child of God. You're enough of a **fruit** to understand a **nut** like me. After all, we're both apples that didn't fall far from our parents' trees.

How to Access the Universal Man in You

A triangle is made of three points in space that are connected by line segments. An isosceles triangle is made up of three points and line segments that are equidistant from one another.

Judaism, Christianity and Islam are the three points of one of the isosceles triangles that make up the **Star of David**. **Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism** are the three points that make up the other.

Every Jew, Christian and Muslim is capable of seeing himself as a child of God, even if each faith has a different name for Him. We all had a father who was like an arrow pointing up, and we all had a mother who was like an arrow pointing down. The symbol of the Star of David universalizes the concept of the child in us all.

The **cross** universalizes the concept of **pain** which takes us morally up-and-down and **suffering** which takes us from side-to-side. Each of us is crucified in our own unique way, and each of us must learn from pain and suffering to the best of our ability.

Each of us is also like the **star and waning crescent moon**. Each of us is losing our light like a **waning moon**. Such is the journey of life. We wax, and then we wane. We have the equivalent of one month before we disappear entirely.

Each of us is like a **star** that burns constant. Each of us has a view of the universe that surpasses our earthly view of the moon.



Each of us has two worlds, a world around us [crescent moon] and a world within us [a hopeful, five-pointed star that never points down]. To understand both our worlds and God's Place in them both, we must explore the meaning of the pronoun **me** [the spirit within us] and **myself** [the body we're encased in]. The concept of **I** is the convergence of the two. When **I** talk to **me** about **myself**, I like to include God

in the conversation. I don't want Him To Feel left out or rejected. I certainly know how that feels.

To understand the journey of life in these three ways makes it possible for us to go beyond **good-and-evil** [Judaism] and **right-and-wrong** [Christianity] to achieve knowledge of **better-and-worse** [Islam].

For a child to create arrows out of two intersecting, isosceles triangles that point north, northeast, southeast, south, southwest and northwest, s/he has to understand how God Thinks metaphorically, symbolically and comparatively. S/he has to know Him from His **Head** [Judaism], not just from His **Heart** [Christianity] or from His **Soul** [Islam].

Looking directly at the **past** [due west] or the **future** [due east] is impossible when looking at a Star of David or a five-pointed star. Neither of these stars point in those two directions.

We all subjectively associate what **was**  and what **will be**  with how we view ourself from within. This makes an objective view of time impossible. And this makes an objective view of ourself a supreme challenge. We must do the best we can to work with God to understand His Plan for each of us alone.

The Star of David is made up of one triangle that symbolizes the Abrahamic love/hate triangle of **Judaism**, **Christianity** and **Islam**. The other triangle symbolizes the tolerance/acceptance triangle of **Hinduism**, **Buddhism** and **Taoism**. These two intersecting triangles produce the **western** concept of One God with three different covenants with **Him** and the **eastern** concept of tolerance and acceptance of **others** from God, Given anonymously.

These two triangles produce six arrows which correspond to the six world scriptures chronologically listed on the face of a clock as:

12:00	Hinduism	1,800 BCE
2:00	Judaism	1,400 BCE
4:00	Buddhism	500 BCE
6:00	Taoism	200 BCE
8:00	Christianity	0 CE
10:00	Islam	800 CE

With these correspondences in place, it's possible to understand yourself as the child of a **father** { 12:00, 4:00 and 8:00 o'clock} ▲ and a **mother** [10:00, 2:00 and 6:00 o'clock]. ▼. This makes you a spiritualist and **citizen** of the world, not just a **consumer** of things or religious concepts.

These five faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism along with the indigenism that we all came out of are indicative of God's **Sociological** Plan for us all and His **Psychological** Plan for each one of us.

To know yourself as a combination of forces from God makes it possible to relate the body you were Given to the image of God that we're all Made in.

1,800 BCE	Navel	Hinduism
1,400 BCE	Head	Judaism
500 BCE	Penis	Buddhism
200 BCE	Anus	Taoism
0 CE	Heart	Christianity
800 CE	Soul	Islam

To come from your **navel** [Hinduism], you must contemplate the meaning of having been Given a mother. You must come to understand that your physical separation from her left you with a scar on your belly as well as a unique, psychological scar, whether you were given a scar on your penis where your foreskin was, or not.

To come from your **head** [Judaism], you must understand the main metaphor of Moses which underlies all of Torah. Every **man** [Adam] has a **heart** [Eve] that colludes

with the “words” that cum out of his **penis** [serpent], thus making him a tree forbidden to know the power of good and evil that emanates out of his two **fruits** [testicles] until puberty reveals his inner world to him for the first time with ejaculation. Orgasm ends childhood and the period when a boy was “forbidden” [hormonally] from behaving like a man.

This mosaic metaphor describes the beginning of the life of an adult male, so different from the life of a boy. This makes Torah a scripture for adults, and not children. Our understanding of orgasm changes our view of everything, especially our understanding of the relationship of Abraham to the inhabitants of Sodom. Screwing men **over** is evil. Screwing men with your mouth or anus is not.

How could a loving God ever hate you for having sex with a member of your own gender? Morality should never be associated with fellatio or anal intercourse. Morality should only be associated with how you treat people.

The serpent told Eve “God knows that when you eat from [the forbidden tree] your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil.” [Genesis 3:4]

God Has Forbidden us from doing many things so that we learn morality by ourself of ourself, and others. It’s not forbidden to make your own decisions, even if they contradict old-fashioned, literal interpretations of scripture. So long as you can defend your actions by not hurting other human beings and explain your actions with wisdom, love and loyalty, God Will Approve of your way of life.

The philosophic path of **Buddhism** is the path of your urges. This corresponds to the delivery device [penis] that allows you to choose good [+] over evil [-], physically embodied as your right and left testicles.

This challenge can be achieved without faith in God. Just by discovering what it is you want [-] and desires [+] to then decide for yourself, you honor **yourself**, God, your parents and others. This makes your penis the delivery device of the

combination of moral outcomes you hold deep down inside in your prostate gland as a soupy mix of good and evil until they're released in orgasm through the ecstasy of coming.

If you regret the outcomes of your life, you'll only have yourself to **blame**. If you admire the outcomes of your life, you'll have yourself to **thank**. You are the sculptor. You are the clay. The outcome lies in your hands. Your thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs are the only chisels you've been Given.

The path of Taoism with 16 gods and goddesses describes the path without A Source or Destination. To know yourself like a Taoist translates to using your digestive track as your spiritual, organizing principle. This begins in the mouth and ends with two possible outcomes [urinary and anal tracks]. This prepares a wo/man to explore the mystery of the **paradoxes** that emerge from all outcomes.

Although the results described by Buddhism correspond to an exploration of the **penis** [urges], the outcomes of Taoism focus mainly on the **anus**, a door that opens in two directions.

Anal intercourse is still considered to be a taboo much greater than vaginal intercourse. But the anus represents the paradox of evacuation and sexual stimulation.

The path of Christianity is the path of the heart where all feelings are valid, even though **you** have to decide if, how and when you're going to express your emotions without letting them overwhelm you.

The 2,000-year-old conflict between Judaism and Christianity mirrors the conflict of the head and heart, as elucidated in the story of Cain and Abel, the generation of men after the story of Adam and Eve.

When we were a child, our **thoughts** had to be trained to control our behaviors, so we didn't get killed. As adults, we introduced **feelings** into our actions to make life more valuable and worthwhile. But killing, raping, cheating and oppressing people are only expressions of anger at having to

make choices over which of these two inner tools to use. Violence has no place in a civilized society.

The path of Islam is the path to our soul. Soulfulness is accomplished by coming out of our head and heart into our conscience where we practice righteous behavior until we can honestly say we see ourself as someone we can truly admire.

This is accomplished by weighing our **thoughts** against our **feelings** as though on a scale to determine the most righteous of all possible actions to develop our **belief** system. This draws us toward God with a passion that makes it possible to envision eternal intimacy with Him.

Fantasies Folded into Reality

Fantasies are manmade interpretations of reality that we may think of as self-contrived, but they're really anonymously Given to us by God. Fantasies are stories, much like myths, that have been passed down to us to explain aspects of life that we had no other way of explaining to ourselves in the past.

Humanity broke through our myths of many gods with our understanding of One God Who Created us all. That's now a no-brainer. But the truth of One God that everyone's now onboard with was once held only by the Jews.

Like the myth of many gods, there are a host of fantasies that are still embraced today that aren't valid. People don't question their fantasies for their veracity because it takes courage to go out on a limb by yourself. Once a minority of people do it, it becomes easier for everyone else to do, too.

I should actually say that **straight** people don't question their fantasies for their veracity because they don't yet have the intellectual, emotional and spiritual strength to face raw reality to the degree necessary to break through all their illusions about life.

Although lesbians have the strength to do this, no one is as courageous as the man who's kissed another man. When male lips come together passionately in embrace and their tongues entwine, a spiritual spell is broken.

They discover that God Doesn't Reign down thunder and lightning on either one of them, at least not in the world we share.

But in the world within, it's another story. The pitter pat of two men's hearts when their lips are locked in a kiss creates a magic that makes knowing one another in the biblical sense of the word a recreation of the Creation Story in which forbidden fruit is picked and licked and sunk into in a way that straight lovers will never know. Kissing

someone of the opposite gender will never be as forbidden as kissing someone of your own gender.

If more gay men realized what they've been through spiritually until now, they wouldn't need anonymous sex and drugs to recreate it. Their repetitive self-destructive patterns are the result of not understanding their unique, spiritual mission.

Jesus and Judas knew what I'm talking about. Larry and I, two other gay-Jews, did so, too. And Will and I, a Catholic and a Jew also know the depth of the love that dare not speak its name.

I'm sure you share my disdain of hypocrites who see nothing of value below the waist of the human body, even though our genitals were also Created in The Image of God.

Religious men and women are just busts – heads and hearts with a feeble conscience they use to guide others, not themselves. They don't dare look below their nipples [heart and soul] for the secrets to the mystery of being authentically real.

The thought that God May Have Made them as they are to explore a personal mystery is as yet abhorrent to many straight people. They only want to explore the sexual mystery of the next guy or gal, not themselves.

I don't want to put undue pressure on you to feel guilty if you haven't explored gay sex, especially in light of the tremendous pressure straight people have put on us. But you get my point. We've got something you'll never get. So, let's just live and let live, shall we?

In the spirit of revenge against a world that's so superficial that it sometimes disgusts me, I'd like to introduce you to a Hebrew word that's common in everyday speech on the streets of Tel Aviv: **dafka** [it rhymes with Kafka]. It means **audacious, bold, cheeky, contrary, impudent** and with sufficiently outrageous **chutzpah** to border on **vindictive** and **vengeful**.

I have a feeling that deep down inside, you may be as **dafka** as I am. I also have a feeling that when you and I die and meet our Maker, He'S Going To Commend us for having been as dafka as we were, rather than Punish us for it.

What would be a greater Reward than enjoying sex with God? That kind of intimacy is anathema to the religious masses who only seek sex without the possibility that Mark Twain gave us 150 years ago: **For the truly deserving, Heaven must be an eternal orgasm.**

Let's work together to bring down those Jews, Christians and Muslims who believe it's better to kill a man than kiss him. Let's make waves in the world of words. Let's wake up those who are sleeping through class.

Life is a school with One Teacher. Come prepared each day having done your homework or drop out. I don't even care if you drop dead. Who's got time for kids who just want to play hooky. There's a lot of work that needs to be done, and I'm not going to do it all myself.

The number **18** in Hebrew is spiritually associated with **life**. Below you'll find 18 fantasies that I'm going to break **for** you. You don't have to kiss a member of your gender to wake up to these projections you may be under. It's not my agenda to make you feel bad about not having been Chosen to be gay. Just consider it one of your crosses to bear.

Fantasy #1

Jews may think they're White, but White Christians will always think of Jews as mysterious, separate and different from them. Since many of us can pass as White, we should use our appearance to help better White Christians morally whenever we can, especially if they don't see us as people of color if they judge us by our hair, skin and facial features. We're a minority whether it looks like it, or not. If you don't believe me, just ask neo-Nazis. They'll attest to our difference from White people.

The problem Black people have with Jews lies with those Jews who behave as though they're part of the White Christian religion [privileged]. Those Jews are easy to spot. They vote Republican and hold lawless opinions about democracy. Those Jews who are proud Democrats already know we're not White Christians, regardless of our geographic ancestry or physical features.

Personally, I have a soft spot in my heart for White people, even though I'm only $\frac{1}{4}$ White myself. I watched "Downton Abbey" and went nuts when Mr. Bates ended up in prison. And when Lady Edith had an illegitimate child, I woke up many nights worried about her reputation.

Since I'm that thin-skinned about fictitious White people, you can just imagine how the evening news gets under my skin. I can't afford to look at life that up close and personal. I have to distance myself from both reality and fantasy to observe how I react to both.

I'm just one person. I can't save the world. People are going to have to decide for themselves how they're going to behave. There are more than enough people pulling on both ends of the tug-o-war of good versus evil. But there certainly aren't "fine people on both sides."

There are many good reasons for people on my side to **push** one another as well as **pull** against those on the other side. Democrats haven't yet earned a dimmer switch on their halo, even if they think they've earned their wings.

In the 20th Century, Hitler tried to prove that the Jews were non-Whites and therefore the worst embodiment of evil, along with gays, gypsies, Jehovah's Witnesses, revolutionaries and disabled people who the Nazis decided all had to be eradicated from the Earth.

In the 21st Century, Donald Trump attracted Orthodox Jews to his platform. He proved to the world that Jews can be found on both sides of arguments, in his case, the side of evil.

Although Republicans claim to be supporters of Israel, they really only support Orthodox Israelis. They support those Jews who personify the loathsome prejudices of misogynists, racists and homophobes. And just because they don't yet have anything bad to say about the physically and mentally disabled, give them time. They hate us, too.

The 21st Century has become the battleground of **gay** verses **evil**. Jews may have overcome the terror of returning to those days when we were accused of being dilutors of the superior White race, but today we're having to fight the perversity promoted by Trump and the religious "right."

This fight tries to associate anyone who fights for gay rights as endorsers of pedophilia. QAnon, the wide-reaching conspiracy theory popular among a range of right-wing extremists and public supporters of President Trump is proof of that. Because Republicans can't shock people with the "perversity" of gay sex anymore, they've lowering themselves to accusing anyone on the left who supports us of being pedophiles who groom children to have sex with us.

Until today, the left had to normalize gay men, anal sex and men enjoying fellatio. Now we have to overcome accusations as child molesters. We're not child molesters. We're not monsters. This is hitting us below the belt.

The ones with the penis problems are those on the religious "right" who behave like pre-pubescent children. They urinate on Democrats because they aren't yet able to ejaculate. They're still fruit forbidden unto themselves, bad seeds who want to end this world, whether with a bang or a whimper, so they can get to God to receive His Forgiveness. They have no intention of making amends for anything while here on Earth.

The religious "right" feels threatened by those of us who've passed spiritual puberty and are well on our way through spiritual adulthood. They denounce the spiritual operating system as a hoax. They revile anybody who isn't Orthodox Jewish or White, Protestant Christian. And their

feelings of revulsion for humanity resonate with totalitarians everywhere simply for financial gain. Just look at all the despots who support Israel just to trick their religious constituents to follow them blindly.

Calling us perverts and pedophiles is the last line of defense before the religious **wrong** will have to recognize how backward and childish they are. Growing up is hard to do, but even the religious **wrong** will cross over into spiritual puberty eventually, fighting and screaming no doubt all the while about having to grow up slightly spiritually before they die.

What these hateful people turned into a racial war in the last century over being good or evil [non-White], they've now turned into being good or evil [spiritually mature]. The Orthodox Jews are in this fight on the side of the religious "right." But they're oh, so, terribly wrong.

They'll use any means at their disposal to maintain their antiquated interpretations of Torah no matter how it threatens the world order with a return to the dark ages. They insist on returning us to a world of pharaohs and slaves. But they hope to put their pharaoh in power so they can become slavedrivers over the rest of us. Jesus saw through this nightmare then, and anyone with two eyes open can see through it now.

Fantasy #2

I love boysenberry pie. I've always loved boysenberry pie. When I was a kid, we were poor, so it was a rare treat that I got to have boysenberry pie. It only happened on a few occasions when we ate at a cafeteria.

In case you didn't know it, the boysenberry is a cross between the raspberry [head], the blackberry [heart] and the loganberry [soul].

Spiritualists are like boysenberries. We're like a modern mix of berries that man has produced out of God's Creations.

You might think that the boysenberry is an unholy combination of fruits that should never have been horticulturally created. You might think we're defying God's Intentions and ruining His Plan by promoting, let alone eating, manmade fruits like boysenberries.

You might also think that Jews, Christians and Muslims should never be allowed to have sex with one another. But if you look at all the red-haired, green-eyed Arabs who are the descendants of Irish Crusaders and the blond-haired, blue-eyed Jews who are the descendants of 2,000 years of Jews living among and intermarrying with Christians in Europe, you might be willing to give the humble boysenberry a break.

When it comes to identifying Jews from Christians from Muslims nowadays, we've got to use religious symbols and clothing to separate us. Anyone who lives in a city knows it's virtually impossible to tell a person's religion unless they're White. People of color can belong to any religion. And that includes Asians. Your eyes will deceive you unless you open your mouth to ask a person about his or her beliefs.

Of course, if someone has a Star of David or cross on a chain around their neck, or a woman is wearing a hijab, their belief system is obvious. But their opinions about other belief systems is not. Again, it's best to open a conversation to discover who they might hate in the name of The God they profess to love.

Many very religious people in all three of the Abrahamic faiths hate Black people. But you aren't going to find that out unless you discover who they don't want to live in their neighborhood.

There are millions of Arabs living in Israel, but there are hardly a handful of Jews living in Muslim countries. Israelis are willing to allow Muslims to live in their country. Muslims are not willing to allow Jews to live in theirs.

Some people insist that Jews originally come from Europe. They can't explain how Jesus came from ancient

Israel because they don't know the history of the Jews before or after Jesus. They claim we're thieves who stole the Holy Land out from under Muslims. They refuse to entertain the idea that it was the ancestors of the Christians and Muslims who stole Israel out from under us.

Orthodox Jewish clothing isn't an obvious sign of homophobia amongst Jews. Granted, most Orthodox Jews **are** homophobes, but not all of them. Orthodox Judaism has a variety of forms, from **Haredi** [ultra-Orthodox], **Hasidic** [mystical Orthodox] to **Modern** Orthodox.

Again, it's best to go up to an Orthodox Jew and ask him directly his opinion about gay people. If he starts to hem and haw, just smile and walk away. If he gets asked that question enough by friendly spiritualists, he might start to question his beliefs as he embraces life and scripture in the modern age. If you accost him or ridicule him, though, you're only making things worse.

You wouldn't aggravate animals in a zoo. Don't aggravate a religious extremist. Be thankful we have laws in place to separate their antiquated ideas from the rest of us who strive to be open-minded and civilized. That's what it means to live in a democracy where people are taught to think for themselves.

The more isolated the religious feel, the more they'll begin to see their endorsement of their name for God as an unwelcome scourge on a world that increasingly recognizes One God Who Created us all. After all, **history** is **His Story**. **Mystery** is **my story**. And the importance of the intersection of the two holds the spiritual the reason why each one of us is here.

Fantasy #3

The concept of circumcision is a Jewish notion that Abraham started with Ishmael and then passed on to Isaac as Requested by God [Genesis 17]. It's a form of signing onto a covenant [contract] with Him using your penis as your pen.

Granted, circumcision didn't catch on in the Middle East until the Prophet Muhammad revealed God's Covenant with Muslims about 2,500 years later, but that doesn't invalidate its importance in making promises to God. Circumcision only accentuates the Muslims covenant as a separate contract from that of the Jewish covenant with Him.

It's not like there are three gods with three separate covenants. There's only One God Who Drew up three contracts, two of which He Requested be literally signed with penis blood [circumcision], and one covenant which is signed with water [baptism]. [Converts to Judaism who have a foreskin are only asked to draw a drop of blood from it.]

I was circumcised when I was eight days old, as is the tradition in Judaism. Jewish males go through one week of life learning about the six metaphoric days of creation described in Genesis 1. Then we're signed onto our promise to God.

Granted, there are Jews who don't make any promises to God. But there are Jews who can't keep promises they make to their spouse, their boss or their country, either.

But this is a universal problem that Jews, Christians and Muslims have all addressed through covenants with God, whether or not they keep their word to others. This is addressed in the 7th Commandment [adultery]. Breaking your promise to your spouse is only one indication that you can't keep your word. There are many. Once your word isn't good, stealing [#8], lying [#9] and coveting [#10] come soon after.

Needless to say, I wasn't asked if I wanted to sign on to a promise to God with circumcision. And I've had reservations ever since because my parents signed me up **for** me without my consent. If I'd been asked, I doubt I would have chosen to go through that pain right then-and-there. It was, after all, just a week after I'd been born. I think I would have chosen to wait a while before I went through another physical challenge in life. Just getting used to having a belly

button rather than a direct link to my mother was, itself, a lot for me to endure at the time.

Many Muslim boys are now being circumcised in infancy, although I understand that it used to be more common to ask them to agree to sign on to God's Covenant with Islam anytime in childhood before puberty. [Ishmael was circumcised at the age of 13.]

I've spoken a lot about the meaning of puberty in all my previous books. So, I'm not going to bore you with a repetition of those details. Suffice it to say that the Jewish rite of Bar or Bat Mitzvah is a ritual at the age of 13 that corresponds to orgasm in boys and menstruation in girls that separates adolescents from children.

If I were in charge of Judaism [no rabbi or Israeli politician is], I'd probably wait until puberty to ask a Jewish youngster to sign on to our covenant with God. I'd kill two birds with one stone [circumcision and the Bar Mitzvah]. It seems like a no-brainer to me to link them together.

If you disagree with me about that, I can certainly understand your point of view. I'd be happy to wait with circumcision until a Jew's wedding day. Actually, that might even be better. That would slow down the honeymoon process by including the pain and suffering a virgin girl goes through when she loses her hymen. If the newlywed couple were both in pain between their legs, it might bond them to one another in a more meaningful way.

Of course, some men might want to postpone circumcision until after they've completed their family plans altogether. There might be men who choose to wait to get circumcised until middle age. After all, that's the time of life that's already been set aside for calamities. What better time to experience a midlife crisis than with removal of your foreskin?

I, for one, am retired and look back on middle age fondly. I've got nothing to do now but write books, review my life and contemplate getting old, getting sickly, lonely from

losses and then dying. I'm sure there are many my age who see their doctor more than they ever did before. They might choose to get circumcised once they retire. What better time to tell God you've lived a good long life and have, at last achieved the experience to choose to sign on to His Covenant after having done everything you wanted in life before entering your golden years?

That said, some may still wish to postpone circumcision out of an abundance of caution. How many men get grumpy in older age? How many decide that nothing is worthwhile once they've given up their career? Circumcising them then wouldn't help matters. It might only make things worse.

Perhaps it would be better to wait until they're on their deathbed. They're just about to leave by then. What better time to sign on to a promise to God then when you've got one foot already out the door? That would make circumcision a sign of a commitment to the afterlife rather than just with those in **this** world. Who keeps all his promises in life anyway? You might as well avoid making promises you can't keep until you're almost dead. That way nobody will be able to accuse you of breaking them.

That said, why not avoid the pain altogether by asking your mortician to circumcise you once you've left your body? Doesn't that seem the most logical? No pain and yet plenty still to gain.

I can't get any lazier than that!

Fantasy #4

For some, life is a fairy tale told by fairies. We enchant the world with our magical views of people, places and things. Every story ends happily ever after when told by fairy godmothers like me.

If you're not like a fairy in some respects, you're just going to have to watch us carefully as we perform our magic for the world, and then you do your best to copy us thereafter.

Fairies don't kill people. Fairies don't hate people. Fairies don't even lie about being fairies unless we're terribly threatened. We're naturally cooperative and helpful. And we're naturally cheerful and upbeat unless straight people insist on making us miserable.

Straight men who've never slept with a man are nothing more than frogs living in a fairy tale kingdom. Many of them don't even realize they need to be transformed into princes. Kissing their lips isn't possible for us. And kissing their ass isn't going to help them in any way. That's for sure.

When Larry had AIDS, he suffered from lymphoma that he wouldn't go to a doctor to have treated. He asked me to kiss the lumps on his neck, shoulder and arm. I suppose he wanted me to give him the love and attention he couldn't give himself.

It's not that I regret that I did what he asked. It just didn't help our deteriorating relationship, and it certainly did nothing to eradicate his cancer.

If a man doesn't learn about his own innate power by turning himself from a frog into a prince, he won't believe in God and the power He'S Given him. He'll end up like a fairy without the wings needed to fly out of God's Fairy Tale Kingdom. He'll make a fool of himself hopping clumsily about like a frog on the ground or spending his life feeling submerged underwater.

If a straight man thinks some woman is going to come along to transform him **for** him, he's deluding himself. Straight women don't have the power to do that. And lesbians sure as hell aren't going to waste their magical powers in that way.

A few princesses have kissed frogs, so there are some fellows out there who we can all see are a prince of a guy [thank God!]. It's not like the straight world is devoid of good examples.

I, myself, was just a princess until my mother died two years ago. It was only then that I was transformed into a queen.

Needless to say, I was too smart to ever run after frogs to try to convince them to let me kiss them. I had better things to do with my magic when I was a princess in my mother's queendom. Granted, I kissed a lot of fairies in my day, but never a frog. And I have no intention of starting now that I'm a queen in God's Kingdom.

Obviously, the secret to turning a frog into a prince is for the frog to kiss **himself**. A frog should choose to love, honor and obey himself until he's ready to marry himself for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death overtakes him. He should tell himself that if he wants to keep it, he'd better put a ring on it.

I married myself at the Wailing Wall at the age of 56 in 2008. I was single at the time, but once I was happily married to me, Will soon showed up out of the blue. I don't blame Will for wanting to live with me in sin rather than marry me. He doesn't want me to commit spiritual bigamy. Who doesn't find a married man hopelessly attractive?

Marrying myself is the secret to how I filled myself with joy, albeit late in life. You should try marrying yourself. As with masturbation, you don't have to look your best.

I talked about this in my other books, but I didn't use the words **frog** and **prince** or **ring** until now. It was only in my last book that I even brought up the topic of **monkeys** and **parrots**. Everything in life must be revealed in stages.

I'm sure you always suspected that that monkey [father] and parrot [mother] who raised you revealed far too little to you about the **facts of life**. So, I certainly don't blame you for what you don't know. But it's never too late to learn.

Clearly, life is harder than it looks given how little any of us were properly prepared for it. But now that you've broken through many of life's fantasies, I hope you'll listen more carefully to all fairies and fairy godmothers. I hope

you'll listen more to princes, princesses and queens – and a lot less to frogs. It's no poetic mystery why frogs are slimy and green.

Fantasy #5

Will and I have an amazing sex life. In fact, I often comment about it after we're through having sex because I always expected sex with the same person to get dull and mechanical over time.

But our sex life has never been better. We are, of course, in a monogamous relationship. But once burned, twice shy. I'm always worried Will will leave me with a knife in my back like Larry did. Will's a lot more trustworthy than Larry, but everyone knows that boys will be boys.

Will has told me honestly and often how he truly feels about me. He's told me that he **likes** me. He says he and I are in a **like** affair. And if you look at most marriages where the couple swear on a stack of Bibles that they **love** each other, you can see that they really don't much **like** one another.

Perhaps that's the unspoken different between a frog and a princess in comparison to two fairies. If the frog doesn't learn how to kiss himself and the princess doesn't earn the crown of her mother [the queen], the two of them are only going to fall into the chivalrous relationship of love created around the time of the Norman conquest of England in 1066 – now almost a thousand years out of date.

The secret to a happy, monogamous relationship between two fairies has to do with **liking** the other gay guy, not loving him. **Love** yourself. God Knows you need all the love you can get! But you'll never be satisfied with anyone else's love.

If you dedicate your life to filling your container with love, as Jesus suggested, you'll find that what spills over when you're full of yourself is honor, respect and a modicum

of thankfulness to others for putting up with someone as fatally flawed as you.

Will likes me, and I can't tell you how wonderful that makes me feel. I'm simply giddy with delight that I found someone who really likes me [kudos to Sally Fields]. We're mates. We're buddies. We're friends with benefits. We do everything together except watch sports on TV on the weekends.

Will's golf obsession puts me right to sleep. I can't tell you how comfortably I nap on our burnt-sienna sofa while he watches golf seated in our yellow lounge chair. Ours is a colorful match made in Heaven. We live the rainbow flag. We don't just wave it in people's faces.

I suppose I should mention that it's **not** all marital bliss at our house. I do the laundry in our family of two. That's probably my most important job. I love to cook, but Will hates my cooking. I'm very neat, but not as clean as he is. And I have no skills whatsoever with hammers and nails and such. So, I've been assigned the laundry. That I can do without endangering our connubiality.

The reason I mention this is because Will has made it clear to me that he's quite satisfied with my laundry duties and how I responsibly carry them out. It's only when I irritate him that he warns me that he's always got a plan in his back pocket to look around for a gay dry cleaner to replace me if I continue in the direction I'm going.

So, I do my best to keep our relationship fresh with **dry** humor to avoid a **dry** cleaner.

Fantasy #6

I wasn't popular in high school. I sat alone. In junior high, I sat with the nerds and smiled a lot. I didn't want to contradict them, but I could see by their emotional demeanor that they were already getting jacked up by their ego and hormones, not by love of their fellow man.

It's not that I wasn't physically affected by sexual thoughts, too. It was just that I was curious about sex with them, while they were curious about sex with girls.

Gym class was the most exciting time of the day for me, not because I could play ball as well as the rest of them, but because I could take one picture after another with my mind of my peers naked in the locker room. Then I'd go home and review the rolls of film I had in my imagination and dream about what I'd like to do with each of those boys if I got the chance.

By the time we reached high school, I couldn't keep up with my classmates socially. They wanted to show off their interpersonal skills, and I didn't have any to speak of. All I had was a vivid imagination, but no way to express it.

I guess that translates into saying that I was sexually slow to develop. My mind was churning like a twister when it came to sex. And my feelings [heart] and urges [penis] were on fire just like every other boy my age.

But I didn't learn how to masturbate until I was 16, and even that, I learned to do from a sex manual my father sent me, not from my peers. I didn't have my first sexual experience until very late in life. I was 18 and already a graduate of high school by then.

Being gay didn't make it any easier for me to lose my virginity. In fact, it complicated matters considerably. But that was the 1960's. The younger generation has since opened doors where there were brick walls before. It's so much easier now.

I know it isn't. I know social media has only blown up the quad on the high school campus to the size of the planet. But that doesn't much matter to me. I wasn't popular then, and people like me aren't popular now.

Social media hasn't changed the locker room experience since I was a teenage boy. A young man who thinks he's seen it all and knows it all is a delight to those of us dowagers who thought the same when we were youngsters.

When I was an adolescent, the thought of having sex in the same city my mother lived in made me itch all over. I had to leave home and move to Israel, 10,000 miles away from L.A. to feel comfortable enough to take off my clothes and enjoy the feeling of being naked in the presence of men. That's pretty far to go just to get laid.

Today, sex is easy to get unless you're as picky as I was when I was single. "Thanks" to 25 years of severe mental illness, I felt untouchable most of my adult life. I felt people wanted nothing to do with me. And if they did want to do something with me in the biblical sense, that only made me suspicious of **them**.

Thanks to this wet blanket of alienation God Wrapped around me in my youth, I didn't succumb to AIDS. But I also didn't get laid as much as I would have liked to.

I'm still a daydreamer at heart. I still look at my boyfriend like boysenberry pie that I want to cover with cream. I suppose I'll always be accused of having a sweet tooth. I'll always be making up for lost time.

The fortunate thing is that all I really ever wanted was a boyfriend and a happy home life. I wasn't looking for kicks. I just wanted to live a normal life with someone I could say was sweet and special to me.

A lot of men today suffer because they want the opposite. They just want to have a good time. They want to have fun. I never wanted to have a good time, and I've always hated the word **fun**. I always dreamed of a normal, gay life with a normal, gay guy. Was that too much to ask for? Was that too terrible a dream to dare ask to come true?

If you haven't lived your life by applying the main metaphor of Moses, the two symbols of Jesus and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad to everything you do, it's going to be hard to figure out how to operate the body you got as a vehicle on a journey without getting caught up in the dogma of the three Abrahamic religions. It's going to be hard

to cozy up to God as though He Were even better than a boyfriend.

I had to learn how to use figurative speech to talk to myself **honestly** [head], **sincerely** [heart] and **authentically** [soul] if I wanted to develop a better relationship with my penis. I had to make my way through religious dogma to find the kind of love I wanted for myself.

If you don't develop a communication style **with** yourself **within** yourself, you're going to break down like a car on a highway. You're going to find yourself by the side of the road watching others zoom by. And I can already tell you that the number of **mechanics** [psychiatrists, counselors, coaches and analysts] who fancy themselves grease monkeys who'll raise your hood and correctly diagnose what's wrong – are few and far between.

So, let's spend a few minutes discussing "Auto-Mechanics 101," so you can at least figure out why you're not running properly, even if you can't exactly tell why you're overheating and breaking down:

The seven colors of the rainbow correspond to the seven emotions you must come to know to understand how your heart operates.

God Made His First Covenant with humanity in the story of Noah and the Ark. After the Creation Story, which is all about a boy's first wet dream, God Gave the Jews the story about Cain and Abel [the ensuing struggle between the head {Cain} and heart {Abel}] before He Solved that problem with a rainbow for Noah as a sign of His Promise never to flood anybody with adolescent hormones a second time.

That promise is based on the seven colors of the rainbow:

Red	Rage
Orange	Agony
Yellow	Terror
Green	Jealousy and Envy
Blue	Grief

Indigo	Mystery or Madness
Violet	Ecstasy and Orgasm

Needless to say, society has done everything it can to convince you that the rainbow that shines in the darkness of your heart is **pastel**, not **jewel toned**. But it's not. The emotions you have the capacity to experience are far deeper than:

Pastel Red	Upset
Pastel Orange	Anxiousness
Pastel Yellow	Discomfort
Pastel Green	Distrust and Resentment
Pastel Blue	Misery
Pastel Indigo	Awfulness
Pastel Violet	Glee from masturbation

To know the feelings you **should** be having, and to be able to compare them to the feelings you **are** experiencing, will tell you a lot about yourself. It'll tell you:

1. How **oppressed** your parents were by society
2. How **suppressed** you were by them.
3. How much you've tried to **repress** yourself.
4. Which will explain why you're **depressed** and **depressing** to others so much of the time.

I hope you have a good safe trip on your adventure down the highway of life today. I hope your vehicle doesn't break down. And I certainly hope you don't get into any accidents.

But if you should find yourself behind the wheel worried about how that vehicle of yours is performing, whether you think of it as a sports car, a yacht or an airplane, you might like to also think about how many men aren't **honest** enough with themselves.

Therefore, they're unknowingly **insincere** with each other. But that, nevertheless, still leaves them 100% **authentic**. The truth is they're a mess inside. They just don't know it.

When your head is sitting on your shoulders like the leaning tower of Pisa [askance, as though questioning everything you see], you're being dishonest about how you view yourself. Then, from that great height, you're going to conceal how condescendingly you look down on others from the top of that tower of yours because your head is in the clouds.

Don't try to convince others how **sympathetic** you are to their plight in life, when the truth is that we can all only express **empathy** over the things we've been through.

Sympathy is insulting. Nobody wants sympathy. And nobody knows how to give sympathy sincerely.

When you get out of our head and heart to see how you're truly behaving, you'll see how authentic, albeit disappointing to yourself, you really are. That's when you should decide to change your wants [-] and desires [+] in a soulful manner to become authentic to yourself in a whole other way than by trying to prove to others how sympathetic you are to the outcomes of **their** lives.

Just being able to tell people that I've never been through what they're going through releases me from a tremendous pressure I didn't realize I was under. Being honest and sincere by expressing the limits of my experiences has opened me to a whole new way of viewing my relationship with myself, others and even with God. That's why I know that I'm **empathetic**, not **sympathetic**, to other people's needs.

Fantasy #7

A big, black, uncircumcised penis isn't the greatest delivery device of goodness, love and thrills in life. It ain't a

bad thing either, mind you. But do you really need the biggest and best of anything?

The most common of all penis problems is the idea that having been Given a small penis is a curse from God. Who decided a small penis is a disadvantage? When I was lonely and horny and desperate for love, I would have given anything to have a man with a small penis in bed to adore. A good, small penis on a great, gay guy would have been a blessing from Heaven.

But beggars can't be choosers, and to that end, aren't we all beggars in one way or another? Aren't dreams Given to us just to imagine what we can't have?

Compensation is universally known as the great equalizer. Those who want the biggest and best of everything are usually compensating for something they're missing **inside**. Surely, when God Gave you the penis you got, there was no mistake about it. He Knew what He Was Doing. If you don't look at all your body as a Blessing and a Curse, a Reward and a Punishment, you ain't looking at your life realistically.

You're here to learn about yourself. You might as well start with the container God Gave you before you start crying bitter tears about all the things you don't have, don't like, don't want and would gladly trade for another.

Your penis is an amazing spiritual gift. You shouldn't wait to discover how to use it spiritually long after you've learned how to use it to cum. Ignorance of yourself doesn't have to consume you. A kid on the cusp of puberty could learn about the mystery and majesty of cuming from a spiritual perspective if his father would tell him more about **himself**.

Men who turn violent just want someone to tell them the secret to how they operate. Hurting others is their way of expressing the frustration they're having with being themselves. If somebody had explained to them how they operate before life got so complicated with hormones at

puberty, they wouldn't get violent and angry [red]. They wouldn't agonize [orange] over everything by having panic attacks [yellow] when things don't turn out their way. They wouldn't be jealous over what others have that they're missing [green]. They wouldn't avoid disappointment, regret and grief [blue] with depression. And even if they did get depressed [that inner sense of gray when all feelings go away], they'd know how to look under the hood to tinker with their engine to rev themselves up.

That's what "Auto-Mechanics 101" is all about. That's the story of the grease monkey our father should have been for us that he didn't know how to show us more candidly.

If you knew how to operate yourself on the **inside**, you wouldn't have the problems you've got on the **outside**. Then, the problems others have with themselves would be something you could address with sorrow [blue] rather than rage [red].

Don't discount a man with a small penis. God Gave each of us what He Wanted us to struggle with. The color of your skin; the parents you got; the circumstances of your upbringing – these are all personal challenges that'll become more meaningful to you once you know how to operate yourself as four forces [thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs] interfacing with one another and with God as your Witness.

If you can't separate the functions of your head, heart, penis and conscience, what the hell are your eyes, ears, nose, mouth, navel and anus going to mean to you? You have all those holes in you for a reason. You're as good as dead while still walking the Earth if you don't contemplate why you are the way you are.

Despots and gangsters ought to think long and hard about the penis they got from their father, and what they're doing with it. Isn't it about time they start to think a lot **more** with the head of their penis? It's their wants [-] not their desires [+] that are doing them in.

Women who need a big penis to feel sexually gratified suffer what I call a **clitoris conflict**. They're not healthy upstairs or down. They're caught in the same nightmare that men with penises problems suffer from. They want to fill their container from without rather than from within. They want someone else to love them. They don't want to do the hard work for themselves.

Fantasy #8

I bought a pendulum clock when I first moved to Amsterdam in 1973. It must have been almost three feet tall. I lived in an attic apartment where I hung it on one of the two walls that met the ceiling above eye level. That was where I didn't have to bend over while standing up.

My "antique" clock was only made to look like old. But it made me feel like I was living in a chateau, not a five-story walk up with a metal pole going through my room five feet overhead and then out the window, there to hoist up furniture.

I fell in love with my clock when I saw it in a collectible shop that offered dreams for sale to the bourgeoisie. I decided I couldn't live without it. But to this day I can't say why. It must have satisfied a deep middleclass urge in me to fit in, be comfortable and dream about being a leader, not a follower lost among the masses. It was an aristocratic urge I filled with a middleclass item of interest.

On a later trip to Paris, I had an urge to buy an umbrella from a quaint, little shop that only sold handmade umbrellas and canes. It cost me over \$100, and at the time, that was a **huge** sum of money for me.

I still don't know why I needed the umbrella, either. I suppose I was preparing for a deluge in a gallant, English weather sort of way. But the downpour that came over me came from mental illness. My handmade umbrella couldn't save me from insanity.

I suspect these luxury items made me feel better about myself in the way that a band aid protects a wound. They concealed an inner need in my life when I couldn't consciously fulfill that need myself.

I was always a middleclass materialist. But now that I'm literally a millionaire [not that that's saying much these days], I hold onto my things differently. I have a quieter appreciation of everything and everyone in my life.

Some people hate rich people. But if **they** were rich, they'd discover they really hate themselves. Being rich ain't a problem. Being rich solves the problems of bodily needs. It's being rich on the inside where there's a fortune is waiting to be made.

Now that I have so much more to lose, I've had the luxury and challenge of turning myself from a **materialist** into a **spiritualist**. Now it's my **being** that matters more to me than my possessions. My possessions **mirror** my relationship to myself. They don't substitute for it anymore. Now my **body** is my number one possession. Now **I'm** the object of all my desires [+].

When I drove my car off a cliff when I was in my mid-twenties, both the clock and the umbrella were in the trunk. In fact, all my possessions were in the trunk of my car that day, and everything was destroyed as the car rolled over and over as it tumbled down the cliff into the gulley below.

The clock ended up in splinters. And the umbrellas did, too. Time ended for me, poetically speaking. My deluge of self-disgust drowned me in a reign of self-terror that lasted many years.

I'd just wanted to own something traditional. I just wanted to be conservative and balanced in my view of all things. But I was lying through my teeth about my feelings for me. I couldn't admit I was a prisoner of time. I couldn't admit I was always crying inside, flooding myself with silent sobs. God may have finally stopped the testosterone from

flooding me as it had when I'd been an adolescent, but the reign of terror and tears in my twenties seemed never ending.

I thought I needed that clock to address my relationship to time as a spiritual tool. I thought I needed the umbrella to protect me from the downpour of grief at my ignorance.

I now have those lessons of life behind me. I passed those tests at the time just by staying alive. I don't regret the loss of those things.

I now know I wanted to take **all** my possessions to my grave with me that quiet, Sunday morning in 1976 – but I survived, My possessions were crushed, but my body was not. I had to go on without my stuff. And that's what I can now say has left me with a Mona Lisa smile, rather than a resting bitch face.

Fantasy #9

When I was six years old, my half-sister got married in New Jersey where her fiancé was originally from. After the wedding, my mother took my younger sister and me by train to Chicago. She told my father she was going to visit her cousin, but from there she continued on to California. She left him. She was never going back to winters in Buffalo, NY.

After my half-sister's wedding where I saw so many frowning faces who disapproved of her taste in men, I didn't think I'd ever see a smiling face again. I was the ring bearer [although the best man had the rings in his pocket. I only carried an empty pillow down the aisle.] My younger sister was the flower girl. There was apple cider served in a crystal, punch bowl. I'd never tasted anything so wonderful. I thought it must be what they meant by nectar of the gods!

But I could feel the tension everywhere around me. Nobody but the bride and groom were happy.

While we were in Chicago for a few days, a policeman on a suburban street smiled at me. That policeman was the first stranger to give me the feeling that I mattered. He held

position, power and prestige in my eyes. He wore a uniform! And as lowly as I thought I was, he acknowledged my presence as a card-carrying member of the human race.

My father didn't believe that my mother was leaving him. Once she achieved residency, she served him with divorce papers. Then he decided it might be a good idea to come to California to try to mend fences.

It didn't work. All his tears and histrionics failed. He went back to New York a defeated man. What the Nazis hadn't succeed in taking from him [his two kids from his first marriage], his German-Jewish wife did – his second set of kids.

I'm not six years old inside anymore. Gosh, I feel like I've reached the age of nine or ten! When I have to deal with the police, I use a smile to express my respect and appreciation for their efforts to serve the public. But I feel an odd mix of fear and admiration.

Of course, I never went to a gay bar that was raided. And I was never stopped by the police in a Black ghetto for the crime of being gay or Jewish.

I don't know anything personal about the complications of policing in America. I've never witnessed the iron fist of law enforcement first-hand. And I wouldn't want to find out, so I've always addressed the police politely and obeyed all their commands. They're too much like everybody else, filled with all sorts of prejudices, fears and resentments.

Fantasy #10

How do you find the father [male] side of yourself if your father died when you were very young; or if your father was imprisoned and couldn't watch you grow up; or you come from a broken home?

My father figuratively died before he even conceived me when they locked him up in concentration camp and made him a slave to the Nazi regime. He was later imprisoned by the American army for stealing after the War. And because

my parents divorced when I was six, I grew up in a broken home without a father to help me become a man.

My father came to America on vacation before the War, so he spoke English. He only went back to Lithuania because his family insisted when tensions in Europe rose because Hitler started rattling his sword. After the Second World War ended and he discovered that all his family was murdered by the Nazis, my he got a job as translator for the American military forces in Germany.

But he bit the hand that fed him by using American, military vehicles to transport food from the farms into the big cities. He appropriated army property to advance his black-market deals.

If your father, like mine, was both a victim and a perpetrator, I'm sure he became a confusing role model for you, too. You surely had trouble discerning right from wrong until you learned to father the inner child in yourself.

Becoming a father unto me wasn't easy because I didn't have a role model to show me how to do it. And the father I did have didn't offer me a long list of virtues to choose from that I found meaningful in becoming who I am.

You may not yet even know how to respond to the feeling of victimhood. You may react to it by perpetrating evil on someone else, instead. You may not know why you sometimes feel like a Daniel safe among lions in their den, and why, at other times, you feel like someone being ripped to shreds by wild beasts with no protection from anyone.

Becoming a man is hard for men who've been given poor instructions from their father in how to do so. This is apparent in adolescents today who haven't been guided using metaphysical interpretation of Torah. If you don't even understand the simple, four forces within you [thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs], how will you understand how these dynamics play out in other good men – let alone find your place of honor in a man's world?

Another way of putting this into question form would be, “How can I own my penis and testicles if my father hasn’t given me permission to do so?”

No man wants to think that his genitals lie in his father’s hands. That just creates a temptation to revolt against the miserable and demeaning existence your father had to go through.

Criminals and despots don’t know that their genitals still lie in their father’s hands. But it drives them crazy, nevertheless. Talk about penis problems! How would you like to imagine your father squeezing your balls to make you go left or right?

The thought is utterly appalling. Just imagine how such feelings, urges and beliefs affect those in high and low positions of society. Breaking the law is their way of trying to prove that their urges are their own.

Once a man understands the depth of the first three stories of Genesis:

Adam and Eve	Man and life
Cain and Abel	The struggle of the head and the heart
Noah and the Ark	The vessel filled with animal instincts

... the question arises, “Which animals are still onboard my boat?” What are those animals doing to control me? And how can I get them to disembark without having to throw them overboard or jump overboard myself?

Fantasy #11

Money is the abstract concept in the external world that corresponds to safety and security. Without money, there’s no way you can assure yourself that your body is going to be well protected from harm.

But money isn’t enough. We all need **honey** as well as **money**. Honey corresponds to semen. Eretz shel chalav ve dvasch [the land of milk and honey] is the place within

each one of us that's filled with mother's milk [love] and father's honey [wisdom].

Each of us is an **Israel** [Hebrew: struggle with God] unto ourself. We're a combination of our father and mother. We're 50% male and 50% female. We're the triangle pointing up to God [father] and the triangle pointing down to the Earth [mother]. We're a child of two parents, and we're a child of God. And that's true, whether you're Jewish, Christian, Muslim, gay or straight.

The Star of David isn't just the symbol of Judaism. It's the symbol for **you**, a child who's half father to yourself, half mother to yourself.

The more you see yourself as the embodiment of an inner **Israel** [struggle with God] which was Created by God, the more you'll understand the part you've been Given to play in the unfolding of the human **race** to the finish line [death].

All your interactions with men have been to help you understand the meaning of **honey** [dvash] You were never searching for the meaning of mother's love [chalav]. Mother's love is everywhere around you. Mother's love is ubiquitous and easy to see. You were always searching for the secret to your father's honey.

Fantasy #12

God Touches me with His Foreskin. It makes me jump out of my skin. It reminds me of the holes God Put in my body and the holes that came immediately after I entered the external world [my navel and circumcised penis].

What I really would like to be touched by is my own foreskin, but that's something that only God Can Do because I've sported a scar from circumcision for a very long time.

If God Would Touch me in a way that makes me feel like the head of my penis was being touched by my own foreskin, I'd feel an intimacy with Him and with His Penis [Serpent] that would be universal. It would give me an experience I could relate to all men, not just to circumcised men.

Enjoying the foreskin of a man if you're gay-and-Jewish or gay-and-Muslim or gay-and-a-circumcised-Christian is a way of entertaining jealousy. That guy's got something we don't have. He can do something to conceal a part of himself that we can't.

Just think how we could hide our wants [-] and desires [+] if we could hide the head of our delivery device in a cave of flesh behind a wrinkled door that spreads apart magically when an uncircumcised man's penis has the urge to declare, "Open Ses-a-me!"

The foreskin you have o the foreskin you're missing isn't reason enough to embrace God and your fellow man. Our testicles may be tender and easily harmed, but the head of our penis holds a magical mystery that unites us as men whether or not we believe in God. Why fight over something that brings on a belief as wonderful as that?

Fantasy #13

Fear of ejaculation is based on arrogantly raising the head of the serpent in your tree. Getting a serpent to stand up straight only occurs with sexual stimulation which produces an erection. All other forms of stimulation imitate erection. Other forms of erection are devoid of apprehension of what comes next. This is what it means to be **arrogant**. This is what it means to be **selfish**.

Once the head of the serpent in your tree is fully engorged, sensitized and exposed to the bark of another tree rather than your own, your tree becomes a slave to its urge to release the syrup it holds deep down inside.

This physical gift brought on by ejaculation corresponds to the whispers of the wind that reveals we all hold a deep, dark secret inside. Such is the mystery and truth that every tree-hugger must modestly admit to.

You can well understand the urge every man has to share himself with other men in this way. You can well imagine

the need to fear ejaculation with arrogance and selfishness when erection is a phenomenon seen all around us in nature.

How many men realize that shooting their wad is a magnificent, psychological achievement that emanates out of the most intimate place in their entire being [their prostate gland]? How many give of ourself in all our affairs the way we do in bed?

If every man knew how to cum more deeply by including his head, heart and soul in with his orgasms, sex would become an amazing expression of the dignity and grandeur of being alive. Every orgasm with our marital mate would usher in a pomp and circumstance march that would ring in our ears all day.

Fantasy #14

Sometimes, I'm afraid to say the word [**cowardice**] because I'm afraid to fully speak my mind. I'm afraid to be that intimate with myself.

I'm afraid people won't like me just the way I am because I don't know how to be authentically me, myself and I. Sometimes, I'm afraid God Doesn't Even Love me just as I am.

I'm afraid of some things I do because there's so much about being me that I don't know how to do fearlessly.

I know I'm more authentic today than I was yesterday. I know I weigh my thoughts against my feelings in my conscience to determine my actions before I take any action at all. And I know my scale becomes more sensitized to the weights I place on it day-by-day.

If those who attended the 94th Academy Awards weren't as afraid as I am, they would have booed Will Smith out of the Dolby Theater long before he came up to accept an academy award. They would have let him know right away that they don't want a bully in their midst. They would have associated him with Donald Trump. And they wouldn't have

allowed themselves to act passively when another bully slaps down a Black man, even if he's also Black.

The silence of the audience I could hear through Will Smith's tears rang hollow for me that night. There sat his wife, like Ivanka Trump, using her man to climb the ladder of success. What a mess **she** got herself into, too!

Oh, I do believe Will Smith was overwhelmed with feelings as he clutched his Oscar, but I don't think he knew what those feelings were. No bully ever does.

Bullies are always protecting their mother. They're reaffirming the umbilical cord that was physically severed so long ago that they still can't come to terms with as a scar that only alludes to what they're missing.

Men scrimp and save and fight and smile inauthentically to climb the ladder of success. They secretly step on the hands of those on the rungs below them to hold **them** back. And they grab the ankles of those above them to pull their competitors down. But bullies are secretly sobbing inside because they don't respect themselves.

Bullies make their way using their urges [penis] as though **constructing** a tower of Babel that they're simultaneously **climbing**. They collude with others to usurp God on His Throne, so they can take over raining down their displeasure on this world.

Chris Rock already earned **his** wings. That slap he got across the face should have only reminded him that he's now working on earning the dimmer switch on his halo. Where and when did he amass that much forgiveness for his fellow man? I say it came from his mother. I say he's been contemplated his navel in a whole other way.

The religious "right" doesn't think to build ladders with rungs millions of miles across so we can all climb them by each other's side. The idea that one man's success would come with the result of other men's successes is anathema to them. They only want one man to succeed: their **pharaoh**. Everyone else is their Israelite.

They think they're competing like classical "gentlemen" dueling one another with their swords [elongated penises with sharp tips] to protect the reputation of their king. But bullies can only react, not respond. They're always finding reasons to claim self-righteous indignation for one ridiculous reason or another. If Will Smith had had a glove in his hand when he slapped Chris Rock, he couldn't have looked any sillier.

If I patted myself on the back every time I reached orgasm, regardless of how Will felt at the time, we'd have no relationship to speak of. It's precisely because we both strive to cum together to please one another that we consider ourselves so successful when it comes to teamwork. Why can't more straight men apply that principle to life in a man's world? What an embarrassment some straight men are to gay men, women and children!

Fortunately, I don't suffer second-hand embarrassment over the way the well-heeled, like those at the Academy Award, indulged themselves with cowardice that night. I don't suffer the guilt of only being concerned about my money, power and prestige. But that's because I don't gamble with my reputation when I'm at home alone, let alone when I walk out my door.

Not one of those there in the audience that night had the courage to stand up and call Will Smith out for his outrageous behavior in real time. Each of them was gripping the label on his can. Not one of them was concerned with its contents.

Teaching people how to find the **courage** to respond with **courage** in the moment is a great art that we all need to develop. A society where those at the top can't call out one another for their hypocrisy is comparable to Mitch McConnell's fantasy of loyalty to his team [the Republican party]. But can those with money, power and prestige really call themselves a member of a **team**? Isn't it really just a **hood**?

Fantasy #15

More than half the Russian people support President Putin in his maniacal sites on colonizing Ukraine. What the Russians don't understand is that they overthrew their tzars more than a hundred years ago in favor of Communism, which turned into an oligarchy ruled by a **pharaoh** who gave up the title of **tzar** to become a modern-day **führer**.

The Russians just can't seem to give up their love of tyranny. They want to export it everywhere on Earth. They want ancient Egypt to become the model for political power everywhere on Earth. I wouldn't consider that very Christian of them.

Tyranny began in the Bible when pharaohs consolidated their power until they ruled over all of ancient Egypt with an iron fist. The Israelites were slaves to the ancient Egyptian slavedrivers for 400 years. It took God Working with Moses to liberate 600,000 Israelites and bring them home [Israel].

Today, the pharaoh [führer] of Russia has plenty of slavedrivers to maintain his power. And the poor, disenfranchised and oppressed Russians have nowhere to go, even if they could get away.

Putin has created a daisy chain in which he sodomizes one man, who sodomizes another, and so on and so forth. But he's the only man in Russia who has the dubious honor of not having a penis up his anus. No other man's life-giving substance enters into him. He inseminates all others with his jism.

Now the Russians have decided they want to do the same to Ukraine, thinking that the whole world would be better under their system of political, anal intercourse. This is what the field of political science has turned into a discipline.

This is what Moses described in Exodus after having previewed the topic in Genesis which he described as Abraham's relationship to God vis-à-vis Sodom. It has nothing to do with gay sex. It's all about power and control of men over men. And until Russian oligarchs realize what

they're doing to all Russian men, women and children, they're going to continue to bend over for their corrupt, political and religious leader [all wrapped into one] who tells them to take it up the anus with a smile and without lubrication.

This is the sort of behavior that makes gay men wince. What we do with plenty of emollients and kisses to willing partners in bed, the world's totalitarians do to their people with cruelty and disregard for the pain and suffering they put them through.

The Iranians have every intention of doing to the Israelis what the Russians are doing to the Ukrainians. There's no difference between Russia [an Orthodox Christian country] and Iran [a Shiite Muslim country] other than that some like the idea of the Jews getting screwed over by Muslims, but not the Ukrainians having to be violated the same way by other Orthodox Christians.

The North Koreans would do the same to the South Koreans if they could. And the Chinese have every intention of following in Putin's footsteps if they can't get their grubby little fingers on Taiwan. Straight men who love sodomy in the abstract are the bane of every society.

The only difference between the time of Torah and today is that spiritualists like you and me have been chosen to create billions of men like Moses to free the world from tyranny.

This task Given to us by God isn't going to force anyone to become Jewish. And it isn't going to force anyone to become gay. You can have what I have and see what I see without giving up who you are innately. All God Asks of you to give up is who you're **not**.

Fantasy #16

The Abrahamic edifice is slowly being remodeled into a skyscraper that will give everyone a spiritual home. We all believe in the mystery and magic of having been Created as

a sexual being. We all wonder where we were before we were born and where we go after we die. **God** is just the word we use to encapsulate The Initiator of that mystery.

It all started in earnest when God Dug a foundation in the ground of indigenism for Hinduism. Before that, human beings lived outside any knowledge of God, covering themselves with anything they could find in nature to conceal them from raw reality.

Upon that massive Hindu spiritual hole in the ground [foundation], God Added the ground floor and ceiling of Judaism. Jesus constructed a second story upon the first with Heaven above him, and Mohammad did the same on top of the Christian ceiling, which then became the Muslim floor with Paradise as a roof garden.

God Also Gave us Buddhism and Taoism anonymously which, to this day, offer us tools that are essential to the construction of this universal edifice.

Because the Abrahamic edifice still looks more like a Judeo-Christian duplex with a pitched roof in which the Muslims are forced to live in the attic, bent over because they can't stand up straight, we have to help them build dormers until they can raise the roof to achieve the sexual maturity that brings political freedom with it. So long as it remains a crime to be gay in Muslim countries, they're going to remain spiritually stooped over like hunchbacks. But this is a Muslim deformity that can be easily corrected.

Homophobia is, of course, a sign of the sickness in men that will rage on until we unite against totalitarianism. Perhaps the Russian people will start the **evolution** at home by showing the Muslims how to turn their ancient Egypt into another Israel. Hopefully, Israel will achieve marriage equality in the very near future to make freedom there look more appealing.

Because all three of the extremists who claim to believe in One God can still only agree that gay men are perverts, the concept of anal sex is still seen as a moral issue seconded

in perversity only to men sucking penises followed by men kissing and holding hands.

What possible moral insight can be achieved from deriding men for having sex with men?

God is still taken **literally** everywhere in the world in accordance with one scripture, when the whole point of Torah was to advance our awareness and awakening in taking God **figuratively**. If He Isn't the Creator of figurative speech [**spirituality**] as well as of the literal meaning of the words we utter [**science**], then there's little point in believing in Him at all.

The Jews, Christians and Muslims all evicted gay men from "their" story. But where else could we go? We aren't savages who live without principles. We aren't pagans. We aren't heathens. We aren't even indigenists who only believe in the morality of the natural order.

We're sexual beings who understand our genitals in a way that men and women who've never engaged in same-sex relations will never understand.

"Thanks" to the AIDS epidemic, we were inspired to build scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice. We've been washing the windows of straight people from the outside ever since, in the hopes that they'll get the message and do the same from within.

But guilt was not our invention. We're just good men who use guilt more constructively.

Clearly, anal intercourse, male fellatio and same-sex expressions of loving regard are the crux of every political and social issue today. Some straight men are still so primitive and backward that they believe God Will Punish them for indulging in such behaviors with members of their own gender.

The red states are bloody red with an inner rage they can't even find the words to plummet. The blue states are simply exasperated, as in blue in the face.

It would be laughable if it weren't so tragic. Do people feel as strongly about using the service entrance to a public building or even entering their own home through the back door? What's the point in making a big deal about sex between consenting adults?

Would a straight man gag if he took the opportunity once in a while to suck a penis rather than the nipples of women? Would that penis get stuck in his throat? Would his own penis shrivel up and fall off if a **man** had his penis in his mouth rather than a **woman**?

The truth about such matters can be broached using Buddhism, which isn't a faith but a philosophy. Buddhism has no dogma about God's Desires. Siddhartha Gautama was a man who claimed to reach Nirvana. He was a man who completed his struggle with his penis [wants {-} and desires {+}]. He claimed to have found Nirvana and eternal peace of mind. [If he did, he certainly was no inspiration to religious Jews at that time or Christians and Muslims who were Created long after.]

The Buddhists never claimed to enter or inhabit the Jewish edifice when Buddhism figuratively emerged out of the Hindu foundation in 500 BCE. Perhaps God Wanted Buddhists to solve the mystery of the serpent in every Jewish tree without us knowing about it until now. The issue of urges [+/-] is universal. The placement of them on the human body between man's legs was Moses's idea.

But what about the Taoists? Where do they reside with their 16 gods and goddesses and their believe in The Way [Tao] without A Source or Destination?

Like Abrahamic men, the Taoists behave like they, too, were Made in God's Image, but only so far as having a digestive track with one beginning and two possible outcomes. They believe in the spiritual process without dogma about what happens to us after we die. The Tao explains paradoxical endings, something none of the faiths or the philosophy of Buddhism can answer.

Do Taoists avoid sex using their anus? I know for a fact from personal experience they don't. They're just as curious as everyone else is when it comes to understanding the human body metaphorically.

Using the tools of Buddhism in the future would give us what we need to build a skyscraper, not just scaffolding around a three-story building. And with the tools of Taoism, we'll surely be able to construct tower cranes to build billions of stories skyward, all with incredible views.

Fantasy #17

Cleanliness is next to godliness. But those with little faith in all the faiths don't want to be squeaky clean. They want it religiously down and dirty. They don't want to wear a mask to protect others from their germs. They want to spread their germs like sperm. They're religious rapists with a filthy, moral agenda. They even abhor the concept of abortion in cases of rape and incest. It doesn't get any lower-down-and-dirty than that.

How do you convince people who are anti-social that their behavior is bad for **their** health? How do you convince a man that his name for God is just one of many? Therefore he has no moral monopoly on God's Intentions.

Just using the Buddhist adage of **karma** [what comes around goes around] isn't going to convince such men that they're digging themselves into a hole that they won't be able to get themselves out of even if they had all eternity to do so.

The answer to anti-social behavior is complex because it involves all seven of the emotional colors of the rainbow; the Star of David with six points of God's Light that correspond to the world faiths and philosophy; the cross of pain and suffering that we're all nailed to; and the Star and Crescent which gives us a religious view unto ourselves with two heavenly perspectives.

If you look at the history of **hygiene** of the human body and **sanitation** of societal waste, you can begin to see the

importance of cleanliness being next to godliness. If you consider the AIDS epidemic a preview to the COVID pandemic, you can see how humanity was awakened thousands of years ago to the need for sexual hygiene through circumcision as a forerunner to universal sanitation practices that protect one and all – and that includes avoiding rimming.

These matters aren't difficult to imagine or achieve if your mind isn't being deluged with unhealthy, moral urges that hurt others. This isn't difficult to set in place if your testicles are being properly hydrated rather than allowed to shrivel up like prunes in the noonday sun. All it takes is a little imagination to turn religious dogma into compost. Such is the nature of the wisdom in recycling.

Compost your ancient, religious dogma to enrich the world's spiritual soil. Grow the seeds of spirituality in your mind by fertilizing them with outdated convictions. Once you throw out the belief that God Is Judging you on whether you're having vaginal or anal intercourse because that's His Main Criterion in Deciding whether you're a good or evil person, all sorts of other silly conclusions will be shed like skin off a snake.

Fantasy #18

Now comes the last of the 18 fantasies of life. By now, you should realize that you haven't just learned how to use the English language in new, creative ways. You've learned an entirely new language that you're becoming fluent in speaking. It's the language of God's Wisdom, Love and Loyalty brought to you through figurative speech.

The Orthodox Jews believe that Torah lives. And they're right about that. It does. But nothing lives by going back in time. All living things must move forward.

The Orthodox Jews believe that Moses took our ancestors out of ancient Egypt to Israel. And yet the

Orthodox Jews would have us go back to ancient Egypt with **them** as our pharaohs today.

I don't want to bow down to a Jewish pharaoh. How would that be any better than bowing down to an ancient pharaoh or a modern führer?

I'm a queen. I believe that God Is my **King**. And I'm not going to let the rabbi with the longest beard tell me otherwise.

The Orthodox Jews don't believe that Jesus was a rabbi, no different from them. Why not, because he was clean-shaven? They don't believe that the cross on which he was crucified has anything to do with the cross of pain and suffering on which they, too, are nailed.

Today's Orthodox rabbis believe that no one could possibly know the pain and suffering they know except another Orthodox Jew. That's just their arrogant ego talking. [Just imagine how dirty they are in bed at night if what comes out of their serpent's mouth is that putrid by day.]

Everyone knows pain and suffering, even if Jews have associated pain and suffering with God's Will for a longer period of time than anyone else. Jesus knew pain and suffering, too. If today's Orthodox rabbis can't empathize with the pain and suffering of one rabble-rousing rabbi, how can they empathize with the pain and suffering of anyone else?

I'm not a rabbi, and I don't want to become one. But I do have enough experience in life to commiserate with those who've been through pain and suffering if it's similar to my own. I do have the wisdom to be able to translate some of my own pain and suffering into acknowledgement of some others'.

There isn't a worldwide contest in place over who's the most empathetic. There are many experiences people have to go through that I haven't experienced and wouldn't want to. I can't protect everyone from pain and suffering. And it certainly isn't my job to be a spokesperson for the world.

But everyone **is** crucified. Everyone **was** crucified long before the Romans crucified Jesus. And everyone **will still be** crucified tomorrow and every day thereafter. If a rabbi can't open his heart to the symbolism Jesus brought to scripture, how can he claim to fathom the depth of the metaphor of Moses upon which the Gospels is constructed? And without the two, how's he going to plummet the meaning of the 114 similes of the Quran?

The problem Israel has with its neighbors is magnified on the Temple Mount between Orthodox Jews and fanatical Muslims where blood flows like wine and water. The Orthodox Jews turn Torah around year after year to reread it from the start, but they never use it to fathom God's Other Words. How do they expect to be able to use Torah effectively if they don't integrate its wisdom in with the other Abrahamic faiths, let alone the wisdom God Brought into this world anonymously?

Netanyahu was a modern-day, **Jewish** pharaoh who the Orthodox Jews installed in a position of political power in Israel. Trump was a modern-day **Christian** pharaoh who the religious right installed in power here at home. But all the petty Muslim kings who reign in the Middle East won't be able to keep their power either if the pharaoh of Russia [Putin] loses his power over his Russian slaves.

The fight for freedom is turning the poor and disenfranchised around the world into modern-day Israelites. Torah lives. I just wish the Orthodox Jews would get the memo.

It doesn't take a Jewish **genius** to see how the world turns. It only takes a Jewish **queen**.

I Had a Dream

Last night, I had a dream that I was a student at a university waiting in line at the school cafeteria to buy a large cup of tea. The gal who was waiting on me was highly neurotic. All she could think about was how long the line was and how slow I was in filling my cup, adding milk and Stevia and looking around for a lid.

The people behind me were psychotics who were taunting me with jeers. I got so nervous that I made a mistake. The cashier felt she had to pour out my first cup and make me go through the procedure all over again rather than repair my error.

When I finally paid and was about to leave, I turned around and boldly told the three Asian students directly behind me to shut up. And they started laughing and cried out, “Speech! Speech!” So, I turned around and told everyone in line:

“I’m not White. I’m Jewish. I’m a person of color. I’m also gay. And I’m disabled. Not only do I have a condition of my hands and feet [stigmata] that make it difficult for me to use my extremities as gracefully as you do, but I was once diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic and have been struggling with reality ever since. In addition to that, I’m 50% female, which happens to be true of all of you, too.”

“So, if you think that your impatience with me is warranted, ask yourself whether that’s because you’re a racist, anti-Semite, homophobe, misogynist or because you’ve got no patience for people with physical and mental disabilities.”

And with that, I took a sip of my tea and added. “You’re not really envious of the drink I have in my hand that’s quenching my thirst. You’re envious of a hunger I’ve sated that’s eating you up inside.”

The Book of Proverbs

In my last book I relayed the inspiration I gleaned on that topic from the Book of Psalms in Ketuvim. And in this book, I'm now going to do the same with the Book of Proverbs, also from Ketuvim. [The Hebrew Testament is made up of **Torah** {teaching}, **Ketuvim** {poetic writings} and **Nevi'im** {prophets/spokespersons}].

I'm going to use the Book of Proverbs to expand your imagination, so you can allow yourself to imagine having sex with God. This will be the most romantic of all romantic stories ever told.

But if you haven't looked at a sunrise as foreplay and a sunset as orgasm, you aren't intimate enough with God's Plans for you. If you can't see yourself as a hand of God, you don't appreciate what it means to touch yourself sensuously.

There are so many taboos in life that are worthwhile avoiding. But sex with God in mind isn't one of them. Orgasms with Him/Her/Them for eternity is the outcome all virile, sexual and sensual adults would want to enjoy. Don't let the prudes in your religion convince you otherwise. Do they look like they even know what good sex with another **human being** is like?

If you've suffered from voices in your head that lead you to become doubtful about the moral outcomes you have the power to achieve, then you know what it's like to have multiple personalities. If your heart has been shattered into many pieces by the circumstances of your life, each with a voice of its own that cries up from the ground of your being for justice [like Abel], then you know what it means to teach all the aspects of your personality the honesty, sincerity and authenticity necessary to pull together with one another in the same direction. You already know how difficult it is to unify yourself into one voice that can harmoniously speak for all the other voices inside you.

My last book was on how to expand your imagination using the Book of Psalms to reveal the melody you sing in your heart that goes with all those lyrics found in the Hebrew Testament. This book is even more down-to-earth and practical.

Nobody needs to avoid expanding his imagination in healthy ways. Knowing yourself was forbidden by God in the Creation story as reverse psychology. Don't tell me you can't get through something as obvious as that!

My book before that one was about my love life. In it, I shed the delusions I held about the men I'd slept with by, at long last, looking for the good in those men. That proved to be a spiritual opportunity that turned me into a much better person. Then, I could look back at all the perpetrators in my life as books I read chapters of but didn't complete, all of them brought to me by our Teacher.

If you haven't yet even gotten your love life in place in inner space, you aren't going to be able to praise God for the way your life has turned out over the years. Without love emanating out from within, truisms [proverbs] about life are going to leap over your head like frogs leaping out of lakes to evade alligators [Republicans], snakes [anti-Israel sympathizers] and snapping turtles [like Mitch McConnell].

Making love to God requires loving all the parts of yourself until you've unified your head, heart and soul into one person. You can't love Him and/or Her as your perfect Mate until you've done so with yourself.

We must all use experience as our teacher. God Brings people into our life like books we need to learn to read thoroughly, whether with body language or spiritual intent. But if you only glance at their cover or peruse the brief synopsis they give you of themselves as a good book, you're doing a disservice to all the people who've humbly changed your view of life. You're discounting your past as incidental to your future.

The impact of those you've slept with on you is essential to you becoming a masterpiece in the making, rather than seeing yourself as simply broken, corrupted, soiled or stained.

Nothing you went through in the past wasn't Permitted by God. He Has The Moral Authority To Allow you to go through anything He Deems Necessary To Make you see your potential in becoming a better person.

We're all humbled by life. We're all the victims of crimes against our humanity. If you don't like reality, you're always free to change the world or drop out of this school for fools we've been Enrolled in. But if you decide to graduate early without a diploma, it'll be your loss, not mine.

"The Book of Proverbs shares short sayings about God's wisdom. They remind us to fear The Lord and offer practical instructions on how we can live well." [internet]

The Book of Proverbs contains 31 chapters, each comprised of 20-35 wise sayings that are each two poetic lines long. I've chosen a few to share with you based on what I think you may not yet know that I think you ought to consider as you move forward toward making your dreams come true.

Proverb 1:4-5

To give prudence to the simple, knowledge and discretion to the youth, let the wise listen and gain instruction, and the discerning acquire wise counsel.

This is the first of more than 800 proverbs, so perhaps this one is the most important.

To give *prudence to the simple*, you must recognize that **you're** actually quite simple.

To give *knowledge and discretion to the youth*, you must see yourself as young at heart, regardless of your biological age.

To *listen and gain instruction*, you must see yourself as already wizened by your own experiences.

And to see me as able to enhance your life with greater *discernment*, you must see me as *wise counsel*.

Proverb 2:1-5

My son, if you accept my words and treasure my Commandments to make your ear attentive to wisdom; if you incline your heart to discernment; if you call for understanding and raise your voice for discernment; if you seek it like silver and hunt for it like treasure – then you'll find the knowledge of God.

The *knowledge* you seek of God can't be found in any **one** of His Names. It must be sought from **all** of His Names. But the Hindus have millions of names for God. The Jews believe in a nameless God. The Buddhists don't believe in God at all. [Surely, He Gave them His Wisdom anonymously.] The Taoists have 16 gods and goddesses, all with names that correspond to virtues. The Christians have three names for God. And the Muslims have One.

The *knowledge* you seek of **yourself** lies with God. And the *knowledge* you seek of **God** lies within you. This isn't a Catch-22. This is a spiritual axiom that can be unpacked over a lifetime. The only problem is that you're going to need a long and peaceful life to do so. Grief and loss are T.A.'s of life who grade very harshly.

Proverb 4:1-6

My son, hearken to my wisdom; incline your ear to my understanding, to watch your thoughts, and your lips shall guard knowledge. For the lips of a strange woman drip honey, and her palate is smoother than oil. But her end is as bitter as wormwood, as sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet descend to death; her steps come near the grave. Lest

you weigh the path of life, her paths have wandered off and you shall not know.

Needless to say, the problem in achieving *wisdom* isn't caused by women. The problem is caused by your sexual attraction to *women*. If you were sexually attracted to men, your problem would be caused by men. Your problem, therefore, isn't with either men or women. Your problem lies with your penis as it operates now.

The *honey* that *drips* from the *mouths* of the men and/or women you're attracted to is a projection of the honey [precum] that drips out of your own penis when you're excited.

If you're interested in tasting the sweet honey of others' lips, remember that it tastes like your own precum, something you already have inside you and have tasted when it comes out. Don't be so attracted to others' forbidden fruit. You have your own.

If you want to convince me you've never tasted your own precum, I won't believe you. I don't care how straight you wish to pretend to be. So, let's not play games with one another. You know what *honey* tastes like.

So, when you see *honey dripping* from *the mouth* of another person, look to what you're thinking, because what you're thinking isn't coming from your mind. It's coming from the serpent in your tree that has slithered up into your head and is in control of your actions.

Proverb 10:26

Like vinegar to the teeth and like smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to those who send him.

That's all well and good when it comes to those you don't agree with, but what about those you like who say something that makes you grit your teeth from having swallowed *vinegar* or feel like your eyes are burning from

smoke? Why is it that our friends, not only our enemies, have a tendency to elicit the same feelings in us?

Funnily enough, my enemies usually make me smile. I know what's going to become of them. And I relish them getting their just desserts. I can just imagine what they're going to get for their misogyny, bigotry, anti-Semitism, homophobia and their disgust of people with disabilities.

It's when my friends put my teeth on edge like *vinegar* and bring tears to my eyes like *smoke* that I realize that there's still so much of the mystery in me that I've projected onto those around me. They're not the only ones at fault.

Proverb 12:4

A virtuous woman is the crown of her husband, but an embarrassing one is like rot in his bones.

Women are always told that their bad behavior reflects on their husband and ruins his reputation, but men are never told that their bad behavior reflects on their wife and ruins hers. Why is that?

My boyfriend's behavior reflects on **him**, and my behavior reflects on **me**. Nobody blames one of us for how the other behaves. Neither of us is responsible for the other's reputation.

This is another reason why I'm so glad I'm a gay man in a gay relationship rather than a straight man in a straight relationship. There's a lot less hypocrisy in the gay community. Once straight men admit that much, they'll find more reasons to copy us. We've got what everyone wants, and it isn't found between our legs. You'll find it between our nipples.

Proverb 12:16

A fool's anger is known within the day, but a clever man conceals his shame.

I certainly have to agree. I became very good at exposing my *anger* and equally good at concealing my *shame*. But over the years I've gotten much better at *concealing* my *anger* and *exposing* my *shame*.

And that candor with myself gives me hope. Therefore, some would say that I'm a fool who doubles down on my stupidity. They'd say that that makes my character defects all the more obvious to me. But I need any and all magnifications of my weaknesses to see them. It's too easy for me to overlook my faults.

I've found that not letting people see my *anger* gives me time to think about what upset me so much. I've discovered that although 90% of my anger is righteous indignation, by not expressing it in the moment, that gives me time to reflect on the 10% that's caused by my stupidity. And that always seems to change the way I deal with situations thereafter.

As for my *shame*, *concealing* it is like touching up an x-ray if you don't like what you see. It doesn't change the fact that surgery is called for. By opening myself up to others by revealing my shame to them, I can thereby remove the source of my injury through psychic self-surgery, while getting help from others to suture me up later. That's a lot less painful than having others do the surgery and forcing me to suture myself up inside so I heal.

Proverb 12:28

In the way of righteousness there is life; along that path is immortality.

I'm not exactly sure why this proverb is saying that *righteousness* lies *in the way of life*. It's more likely that it's trying to express the idea that when you're on the road of righteousness, you experience life. You come alive! Then, the confluence of *righteousness* with *life* produces a sense of *immortality*.

My personal experience suggests that when I behave in a *righteous* manner, I feel more alive than I did before. I find myself finding reasons to believe in the possibility of *immortality* for those who seek *righteousness*.

But when I see how imperfect I am, I lose my sense of *immortality* and find myself flailing about for answers to why things are the way they are and not the way I'd prefer them to be.

This rise to the ceiling of my life and the floor of heaven always seems to end with me feeling deflated as God Sends me back down to earth to reflect on one more aspect of my nature. These ascensions and descents comprise the vertical, moral movement of the journey of my life. Although time moves me forward, morality moves me up and down.

Proverb 13:3

He who watches his mouth guards his soul; for one who opens his lips wide there is ruin.

I can't imagine *opening* my *mouth* wider than with a yawn. My boredom with life is best expressed physically with yawning. Life sometimes tires me. It puts me to sleep. It makes me want to close my eyes to escape the lessons before me.

I do *watch* my *mouth*. I *watch* it to question when I'm yawning. I *watch* it to question when I'm talking. And I *watch* it to question when, at other times, I'm silent. I even *watch* my *mouth* when I'm simply breathing through it rather than through my nose.

Body language isn't just a way of revealing to others what you're thinking. Body language is a way to reveal to yourself what you're thinking.

We don't only lie to others by saying one thing with our mouth and something quite different with our body. We're such good liars that we do the same to ourself. This is why I completely agree with this proverb. *He who watches his*

mouth guards his soul; for one who opens his lips wide there is ruin.

In fact, I'd add to it by saying that one who *watches* his *mouth* guards his heart. And one who guards his heart, guards his soul.

I'd actually be far more pleased with good people if they'd open their *mouths* a little more often. I'm sure they're afraid of *ruin*, but if they're sure that their opinions are righteous, isn't it more *ruinous* not to open your *mouth*?

Today, fools open their *mouths*, and people comment on their nonsense as though it were fact or, worse, wisdom. Meanwhile, the righteous avoid unpleasant conversations with fools in their effort not to attract *ruin*.

This has to stop. We have so much potential through social media to teach, yet so many wise people are too intimidated to use their voice productively.

Proverb 13:20

He who goes with the wise will become wise, but he who befriends the fools will be broken.

What does it mean to be *broken*?

I was first *broken* when I fell and broke a bone in my foot in a ballet class the morning after my first sexual experience with a man. [age 18]

I was *broken* when I lived in Israel and got a letter from a dear friend who sent me the words to Carol King's "You've Got a Friend." I sobbed on and off for days. [age 19]

I was *broken* when I left my boyfriend of two months in Israel to move to Holland. I didn't let my newborn love for him get in the way of my plans. [age 20]

I was *broken* when my boss in Holland fired me for calling in sick the day before my vacation. [age 23]

I was *broken* as a young adult by many other boyfriends who left me after losing interest in me after having only explored my body. [ages 21-36]

I was *broken* by decades of mental illness. [ages 24-44]

I was *broken* when my boyfriend of 14 years left me in the middle of his AIDS illness to reunite with his former boyfriend. [age 50]

I was *broken* when I broke the same foot in the same place in another fall in a ballet class. [age 50]

The only *fool* I befriended from the beginning of my *brokenness* through to the end was me. I was a *fool*, even when I wasn't the person who *broke* me.

Granted, I blamed many of the people who *broke* me for being *fools*. But not all of them were fools, and not all the experiences that *broke* me can be associated with others.

Today, I go with the *wise* and against the *foolish*. But first and foremost, I see myself as the *wise* man I go with and the *fool* I go against. If I don't call out myself when I behave foolishly and commend me when I behave wisely, who's going to?

If I don't put myself before all others in this way, I won't have a base line by which to judge myself, others or God's Intentions for each and every one of us.

Proverb 14:12

A scorner does not like being reprov'd; he does not go to the wise.

I was a *scorner*. Not only did I *scorn* others. I *scorned* myself without even knowing it. I put myself down for foolish reasons, and I lauded myself for equally foolish reasons.

They say that a lawyer who represents himself in court has a fool for a client. Well, life is a courtroom. God Is our Judge, and the world is our jury.

But I'm not so sure whether the jury is taking their instructions from the Judge or making it up as they go along. I can say this. I represent myself. I'm not so sure I could find a lawyer of life who has enough experience to understand

my particular case. I'd rather continue to go the way I'm going by inching forward slowly, day-by-day, to learn more about my wants [-] and desires [+] as God Is Revealing my inner story to me.

Men don't see their penis as their flag. They don't see 4th of July fireworks as the externalization of patriotic orgasms. They don't see their penis as cuming in the all the colors of the rainbow.

Republicans put out a flag to celebrate the red, white and blue while the Democrats celebrate their anger [red], purity [white] and sorrow [blue] in more intimate ways.

How the Israelis celebrate their flag, [white and blue] without any red is a great mystery to me. I couldn't do it. My penis is definitely **red**, white and blue. And I wag it with Will as I would the American flag: proudly.

Proverb 14:20

A wise son makes his father happy, but a foolish person despises his mother.

I question whether *despising* is the right word here. I don't *despise* my parents. But I don't love them anymore, either.

My job in life isn't to make either of my parents *happy*. I didn't make my father *happy* by becoming a ballet dancer. I didn't make him *happy* by being twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. And I didn't make him especially *happy* when I got into a long-term relationship with a gay-Jew, even though Larry ended up making us a lot of money.

It would have been very difficult to make my father *happy*, given that he was a misogynist, racist, homophobe and someone who was terrified of nuns and people with special needs.

The more I expressed the feminine side of myself with courage, the more I also began to personify my father's prejudices just by being authentically me.

As for my mother, I honored her. But I dislike moral weakness, and my mother disappointed me when I realized she suffered from conscious, moral disregard that she had no intention of ever addressing.

I think of myself as a hungry man. I was extremely hungry from birth. I cried and cried after I was born until they realized I needed a much larger formula than most babies. And I'm still hungrier than most people today.

But my hunger today is less for food and more for spiritual nourishment. I can't seem to squeeze enough out of the mundanity of life. I need to think about God and my relationship to Him as a consequence of everything I think and do.

My disappointment with people was an enigma to me until I realized that most people aren't nearly as hungry as I am for spiritual food. They're hungry for money. They're hungry for sex. They're hungry for food. But they aren't hungry to know God in the biblical sense of the word. I suppose they equate that with dying. And they have no appetite for their own death, only the death of their enemies.

My mother's moral disinterest in herself saddened me to such a degree that I can now say it felt almost like torture. I felt crucified for the ways in which she refused to crucify herself. That felt like my cross to bear **for** her.

I now wish I'd been able to separate myself more from my mother's moral challenges. If I had, I'd have seen how I suffered from the same challenges she did, only in my own ways.

But because I couldn't see "our" challenges, I was forced to witness her physical and mental demise in ways that made me feel helpless and sad about her misfortune when dementia ate up her mind like a hungry animal she couldn't control.

Now that I've questioned the ways in which I was similar to her by being so emotionally moved by her, I've been motivated to change my behavior, even if it's too late now to help her change hers.

Proverb 14:29

The Lord Is far from the wicked, but He Listens to the prayer of the righteous.

I'm sure *God Listens* to the *prayers* of the *wicked* as well as the *righteous*. I'm sure His Proximity to those who do good Doesn't Disallow Him from *Listening* to everyone's prayers. You don't need to be "close" to people to pick up the phone and call them.

What this proverb suggests to me is that God Does more than simply *Listen* to the *righteous*. He Responds rather than Reacts to those He'S close to.

The only problem is that He Doesn't Always Tell the *righteous* that He'S Heard their pleas and Will Respond to them in due time. He Doesn't Tell them how, and He Doesn't Tell them when.

And that can be unnerving if you're as hungry for intimacy and as impatient as I am. If you're not, your faith will allow you to accept that God Works in mysterious ways at times of His Choosing. But if you're in need of an immediate answer to your prayers, you may find yourself up a very unpleasant smelling creek without a paddle.

Therefore, try to avoid emergency prayers to God. It's best to be on relaxed, daily basis with everyone, including Him. If you find yourself in circumstances you couldn't have avoided with **foresight**, the next best thing is to delve into them with a desire for **insight**. And in that endeavor, nothing is more valuable than **hindsight**.

Proverb 15:6-7

With loving-kindness and truth will iniquity be expiated, and through fear of the Lord turn away from evil. When The Lord Accepts a person's ways, He Will Cause even his enemies to make peace with him.

I'm not so sure God *Accepts* or *Rejects* our ways. I think His Decisions about our behaviors are based more on our effort to develop ourself. You'd expect an infant to require a diaper, but you'd expect a child to use the bathroom and a teenager to be concerned about all sorts of other things going on down below.

We can't know what God's Expectations of us are because our spiritual age changes from one issue to the next. You might behave like a child of six in one situation and like someone who's sweet sixteen in another. Therefore, insight into the fluctuations in your spiritual age are necessary before you can understand how God Treats you differently in the varying circumstances of your life.

Proverb 17:3

The crucible for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Lord tests the heart.

Your head is the place where you remember your literal age and respond **logically** to the challenges of your life. Your heart is where your emotional age fluctuates. This requires a **rational** approach to your moral challenges using your feelings as a part of what guides you.

A child will get impatient over **parents** who don't see him for who he is. A teenager may get much more impatient over how his **friends** don't see him for who he really is.

A young man may be able to look at the impatience of the child and the teenager with a sense of emotional maturity and acceptance. Yet, when it comes to how his **boss**

overlooks him with advancement and rewards, he may not be able to respond patiently, either.

The mature middle-aged man may be able to see the child, teenager and young man's challenges without understanding how his **family** and civic **society** overlook his needs. And the old man has equivalent issues with **God** as his Partner for the remainder of his life.

Proverb 17:5

Whoever mocks the poor shows contempt for their Maker; whoever gloats over disaster will not go unpunished.

Since we all have the same *Maker*, it would behoove us to remember that misfortune isn't doled out according to **our** thoughts on who deserves what. It's so easy to gloat over other people's *disasters* since it's rare that things happen to work out in ways we approve of.

Contempt for others is a projection of a contempt for ourself that's too painful to embrace. Gloating over others' *disasters* is a projection of our glee that we aren't being Punished by God any more than we are and should be.

It's only when you entertain the idea of God Being your Lover, not just your Partner, that you can really open up to Him **honestly** [Jewish], **sincerely** [Christian] and **authentically** [Muslim]. It's only when you use the **wisdom**, **love** and **loyalty** from all God's Scriptures that you have what it takes to allow yourself to be **nude**, **naked** and **transparent** before Him.

Proverb 18:12

Before a downfall the heart is haughty, but humility comes before honor.

Why is the *heart* naturally *haughty*?

When your *heart* hasn't been bruised or broken, your feelings are only for yourself. You see this in toddlers who hit their mother and in children who hit one another.

Once your heart has been opened to feelings for others, you're on your way to becoming a spiritualist. You're on the road to discovering how God Works with you alone. Privacy with God is more intimate than with any lover or spouse.

Humility is the feeling that comes of moving through shame. Once you've experienced shame and chosen to move through it rather than around it, you discover that *humility* is the tool we need to learn in life.

Once you've experienced *humility* and have learned how to learn, you discover the joy in moving through shame with *humility* to enjoy the rewards of *honor*.

I need to expand on this topic to describe to you the three levels of guilt: embarrassment, shame and humiliation.

Moving through **embarrassment** of your body is rewarded with **modesty**.

Moving through **shame** of your character is rewarded with **humility**.

And moving through **humiliation** of your relationship to God is rewarded with **grace**.

In Hebrew, the word for **grace** is **chesed**. **Chesed** means **loyalty**. The spiritual process is a movement through guilt that achieves loyalty to yourself, to life and to God. When it comes to loyalty, no part of your body is more capable of proving your loyalty or disloyalty to yourself than your penis.

Proverb 18:15

The heart of the discerning acquires knowledge, for the ears of the wise seek it out.

Obviously, I wouldn't be able to give you these simple answers to these proverbs if I didn't have a *heart* that's *discerning*. The knowledge that I impart to you is the result of my *wise* eyes, ears and nose.

My eyes observe the body language of others. My *ears* listen to what people say. And the nose corresponds to

intuition, the ability to connect dots to perceive relationships that others may overlook. The nose knows in its own special way.

But the more I filter what comes out of my mouth, the more I honor myself and my mission.

Proverb 19:8

The one who gets wisdom loves life; the one who cherishes understanding will soon prosper.

In some way, you're *wise*. You may be much *wiser* than me. And in some ways, you *cherish understanding* and prosper in ways that I don't, and never will.

We're all different. We're all like blind men touching an elephant in different places with different hands. Our impressions are different because of the size of the elephant as well as the instrumentation each of us is using that measures our impressions differently.

Proverb 19:10

It is not fitting for a fool to live in luxury – how much worse for a slave to rule over princes!

It may not be *fitting*, but it's common.

Those who are *slaves* to money, property and prestige *rule over* us. So long as we don't see ourselves as *princes*, those *fools* are going to enjoy luxuries that could be doled out to turn this cesspool back into a garden.

Getting material luxuries away from *fools* into the hands of *princes* is the topic of every **revolution** since the world began. The topic that people avoid discussing is the **evolution** of the spirit of man. That requires being able to see oneself as we truly are, as well as others. Even the rich and powerful have their individual virtues.

I don't recommend you try to convince anyone s/he's a *fool*. That said, it's always easy convincing men that they're *princes*.

The issue boils down to *slaves* and slavedrivers. If you suspect you're being treated like either, I suggest you look at your need to become a Moses unto yourself. Torah is the tale of the emancipation of *slaves* through a journey to a land of milk and honey. If you think you can cut corners on that journey using Jesus or the Prophet Muhammad, I've got bad news for you. You're going to have to use all three.

Proverb 19:20

Listen to advice and accept discipline, and at the end you will be counted among the wise.

The *discipline* it takes to be a modern citizen of the world will only come from opening your mind to other names for God. If you've been told that the name[s] you've been given for Him are the only legitimate names, you're never going to achieve the *wisdom* you need to take responsibility for the lion's share of your misfortunes.

Proverb 20:27

The human spirit [conscience] is the lamp of The Lord that sheds light on one's inmost being.

The depth of your heart is dependent on the depth of your *conscience*. The depth of your *conscience* is dependent on the depth of your desires [+]. And the depth of your desires is dependent on your hunger to know your reason for being.

All our inner forces are interrelated. If you believe we need to learn how to interrelate to one another, you'll realize you need to interrelate to the forces within yourself, first. This makes you a *lamp* unto yourself that can then shine your light onto others.

Proverb 21:3

To do what is right and just is more acceptable to The Lord than sacrifice.

The ancient Jews created animal *sacrifices* to appease God. Over the course of a thousand or so years, the Jews finally realized they'd have to account to God for the behavior. They couldn't blame their penis [the serpent in their tree] for their wrongdoings. They couldn't blame an imaginary force called "Satan" for their actions. And they certainly couldn't blame the animal kingdom and make it pay for their transgressions.

Sacrificing your wants for the wellbeing of others is a gift to others. But *sacrificing* your wants for the wellbeing of **yourself** is a gift to yourself. How many can do both?

The self-righteous are the bane of humanity. They think their *sacrifices* don't require taking into consideration the wants [-] of others. Abortion is a good example. Now they want to prosecute women for murder for having an abortion. Next, they'll convict people of murder for attempting suicide.

Doing what's right for **yourself** will be a gift to all others if you know how to use your conscience as your guide, rather than use your conscience to guide everyone else.

The result of putting yourself first in the most righteous sense of the word is what parents achieve in raising their children to be wonderful human beings. This reward for being a good parent in Hebrew is called **natzos** [**nachas** in Yiddish]. It's the sublime feeling that you've contributed to society by having done something right.

But *natzos/nachas* isn't limited to parents. It isn't limited to anybody. And it certainly doesn't exclude God Feeling *natzos/nachas* for the way He Guides humanity through His Story.

After all the disappointments I left as markers of my past, I finally realized that God Had Had A Hand in all of it. He

Had Let me go through my evil inclinations to teach me the meaning of guilt. He Turned my embarrassment into modesty; my shame into humility; and my humiliation into grace.

I could never have accomplished this spiritual transcendence on my own. I had no idea what I was doing. Therefore, there's no way I can tell what my wants [-] and desires [+] are moving me toward, now.

My penis is the delivery device of the mysterious and unknowable power in my testicles that brings life to life. To live life is to know life. To know life is to know yourself. And to know yourself is to know God in the biblical sense of the word.

But in this pursuit, I came to realize that I want God To Enjoy the natzos/nachas of having turned me from clay into a sculptural masterpiece still in the making. After all the disappointment I put Him through, I want Him to enjoy my rewards with me. After all, what's the good of finally achieving happiness if you can't share it with God?

Proverb 22:7

The rich rule over the poor, and the borrower is slave to the lender.

The *rich rule over the poor* because the *rich* think they're smarter than the *poor*. What the *rich* are is more disciplined than the *poor*. Once you teach the *poor* to discipline themselves, you soon discover that their conscience is far more developed than the moral awareness of the rich, thanks to their arduous experiences.

The *poor* have been *ruled over* and oppressed. Therefore, they wouldn't do to others that which they found deplorable. There's nothing stopping the rich from indulging themselves without end.

Proverb 22:14

The mouth of an adulterous woman is a deep pit; a man who is under The Lord's Wrath falls into it.

Again, the issue of morality has been divided by gender to make women look bad. If Orthodox Jews realized that the Creation Story isn't about a man and a woman, they wouldn't be compounding this mistake this far into the Hebrew Testament.

Why wouldn't the mouth of an adulterous **man** be as deep a pit that the **woman** *who is under The Lord's Wrath falls* into? What's the difference between the mouth of a man verses a woman?

All those who commit *adultery* have broken a promise. Their word isn't good. Why Wouldn't God Respond in like kind to anyone who needs to learn the importance of keeping his or her word?

Unless you can take the Creation Story personally to see yourself as Adam [thoughts], Eve [feelings], serpent [urges] and God [beliefs], you aren't going to be able to answer moral questions without prejudice. You're going to lead yourself and others astray.

Proverb 24:12

If you say, "But we knew nothing about this," Does Not He Who Weighs the heart Perceive it? Does Not He Who Guards your life Know it? Will He Not Repay everyone according to what they have done?

Exoneration of guilt isn't something you can do for yourself. It isn't something a family, community, nation or faith can do for themselves, either.

You can **excuse** yourself for the mistakes you've made in caring for your body. You can **forgive** yourself for the mistakes of your character defects, provided you apologize

and make amends to those you've hurt. But you can't **exonerate** anything you've done wrong in place of God.

Can you change the grade you got on a test by crossing out the grade at the top of the page and writing in a new one? The teacher has already recorded your grade in his roll book.

Retelling your own story to make it sound more pleasing to your ear may please those around you, and it may even please you. But it certainly won't please God.

Guilt is guilt. And when you've done something wrong, you're guilty whether you want to think so, feel so, believe so, or not. If human beings could assign or deny guilt at their whim, the world would be uncivilized. It's precisely because we have the Ten Commandments and the laws that hinge upon them that we can call ourselves **civilized**.

But once you misinterpret the Creation Story, you're going to misinterpret the rest of Torah, and by extension the Gospels and Quran. An arrow aimed in the wrong direction will always miss the mark.

Proverb 26:1

Like snow in summer or rain in harvest, honor is not fitting for a fool.

A *fool* is a one-eyed man who can't look at reality with the depth perception of someone with two eyes. A *fool* can never be sure how near or far an object or principle is from him.

Reality requires depth perception to perceive it. Reality offers us the opportunity to earn *honors* in life. But *honors* aren't disseminated like *rain* and snow that come down from the heavens above at prescribed times of the year.

We can't expect *honors* just because we believe we deserve them. Any *fool* who acknowledges global warming knows that even rain and snow can't be depended upon anymore for nourishing the land at appropriate times of the year and in appropriate quantities.

Surely any *fool* can see that *honor* come from God in the form of peace of mind, goodwill toward others and from charity for the deserving who are in need.

The world is much more hypocritical than the middle aged would have you think. Only the young smell hypocrisy all around them. But unless the old and wise validate the nose of the young, the young will grow up to become hypocrites themselves. Is that what you want to see more of?

Proverb 26:11

As a dog returns to its vomit, so fools repeat their folly.

Hunger is a powerful urge in man. Greed is a hunger. Lust is a hunger. Gluttony is a hunger. Even sloth is a hunger.

The man who *returns* again and again to the hungers he can't contain is a *fool*. He has an urge for something no one else would ever want. And yet he can't stop himself from disgusting others with his indulgences. This is why a *fool* can also be described as sick.

If you were a doctor for *fools*, what part of their body would you examine? Their head? Their belly? The foot they invariably stick in their mouth?

I say that what makes a fool a fool is his penis. I say you ought to examine the delivery device of his wants [-] and desires [+], because the forbidden fruits of his tree are the cause of his hypocrisy.

But if you have a better approach based on conventional interpretations of Judaism, Christianity and Islam by the straight men who run those religions, I'd love to hear it. But please don't tell me again how the gays and/or Jews need to be eradicated to make men morally clean. It's getting tiresome.

Proverb 27:12

The prudent see danger and take refuge, but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.

We're all *prudent* in some ways and *simple* in others. We could all use a little help from time to time to avoid some problems and to help us get out of others. To be realistic, we should acknowledge the limitations others place on us in order to protect us from unnecessary *penalties*. Autonomy isn't in our best interest.

Wearing a mask and taking vaccines during a pandemic is in your best interest, as well as everyone else's. Not lying about election results is in everyone's best interest. And allowing women to control their own bodies is certainly in the best interests of them, as well as for men.

When you find yourself arguing over rules set in place to protect everyone [wishing yourself to be the exception], remember how *prudent* you are in other matters and commend yourself for encouraging the protection of one and all. *Refuge* through redemption is a human right. You're not going to be here forever.

Proverb 27:17

As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another.

God Works with us and against us to get us where He Wants us to go. You don't have to approve of the pain and suffering you're going through. It's not even necessary to commend God for all your sacrifices in life.

People are God's Indirect Way of moving us toward progress, even if we think He's Taking us the other way. Sometimes loss is the greatest teacher of them all. Sometimes grief *sharpens* your wits in a way that nothing else would.

This is why the efforts of slavedrivers and slaves alike are needed to achieve freedom. This is why Republicans [slavedrivers] and Democrats [slaves] vote for the benefits of one and all, as they think fit. If you don't like how you're being treated, try seeing yourself differently. That will make voting differently much easier.

Without loss and grief, do you really think you'd be as soulful as you claim to be? So much of what you have on the inside is the result of what you lost around you. And those losses are generally caused by thieves who'll steal anything that isn't nailed down, including their own reputation.

Your reputation isn't in anybody else's hands. But if you think your reputation will improve by not letting the homeless [today's Blacks] live in your neighborhood, you're a fool.

Proverb 29:1

Whoever remains stiff-necked after many rebukes will suddenly be destroyed – without remedy.

When Moses was Selected to take the Israelites out of Egypt, he found the job of leading ex-slaves exceedingly difficult. So, he went to God with his frustrations, and God Told him that the Israelites were a *stiff-necked* people. [Exodus 32:9]

It's comforting to know that the stubborn who can't get around a brick wall may instead fall into an unseen hole that unexpectedly buries them alive. [Numbers 16:1-18:32]

If you think today's Jews are anymore *stiff-necked* than today's Christians and Muslims, or, for that matter, anybody else on Earth, you're mad. Everybody was Created by God, and everybody is *stiff-necked* [stubborn]. Either go around brick walls with modesty, humility and loyalty to your reputation or take the risk of falling into holes you don't now see that others tell you are right before you.

Any ex-slave knows that Korach [Hebrew: ice] and his men revolted against Moses in the Book of Numbers but were consumed by a hole in the ground that suddenly appeared and swallowed them alive. This, slavedrivers and the supporters of slavedrivers are banking on never happening to them.

Proverb 29:13

The poor and the oppressor have this in common: The Lord Gives sight to the eyes of both.

The *poor* have a responsibility to overcome their poverty, and the *oppressor* has a responsibility to overcome persecution. The Lord Gives both rich and poor insight to see what they're doing to themselves.

Just helping the *poor* or stopping others from persecuting the disenfranchised isn't nearly good enough. Each of them must look in their heart for the part they play in the game of cat and mouse.

Life can't be won with your mind. Sharp wits are important but inadequate in becoming a spiritual winner. It's **good** to come from your head. It's **better** to come from your head and heart. But it's **best** to come from your head, heart and soul.

Proverb 29:23

Pride brings a person low, but the lowly in spirit gain honor.

Gays seek *pride* because through *pride* we attain greater *honor*. Who fears being killed by a gay man? Who fears that a lesbian will strap on a bomb and blow up an abortion clinic? Yet straight men tremble at the thought of a transgendered person entering a public bathroom.

Gay men love men. And gay women love women. Straight men and women can't say that about their own gender. They only claim to love one another, and that's not nearly good enough.

If you can't make love to someone of the same gender, then, at the very least, learn to love yourself. You're the one person of your gender that you have a real potential to love. If you don't do so, you'll forever be a discredit to your gender, your community, your nation and your faith.

To love God because He Made you male or female, you must learn to love yourself. If you can't even do that much, don't try to wax poetic to me about the right to life of the unborn or the perversion of those who love members of their own gender.

You're the one who's unborn. You're the one who's depriving yourself of life and life everlasting. Do you really think that God Didn't Think about the hypocrisy of the religious "right" without Offering them insight into themselves?

In Summation

Loving God isn't fulfilled with lighting a candle on special occasions [Catholics] or eating your meals at night for a month once a year [Muslims]. Loving God like that will end disastrously by making babies who'll grow up standing shoulder to shoulder with their fellow man because there'll be no more room on the planet to live any way other than like sardines.

It's time for humanity to wake up to the sexual challenges of living in a modern world without overpopulating it. Prostitution won't be necessary when the poor and disenfranchised will be able to support themselves in a dignified fashion. Wars won't be necessary to deal with territorial conflicts when men discover the penis problems that are getting in their way.

The only way I can see us overcoming global warming is with the process called **electrolysis**, which creates electricity by splitting water into H₂ and O₂. But for humanity to achieve that, we're all going to have to inspire our scientists with hope to a much greater degree.

If you dream about a source of renewable energy that will end our dependence on oil, start by looking between your legs. If you already look for the battery on a Tesla under it between the wheels, you're nobody's fool. So, why would you dream of **your** power being anywhere other than between your legs?

I'm about to conclude my revelations for this book. But please don't think I hold a grudge against religious Jews, Christians and/or Muslims for holding us all back. I don't. I just think they've got a lot to learn about reality and God's Plans for each one of them.

As someone who was twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions because of my rage against God and man; as someone who drown my sorrows in drugs and alcohol and fumed through two packs of cigarettes a day – I think I know

how difficult it is for anyone to pull his head out of his ass. You, too, will be able to commiserate with a wide range of human predicaments if you can see their source in yourself.

Personally, I see myself as the Frank Lloyd Wright of spiritual architecture, a man fifty years ahead of his time. I'm constructing spiritual edifices before men even have the tools in place to produce them. And yet, I'm not deterred. I'm hopeful.

If you're now convinced I'm not insane, I recommend you read my other books. There's a great deal about reality I didn't tell you about in this one.

But if you think life can be summed up with the word, "Love God and all will turn out well in the end," you're still dreaming. Life is as complex as you are. It takes wisdom [Judaism] to love, and love [Christianity] to achieve loyalty [Islam].

If you're hungry to know the part you have to play in the awakening of humanity, you're going to have to explore the powerful potential you have to make a difference little-by-little day-by-day. And that's going to challenge you to become a lot more patient with yourself than you probably are now.

Be **hopeful** on the inside even if you're not always able to be **optimistic** about the changing circumstances outside around you. God Gave you moods so that you'd use your conscience as your guide regardless of what mood you happen to be in, in the moment.

All you need to get through life is a sense of humor. If the Mona Lisa is really Leonardo da Vinci in drag, you, too, should be able to put a mysterious smile on your face by imagining yourself as a member of the opposite gender.

Always remember:

In God We Thrust

Previous Books

I recommend you read my other books in the reverse order I wrote them.

27. **Welcome Aboard My Yellow Submarine.**
Our Destination is the North Pole where Santa has his Workshop.
The melody that accompanies the Psalms
[A book for men with special needs]
26. **David Met Jonathan After Slaying Goliath**
How I made peace with **my** penis and testicles
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