

The Ugliest Duckling

If you sucked your thumb as a child,
now is the time to put a ring on it.

by
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Preamble

Picture this:

A fly on a wall in an Orthodox shul [synagogue] is wearing a yarmulke that's held on its head with a tiny clip. It's davening [praying]. Its little body is going up and down rhythmically.

But then it stops. It noticed two rabbis walk in and walk to the Ark of the Covenant. They have gray beards and curled sideburns. The twisted tzitzit [fringes] from their prayer shawls wave as they begin to pray. They confess to God that they're nothing. They're nobodies, mere specks of dust in the universe. They beg Him to forgive them for being shnorers [takers] who give little back to society.

The caretaker of the shul [who's still in the closet because he's afraid of losing his job if they find out he's gay] walks in, sees the rabbis praying, and feels guilty, himself.

So, he gets down on his knees and then prostrates himself on the ground completely, confessing to God he's nothing. He's nobody. He's a mere speck of dust in the universe.

The rabbis look at their caretaker praying. One turns to the other, and says, "Look who thinks he's nobody!"

Introduction for Democrats

My friend Michael calls my friend Mike, Mikey. Michael is over the age of 75. Mike is pushing 40. [I'm still 69'ing it. I'll be 70 in a matter of months.] Michael is what we'd call an old queen. He thinks every man who's smaller in stature than him is his pawn [boy].

Thinking a man is a boy because of his physical stature, the color of his skin, the shape of his eyes or the size of his penis is insulting. All gay men should know better.

Michael isn't a pedophile. Michael is an old queen who's also an arrested, adolescent princess. He's in love with the boy in every man. I happen to think Michael is afraid of going back to his past to move through the traumas he went through in the 1950's growing up gay in America at a time when you didn't dare admit you had a penis, let alone that it was whispering sweet nothings in your ear.

Mike had to deal with his trauma in being gay in a whole other way. His father is a Baptist preacher. Mike was a preacher boy and a preacher man's son. He grew up in the 1990's in San Antonio, Texas. He was home schooled until the eighth grade. But when he brought his Bible to middle school with him to preach to his classmates, they beat him up.

At 17, he realized he was gay and came out to his parents. He unceremoniously found himself alone, on the street, on his own. In frustration, he turned his back on Texas and the Bible.

I met the two of them separately in San Francisco 20 years ago. Michael has been in an open relationship with a gay, sexual refugee from Wisconsin for decades. Mike has never shown any interest in settling down with a steady boyfriend. At the time, I was looking for second monogamous relationship after my first one blew up in my face after 13 years.

I'm a gay, sexual refugee from L.A., born in New York City, the child of Jewish refugees from Europe. In the way that New York is the American capital for political refugees from around the world, San Francisco is the capital for gay, sexual refugees from around the country.

I never had sex with Mike or Michael, but both of them couldn't resist revealing to me that they have a big penis. I have a small penis and have always suffered from penis envy. So, I found their "confessions" off-putting.

My 13-year relationship with my previous lover, Larry [a gay, Jewish, sexual refugee from New Jersey], had fallen apart a few months prior. I found myself back in the gay, dating world at 50. I felt lonely, bruised and hopeless [yet again]. I wanted another lover, but you can imagine how difficult that was at the beginning of this century when we were still far from marriage equality, let alone the kind of equality through individuality we should all be seeking today.

I met my present boyfriend, Will, 12 years ago [a gay Protestant turned Catholic. He's a sexual refugee from Eureka, CA]. We're in a monogamous relationship. He moved in with me about six months after we met, and I couldn't have been more grateful then, or since. I'm glad not to be alone anymore, especially now that I'm in my own [good] company.

Will is an angel so well disguised that he doesn't see how wonderful he is, himself. He has no desire to become an angel disclosed. Knowing any more about himself would make him feel overconfident.

I've told you about these matters because I now want to reveal to you that when Mike decided to get braces about four years ago, I was overjoyed. He had the worst case of buck teeth I'd ever seen. I couldn't exactly beg him to fix his teeth, but I motivated him by promising to contribute \$100/month toward that cause until we could smile at each other's smile and laugh about our triumph over pain to

become beautiful men together. [My mother, a single, Jewish mother and secretary with two children who got no child support from my deadbeat, Jewish dad, had found a way to put braces on my teeth despite the enormous financial sacrifice it was for her. I found I wanted to pay that gift forward to Mike.]

I never saw Mike as Mikey, and he never saw me as his “daddy.” I helped him out financially, but we were just friends. Our friendship has always been one of rich, old and experienced friend to a young guy who’s valiantly trying to get his footing in life – nothing more. ¹

That’s what America did for my parents who were refugees from war-torn Europe. That’s what I felt I should do for someone who was running away from sexual persecution in religiously, war-torn America.

So, for Michael to have called Mike, Mikey, was insulting to both Mike and me. But because Michael is older, I didn’t want to disrespect him by telling him how I felt. I was afraid I’d get testy and tell him how disrespectfully he was holding my relationship with Mike.

In my previous book, I described how I got past my older, lesbian cousin’s disrespect of me without dumping her. It was a herculean task, but I did it! So, speaking this candidly to you about my relationship to Michael isn’t hard for me anymore. I’ve got practice.

I no longer believe I need to treat people who are older than me with respect because of their age or sexuality. I believe I need to treat people with respect in order to respect myself.

My Jewish, refugee parents who’d survived the Holocaust separated in 1959 and divorced a year later. I grew

¹ I was never a David in search of a daddy. I was always a David in search of a Jonathan.

up in California with my mother. My father remained in New York. So, I missed out on a father figure.

Helping Mike was one of the ways I became a father figure unto him after my separation from Larry, who'd been like a father in some ways to me.

Everyone had called us Barry and Larry, but, in truth, it was more like Larry and Barry. We named our business Blarry House Research because we were so deeply entwined financially and emotionally for many years.

I suppose I saw myself as the woman in that relationship because Larry brought home most of the bacon. [I was "just" a teacher.] The more bacon he brought home, the more I saw him as the man of the house until that didn't work for either of us. Although Larry was HIV+ and I was HIV-, it wasn't safe sex that ruined our passionate relationship. Our old-fashioned ideas about relationships did that.

Becoming a father figure to young Mike was the first step for me in becoming a father figure unto myself. I could see that, psychologically speaking, Michael was an arrested adolescent who had to look at all men he was attracted to as boys. I didn't want that for Mike and me. I wanted a friendship of man-to-man.

That's what I was unconsciously working toward with Mike when I met Will seven years later. That's what Will and I have fully achieved since.

In my last book, I gave my readers the concept of a diacritic sign [˘] that stood for an oral accent, which, when added to a word, would indicate a difference in emphasis in pronunciation from the same word if unmarked.

When you read a sentence in this book with this diacritic marking [˘], consider yourself alerted to my Jewish accent. I didn't really listen to much English until I started school. So, there's an inflection in my voice that wouldn't come across on the written page without these markings.

As a writer, I don't have an index finger I can point at you or hands with which to embellish my tale to help you see what I mean. Some~ may think these accented words with a Yiddish inflection aren't important, but I~ do!

You'll find this book especially meaningful in a Yiddish sort of way if you have regrets from your past that you don't yet know how to deal with.

When you look at the Yiddish language [old German mixed with Slavic languages and Hebrew] as having been eradicated by the Nazis in shtetls throughout Eastern Europe, you'll understand why the Nazis had to destroy Jewish culture in metropolitan, Western European cities, as well, where the Jews spoke the national language and considered themselves citizens of pluralistic nations.

I happen to see something of both the Nazi and Jew in us all. We're all iconoclasts beneath the surface. We're all in a struggle with God within ourself.

We Jews may be more practiced in being Jewish, but we're teaching the world to appreciate our refugee status from New York to San Francisco.

If you don't appreciate the refugee Jew in you, too, you may someday regret what you've been missing.

An aspect of the concept of regret~ is knowing the meaning of that word from a personal perspective. But the most important aspect of regret is feeling~ regretful.

If you find you can't feel any regret whatsoever over how your life has turned out – not even about the global warming you're subjected to – welcome to my~ world. I, too, once felt like a refugee from my heart in denial of all it wanted to express out loud emotionally.

What made feeling~ so challenging an inner force to absorb for me was alienation~ from my parents, isolation~ from my faith, separation~ from my countrymen and indifference~ to myself. My heart was divided in many ways.

I was not only perplexed, confused, disturbed and unstable; I became psychotic. Denying my refugee status from my heart turned me from a nice, Jewish boy into a psychopath.

I looked up the dictionary definition of psychopath, only to discover that it's someone who's so unstable and aggressive that s/he suffers from chronic, mental disorders with abnormal and violent social behaviors.

That was helpful, but only to a point because the definition of the word didn't give me a clue how I could have turned out to be one.

I actually tried to kill myself three times! I certainly qualified as unstable, aggressive, abnormal and violent. But I had no idea how all that could have happened. I'd been such a quiet, gentle child.

Upon closer, personal examination over the course of almost 50 years, I came to the conclusion that a psychopath is anyone who can't feel all his feelings. Feeling some feelings is just too overwhelming.

I can now tell you with some authority that when I was a young man, I had no idea what guilt felt like. I intuitively shrugged aside anything that made me feel the least bit uncomfortable. "Screw guilt," I told myself because that's what my friends had told me to say and do. So, I did it.

As it turned out, what I was avoiding wasn't regret. It was guilt. I couldn't feel remorse for anything I'd done to make this world worse for the next generation. I couldn't even feel remorseful about what I'd done to myself.

No man is an island. But I was an island. I guess I was far from being a fully grown man.

As a gay, Jewish Democrat who's since learned the meaning of the word guilt by heart, I feel a deep need to make it up to the people I've hurt. Since most of them are dead, I've chosen to share my feelings with you.

Introduction for Republicans

Once upon a time there was an ugly duckling, according to Hans Christian Anderson, an early 19th Century Danish children's storyteller.

But his tale was really meant for the Jews. He was a Christian who was unconsciously telling all Jewish children that they'd one day wake up to the fact that they didn't have to be ugly, Jewish ducklings any longer. They could actually wake up by becoming beautiful, Christian swans.

Anderson's early 19th Century tale was a concealed, Christian message that all Jews needed to do was give up their guilt in having killed Jesus, and they'd magically come to believe in him as The Son of God. They'd realize they could make their way out of their ugly head where they were filled with good reasons to believe they were inferior to Christians. They could make their way through their stiff neck into their heart where they could miraculously see themselves as beautiful swans. All they had to do was accept Jesus as their Savior.

The world has changed in the past two hundred years. Those words don't sit so well anymore. King Christian X of Denmark, for instance, in solidarity with the Danish Jews during the Nazi occupation, donned the Star of David that Jews throughout Nazi Europe were forced to wear.

Today's cynicism of old-fashioned children's stories like "The Ugly Duckling" makes it harder to be a good Christian in this day-and-age. Wherever they turn, Christians see evidence of their prior, hateful nature. In their effort to follow Jesus by offering the world a path to love, some "Christians" have become self-congratulating, conceited, smug, egotistical and arrogant.

Good~ Christians don't call ducklings [Jews] ugly anymore. Good~ Christians respect the fact that Catholic cygnets like Hitler and his flock of "Christian" followers needed to be taught a lesson about what it means to have a

Jewish Savior. Today's good~ Christians have turned from cygnets into cynics.

During the 20th Century, Jesus took American, evangelical Christians on a journey of self-discovery by promoting the recreation of the State of Israel for Jews as a necessary, albeit mysterious, part of God's Plan, even though mean-spirited "Christians" today still claim that God Will Figuratively Turn all ducklings [Jews] into swans [Christians] when Jesus returns.

This "Christian" conclusion about the meaning of life has since been complicated by "Muslim" cranes in the Middle East who've taken it upon themselves to declare that all Jews are ugly ducklings, and all Christians are silly cygnets.

This made it mandatory that the swans help the ducks defeat the cranes.

Although I'm presenting a new view of political science in terms of Christian storytelling, I consider myself a friend of Jews, Christians and Muslims, even though I'm gay.

I believe God Is Guiding us all. I just think it's a pity He'S Using carrots that resemble penises, since so many hyper "religious" believers are averse to using sex~ and sensuality~ rather than sense and sensibility as their guiding principle.

What is~ love if it doesn't include making babies? [I'm not asking that question rhetorically. I'm actually going to answer it. Just sit tight.]

Don't get me wrong. I know~ my childlike depiction of politics through storytelling is condescending, patronizing, supercilious and disdainful.

But it also explains why the Orthodox, "Jewish" ducks get along so well with evangelical, "Christian" swans in the Republican Party. These ducks and swans have an understanding that separates them from all other fowl.

From a gay perspective, and as someone who's detested by the hyper "religious" in all three faiths, I see the world a little differently...

I see God as Using Orthodox "Jews," rightwing evangelical "Christians" and fanatical "Muslims" to Expose what happens when you hate yourself~ because of how God Made you.

If you can't love yourself, making babies isn't going to prove to anyone that you know the meaning of love. The world is filled with unloved babies.

I believe modern Jews, Christians and Muslims have a duty to maintain our commitment to the principles of inclusion, cooperation and peace throughout the world, a peace that includes the Jewish State: Israel.

If Jesus chose to turn water into wine and foul into fowl, I, for one, am not going to whine about it, especially since he and I are both Jewish. I really don't think I have anything to lose in speaking from my heart.

Now that Donald Trump has so sullied the reputation of the Republican Party, as revealed by the January 6th Committee, as well as the reputation of the extreme forms of "Judaism" and "Christianity" that sold his anti-democratic snake oil to the masses, it's surely time to go back to the story of the ugly duckling in a more modern way to seek a greater faith in the magnificence of God's wonderful, but mysterious, Ways in Guiding us all.

Introduction for Independents

Some ducks are still suspicious of swans for having called them ugly in the first place. And some swans are equally suspicious of cranes who use the same malevolent technique today.

The ducks want to prove to the swans that they're not ugly ducklings. The swans want to prove to the cranes that they're not silly cygnets. And the cranes want to prove to the world that they're not cantankerous colts [that's what they call baby cranes.].

If you leave out the names we use for specific baby birds and just call them all hatchlings, nestlings, fledglings, juveniles or subadults – then it's easy to see that this world is filled with ugly~ ducklings, uglier~ ducklings and the ugliest~ ducklings of them all.

That's certainly not based on anyone's religion. God Forbid! That's determined by foul play. We all need to get our ugly ducks in a row.

This book is in pursuit of the ugliest of all ugly ducklings. And I can already tell you that the conclusion I've come to [in my~ humble opinion] is that each of us must determine that for ourself.

Donald Trump has turned into a vanity mirror that now magnifies the faults of the Republican Party. But all of us, whether on the left or right, have a moral obligation to gaze in horror in that mirror in order to perceive what happens when hyper “religious” Orthodox “Jews” work together with evangelical “Christians” to pursue literal interpretations of God's Word.

Absolute designs on power corrupt absolutely. Those who lie about the outcome of elections in order to steal power away from the people are odious to those of us who love our hard-won, precious democracy.

Independence is a glorious virtue. And independents should see themselves as purveyors of this great virtue.

Independents are like European visionaries who look at America and shake their head with sadness. The Republicans dominating American skies today remind the British of the Luftwaffe bombings of London. The decimation of our democracy reminds the Dutch of what the Germans did to Rotterdam. The French should see Republican election tampering as a Maginot Line the Democrats haven't yet recovered from. And American Jews should be getting on boats to Israel the way Danish Jews did during the Jewish New Year of 1943 to escape to Sweden thanks to the courageous efforts of their king and countrymen.

Our country was founded upon independence by a new people in a New World who considered themselves independent of the Old World. Our American desire for independence has only grown since our founding fathers proclaimed our freedom from tyranny.

Today's independents consider themselves independent of Democrats and Republicans. I, for one, greatly admire that.

But if you flipped a coin, independents would bet that the coin will land in its edge, not on one side or the other. I happen to be that kind of a gambler, even though I'm well aware that the chances are exceedingly rare for something like that to literally happen.

And yet, I was stunned to discover that when I flipped out, I landed on my edge, not on one side or the other. I wasn't just an ugly duckling. I was a psychopath who couldn't feel guilt or remorse. I saw myself as the ugliest duckling of them all. That's what motivated me to try to kill the gay and~ the Jew in me.

My ugly self-image made it impossible for me to accept accolades, only criticism. I saw myself as the embodiment of guilt, not love.

My guilty conscience worked overtime to defeat me. I allowed everyone to point fingers at me. But because I was raised never to point fingers at anyone else, especially not at people in high office, religious leaders and those older than me – I did nothing. I said nothing. I just tried to make myself smaller and smaller until I hoped suicide would make me disappear off the Earth entirely.

Well, those days are over. Now I'm able to speak up when it comes to my independence as well as my other virtues.

Introduction for People who Don't Vote

Claiming to be a loving~ person without admitting you can also feel the feeling of guilt~ is like claiming to have read the Bible without having made your way through the Old Testament and through the New.

The Old Testament is The Word of God when God Introduced the Jewish people to the feeling of guilt via lust. What came out of the serpent's mouth was semen, not words. What motivated Eve was a feeling that motivates all men and women.

The New Testament is The Second Word of God via Jesus who introduced the ancient Jews, who later introduced the early Christians, to the feeling of love.

Guilt without love, and love without guilt is absurd. That's why~ the Bible is the best-read book in the world.

Although today's Jews and Christians don't agree on using the name Jesus interchangeably with God, they all do agree on the divine inspiration from God that Gave us the Ten Commandments.

So, let's start with what they both agree on. In fact, let's make it even easier. Let's start with just the first of the Ten Commandments.

The First Commandment says, "I Am The Lord, your God, Who Took you out of Egypt."

To the Jews, Egypt~ is a place in Africa where they were in bondage for 400 years. In Taking them out of Egypt, God Led them to ancient Israel, the land of milk and honey, the land He Promised them for believing in Him. This is the Jewish, literal~ interpretation of the First Commandment.

The Christians believe the Old Testament is a precursor to the New. In effect, they believe that Egypt~ lies in the mind, and Israel lies in the heart. In taking Christians out of their head and bringing them into their heart, the New Testament becomes a figurative interpretation of the Old. It moves us through lust to guilt to love.

Jesus was like Moses. The name “Jesus” in Hebrew is Joshua. Joshua means “savior.” Jesus became the second Joshua and Savior, He brings every Christian into an Israel in his heart as a preview to a land Jesus promises after life with his Father in heaven, where Christians will receive an eternal reward for their faith and perseverance in their pursuit of love.

But then God, in His Infinite wisdom [some would say audaciouschutzpah], Sent the Archangel Gabriel to Muhammad 600 years after Jesus. Gabriel inscribed the Quran in Muhammad’s heart. Gabriel, on God’s Command, brought Muhammad out of his heart and into his soul through His Third Word [The Quran].

So, we’re left with (1) a literal interpretation of Egypt as a place in Africa, (2) a figurative interpretation of Egypt as a state of bondage in the head [intellectualism, scientific expertise and fact-based authority] to (3) a poetic interpretation of Egypt as a struggle between the literal and the figurative for a sublime, poetic interpretation of God’s Will that surpasses the other two with a Plan that exceeds anything any of us can possibly conceive of or imagine before it happens.

For Democrats, Republicans and Independents, this is problematic... This suggests that God Has a moral intention that’s escaped everyone’s notice. It suggests that everyone is partially right and partially wrong. [And we all know that people don’t like to be wrong because that makes them feel guilty. And when people feel guilty, they like to blame others, instead.]

This suggests that we’re all ugly ducklings, silly cygnets and cantankerous colts on our own individual journeys through life. We’re not as mature as we think we are. We’re more foul than fowl. We have good reason to feel bad.

The God of the Old Testament is called Y.H.V.H. [Adonai]. The God of the New Testament is called Jesus. And the God of the Quran is called Allah.

But every modern individual on the planet should know by now that there's only One God. So, the struggles between the Orthodox "Jews," evangelical "Christians" and fanatical "Muslims" are really over names for God that have overflowed into real estate issues compounded by other external factors.

If they were all more educated about the facts of life [sex] and how that's been applied to the truth to produce opinions they espouse as facts, they'd have a lot more appreciation for the Hindu story of the blind men and The Elephant: You believe what you believe based on the experiences you've achieved. ²

Since an Orthodox "Jew" killed one of Israel's prime ministers for making peace with Arabs and another Orthodox "Jew" killed a young girl for marching in a Gay Pride Parade in Jerusalem, we should all agree that we can't just wipe away the deeds of murderers as aberrations caused by mental illness. There are "religious" reasons for some people turning into psychopaths.

Orthodox "Jews" are now doing to modern and gay Jews what "Muslims," "Christians" and indigenists did to us in the past. This is why I, a former psychopath and Jew killer [myself], suggest we all look at our interpretations of God's Words in a new way. Anyone can feel gay in his heart without having to suck cock or shtup up the tuchus.

It took a real estate developer from New York to convince Americans that he could solve the real estate issues in the Middle East that have been plaguing the world for over

² None of the blind men touched The Elephant between the legs. If anyone of them had, just imagine what impression he would have come away with.

70 years. Unfortunately, he chose to destroy democracy to achieve his aims.

Orthodox “Jews” and rightwing “Christians” who make up the Republican Party have a duty to God to rethink their beliefs, not just replace their religious and political leaders with new ones when they’re found to be corrupt liars and thieves.

I may have been a psychopath who didn’t know the difference between guilt and love, but I wasn’t a sociopath. I didn’t hurt a soul other than me. I lusted for love, not power.

Republicans are making huge mistakes these days. Defeating *Roe vs Wade* is only one of them. If they keep going the way they’re going, they’re going to look more like the Nazis who thought they, too, were doing God’s Will in the last century. Sticking your nose between gay men’s butt cheeks and women’s labia can hardly be called a love-and-let-love approach to governance.

People who don’t vote, don’t want to get mixed up with the crazies on the left or the right in this secular/religious tug of war that’s made its way into politics.

Independents have tried to make sense of the fight on both sides because they know that these political fights are all rooted in bad religion. People who don’t vote don’t want to get involved on either side or even on the side of those who don’t take sides.

I get it. For many years, I didn’t vote either. I used my conscience as my guide to decide how to ignore the people who ignored me and dance around those who deliberately stepped on my toes.

But I’ve since discovered that having feelings for people is really annoying. That said, not having feelings for them is positively shameful. So, I decided to vote to prove to myself that my feelings for others exist, even if showing those feelings is a nuisance.

I don't want anyone to accuse me of being an ugly duckling. That would force me to consider all the ramifications of sticking my head in the sand like an ostrich.

I'm doing a good enough job of feeling ugly all on my own. I don't need a great awakening from society. I don't want anyone to try to prove to me that I'm a swan. I have no desire to sprout White wings.

Introduction for Modern Individualists

No one's perfect. You have to be able to forgive people their imperfections to prove that you love them. Just walking around claiming to be a loving person isn't nearly good enough. Love is all about deeds~, not words that offer "thoughts and prayers."

Deeds of love begin with forgiveness of other people's imperfections. Even charity must include forgiveness or charity only brings up resentment.

Therefore, there's no way around lust and guilt.

If you don't want to feel guilty and remorseful; if you don't want to have to regret anything you did in your life, I welcome you again to my~ world. I didn't either.

But the losses I experienced in life slowly made me realize that lust without guilt and atonement is like bagels and lox without cream cheese. It's just a very expensive, salty fish that's kind of slimy when all is said about it. And that tough, chewy bread doesn't help to wash it down.

You can't forgive others~ if you can't forgive yourself~. But you can't forgive yourself~ if you see yourself as flawless.

By definition, people who are flawless~ aren't guilt-ridden~. Therefore, people who are flawless never have to forgive anyone or atone for anything. They pass around the bagels and lox, but they'll swear on a stack of Bibles that they don't need cream cheese to go with it.

Don't eat that bread and fish, I tell you! It'll get stuck in your throat~! You'll choke on it!

People who can't admit they make mistakes don't get to the place in their heart where they can forgive themselves. They have to double-down on their reckless, unwise behaviors.

They feel accused, abused and reviled, so they conclude they have to strike back with a vengeance or ignore criminal behavior altogether.

America is the most violent country on Earth because Americans refuse to admit they make mistakes they need to atone for. This is the result of a Puritanical foundation that refuses to admit we all enjoy the feeling of lust.

Consequently, most Americans never learn the meaning of penance prompted by remorse of their actions. They keep trying to tell everyone else~ how bad they~ should feel about themselves.

Sadly, most Americans turn into psychopaths who avoid any hint of guilt so as not to have to admit they're as human as the rest of the world. They love lust like a secret. They eat it up like snack food in the middle of the night.

But, in their effort to promote God to us~, they forget He'S Watching them~, too. Everyone's got a big appetite, but no one is willing to admit it.

We have a specific name for the worst~ of the worst~ psychopaths. And I don't want to be insulting because there's much more to the whole story than can be encapsulated in one word. But the American psychopaths who are the worst of the worst are those who vote Republican.

Whether a Republican is a "heroic" psychopath like Mike Pence who saved our nation at the last minute or just commonplace psychopaths like Mitch McConnell and the six Republican justices on the Supreme Court who accuse Democrats of being perpetrators of crimes against humanity and enemies of God, Republicans are the worst psychopaths in the whole world. They have no sense of what guilt feels~ like. All they can do is respond to the feeling of fear~.

What the Republicans are afraid of is losing power. Their lust for money, power and prestige is insatiable.

Republicans are the worst psychopaths because they're also sociopaths. I'm a psychopath, too! But I don't want to conquer the world. I'd be happy if I could just conquer myself!

Not all psychopaths are sociopaths, but all sociopaths are psychopaths. On the left side of the aisle, we have Democrats like Kristen Sinema and Joe Manchin who are both psychopaths and sociopaths. They can't feel guilt either. That's why they're destroying the Democratic Party with willful antagonism.

Generally speaking, Democrats are just "normal" psychopaths who can't feel some of their feelings.

But all Republicans are abnormal psychopaths because they're also sociopaths.

I heard that as many as 100 Republicans in Congress out of the 147 who voted to annul the 2020 election appealed to Donald Trump for a pardon. If so, I rest my case. You don't ask for a pardon after the fact if you could have felt the feeling of guilt before you took action in the first place. You only ask for a pardon because you're afraid.

In my last book, I described how my married lesbian cousin and her wife [who are, of course, Democrats] are psychopaths who turned on me and acted out their hidden desire for revenge against me, each in her own diabolical way.

They may claim to be in a loving relationship, but it's devoid of lust. That makes them mean and vindictive. If you didn't read that book, I recommend you consider doing so. It'll teach you why family brings out the worst in some people.

The LGBT+ community isn't any more or less psychopathic than any other group of people. We all try to avoid guilt rather than admit it. It's a human shortcoming, not a straight, White, male failing.

Psychological expressions of abnormality that lead to sociologically inappropriate and even violent actions can be witnessed in family and friends, not just in politics and religious parties. This is true the world over.

Psychopathic behavior only becomes dangerous when the perpetrator of the crime experiences fear of getting caught. That's when especially odious crimes are committed. That's when people become terrified of losing all the power they've amassed over their lifetime.

You can see fear in the eyes of the cops who have to deal with abortion right protesters. You can see fear in the eyes of black drivers who race away from cops for minor infractions, young Black men who then get gunned down like mad dogs. And you can see fear in the eyes of Republican lawmakers who've been caught stealing money and power or lying about elections.

But it's only when you look in the eyes of Republicans at the ballot box that you see a fear of losing something that no one else is afraid of doing without. That's a mystery I plan to solve in this book.

Think of me as a self-portrait painter. As a gay, Jewish, American, portrait artist of the 21st Century, this is the 30th canvas I'm painting of myself with America in my background.

As an artistic type who attempted suicide three times in my youth, I can assure you my palette is dark enough to blend in with all the guilt and violence found in the American psyche. And as an old gay Jew who's discovered the love of a younger gay Catholic [Will] who's chosen to share his life with someone as flawed as me, I assure you I know the magnificence of the **rainbow** of hope that I'm applying to my call for justice in America using my portraiture skills before One and all.

In my last book, I went into a detailed account of the seven colors of the rainbow and how they correspond to the seven major feelings: (1) **rage**, (2) **agony**, (3) **horror**, (4) **jealousy/envy**, (5) **grief**, (6) **mystery** and (7) **ecstasy** that, when combined, depict the brilliance of white light under God's Scrutiny of us all.

White light is like love, and love is like a white light. If you understand the corresponding seven feelings from God that break white light up into the **rainbow**, you achieve a spiritual understanding of the power of love.

We, gay people, may be psychopaths, too, but we know we're on the right side of history just by being on the wrong side of Republican sociopaths. We know that history is His Story and that God Works in mysterious ways.

Gay people know that the Orthodox "Jews," evangelical "Christians" and fanatical "Muslims" all agree on one thing, that the LGBT+ community is the ugliest of all species of waterfowl on the seven seas. Of that, they're all certain. Of that, no amount of self-guilt will change their twisted minds. They've got it in writing~ from God that we're~ wrong and they're~ right. And as we all know, if it's in writing, it must be right...

The LGBT+ community may not agree with them on their literal interpretation of scripture, but that doesn't mean we're not flawed human beings. But it doesn't mean we're not deserving of forgiveness, too. So, if you don't like the way we have sex, forgive~ us for it! It's just that simple.

If life is a school and God Is our Teacher, then we're all going to graduate [die]. Your~ grades aren't going on my~ report card and my grades aren't going on yours~. Our Teacher Has a roll book in which He Keeps pristine account of our thoughts, feelings, beliefs and even of our wants [-] and desires [+] – not to mention all our actions.

If you don't like how I'm doing on my tests; if you don't think I'm coming to class each day prepared by having done my homework from the night before; if you think I'm one of the bozos at the back of the room who's upsetting the mood in class as well as the class curve; if you believe I'm keeping children from achieving good grades – just forgive~ me for it!

But know this: I'm not breaking any of the Ten Commandments. And yet, there are plenty of pupils in class who are.

Assume everyone is going to get all the rewards s/he deserves after life regardless of what will happen to me. Assume The Teacher Knows each and every one of His Students by Heart. Make peace with yourself, knowing in your heart of hearts [soul] that I'm going to get all the eternal rewards and punishments I deserve.

Just leave it at that! Leave it to The Teacher to Decide how to Deal with "incorrigible" students like me... Don't judge me. And don't blame my Democratic friends for your mistakes.

If you think a change in your attitude would create a slippery slope that would beg you to forgive women who find themselves pregnant and don't want to be a mother, forgive yourself for that, too.

Screw guilt! You're already a psychopath. You're already denying guilt all the time in other areas of your life. Admit it, and get past it.

If you believe God Is Grading men for having anal sex with other men, that's your right. If that's your idea of a moral line that must never be crossed, don't cross it.

If you think God Is Grading women for "murdering" their unborn fetuses, that's your right, too. If that's your idea of a moral line that must never be crossed, don't cross that line, either.

But let The Teacher Handle these matters. You believe in Him. Let Him Do His Job. Be tolerant if you can't be inclusive. Use your heart to control your emotions, including your guilt.

A psychopath is someone who can't feel guilty about anything s/he does.

Republicans believe the Democrats are psychopaths who condone anal intercourse and abortions.

Democrats believe the Republicans are psychopaths who've turned into sociopaths.

Not only do Republicans feel no guilt about their actions. Now they insist on lying about pandemics and elections to get their way. And that is~ a breaking of a Commandment - the Ninth Commandment to be exact. [Thou shall not bear false witness.]

At least the Orthodox Jews aren't exactly certain whether abortion is murder because that's based on an emotional conclusion that Tanach [the Hebrew Testament] looks at from many directions.

The rightwing "Christians" have, once again, decided they're wiser than Jews. How's that working out for them?

You can see a similar problem of lack of tolerance in Israel between the Orthodox and secular Israelis. The Republicans cozy up to the Orthodox~ Israelis, and the Democrats cozy up to the secular~ Israelis. But neither of them can tolerate the other there~ any more than they can here~.

Tel Aviv is a million miles away from Jerusalem as the crow flies. And as the ugliest ducklings fly, it's even further.

If that's not confusing enough, there are "Muslims" who denounce both Republicans and Democrats for cozying up to any and all Jews! Fanatically religious "Muslims" are the most intolerant! They hate Jews and Christians, straight and gay.

If you want to overcome your flaws, you're going to have to look for reasons to try to admire~ people like me who you don't find acceptable~ or tolerable~. That's an unpleasant class in the school of life that all of us must pass to graduate with honors. Admiring your enemies for what they do right is a bitter pill to swallow.

Personally, I don't want to go to heaven after I'm dead if Mike Pence is going to use his certification of the 2020 election to get past St. Peter at the gate. Too little, too late, if you ask me! Such a place would likely have given a pass to

straight men like Hitler and gay men like Yasser Arafat for their beliefs, too. That would be a world after this one based on pardons, not heroic actions.

I want to avoid all hyper “religious” places, whether here in life or hereafter. If I do make it to paradise [even though I’m “just” a gay Jew, the lowest of the low...], I promise to send you a postcard to let you know whether angels are Black or White. I wouldn’t want you to remain in the dark.

Republicans are afraid of Black people because they’re afraid of the darkness of guilt. They’re afraid of Brown people because everything that comes out of them is brown. They’re afraid of the Yellow menace because the only thing to fear is fear itself. And they’re afraid of gays because we pervert their words to mirror their sincere feelings.

It’s recently become apparent in America that psychopathic behavior is a universal challenge, although it’s more evident on the political right because of the Republican inability to recognize the perpetrator/victim dynamic in themselves that so egregiously spills over from religion into politics and from there into social unrest, generation after generation.

Republicans are against gun control. But they’re in favor of gay control and birthing baby control. Fanatical “Muslims” are against democracy altogether. They’re only in favor of Jew control.

This is why I vote Democratic, even though I think like an Independent and in a perfect world wouldn’t have to vote at all.

If we look for the root cause of psychopathic behavior within ourselves rather than across the aisle or national borders, the tendency to deny our guilt is a defense mechanism we all need to take personally.

As someone who lost his mind completely, I can tell you from first-hand experience what it’s like to go crazy and what I had to do to search for sanity from within. [There

certainly wasn't enough in the way of examples of it around me...] My journey to sanity was a personal trek through my own sh-t, but there are universal conclusions that can be gleaned from what comes out of me now.

The more we learn to admit our guilt about enjoying lust, the more we're able to tolerate it. The more we can tolerate our guilt, the more tolerant we then become of other belief systems and lifestyles that take a live-and-let-live approach to life.

Denying the guilt that comes up in having to be with ourself 24/7 without weekends off or vacations is not the answer. The school of life is always in session. Even your dreams are lessons from God. Even the pharaoh in the Book of Genesis who needed Joseph to explain his dreams to him was aware of the power of dreams.

When we look at life generally, children are the most averse to guilt. They positively hate being accused of having done anything wrong. Very young children will even cry if you make them feel guilty.

But old people are even less tolerant than children when it comes to admitting their guilt. Seniors have developed their intolerance for guilt over a lifetime. They're closer to death than anyone else, so you'd think they'd be more willing to bow their head with humility, knowing that their Final Judgment isn't going to be in their hands. You'd think they'd finally accept that guilt is as real as drywall when they look around the room.

Not true! Old people have so compartmentalized their guilt in still experiencing lust that they don't see the walls they've created inside themselves. They go from cell to cell inside like a prisoner in the slammer. They have no clue how to knock down the walls they've spent a lifetime erecting.

So, let's cut to the quick. The ugliest of ducklings aren't the LGBT+ community, the Blacks, the Muslims living peacefully in America or even women who want abortions.

The ugliest duckling is Donald Trump. He broke all forms of American social and traditional decorum by perpetuating the Big Lie. He refused to participate in the peaceful transference of power. He even tried to kill his Vice-President to maintain power! And what he did to election workers in Georgia and around the country with intimidation and threats of retaliation should have broken your heart when you heard about it in the January 6th Hearings.

If you're a Republican, whether you're "Jewish" or "Christian," you can already agree that God Will Judge gay men who enjoy anal intercourse and women who've had abortions. But God Will Judge Donald Trump, too. He'll even Judge everyone else for the way they vote or don't vote.

Surely, our actions aren't any worse than those of the 45th President of the United States! We couldn't possibly be worse traitors to God and country than Donald Trump and his current supporters.

If you want your children to grow up with a moral backbone, you're going to have to teach them how to stand up for democracy, not kneel down or prostrate themselves before criminals who pervert it.

The hyper "religious" take their stand on the political right, but they're so wrong. Atheists and agnostics may be found on the left, but they're right on.

God Loves those who pursue the love of freedom, not lust for personal power. So, billionaires had better pick sides before it's too late and vote with the gelt they got from us. They won't be able to take their hard-earned money with them when they graduate this school for fools. They'll only have their honey [wisdom], not their money to get them through the eye of the needle that awaits them.

They say life is a school, but it's really much more like a shul. Nobody wants to go to shul, especially not gay Jews. Believe me, I tried becoming a member of a synagogue for a couple of years. It bored me to tears.

Everything I learned about Torah, I learned from life, not rabbis. When you apply your life to scripture figuratively, your life opens like Aladdin's entry into the Cave of Wonders. But when you take scripture literally, it shuts down your heart completely. It relaxes your penis until you can't ever get it up. You find yourself alone in the dark with nowhere to go and nothing to do.

Life can be much more boring than school or shul. If you don't find a way to laugh through God's Lessons lustfully, you'll surely end up crying yourself to sleep at night.

As a boho artist learning to paint a detailed self-portrait, you'll want to use the American profile as a mirror of yourself.

Begin by depicting America's nose as huge since we tend to stick it in everyone else's business. Then look at the American tongue because it's extremely long from excessively licking our lips at the prospect of amassing more money.

But let's stop there, and not look down at our weak chin that reveals how self-indulgent we've become.

If you happen to be a Republican who feels a tinge of remorse at being an American in today's America, look at that sorrow up close. I recommend you pray about it. You'll find that you may regret something you did that's weighing on you. But that's got nothing to do with what's going in my anus or coming out of a woman's vagina during an abortion.

If you're a Republican who might be able to feel a tinge of shame, ask yourself if you know what repentance feels like. And I'm not talking about the remorse that comes up like Mexican food that leaves you with a sour stomach at night. I'm not talking about sorrow in not yet having used

your gun to kill Democrats who don't agree with your "conservative" platform about how to make the super-rich richer through selective taxation and by cheating the poor.

I'm talking about a remorse that goes back to childhood, a regret about something you didn't do or say to those in power over you then. I'm talking about a midnight blue so deep~ and a disappointment in yourself so dark~ that it's left you grieving~. I'm talking about a loss that's indescribable unless you sing it to God to Help you transform your heart with Jesus by your side.

If you're a Republican, pray about overcoming your psychopathic inability to feel remorse for yourself~ because beneath your sympathy for all other White folks like you lies a darkness you'll never be able to pierce until you admit that the darkness~ within you is guilt~, not death.

Light~ is equivalent to love~. When you close your eyes and you see only darkness, you should take that experience to heart.

All your love of the Confederacy has been a love of having escaped your own guilty conscience. All your demands for law-and-order are demands to rid America of the Black faces around you who remind you that you can't even remember, let alone feel guilty about, anything you've done to hurt yourself.

You don't have to express your forgiveness to gay men, defenseless, pregnant women or Black people. You can use all that forgiveness you've been saving up inside by imparting it on you~ until it so overflows that you wish to share your forgiveness with God Almighty.

Only then will you be able to forgive God for Being such a Boring Teacher! Only then will you forgive Him for Grading you so harshly. Only then will you admit to Him that He Made this school for fools much harder than you thought it ought to be.

Just forgiving yourself~ without making amends to God is useless. There isn't a passage in the Bible that will support that sort of escapism.

I may be a gay Jew, but I'm not your sworn enemy. You can read all about my alternative interpretations of scripture in my other books, many of which are offered free of charge at my website, <barryzeve.com.> I don't want your money.

If Jews and Christians have finally learned how to live together in peace in this country after the way "Christians" behaved toward Jews in Europe, straights~ and gays~ can do so, too. Europe will never be able to move forward without us. The sun is still a long way from setting on our American dream.

Granted, the guilt Republicans avoid feeling in becoming fully sexual, human beings doesn't suggest that Democrats are flawless just because we can see the flaws of those across the aisle.

But it does explain why so many people have chosen not to vote at all in an effort not to have to face the fact that they, too, want to avoid being associated with psychopaths who refuse to feel their own guilt at just having to be authentic. It explains why so many Americans are obsessed with heroic types they'd rather idealize than strive to behave like a hero themselves.

Those, today, who participate in making trouble for their countrymen and those who don't participate in the upkeep of democracy are like the Germans and Swiss who colluded during the Second World War. They used money as their currency of mutual admiration. History judged them both as conspirators against those who fought evil on the world stage.

The wealth stolen from the Jews ended up in Swiss banks which had to be pried out of their grubby, little hands in the 1990's.

Today, America's wealth ends up in the hands of Republicans who control government and industry.

Republican leaders in Washington see themselves as Swiss, but they're really just Nazi one-offs in disguise. Take that picture with you to Davos next year!

We should rename America "the Titanic." Donald Trump piloted us into an iceberg. And the rats are now all looking for ways to get off his sinking ship and onto the RMS Carpathia without anyone discovering how they conspired with their captain until it was a question of sink or swim.

We all know that when you point a finger at others, there are three fingers pointing back at yourself. So, this book isn't going to be all about Republicans and people who don't vote. There's work for everyone to do here. No one can improve America who can't improve himself.

If these introductions and self-portrait with our country as my backdrop create a narrative you now find so horrifying that you aren't the least bit interested in anything else I have to say about The Ugliest Duckling, I'll understand why you won't want to read about how every duckling goes from ugly to uglier to the ugliest of all ducklings in his own eyes over a lifetime. Meeting our Maker eye-to-Eye is difficult for all of us to achieve.

But if you already know in your heart of hearts that you were once an ugly duckling who experienced your first orgasm and then felt somewhere deep down inside that you'd suddenly turned into a swan, you might like to learn more about how you can still earn beautiful, white wings.

There are only two ways off this sinking ship: (1) swimming off like a rat or (2) flying off like a bird. Choose your method of debarkation. But if you wait until you're forced to abandon ship, it'll be too late.

This book is for those ducklings who seek the courage to look at themselves as though in a lake to discover something surprising that they didn't see before in themselves.

Narcissus suffered from naiveté, but he also had the courage to look at himself in a lake on a day when the waters were calm. What he saw was an image of a boy he didn't recognize. Put aside your bravado. Seek courage.

If your life has been as tumultuous as troubled waters, what you'll see when you look at your reflection in the lake may very well feel unpleasant and look unattractive at first.

If, like me, you already feel like the ugliest duckling in the whole, wide world, then you've done all the really hard work before you ever cracked open this book. You now have the reward of getting to experience a swan-to-crane transformation, as well.³

There's a world out there that's filled with hope and miracles. There are ways to heal from the most severe forms of mental illness. The feeling of lust won't kill you.

I know! They only let me out of the insane asylum when I could prove to them that I didn't want to hurt myself any longer. You'll only get out of that cell you're in when you find the key. [Hint: it's between your legs.]

Being gay isn't a mental illness. Wanting an abortion isn't a mental illness. Being Black isn't a mental illness. And wanting to send your children to school without them coming home in a body bag isn't a mental illness.

The ones suffering mental illness are the ugliest ducklings.

That said, I felt marked like Cain for having been twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. But I now have to say that it did me good because it made me face my guilt in having to be me~ for a lifetime.

³ Ducks generally fly at an altitude of 200-4,000 feet. Swans can fly as high as 8,000 feet. Cranes can reach an altitude of 26,000 feet! [internet] If you're interested in getting a good look at the really~ big picture, give thought to the thought that you never were ugly. You only thought~ so.

I'd hate to graduate this school for fools without having learned all there is to know about guilt. I can't imagine what it would be like to end up with the hyper "religious" after life, after I've done such a good job of avoiding them here in San Francisco for so long.

God Provides us the opportunity to face our past with regret so we can then decide to do things differently.

If ugly ducklings are conflicted about how to live in a world that's getting more modern and interdependent day-by-day, I suggest they face their feelings of lust, guilt, love and loyalty to life. That explains why everyone has something to say when others behave ugly.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain
Where the lemonade springs and the bluebird sings
In that Big Rock Candy Mountain

On a summer day in the month of May
A burly bum came a hiking
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane
He was looking for his liking
As he strolled along he sang a song
of the land of milk and honey
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And he won't need any money

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain
Where the lemonade springs and the bluebird sings
In that Big Rock Candy Mountain

In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
The barns are full of hay
I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
In that Big Rock Candy Mountain

Oh, the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda water fountain
Where the lemonade springs and the bluebird sings
In that Big Rock Candy Mountain

I've presented you with these lyrics to Burl Ives' 1949 hit song so that you can see that really old people once learned things differently from how you and I learn things today.

They were whimsical in their own way. They laughed nonchalantly about their lust for life until they got very, very old. And then most of them got quite quiet. I sincerely hope that doesn't happen to us.

The "big rock candy mountain" is our body. And each of us is a babe with a sweet tooth who wants to spend a lifetime licking and chewing our way through ourself as though we were one big sweetart, lollipop or milk dud.

If you find it difficult to separate poetry from prose; if you can't always see yourself in the reflections others create for you as though there's a mirror they're hold up for you to gaze in – you're going to need a guide of sorts to help you see your full potential.

But that guide will have to be you. You've got to trust yourself. No one else can help you from the inside to get out of your vessel when you reach your Destination.

You ought to become a portrait artist who can portray yourself accurately, warts and all. But that inner artist will also need to be a portrait painter who can perceive your nobility, courage and humor.

How you're going to behave when the blush on the peach has left your cheek and the skin on the apple is leathery and worn, is for you to determine.

Will there be anyone inside your candy mountain with a twinkling eye, or will the light in there simply go out like a candle in the wind? Will you get quiet in old age, or will you rage against the night [guilt] because you so loved the day [life]?

I suppose it'll all depend on how hungry you'll be for something sweet you never tasted. But the only thing sweeter than milk is honey...

Modern Art and Modern Righters

When we look at modern art and modern cooking, we see a blending and fusion of styles by today's artists in studios and kitchens the world over. If the medium is the message, then the message of the 21st Century is that no medium stands alone anymore.

My last book included special words printed in color. This book contains a fusion of psychology, sociology and philosophy with stories we were told about life when we were kids.

If you think of Salvador Dali's painting, "Persistence of Memory" in which clocks melted over the branch of a tree, the edge of a table and the body of a dead dolphin, then this book is a persistence of the memory of adolescence when time stood still for us all.

So many people are described as infantile or childish, but I don't think that's necessarily a bad thing. What I consider debilitating is the persistence of juvenile behavior. It's time for the human race to pull itself up by its bootstraps to reach the emotional age of 21.

Time melted when we were adolescents the way Dali described memory in his painting. Adolescence was our bridge from childhood to adulthood, but that bridge got so hot with desire that it became soft and malleable.

If we could describe what the path from childhood to maturity looks like, we wouldn't be surprised at why life always appears to be a rocky road. It wouldn't shock us to discover that we're on an emotional rollercoaster, trying to help our religious and political leaders make it across to preserve our past without threatening our future.

The path through puberty is like a bridge that looks like a rainbow. But our rainbow of hope was shattered like glass with our first orgasm, which then melted from the heat into drops of colors.

These drops drip down from the bare, winter branches of every tree of knowledge like Spanish moss. They dribble over the edges of our imagination. They trickle over our body that already looks like a fish out of water that will soon be dead.

Our path through puberty was uniquely heated, liquified and made fluid by experiences that came without guidance. Knowledge of sex from a personal perspective initiated by our first orgasm thawed us out. It softened us. It dissolved us. It even vaporized some, so hot was the passion that awoke them from within.

If we're going to right the world, forcing the political~ right to turn left and the religious~ right to throw up its hands in exasperation at what it means to be Made in an image of God that includes lust, we must prove to them that they can't fight for God with continued insistence on sexual prudery.

Each of us is a rainbow of hope uniquely shaped by God's Hand. Each of us made our way across that rainbow to the pot of glee [not gold] on the other side when we were teenagers. And each of us must come back to the scene of that "crime" to describe that trip in myriad, marvelous ways. This makes being an adult a daunting experience.

No one is going to give up his love of adolescence, any more than we're going to give up our love of infants and children. We were once an infant who became a child. Infantile and childish behaviors are a part of our nature. And such is the same for the juvenile in us who's in awesome awe of the mystery of lust and passion.

If you took Dali's "Persistence of Memory" and turned those melted clocks into drops of rainbows you dripped onto a background in a self-portrait, you'd get a sense of yourself as a childish, ugly duckling that suddenly saw it had turned into a mature and beautiful swan thanks to sex.

You've be through the looking glass. You've been Given all the introductions to life you need. You're ready to look at

reality from the other side. You've become a wo/man who's spoiled the child inside you. You're not afraid to feel. You're not afraid of lust. You're not afraid of guilt. You're not afraid of love. And you're not afraid of loyalty to your life. So, what's next?

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Previous Books

The Ugliest Duckling

My gay, Jewish interpretation of the story of the ugly duckling is the story of every gay boy who kissed another gay boy or gay man for the first time. That's how great the transformation from ugly duckling to beautiful swan was for me.

But obviously, that isn't my whole story. It was just the beginning of my story in the same way that the Old Testament isn't the whole story Given to the world by God, just The First Word of God.

God Couldn't Squeeze His Message of love in with His Message of guilt. He Gave His Rabbinical Son [Jesus] the opportunity to talk about His Love for the world 1,400 years after He Gave His Prophet, Moses, the opportunity to introduce us to the beginning of guilt.

Both feelings are matters of the heart. But if you don't get out of your head and into your heart, you're going to become a psychopath with a stiff neck who knows the literal meaning of words, but who doesn't feel them.

Even someone who's colorblind knows the meaning of words that describe color. But only those who can see color can love color. This is why I say that we're all emotionally colorblind [psychopaths] and don't know it.

I once knew a woman who was blind from birth. When I asked her what the word "yellow" meant to her, she told me that yellow is warm like the sun. Yellow is inviting. But then she said she had no idea what yellow has to do with bananas.

I see the Old and New Testaments as two-thirds of the Abrahamic story for those who are yellow, but don't know it. God then Gave a non-Jewish prophet [Muhammad] the opportunity to introduce His Message of loyalty to life on top of His Messages of wisdom from Moses and love from Jesus.

Today, you need to become a prophet unto yourself in order to profit from the gift of having been Given life. You

must teach yourself to see in color. You must never give up on becoming prophetic. The seven colors of the rainbow correspond to seven feelings. But if you know nothing of guilt [black] and white [love], you'll never see the world in color.

A Republican, whether he's a Christian or a Jew, will only achieve hyper "religiosity". He'll never become prophetic. That's his cross to bear. But it isn't ours.

Sometimes a movie is so long that it has to be broken up into episodes. But if you only watch one episode over and over, don't be surprised if people ridicule you for what you don't know about "The Greatest Show on Earth."

Yes, I'm a bitchy, Jewish queen. You're just going to have to accept that about me. I'm not going to change for anyone. Sue me if you don't like my opinions. But shooting me down in the street like a mad dog won't kill my message. There's no mass murderer who can stop the truth with any number of bullets.

When you look at the shape of the world today, you should admit that the Jews did a piss poor job in promoting guilt. The Christians did an even worse job in promoting love. And no one in his right mind would give the Muslims accolades for promoting loyalty to life in this day-and-age. You'd have to be certifiably insane!

Another interpretation of the story of the ugly~ duckling is what the Jews did to the Old Testament by taking it literally. The story of the uglier~ duckling is the story of what the Christians did to the Old Testament by dismissing guilt. And the story of the ugliest~ duckling is what the Muslims have done to the Quran by pointing fingers at the Jews and Christians, but not at themselves.

By not uniting these three simple, little Words from God [wisdom {evil atoned for}, love and loyalty], the Abrahamic faiths have brought mankind to where we are today, on the brink of self-destruction. Pretty pathetic if you've been made

to feel like an outsider to all three of these hyper “religious” faiths.

Why would anyone in his right mind believe that a woman came out of a man? That’s the opposite of how every human being enters this world. Yet that’s what the story of Adam and Eve literally states.

Why would anyone believe that a talking snake in a tree colluded with that woman to steal fruit from that tree? Don’t tell me she then conspired against that man to get him in trouble with God, The Owner of the tree. Why? You couldn’t sell such nonsense to adults if you promoted it as something that really happened!

How can any sane human being see himself as the descendant of Adam and Eve’s son after he killed his brother? How did the human race progress thereafter? Did Cain have sex with Eve, his mother? The next woman mentioned in the Old Testament is Sarah, and she doesn’t enter the scene until 17 chapters later!

You’ve lost your marbles if you believe a man once filled a boat with a sample representation of all the animals on Earth. Are you kidding me? You’d need to have your head examined if you wanted to teach something like that in an accredited institution of learning!

If you believe Genesis as literal truth, you’re going to turn into a psychopath with sociopathic leanings. You’re going to do backbends to avoid the evidence found in reality.

You need psychiatric help if you take the Book of Genesis literally. Only someone who’s grossly out of touch with **reality** would do such a thing. And yet, this is what Republicans [hyper “religious” “Jews” and “Christians”] will tell you really happened. They swear evolution is the invention of Satan, the prince of darkness.

These stories are metaphorically describing the creation of guilt in the animalistic psyche of our primitive ancestors. It couldn’t be more obvious to any rational human being!

Although sane, modern human beings are open minded to religion, you're going to have to give them a better reason to believe in God than Moses stated in Genesis. The facts don't support these stories as literal truth.

But when you take a second look at scripture through the lens of psychology to understand the spiritual evolution of our species, Torah opens like a flower. It blossoms and fruits. It's magic wafts like an odorous delight that captivates your imagination. Yes! Yes! Yes! There is~ a God!

What we're in now is a tug of war with modern believers against the crazies pulling on God's Arms, ripping Him apart. If you ask me, both sides are meshuga for dealing with scripture as truth or fiction!

The story of the ugly duckling is our~ story. It's the story of us a very long time ago. The story of the ugly duckling is a retelling of the story of Adam and Eve to help humanity look at itself in the mirror to observe how ugly we were on the inside because of the dark shadow guilt enveloped us in at birth.

All hatchlings come out of a shell into a darkness they didn't know before. They knew nothing of guilt before birth. All babies are ugly ducklings awaiting the surprise of their life that comes at puberty.

I now see Hans Christian Anderson's story of the ugly duckling as a summation of the Old Testament. It's what happens when you realize you have every reason to feel guilty about who you are; why you're here; and what you haven't done to help yourself and others since the day you were born.

You may claim to have learned a thing or two about the world since you were born, but can you show it?

If the Old Testament mirrors our primitive past, the New Testament is like the magnified side of a vanity mirror. It teaches us to look even more deeply at ourself to see how flawed we've become over time, and yet how amazingly

beautiful we have the potential yet to be. The New Testament enlarges our view of our potential to make our dreamiest dreams come true.

In my opinion, the Quran isn't a mirror held up to us at all, but a mirror held up to God! Once we moved through our guilt to see our own capacity to love, we then yearned to reflect upon God's Gifts by expressing our **loyalty** to all life on Earth, and the **miracle** of our Creation.

I may truly be a meshuga, gay Jew, but I see God as Painting our story with us like a portrait that requires a background, a frame and A Signature.

The background is our culture. The frame is time. And His Signature is the unique stroke He Adds to each of us to make us feel one of a kind.

All that information could never have been contained in the Abrahamic tales alone since the "Jews," "Christians" and "Muslims" are still fighting over the Signature on their painting.

God Created Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism to describe the concepts of background, frame and Signature to add to our self-portraits.

This inclusive look at faith even explains why God Started with the canvas of indigenism on which He Painted history [His Story] sociologically before He Brought us to awareness of psychology [my story and mystery]. These are the seven paths to His Realm.

Therefore, I have to begin by describing the story of the ugly duckling after it made its way out of its shell to show you how it got uglier and uglier.

Let's see if that tells you a little more about yourself, the world and your individual part to play in it. Let's see if that tells me~ a little more about myself~, my world~ and the individual part I played with myself in the sandbox of life, Given to children who yearn to grow up.

Individuality

The story of the ugly duckling is the story of the creation of individuality. When the ugly duckling discovered s/he wasn't ugly in being one of a kind, but beautifully unique, s/he experienced a feeling s/he hadn't experienced before. That feeling is called: hope.

Hopefulness is associated with beauty at this first stage of self-discovery. But we all know that beauty is skin deep, and we all know that ugliness goes right to the bone. We all know that as we age, we become ugly on the outside no matter how beautiful we once were in our youth.

Hyper-religious people, at any age, are the embodiment of ugliness because they deny their own darkness. They project it onto those of us who embrace modernity. The hyper "religious" want to take us back in time. Modern men, women and children want to take us forward toward God's Open Arms.

Orthodox Jews see themselves as in the light because they believe in Adonai. Evangelicals see themselves as in the light because they believe in Jesus. And Muslims see themselves as in the light because they believe in Allah.

But none of them sees any need to admit his guilt or prove his love with tolerance for the others. They only see the need to prove the guilt of those of us who are modern believers. None of them can admit they're only watching one episode of a much bigger show.

People who embrace the day-and-age in which they were born are modern. They embrace modernity because they feel that they were Created especially for today. They may experience nostalgia and romantic longings for a simpler time. They may reminisce, but they aren't so melancholic that they need to drag everyone into a past thousands of years old.

There are many ugly ducklings in the world, but the hyper "religious" are uglier than the rest of us. The ugliest of

ugly ducklings are those neo-Nazis who use money and power to control the rest of us.

And the business world that colludes with the hyper “religious” Republicans for profits over people will, when this war is over, claim to have been Swiss all along. Their argument has as much validity as Swiss cheese. It’s full of holes.

Youth and Beauty

Youth is just the first stage of beauty. Youth is the personification of beauty externalized. It's apparent. It's the beauty you see around you that's obvious to one and all.

The ability to see beauty and appreciate it in the young isn't unique to anyone. In fact, it's commonplace. Don't fool yourself into thinking too highly of yourself just because you love beautiful things~ and young~ people.

Trying to look young isn't going to make you more beautiful. Beauty permeates our being naturally. It seeps in like sunlight ripens fruit. Beauty enriches and sweetens.

Youth may be green, but that's what makes it so enticing. Youth is the first expression of hope that only the blind aren't literally able to see and appreciate.

In whatever ways you can't~ see beauty that others can~ indicates a way in which you're still blind to your own beauty.

Blindness to beauty is like the blinders they put on a horse pulling a carriage. It's a way in which beauty has been obscured so you can't see it no matter how much you turn your head from side to side.

Your parents fitted you with blinders to keep you from being distracted or frightened by the tumult in the world around you. If you hadn't wore blinders growing up, you would have seen beauty in Jews, Christians, Muslims, Blacks, Asians, Latinx, gays, lesbians, fat people, disabled people and people with foreign accents. You'd even have seen beauty in bugs, spiders, reptiles and fish. You'd have concluded that God Is beautiful. Life is beautiful! A fly on a wall is beautiful.

Removing your blinders happens over time. When you can finally see that there were beautiful things you couldn't previously see, you naturally feel guilty about how you were previously behaving.

But if you insist that there's nothing~ you can't see now about your past that you couldn't see then, you're avoiding guilt. You've still got your parents' blinders on. You're still a psychopath disavowing your own truth because you're afraid of blame.

If you insist that vaccines aren't ending the pandemic, you've got blinders on. If you insist that Donald, the ugliest duckling, is still the rightful President you've got blinders on. If you insist that marriage equality must be taken away because it's untraditional, you've got blinders on. If you insist that women have no right to kill a growing life inside of them, then you believe that killing is a right given to men to decide who must live and who must die. Those men who will decide your fate have blinders on!

When you realize you can't see everything even though you've removed the blinders you were fitted with by your family contacts, community and culture, you're finally at a spiritual age to admit you have something even worse than blinders impeding your sight.

You're now emotionally old enough to admit you suffer from spiritual cataracts~ that are obscuring your vision from within! Your problem is internal~. You can see that you're creating blindness all by yourself.

When you come to that awakening, you're ready to admit that the time has come for spiritual microsurgery.

I'm~ certainly not in a position to correct your vision for you! I may be a doctor of the soul~ [in addition to a self-portrait artist], but I don't operate on anyone other than me. I only teach people how to operate on themselves~.

So, no matter how squeamish you might be, this book is my gay, Jewish way of teaching you how to look in your own eyes, figuratively remove your corneas through self-analysis to get inside your eyes so you can poetically replace your fuzzy lenses with new ones.

This will instantly improve your vision from the inside out. This will not only make it possible for you to see more

of the beauty out in the world. It'll make it possible for you to see more of the beauty within yourself. It's your inner eye that was defective all along.

In this way, you'll have another ugly duckling epiphany much like the one you had when you had your first orgasm. You'll see that God Took you through adolescence of the body as a preview to adolescence of your soul.

Moses couldn't give you the big picture. The big picture required Hindu stories of reincarnation to meet Brahma, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Jesus, Muhammad and people like you.

Becoming an artist and spiritual doctor in your own right will make it possible for you to inspire others to become all that they can be, too. Obviously, the only way to change the world is from the inside out.

Unfortunately, this method of change won't make it possible for you to have all that you want~ in life. But it will make it possible for you to reconcile yourself to your losses.

I~ wanted to be a famous ballet dancer when I was a teenager. I didn't succeed. But after I gave up my dream after three attempts at killing myself in my twenties, I settled down to a life without quite so much drama. I decided to seek the mystery in being me, myself and I instead of becoming a second Nureyev.

Giving myself what I wanted externally~ didn't make me more me. Giving myself what I wanted internally~ made me more me.

If just the thought of performing microsurgery on yourself brings tears to your eyes, welcome to the club. That's how I felt before I did it the first time, too. But I promise you you'll get past your squeamishness. All it takes is a poetic disposition when you get seized up with fear at what might happen if you could see this world more clearly.

Hell, the day may come when you may even want to pull your head out of your ass! Let me assure you, that's going to be a lot more painful than mere figurative microsurgery on your eyes. I~ know. I had to do that~, too...

Every ugly duckling suffers spiritual cataracts. That's why s/he thinks s/he's ugly. We're only blinded by our own brilliant beauty. What else could have driven us to conclude we were ugly in the first place?

The ugly duckling couldn't see the obvious. Others had told the ugly duckling s/he was ugly. That's what makes the story of the ugly duckling universal.

Hope fades just like beauty fades. Just as a banana goes from green [envy] to yellow [fear] to brown [depression], hope ripens [faith] and then rots [death].

Spiritually old souls don't need hope. They've got evidence behind them that hope worked miracles. Looking forward they only need resolve.

If you don't catch hope and try to keep it alive when you're young, you'll discover when you get old that hope came and went in an instant You missed it.

Suddenly you'll look up from the glass in your hand in a bar or from your couch with the roach tips and Cheetos scattered around you, and you'll see that you've run out of something you can no longer retrieve [time]. You missed feeling something along the way [regret]. Some step in the process wasn't delivered to you to help you change [remorse]. Now you're angry with everyone and frustrated at everything around you.

That's what it's like to be a hyper "religious" maniac, too. These are examples of what God Doesn't Want to happen to anyone. They say that faith without works is dead. But the truth is that faith without resolve is dead.

This tragic ending can certainly infect the billionaires and the super-rich. They, too, are examples of what God Doesn't Want to happen to you or anyone else. Wealth without a charitable disposition is just as dead. The way for a camel to get through the eye of a needle is with greater, spiritual vision. You should never assume the size of the needle you'll be Given.

When you feel bad [guilty], but you don't want to do anything about it, and you find yourself suffering another case of the fuck-its, you can practically hear yourself telling yourself, "Why bother? What's the use?" "Why go on?"

You refuse to ask yourself what mystery might be revealed if you did something different. You're at the end of your rope. You can only see yourself as a failure.

But the mystery in the pronouncement that you're a failure lies in the feeling of success. You've never been more honest and truthful with yourself in your whole life. Being a failure is a revelation that actually comes across as refreshing! You feel better~ knowing you're a disappointment to yourself than about all the uncertainties that came up when you could only dream of being successful.

The Contest Between Ducklings

What began as a story about an ugly duckling turned into a contest between ugly ducklings.

When ugly ducklings contrast themselves to one another, one comes away telling itself that the other is ugly. And one comes away telling itself that it's ugly. Sometimes, you're the ugly duckling blaming the other. Sometimes, you're the ugly duckling blaming yourself.

I've got news for both bird brains. You're both ugly! One of you is uglier than the other.

But neither of you is the ugliest ducklings. Donald Trump and the Republicans win that prize.

You may feel incorrigible, stubborn and close-minded. You may feel egotistical and so autonomous that they should have locked you up, like they did, me.

I was sure I was the ugliest of all ducklings. No one could have convinced me otherwise.

That is until Donald Trump came along. He did wonders for my self-esteem! I never saw how beautiful I am until I saw how ugly he and his band of thieves are! Other people's sins and indecency do wonders for my virtues and civility.

Thank God I'm better than them! That alone gives me hope!

Because Republicans broke the law, and I never did, they're going to have to go to a different kind of institution than I was incarcerated in. They're going to have to go to prison.

Thank you, Donald! You changed my life. All my life I felt like an ugly duckling, but you proved to me that you're the ugliest of all ugly ducklings. God Bless you for being evil incarnate! You've made me feel like a million bucks!

So, what about the millions of Republicans who put him in power and who insist he has the right to remain in power despite having been voted out of office? What happens to

their guilty souls? What do we do with a nation of psychopaths many of whom insist on sociopaths being in charge of government, industry and our national security?

When children are in elementary school, they don't realize life will continue to be like a school for the duration of their being. They may admit that associating birth with enrollment and death with graduation is a clever way to look at life. But they won't take the analogy to heart.

They'll admit Jesus told them to associate family and friends with classmates; successes with passing grades; and failures with classes they're going to have to repeat.

But they refuse to do their homework. They insist that claiming to know the name of The Teacher by heart is all it takes to graduate with honors. This is what "religion" has done to America!

The more modern flocks of fowl in the barnyard see themselves as swans on some days and as ugly ducklings on others, the more they realize that every day isn't going to be their day to shine. That's what it's like to be a bird brain tackling a spiritual curriculum that's harder than it looks.

These are the aspects of society in the 21st Century that 19th Century, Danish-born author Hans Christian Anderson didn't address in his children's stories. He only told stories with simple, happy endings. He brought a romantic, but naïve, hopefulness to European minds that captivated the imagination of the whole world and still captivates very young children today.

But it wasn't the whole story then, and it's not the whole story now.

The Old Testament only teaches us about guilt, and the New Testament only teaches us about love. Even together they're still only two-thirds of the gantze megilla [Yiddish: whole story].

The Quran is the third story in God's Western Trilogy. The Quran is a story created solely for losers. If you don't

identify as a loser, the Quran isn't going to appeal to you. You're going to be more attracted to the story of an ugly duckling that eventually identifies as a swan, experiences the feeling of hope mixed with beauty, and paddles off into the sunset with a fury beneath the waterline that's mysteriously absent when viewed from the air.

But if you're a loser who knows not only deep down inside, but from experience, that you're never going to be the kind of winner you once dreamed of being, you've got your work cut out for you because you believe life is a school for birds of a feather who flock together.

Losing is a very real part of life. Neither the Old nor the New Testaments teaches us how to lose gracefully. Only the Quran does.

A duckling is sometimes going to feel ugly and hopeless. A duckling isn't always going to want to try harder. And if s/he does try harder, s/he often ends up feeling even uglier and more hopeless than before.

Ugly ducklings end up feeling like losers no matter how hard they try, even if they've performed microsurgery to remove their cataracts and done backbends to pull their head out of their ass.

There are forces in this world that are coming at us from the outside that we have to become more aware of. We can't avoid reality by watching Fox News. We can't stop voting to let others deal with our problems.

Even if you're as introverted as someone like me, you've got to participate in the external world in those ways that are going to make you more personally powerful over time.

Donald, the ugliest duckling, conspired with the Russians to ruin democracy everywhere on Earth, not just in our country. The ugliest duckling intimidated the Ukrainian president [a Jew] and lied about it. The ugliest duckling staged a coup to stay in power.

Oh, the Republicans will all swear to Lord Jesus that they believe in One Teacher, but if you don't happen to use the name for our Teacher that they use [Jesus], they tell you that you're ugly. If you should happen to love someone from the same gender, hate guns or want an abortion, they tell you that they know better than you because their name for our Teacher is better than yours, and their interpretation of His Word is the final word on the matter.

Those who see the story of the ugly duckling as a story for everyone to put all hope in swans are missing the point. That was just 19th Century, religious propaganda for Jews to convince them to convert to Christianity.

We, Jews, knew we weren't cygnets then, and we know we don't want to become swans now. Hans Christian Anderson opened a can of religious worms that some Danish are now trying to stuff back inside the can by denying the value of Israel as a light unto their nation, as well.

We're all psychopaths who deny our guilt when we're wrong. We're all incapable of feeling regret, remorse and disappointment in ourself in some ways and grief with what might happen to us after life for not having learned enough about guilt before love when we had the chance.

Guilt leads to awakenings. Mistakes apologized and atoned for lead to wisdom. Wisdom is the mysterious outcome of evil Given to those who make amends for their errors of judgement.

Love leads to awakenings, too. Goodness applied to life leads to love. Love is the outcome of all forms of goodness.

The fruits of good and evil are love and wisdom.

If that wasn't so hard to explain, why did it take 2,000 years for Jews and Christians to get it? And why aren't they explaining it to their congregations now?

If any adolescent who's experienced his first orgasm can tell you that the words that come out of the talking serpent hanging down from his tree of knowledge is really a euphemistic description of semen pouring out of his penis

when sexually stimulated to fulfillment during ejaculation, then why didn't someone say so until now?

Do I have to bring into discussion Hans Christian Anderson's, "The Emperor's New Clothes"?

The young lad in that story wasn't all that young, and he certainly wasn't naïve. Precocious children can tell you the difference between being physically nude~ and emotionally naked~. No emperor is so stupid as to go out in public nude~. That's why it was such a revelation when the boy revealed that the emperor was [emotionally~] naked~! He was susceptible to guilt. He could be wrong. He made mistakes.

What the hyper "religious" have in common is that they can't feel any of the feelings women feel because they've been conditioned to reject, abhor and feel horrified by anything associated with feminized~ feelings.

What modern individuals who want to make a difference in this world don't yet understand is that trying to make psychopaths feel like women, for the sake of women's rights and in order to express sympathy for women is the wrong approach.

The way into a psychopath's heart is by making him feel like a man~. We must appeal to his sense of rejection, abandonment and betrayal at the hands of his father~, not his mother~. We must teach him that it's not only permissible for men to feel like a loser in life. It's a valuable lesson in becoming a real~ man.

A man who feels like a loser already~ feels like a woman. A man who feels like a winner is a man who discovers that men who make mistakes, apologize and atone become winners over time. They feel like an ugly duckling who's eventually transformed into a beautiful swan. The way to get an ugly duckling to earn his wings is with resolve, not religious propaganda.

Cranes may be able to fly higher than ducks and swans, but no bird can compete with the beauty of a swan. Anyone can become a beautiful swan by believing in the power of

love. You don't have to believe that Jesus was God's Son to transform from a guilt-ridden ugly duckling into a beautiful swan.

The outcome of this approach is a breaking of the vicious cycle of ugly duckling/uglier duckling. This ends the Black/White tug of war. It ends the Democrat/Republican tug of war. It ends the poor/rich tug of war.

An ugly duckling is a man who's unhappy on his job. An ugly duckling is you when you allow yourself to feel ugly without objecting vociferously inside to your negative conclusions about yourself.

Nobody can tell you how to feel about you but you. But if you allow you to tell yourself you're ugly, you deserve to feel that way.

Israel is real. The story of Israel is a part of your story. Those who deny the rights of ducks [Jews] have a history of claiming to be swans ["Christians"] or cranes ["Muslims"]. And the big birds ["Christians" and "Muslims"] always end up fighting the little birds [Jews] who they claim unfairly control the world of spirit where God Resides – the world above this one.

A more modern rendition of this story is that all of us at the bottom of the pyramid of power are Jew-ish. And all those at the top of that pyramid are trying to control us by causing us to fight among ourselves.

Israel would collapse overnight if Israelis didn't know this about their enemies. Life in Israel is difficult because the Israelis are forced to tolerate, accept and even admire one another despite their inclinations to treat one another the way we do.

"Jews" don't control the path of guilt that grounds us all. "Christians" don't control the path of love that allows us to plummet the depths of our heart as though it were seven seas. "Muslims" don't control the path of loyalty to life that allows us to soar above others as though moving through thin air.

If you're interested in all three scriptures as God's Representations of land, sea and sky, you'd better learn to work with all three of the Abrahamic faiths as brothers, lovers and husbands, not ducks, swans and cranes. The whole planet depends on it.

Ruffled Feathers

Grandiosity could be described as feathers that get easily ruffled. Every duckling has feathers. And all ducklings, ugly and otherwise, get their feathers ruffled.

But there's more to the story of the ugly duckling than meets a spiritually uneducated eye that hasn't focused on the biggest of all big pictures.

If you haven't developed your mind and then sought to get out of your head, you'll never plummet the depth of the wisdom of your heart. If your heart hasn't been shattered like a rainbow into bits and pieces of hope; if you haven't had to run from love into disappointment [the madness~ of indigo before mystery~ appears], you'll never make it to violet [ecstasy] and from there into your soul [ultraviolet] where you'll have an intimate relationship with our Teacher during office hours with Him at times of your choosing day or night any day of the week. You'll remain a prisoner of societal norms that won't hold you in a way that feels real. You'll remain bourgeois in a world becoming bohemian.

The one who most ruffles our feathers is, of course, ourselves. The one who disappoints us when we don't protect ourselves from people who break our heart is ourselves.

My feathers were ruffled when my siblings stole my inheritance out from under me. And my feathers were further ruffled when I realized the Orthodox "Jews" are trying to steal my eternal inheritance out from under me.

But I'm like Jacob in the Bible whose name God Changed to Israel. My struggle with God is personal. I've had to become an Esau [twin brother] unto myself to forgive the Jacob within me.

There's a "he" in "me" who's contrary and defiant. This is true of all birds, not just hatchlings. It has to be this way. In order for you to be able to have the option of choosing~, you have to have more than one voice inside you to choose~ from.

Democrats celebrate this freedom of choice. Republicans abhor it.

Democrats teach people how to make better choices. Republicans teach people how to give up choice so they can lead them by the nose.

Democrats seek a greater separation between church and state. Republicans insist on unifying the two.

Independents are lost in between, afraid to listen to the voice of their twin within. They can't decide if they should vote people in power who bring their beliefs with them to Washington. They still aren't sure if the synagogue, church, mosque and temple belong in the state.

Those who don't vote, simply don't care how they operate from within or how they're controlled from without. They're only interested in seeking one sweet reward after another. They're one "Big Rock Candy Mountain."

You just know those who don't vote are going to become tangy then tart, then bitter, then acerbic, then acrid and finally sour over time. The only hope is waking them up to the importance of becoming as salty [wise] and sour [angry] as Kettle vinegar-and-salt potato chips. Pray anywhere you like. But don't bring your beliefs into government.

Why Go On?

The feelings of rejection, abandonment and betrayal were so great for us all in childhood that we had to find a way to confess how we really felt. Usually that was done through an intimate relationship with a stuffed animal or doll. We couldn't allow ourself to reveal our inner truth to our parents. They were the source of that alienation.

In talking to inanimate objects or pets, we practiced idol worship when we were kids. We invested our hopes and dreams in something we felt wouldn't betray us as our parents had done by making us feel guilty for so many reasons. So, we talked to inanimate objects believing they were real.

When God admonished the Israelites for forging and then dancing around a Golden Calf, of course He Knew that they were just children at heart. Children have to be taught that it's imperative they grow up. They can't remain children forever, or they'll revert to the way the Israelites had suffered in ancient Egypt.

All children worship idols. It's part of the natural progression to God consciousness that abruptly shifts at puberty when the flood of hormones figuratively drowns our entire world. Only the rainbow shining in the darkness within us and the animal instincts in the hull of our boat are there, so to speak, to remind us that there Is~ A God.

Adolescence was the time of life when we realized we weren't a child anymore. We couldn't talk to inanimate objects instead of God. That kind of behavior is just insane.

What separates idol~ worship from prayer~ is the spiritual age of the speaker. Children talk to inanimate objects~. The insane talk to themself~. The religious pray to God~.

Having grown up and been insane, I've learned the difference between idol worship, talking to myself and prayer. I know that I know what I'm talking about.

The hull of our spiritual vessel is like our prostate gland. That might be an analogy so personal and private that it makes you cringe at someone saying such a thing.

But if the ark Noah built wasn't literal, then it was figurative and must be used to describe the world euphemistically. The ark was a description of the way we get through adolescence [the stormiest portion of youth] without losing our childlike sense of passion by turning it into a lust for life.

Every man knows lust is an aspect of passion, and passion is an aspect of all our desires [+]. There are hungers and thirsts, itches and aches, and longings for an experience so sublime that it surpasses even the feeling of orgasm.

In that sense, the receptacle that contains our desires lies in the hull of every Noah's ark where his animals instincts are stored during his voyage. By poetic extension, the receptacle of semen [for the words that come out of the mouth of our serpent] is the prostate gland.

Ducklings~ who suspect they might be able to discover more about hope if they could just see themselves in a different light [love] become poetic. Cygnets~ who are ready to discover that they're more like cranes than they were told will fly higher than the average swan. They'll learn to appreciate how God Made all of birds of a feather, and why we must fly together.

If you suspect you may not have told yourself all you needed to know about your own potential; if you feel you may be keeping secrets from yourself because the world was once too dangerous to permit you to even tell your parents what you were really going through - I might be of assistance in massaging those secrets out of you now. I don't need a body to do it. I can do it with these words I've left for you on this page.

If you don't understand why the world seems more complicated than it has to be; if you're impatient with those around you; or you feel people just aren't keeping up as they

should – I can help you internalize your frustration with others. [I certainly wouldn't want to help you further externalize it.] If you think you're still terribly alone, misunderstood or useless to society, I say you're wrong. I say you just think you're an ugly duckling.

The homeless don't vote. Teenagers who run away from home and sell the only thing they have of any worth [their body] don't see their former teachers as any different than their parents. The homeless and runaway teens are both escaping something they can't grasp inside.

The hyper "religious" keep secrets from themselves, just as we all do. They put their nose in other people's crotch because they've projected the talking serpent in their own tree onto everyone else's. What the "conservatives" hear as a "calling" from God is their penis beckoning them back to that one special tree in Eden [infancy].

Eden isn't a literal place. It never was. The call to go back to your beginning and start over again is psychologically real, but literally impossible. That's true for everyone.

Moses began Genesis with the words "in the beginning" because he knew everyone would want to remember what happened at his own beginning. Everyone wants to know how his birth felt from within, so he can relive that trauma now with greater self-awareness to comfort himself.

As someone who wasn't born of woman [as Shakespeare put it], but by caesarian, I had a particularly easy birth, from my perspective. I can't relate with other people's yearning to go back that far. I'm much more interested in my end than my beginning.

Couthless and Blind

First of all, if you had any doubts about it, “couthless” isn’t a word. The word is “uncouth.” I coined the word “couthless” because it rhymes with toothless.

Some people may see me as couthless, but I’m not toothless. They may see me as inappropriate, insensitive, tasteless, tactless, unbecoming, unacceptable, out of place, ill-mannered, foulmouthed, impolite, crude, coarse, common and vulgar. But I’m not without teeth, I assure you.

I can rip out a pound of flesh from any man, chew on that piece of him, swallow him, burn through him with acidic scrutiny and pass his flesh through my tunnel out into the light. I’m like a cannibal! I’ll down anyone for breakfast, lunch or dinner, figuratively speaking.

I don’t let people walk all over me anymore. My parents were Holocaust survivors who taught me how to survive in this man-eat-God world. I’m going~ to survive. But I’m not going to do so by eating God. I’m going to figuratively eat~ men alive, evacuate~ them out of me and flush~ them away.

From Catholics, I learned how to respect God and the Eucharist. From Republicans, I learned how to disrespect liars and thieves.

I’ll never say my parents were perfect. My father and mother made mistakes that only got bigger when they got old. They sat on their laurels. They thought that if they could have survived Hitler and his twisted interpretation of Catholicism, they could survive anything. Well, they were wrong.

They couldn’t survive their own arrogance and bravado. They couldn’t change their mind. They couldn’t find new, contemporary ways of behaving in a modern world. They fell behind on their homework in the school of life. Eventually, they came to class unprepared. They started to do poorly on tests. And it was easy to see that their grades were suffering for it.

If you plan on making it to graduation with a twinkle in your eye and a Mona Lisa smile on your face, you'd better look at the background behind your self-portrait. You'd better look at where you've been and what you've been through to get a sense of the experiences you've gleaned that you're going to need to rely on to get you through today to tomorrow.

The perpetrator/victim mentality isn't something we're only forced to observe around us. We must look inside to see it emanating out from within.

You're like Jacob and Esau, the twin brothers in Genesis who are at each other's throats over their lifetime. And it was the younger brother, Jacob, who was the perpetrator. Jacob was the thief. Jacob stole his older brother's rightful inheritance.

Esau was infuriated to the point of wanting to kill Jacob. It was only in older age when Esau descended on Jacob with his army that Jacob reflected on what he'd done. The night before his confrontation with Esau, Jacob wrestled with an angel. We'd say he was up all-night wrestling with his inner demons [conscience].

From that struggle, Jacob was injured and came away with a limp. We'd say that he had an epiphany. He realized he'd been wrong. He realized he felt guilty. He realized his lust for his brother's money had perverted him. Knowledge of that imperfection figuratively wounded him.

Jacob met up with Esau the next day limping. Esau saw that his brother wasn't the brazen, young thief he'd been when they were in their youth. We'd say that Esau saw that his brother finally felt bad about what he'd done.

Esau forgave Jacob, and the two then separated without bloodshed. We'd say that the perpetrator [Jacob] had become the victim of his own devices. And the victim [Esau] had chosen not to become a perpetrator.

When I internalized this story from Genesis, I realized how I'd spiritually hurt myself by trying to kill myself. I

realized I'd been a perpetrator [Jacob] unto the victim [Esau] in me.

As the result of wrestling with my better angels, I decided to separate these two voices within me. This was the only wise solution there was.

But now, as I'm aging into an old, Jewish queen, I feel frightened. I overcame my guilt by redeeming myself for my unrequited lust, with God as my Witness. I served The Lord by helping others, and through helping them, came to see that He Was Allowing me to help myself.

My guilt in having tried to kill a gay man [myself] and Jew [myself] is now behind me. I now enjoy a new-found lust with my lover that's more sublime than anything I'd experienced in youth when all I could feel was an insatiable hunger for new experiences.

But my fear looms greater before my eyes now. How will I survive without Will, should he die before me? How would I make it through old age alone? How will I remember not to turn myself into a victim a fourth time? How will I use my experience of the hope and faith I gleaned from life to make it to graduation with dignity and resolve?

The Meaning of Life



When I'm in a store paying, and the cashier asks me if I found everything I was looking for, I'm the sort of dork who likes to say, "No. I was looking for the meaning of life. I went up and down all the aisles. I couldn't find it anywhere."

I had one cashier in a Safeway who responded by asking me if I'd checked the freezer section where they keep the ice cream...

One Asian salesperson at Verizon very slowly and distinctly explained to me that the meaning of life is to give life meaning.

But most salespeople who take my answer seriously respond with the comments: love, friendship or happiness – if they can recover from their shock at me dragging reality into their place of employment by injecting meaning into something they're mindlessly trained to say...

The truth about the meaning of life is that the meaning of life is only of interest to those who need to search for meaning. So, the meaning of life is only of interest to those who are interested in the meaning of meaning~.

My boyfriend Will with whom I've been physically, emotionally and spiritually intimate for over a dozen years has no interest in the meaning of meaning~ or the meaning of life~. Will is a deductive thinker. He looks for the simplest, most refined answer to every question. His mind works from the top down . I, on the other hand, am an inductive thinker. My mind works from the bottom up .

You can see that I use the same image for both deductive and inductive reasoning. It's up to you to decide if you're a top-down or bottom-up kind of person. That isn't something I can decide for you, especially since we can all move in both directions.

I like to think about the big picture. I don't have much interest in thinking in smaller and more detailed ways to

derive more information. I prefer to think bigger and bigger to derive more of an overview.

If the universe is as large as it is small, then reality is where we're all frozen by our feelings in something called: space and time. We can always perceive more of the universe using microscopes and telescopes, but our imagination is still the best tool for encompassing the entire universe to seek our personal place in it.

I'm like Einstein who was known to use uncanceled checks as bookmarks. I'm socially odd and awkward. Will has to explain some of the simplest of things to me because nobody ever did.

Just recently he told me I should use my electric razor in a circular fashion. That's why it's called a rotary~ razor. I was truly amazed at the difference in the closeness of the shave after following his instruction. But I also told him that no amount of instruction is going to turn me into a deductive thinker. I just need someone to tell me how to do some things better.

The hyper "religious" don't think like I do. They think deductively, so they always end up giving simple instruction to issues that are anything but simple. They're always going in a circular pattern down~ in the direction of hell instead of up~ in the direction of heaven. And yet, they still believe they're winners despite the untold damage they're doing to society and the planet.

I don't know what gives Will's life meaning because I don't think like he does. But he's utterly disgusted with America as it is today. He sees no hope in where we're headed. He thinks big money has bought and sold the future of mankind, forcing everyone on Earth to spiral into an unavoidable descent into a living hell.

I see things differently. I see some people more driven by curiosity about their birth than curiosity about their death. I look at people as more curious about what they're closest to.

If life is like a mountain, people going up the mountain are more curious about where they came from. They can turn around to see where they've been. But they can't see over the top of the mountain to where they're going.

People going down the other side of the mountain are more curious about where they're going. That's right before their eyes.

The Church promises an optimistic ending to anyone who uses the word "Jesus" like Aladdin used the word "open sesame." I certainly hope that all isn't forgiven when we die. That would be like going to a school where your grades count only until you graduate. Then all your grades magically disappear.

The story of Adam and Eve is a figurative explanation of the birth of awareness. It metaphorically describes the origin of guilt that came with lust, a biological "theft" at puberty for which we become more aware of our culpability over time. This is the big picture of life we all deal with going uphill.

Those who get a grip on lust achieve love. Those who don't lust for power and world domination learn to love life. Personally, I think lusting for power and world domination is unforgivable. You can choose to believe whatever you want.

Surah 114, the last chapter of the Quran, describes seeking refuge in The Lord of humanity. This is a view of life going downhill when the end looms before our eyes.

Americans who are political refugees from other countries or sexual refugees from our own country seek refuge from a cruel world on our deathbed. We don't seek forgiveness. We spent a lifetime forgiving the bastards who made it so hard for us in the first place. Yet, we don't seek revenge. We seek justice just as Abel's blood cried out for justice even after he was dead.

Being accused of being a loser because of our place of birth or the sexual circumstances we were Given that were out of our control – like being gay or transgender – doesn't make us a loser. But, being born White, straight and American doesn't make anyone a winner, either. There's a picture much bigger than Republicans are willing to look at.

Viewership on Fox News dropped precipitously during the January 6th Hearings. Their viewers didn't want their news reporters force feeding them any more of reality than they wished to consume. They prefer being spoon-fed fantasies about reality. Now that their favorite news station is obliged to give them really bad news, they're like Germans in Nazi Germany who are learning that the allies might win the war.

The Republicans are shell-shocked. They're all in agony, not just Donald Trump.

Below those feelings, loom feelings of guilt. What are they going to tell themselves when it becomes obvious they bet on the wrong horse? What are they going to tell Jesus?

Cassidy Hutchinson, the 26-year-old assistant to Mark Meadows, Donald Trump's Chief of staff, confessed to the January 6th Committee that she'd chosen to dance with giants but got stepped on and crushed. It could easily be inferred from her testimony that she now fears for her life. If she hadn't revealed everything she knew publicly, Republicans would have seen to it that she was killed to keep her secret a secret.

Cassidy Hutchinson is morally obese. She's a fine-looking gal physically, but morally she's grossly overweight. Even after getting all that she heard, saw and contributed to off her chest, she's still going to lumber away from youth with a terrible burden weighing down her soul. From such a lifestyle, you don't lose all that weight overnight.

I know this to be true because of what I did. But she tried to kill democracy. I only tried to kill myself. The cell she's

going to be locked in for the rest of her life is one I know well.

There are many people who look in the mirror each morning or get on the scale, and they're deeply disappointed with the numbers before them.

But when these people die, their fat is going to be left behind them, while Cassidy Hutchinson's fat is going to remain with her unless she goes on the kind of diet I did.

You never know what your life is going to look like by the end unless you use inductive reasoning to review it on a daily basis.

Jesus and Inductive Reasoning

If Jesus Was the first Jewish duck who turned into a majestic swan, then Hans Christian Anderson was the brilliant Christian author who was able to retell Christ's story in a way that captured the imagination of children around the world.

What I want to know is why I find it so difficult to see the beauty in every Jew and Christian today? Surely, God Didn't Create Jesus just to make all Jews and Christians look bad in my eyes. Surely, His Intention was to Show us something about ourself that none of us had seen before.

I now look back in wonder at why I turned into a misanthrope, even though my parents were Holocaust survivors who had every reason to celebrate every day of their life once they'd gotten out of Nazi Germany.

Why did I only learn to hate people more after living in Israel and Europe? Why did I have to lose decades of happiness before I discovered this excessive cynicism in myself?

How could guilt now turn me around with apologies and atonement? How could I have become so wise and still be so unloving?

After God Gave Noah the rainbow as a promise never again to flood his world, and after Jacob gave his favorite son, Joseph, a coat of many colors to figuratively clasp him in a loving embrace, Jesus came on the scene to personify the rainbow in the flesh. He figuratively dragged the rainbow down from the sky, out of the skipper/skiff and father/son relationships. He lovingly placed hope in the heart of everyman.

Personally, I don't think that's enough of a reason to call Jesus God. But it is a good reason for every rabbi to measure the feelings in his heart against the rabbi that half the world venerates for having started a second monotheistic faith. I'm

sure that even puts pressure on priests, pastors, parsons and ministers to do the same.

The Old Testament was only the first third of God's Recipe from hope~ to love~ to resolve~. We should all go on an exodus out of our head into our heart to experience hope as a feeling, not just as a sensation that comes with orgasm that leaves us upbeat for the time being.

Orgasm is paradise without the trimmings. Orgasm is eternity for a brief moment in time. If you want the full effect of orgasm, you have to experience love~, not just lust~.

But we've all had our heart broken so we'd drag ourself through the diaspora in our chest in search of a resolution in another place in inner space. There, in our soul, we all resolve to find something greater than wisdom [Old Testament] and love [New Testament]. There we hope to find a love for God so great that we lose all fear of death – for we know we will all~ die.

If the land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] has been Given to us by God through the creation and recreations of the State of Israel, then what do we call the place inside that has no literal place to experience milk [love] and honey [wisdom]. How do we achieve something beyond anything Israel can provide us with?

If Jerusalem corresponds to our source of wisdom~ and Rome corresponds to our source of love~, then surely Mecca corresponds to our source of resolve~ that there can only Be One God. Every believer in the Abrahamic faiths is struggling within over how to reach Him during his lifetime with a view to his own demise.

In the way that famous paintings of cranes in flight across the face of the moon at night are only a suggestion of who we are and where we're all headed, Islam is just a portion of God's magical Intentions for His Creations. No one has been Given the entire big picture because no two people can be in the same place at the same time. We're all

just slightly askew in our view of God from where we're standing.

It must be conceded as fact that no ugly duckling or beautiful swan will ever be able to achieve the height in flight of a crane.

But if you were only an ugly duckling because you believed~ you were ugly, then the awakening you had that corresponds to being a swan is the result of an intimacy within yourself that's left you in awe of something beautiful about you that you didn't see previously.

With an experience that inspiring for a duck~, is it possible for a swan~ to turn into a crane~? Is it possible for a human being to rise to a spiritual height never achieved by his ancestors?

I Hate to Break it to You

I hate to be the one to break it to you but the universal problem with this world is that all people think they're flawless. They think they can do no wrong even if they've killed (6), cheated (7), stolen (8), lied (9) or experienced jealousy and envy (10) of others. In fact, by the way they walk and talk, it's easy to see by their body language that most people have no idea they're even mortal! They look like they think they're going to remain here forever.

Oh, people are very ready, willing and able to complain about others. But they aren't willing to admit that they're just as flawed as the next person. And if they do convey these sorts of humble words, they still can't come up with three imperfections that are getting in the way of them becoming a better person.

They're generally willing to admit that (1) they ought to lose a few pounds, (2) not be so impatient and (3) should probably pay more of the taxes they really owe. But that's about it.

People just don't want to think about their flaws or talk about them. (1) They're too distrusting of others to admit something that intimate and personal. (2) They're afraid of what we may do with that information. And (3) most people don't trust themselves any more than they trust the next guy.

Therefore, they haven't got a clue what the secret is they're holding from themselves. They're still idol worshippers who think they've buried their secret in some thing they purchased or some pet they care for.

But their golden calf refuses to reveal their secret to them. They're still children [Israelites] at heart dancing in a desert without a leader [Moses] inside to guide them.

If life is like a job interview, most people just want to get paid the most for doing the least. They don't plan on sticking around at this worksite [Egypt] forever, or they do plan on staying here forever because they feel like a pharaoh or one

of his slavedriver. Either way, they're not realistic about what the job of living a life of **passion** entails because they haven't yet tried doing so.

Life is real because it's constantly brand new. You don't know from one day to the next what might be different unless you're actively looking for the differences between yesterday and today.

When it comes to morality or~ money, people put money first. When it comes to survival or living life meaningfully~, they choose survival. And when it comes to showing~ their feelings to others or just telling~ people how they feel – you guessed it. It's always tell~, not show~ time.

People yearn to invest in something meaningful and real. And they've already been told that the most meaningful and real investment in life is itself.

But they don't want to look selfish, difficult or self-indulgent like Trump did by shoving his way to the front of NATO's group photo of world diplomats in Brussels early on in his presidency in 2017.

And yet, just by the way people roll through stop signs and look for a parking space without alerting cars behind them that they've changed intentions, you can tell that they're not fully invested in themselves as a driver in a vehicle with others on a journey to a Destination they really believe in.

Whether Jesus Was God or just a man is utterly irrelevant. It's not the messenger~ that matters but applying the message to yourself~ that matters. Learn to love yourself as Jesus loved himself and his Father, and you'll discover a wealth in your heart that you could never otherwise imagine.

If God Created man in stages; if He Evolved man – then what we see today in the Abrahamic faiths are extreme beliefs held by three arrested stages in our spiritual evolution.

All it takes is a Darwin within us to unify our own theory in a way that includes all three of the Abrahamic scriptures.

Unless you have a mind that's been augmented with a healthy imagination, the whole concept of God disintegrates like steam in cold air. Unless you have a mind that's been polished with a spiritual education like a river rock, you're going to mindlessly embrace or reject spirituality as useless, or worse, dangerous.

God Exists, but only to those who are mindful. Those who are consumed with the external matters of survival do have a place in this world.

But those who learn to love life as a means of learning how to love God by empathizing with His Enormous Task in guiding the evolution of humanity are just as interested in the joys of living as in their dreams for a reward after life.

The Bigger Lie

I hate to break it to you, but there's an even Bigger Lie than the Big Lie. The Big Lie is that the 2020 election was stolen. The Bigger Lie the Republicans are telling themselves is that they don't hate gays and Jews. Their future goal is concentration camps in the form of ghettos for all people of color, not just Asians. Republicans want to live separate from the rest of the nation.

The doctors in Bellevue Hospital in New York City diagnosed me as paranoid schizophrenic in 1978. So, you might think I'm still paranoid today. You might think I think everyone is out to get me.

But that's not true anymore. Now I only think the Republicans are out to get me because I'm gay and Jewish. Now I believe being gay and Jewish goes against everything they believe in as evangelical "Christians" and Orthodox "Jews."

I do have to admit that as someone who was once diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic, I have a tendency to look at everyone as neurotic or psychotic. I confess I do look down on most people as crazy but not nearly crazy enough...

I've already accused everyone of being a psychopath in some ways. But I haven't accused everyone of being a sociopath unless they're Republican or working in the Democratic Party against the Democratic, political platform.

So, it may come across as somewhat strange that I see myself as the canary in the mine field and a paranoid schizophrenic in a looney bin full of neurotics and psychotics. It may seem odd that someone like me is sounding the alarm.

One moment I compare myself to an ugly duckling. The next moment I compare myself to a canary. Some would say I've even "crossed a line" by comparing myself to swans and cranes.

But I do think homophobes are anti-Semites at heart. I also think misogynists are anti-Semites at heart. I even think racists are anti-Semites at heart. And I absolutely think Orthodox “Jews” and rightwing “Christians” are anti-Semites at heart.

To conclude that the Republican Party is telling itself a lie that’s even bigger than the Big Lie is easy for me to see.

Sue me! Prove to me I don’t have the freedom of speech to say such a thing. But this is what I really think lies deep down in their hearts that’s surfacing for One and all to see.

New Beginnings

I began this book with the story of “The Ugly Duckling.” I went on to describe uglier and uglier ducklings that led to the ugliest duckling any of us have ever known: Donald Trump.

If you don’t learn to judge others as an exercise in then learning to judge yourself, you’ll die flawless. You’ll die without having had any urge to repent.

Everyone’s got to have made mistakes in life that cost him dearly. We’ve got to have gone the wrong way to discover our mistakes, made a new plan and resolved to do better. You’ve got to experience the feeling of guilt, or you’ll learn nothing about wisdom of the heart.

You already know my~ big mistake. What’s yours? If you can’t atone for anything, I suggest you try killing yourself... It did wonders for me!

You have no reason to live if you’re afraid to feel guilty, apologize and atone for your misdeeds. Emotional self-indulgence will simply overwhelm you, as it once did me.

Who knows, you may get lucky and survive suicide, as I did. You may even erroneously blame yourself, as I did, for the insanity of others. But you’re just planning to die dead if you do.

The only way to die alive is to live life with more passion for self-knowledge by the day. Don’t turn into an old, ugly bug sealed in amber. Don’t turn into a zombie that goes through the motions.

If you haven’t yet found a reason to bow your head in acknowledgment that you’ve hurt yourself~, you’re headed for hell. You’ve got to be punished for hurting yourself because you’re a person, too.

You haven’t gotten far enough in the evolution of your life. None of us have. So, you ought to search through your pain and suffering for greater truth. There are lessons in

everything we go through in life if the student is ready to learn about himself. The Teacher Has already appeared.

The pain I'm in is always about me having hurt myself by not having tried harder to make a friend from within. The pain I'm in is always about my twin brother inside and the feud we've been having for a lifetime. I'm Hatfield [Jacob], and I'm McCoy [Esau].

Friendship really does start with yourself. If you don't achieve self-intimacy, you'll have nothing of value to share with anyone else.

I didn't think anyone could know me when I was a young man. I didn't think anyone could love me. But all I proved to myself was that I didn't know or love myself.

If you're looking for a marriage Made in heaven, look within. Once you've put a ring on your thumb, married yourself for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death do you part – then you'll be ready to go out there and find a fabulous bedfellow to enjoy on the side...

Three Characters in Search of a Story

There are three characters I'd like to introduce you to in this chapter. They're not real~ people. They're surreal~ people who live in my mind.

They guide me. They influence me. They lead me down the road of life toward my final Destination. [The word destination~ comes from the word **destiny**~.]

Our destiny is like a rainbow. It's an **empathy** with our unique nature that leads us toward our **Creator** and empathy with His~ Nature.

My destiny is my~ path and mine alone. It's a way through my heart to my soul. It's a seven-letter word that correspond to seven colors that correspond to seven feelings that correspond to seven days of the week that correspond to seven of the Ten Commandments.

The first three Commandments are a Given.

1. The Lord Is The Lord. He Took you out of the Egypt of childhood on a journey to a land of milk and honey within.
2. You shall have no other gods before Him. All idol worship ended when you hit puberty. Suddenly you were Given access to a whole new perspective on the mystery of life.
3. You shall not take His Name(s) in vain. If you choose vanity over virtue, you'll suffer for your choices.

After the first three Commandments, you're on your own to explore the seven mysteries of the other seven Commandments any way you choose.

The first of the three characters I'm introducing you to is a one-armed bandit. Around his only arm is a yellow Star of David. He's a disabled Jew. He's a desert wanderer who's been in the minority since the beginning of time. And the

whole world is like a desert, a vast, mysterious landscape that he often experiences as dangerous, enigmatic and devoid of nurture.

This Jew is outnumbered wherever he goes. He's often reviled, always looked at as different and sometimes treated with a suspicion that makes him very uncomfortable. But he perseveres as best he can, taking as little as he can with only one arm. All he has to offer in return is the smile on his face.

He's in a diaspora, much like his ancestors, a search for God in places that appear godless wherever he happens to be. He experiences injustice and prejudice everywhere. Sometimes he's rejected. Sometimes he's betrayed. And sometimes he's even violently forced to leave and move on.

The place where he is~ always seems like a place where God Is not~. And so, he searches for Him within~ as well as throughout~.

You are that Jew regardless of the color of your skin, the shape of your nose and eyes, or the belief system you were Given. You're a desert wanderer. You're thirsty. You're hot. And you're tired – damn tired!

Don't judge today's modern Jews by their financial portfolio. Don't judge us by our nose. Don't judge us by our intonation or the curious way we talk with our hands. Judge us by what we say. Judge us by what we know; how we feel; and by what we believe to be true about everyone. We all came off the same assembly line. We were all Made the same way.

Judge every Jew today as an emblem of success in that we made it through 3,400 years of the civilizing process of humanity to this present moment in time. If we could do it using our ancient principles as our guide, you can do it with yours, too.

In fact, don't judge us at all since you're Jew-ish~, yourself. You may not have known you're Jewish until I revealed it to you now. We certainly don't ask you to convert

to our religion to see yourself as Jewish. We simply turn you into one of us little by little over a vast amount of time.

I suppose that's one of our little secrets we should have revealed to ourself, so we could have shared it sooner with you. Sorry!

We've been saying the same thing with our humor for centuries. Perhaps we felt that up until now that was the safest way to let the truth out.

Perhaps you've already heard the old, Jewish joke about the father in a shtetl in Russia whose son had only learned Yiddish because everyone in the shtetl [village] only spoke Yiddish.

So, the father decided to send his son to a Christian town where he could learn Russian. He hoped his son could break the cycle of poverty and make something of himself if he could communicate better.

The father arranged for the boy to move in with a Russian speaking, Christian family in town. Half a year later he decided to go see how his son was doing.

The father asked the Russian gentleman of the house how his son was doing in the few words of Russian he could muster. And the man replied with great zeal that the boy was doing amazingly well! He'd only been there six months and already the whole town spoke Yiddish.

So, this is the Jewish secret sauce that you've had added to your spiritual food for thought. And this is why I tell you that in some ways you may actually be more fluent than I am in Yiddish. A gay Jew isn't exactly what anyone would consider the mascot of Jewish life in Israel or elsewhere.

The second character I want to introduce you to is a woman. She, too, is an intrinsic part of me. She's like Goldilocks who'd walk into any house and make herself at home without asking. She's the embodiment of chutzpah. It's an odd coincidence that my name is Barry~ because I feel

like a baby bear~ who's had all his porridge eaten by this chutzpadike gal. This has made me very mad at her!

If you feel like a Jew, that's wonderful. If you feel like Goldilocks, that's not so good. Perhaps you should think about the relationship between the "him" and "her" within you and work it out.

The third character I'm introducing you to is a toy for a boy. You might think of it as a model car, train or a plane to play with. You might think of it as any means of transportation you're familiar with or partial to, even a scooter, bike or skateboard that you have to propel yourself.

But this toy isn't a literal means of transportation. It won't take you anywhere other than paradise. It's your boy-toy. It's your penis.

Your boy-toy can talk. It's a very real, talking toy even though it's also an appendage on your body. It seduces boys who've entered puberty by casting a spell over them that makes others sexually attractive, magically mysterious and sensuously enticing.

First, your boy-toy will make you fall in lust with others. It'll draw you into physical relationships with them~. But it will, if used properly, over time, eventually make you fall in love with a special someone, which will encourage you to take your love even further by falling in love with yourself~.

Your boy-toy has the power to make you see yourself as the embodiment of lust and masculinity, which are both aspects of passion. Your boy-toy has the power to become a meaningful member of the team of horses [forces] within you that control your nature and the legacy you'll leave behind.

When you think of your boy-toy as the delivery device of your wants [-] and desires [+], you'll see yourself with a new source of inner power. You'll see yourself as a swan, not an ugly duckling. You'll compare and contrast this new-found power to others' powers to learn more about your

own. You'll become competitive and think of yourself as shrewd, not just clever.

Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely because men are Made to compete.

You absolutely have the right to discover your power and compare and contrast it to the power of others. In fact, you have the right to augment your power with more power to make yourself even more powerful than you were before.

This is the magic that cums out of the mouth of your talking serpent using its very special words. This is the beguiling truth about life that your heart is the first to be seduced by.

Love isn't achieved with sex. Without external knowledge combined with internal knowledge of yourself, you can't know love. You can only know lust for power. You can only yearn to become a winner in the external world, while losing something precious within.

Republicans are psychopaths who know a lust for political power because they're sociopaths who associate external power with proximity to God. They have no ability to love themselves because they have no interest in knowing themselves.

They can only dictate. That's why they all turn into petty dictators, including their judges on the Supreme Court. They can't learn about life from within. They can only scheme and plot from without.

The problem with hyper "religious" "Christians" in the past and today lies in the European languages that can't translate the word "love" from Hebrew. Love has come to mean something male/female; controlling; and dominated by men; but forced upon men by women.

This isn't the case in Hebrew or the meaning Jesus gave the ancient Jews when he spoke to them about love. Even in the First Letter of John to the Corinthians in Greece, the essence of the word love was lost in translation.

In Hebrew the word love~ would translate better into European languages as like~. Jesus taught the ancient Jews to like their enemies because God Likes them~, too.

Moses told the Israelites to love~ their neighbor as themselves. That was an inspired duty that came from his mind. That was the duty the Israelites struggled to perform with each other, since they were alone together in the desert when he said it.

But Jesus reiterated what Moses said to the ancient Israelis 1,400 years later when Israel had been invaded by the Romans and had other enemies all around them. Jesus used the exact same words as Moses, but in coming from his heart, not his head, he produced a secondary meaning. The best translation of Christ's message is to like~ your neighbor as you like~ yourself.

One priest I knew said it quite well, although differently. He said, "Instead of trying to love~ everyone. Try to be more lovable~."

There was no way for the ancient Jews to love their Roman colonizers or the enemies in the countries all around them. Jesus advocated that they like them. When we like what our enemies have that we're missing, our enemies learn to like what we have, as well.

Republicans are hateful to the people they don't like because they don't know how to like~ themselves. They're not disgusted by gay men loving~ one another. What really disgusts them is that gay men like~ one another. By extension gay men have the ability to like all men.

That's something Republican men can't do or deal with. That's something they associate with womanly feelings. That's something Jesus taught the ancient Jews that the hyper "religious" "Christians" still can't do 2,000 years later.

Republicans are envious of gay men's ability to like men. They're envious of Black men's ability to call one another: brother. They're envious of Latin [Catholic] men's ability to

put an arm around one another. They're envious of Asian men being able to bow respectfully toward one another.

But what Republicans can do is love God, and many Democrats can't do that. This is something I've learned from my enemies that has taught me to like them.

You don't have to love or like anyone because it says so in a book. You only have to love or like someone because it says so in your heart. If you can't do it by heart, you're going to feel guilty and take revenge on those who can.

The only thing it does say in every holy book is that none of us has the right to hurt ourself or others. This is what triggers God's Revenge. This is what He Meant when He Said in Torah that He'S a jealous God. If you think you can do something that He Doesn't Allow Himself to Do, He'S Going to Get even with you.

Republicans are suicidal maniacs bent on self-destruction because each of them hates himself for not being able to like the enemies he's commanded to hate.

God Doesn't Care who you choose to love. But He Has very strong opinions about who you choose not to like. Threatening to kill the rest of us by providing themselves with the guns to do so is an indication of how deeply every Republican doesn't like himself.

The whole gun issue in America revolves around the inability of Republicans to live the life Jesus advocated by liking their enemies. There's nothing more powerful than expressing warm feelings for your enemies if you want to turn them into friends. That's the recipe for the secret sauce Jesus promoted during his lifetime. That's what I admire about Christianity expressed through all forms of tolerance and inclusion.

If you think God Is Going to Punish you for every little thing you do, you're wrong. If you think God Is Going to Punish you for not loving someone society tells you to love, you're wrong again.

God Has an odd way of Allowing us to travel a certain distance down roads going the wrong way so we begin to realize on our own that we're going down a dead end.

Some people never turn around to make their way back to the highway, while some never take any detours off the highway for fear of getting lost or going the "wrong" way.

The January 6th Hearings were like earthquakes that created cracks on the surface of society. Every Republican found himself standing between one of these many cracks. He had to choose to jump to one side or another.

Some Republicans said that the hearings were happening in Hollywood and were put on by actors. They thought the woman playing the role of Ivanka Trump was an actress, not the real daughter of the President. Some thought Bill Barr was playing a part, and he's going to change roles at the end and surprise all the Democrats.

These are the same Republicans and Trump supporters who said that COVID vaccinations aren't useful, that you'd do better with the home-remedies they were hawking. They're the same fools who claimed Hillary Clinton ran a pizza parlor, sex ring for pedophiles in Washington D.C.

I remember when I was severely mentally challenged; when they labeled me paranoid schizophrenic – I couldn't defend the constructs of my mind. My thinking was threatened by any and all evidence that forced me to use my belief system any way I wished. They had to put me twice in mental institutions on powerful medications to protect me from myself.

What are we going to do now with millions of Republicans whose mental health is so threatened by the truth that their entire belief system is in jeopardy of psychic disintegration? What are we going to do with portrait artists whose background is a melted rainbow that's dripping all over their foreground?

Trying to kill myself once~ wasn't enough. I had to try a second~ time. Both times I hurt~ my German-Jewish mother

terribly by doing to myself what she so disdained her countrymen for doing to the Jews.

It was only the third time I attempted suicide that something changed inside me, ironically, because my mother never found out about it. The third time was the charm.

That's when I didn't hurt her~. I only hurt me~. That's when I realized that my desire for revenge against my mother had been motivating me to hurt myself~. It was only then that I decided to turn off that road and try going a different direction. That's when I saw that violence was a dead end. That's when the Mahatma Gandhi in me woke up.

If the truth be told, I thought my mother was the reincarnation of Jesus. I thought she'd been crucified on a cross, and everything I did that offended her was like pulling on her hands and feet or pushing down on her shoulders. I felt like I was making her suffer. I have to admit, I even unconsciously thought this way for some time after she was dead.

I've finally let go of my mother to let her rest in peace.

But I did so by taking her place on the cross. Then, everything I did hurt me~. Then I~ became the perpetrator and victim of my own thoughts, feelings, beliefs, wants [-], desires [+] and actions.

Getting down from my cross became my personal project. My sanity depended on it.

There's no way I'm going to let the institutions of bad religion survive. I'm going to rally an army of truly true believers to pray in their synagogues, churches, mosques and temples. I'm going to ask transgender people to go with their straight friends to meet God on the battlefield of faith to show the hateful that we have the power to like~ them despite what they do to us.

Hitler tried murdering modern and Orthodox Jews alike to keep his "Catholic" soul free from self-contempt.

Murdering gay men, Black people and Jews today will be a dead end for “Christians,” and those who conspire with them. Self-contempt is a necessary part of life.

If you don’t reach the level of guilt called self-contempt, you don’t know what life is all about! You haven’t lived!... You’re just existing. If you can’t feel contempt of yourself, you’re in denial of your guilt. You’re a psychopath. And if you insist on making other people pay because you can’t feel, you’re a sociopath, as well. You’re a Republican who knows only lust for power.

Our current Civil War is a war between Democrats [Yankees] and Republicans [Confederates]; modern and Orthodox Jews; homophobes and heterophobes; dark-skinned Blacks and light-skinned Blacks; and Karens and Marys – not between the North and the South.

If the Muslims in America and around the world choose to learn something of value about the struggle going on between their own heart and soul, that would be a useful outcome of our second Civil War, too.

The Republicans will never be able to achieve their hyper “religious” goals in this new Civil War because their goals were just as unchristian in the first Civil War.

If anyone can teach Christians how to behave in a Christian manner, it’s Jews who’ve been victims of “Christian” animosity for 2,000 years. We now know we have to like~ our enemies if we’re going to change their minds about us. We know so if we speak Hebrew, the language God first Chose to Use to Give us His Word.

The Orthodox “Jews” have opened the door to liking Republicans.

But the Orthodox “Jews” can’t say they like the modern Jews. And the Orthodox “Jews” absolutely detest gay Jews. They’re just cheap imitations of the real thing. That’s why we use the Yiddish word “shmucks” to differentiate them from the Hebrew word for penises.

The one-armed Jew lives in my mind. Goldilocks lives in my heart. And my boy-toy lives between my legs. These are the three stooges who are telling you this story, as they have every previous story I've told. They'll be the entertainers on our journey together.

I'm sorry to only introduce you to them now, halfway through our story. But we've reached the summit of the mountain. From up here, you can look down on all sides.

So, now is the time to tell you more about who brought you here, in the hopes that you can trust these three stooges to take you down the other side of the mountain or back down the way you came if you don't wish to go forward any further.

The Jew is the fellow with the power to speak to you out loud. Goldilocks has the power to feel~ for herself without the need for anyone's agreement. And my boy-toy is the one with the power to desire [+] the best for us all.

You might think this book was written by a Jew. You might think this book was written by a gay atheist. You might even think this book was written by a woman pretending to be a man while concealing what she's missing between her legs.

If I were to give credit to any of my inner friends for this book, I'd credit the fruits hanging down from my tree of knowledge.

This book was written by the serpent in my tree. It was written by my penis which looks and acts a lot like a pen. It was written by the voice of those of my desires [+] that gush out of my mouth as though I were in a constant orgasm of words that are pouring forth on the page. My whole body is like one big penis. And from my mouth, the life-giving force in me is being discharged.

To believe me, you have to use your mind to imagine my ability to separate the juice of my two fruits. You have to perceive that in healing from the psychic collapse I went through as a young man, I learned how to differentiate good

from evil in a poetic way that has made it possible for me to serve you my desires [+], while withholding my wants [-].

If you'd prefer to conclude that I'm a Jewish anti-Semite, male-chauvinist pig and pervert, that's up to you.

But I believe that no one can tell you with more accuracy what's true about the Jews than a gay Jew. I think Jesus was a gay Jew, too. I think Judas was probably his lover. When they broke up, that's when the sh-t hit the fan. Judas couldn't stand his jealousy of Christ's body and envy of his blood.

I believe no one can tell you what's true about the heart of men better than a man who loves all men.

And I believe no one can tell you what's pouring out of my penis better than me.

But you'll have to judge for yourself what you take away from this book. It is, after all, nothing more than a river of letters pouring into the hole in your head like sperm. No one can know which of these letters I'm writing to you will make its way all the way in to you to produce new life.

Fantasyland

J.K. Rowling influenced a whole generation with her Harry Potter books. She created a fantasyland where children could escape to make the transition from childhood to adulthood using magic as their guiding radiance, power and principle.

That is, all except those trans kids and gay guys like me who felt we were being swallowed up by nightmares. I tried making my way through her dark, magical world, one weird turn after another. But when I came out the other end of her tunnel into the light, I felt like sh-t.

What is it she gave the world that didn't do a thing for me? What is it about the rainbow of adolescence that I couldn't climb aboard in her, oh so, English~ depiction of the passage from childhood to maturity? Why did her fantasies feel like one hallucination after another? Why couldn't I revel in her magical kingdom without A King?

All I can tell you is that if you haven't read my previous books, you have no idea how I became the Rosetta Stone of my life. I painstakingly found a way to translate my being into words that cast spells over me~. I discovered the real~ magic of life, not the cheap tricks produced by a fantasy writer for amateur, escape artists.

Life is real~. Life is no fantasy~. If you can't forget that life is real because you were born into a world in which your very survival~ was at stake every moment of every day, you won't be able to dive into fantasies to escape having to be yourself. You'll constantly be reminded that those White, English actors with their posh accents who submerged themselves in Rowling's fantasies about their innate powers weren't like us. Our life isn't happening on a silver screen.

You and I are inheritors of a rainbow in living color we have to use our imagination to perceive. We're artists who have feelings we have to translate into seven visual concepts {red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet} before

we can trust how we feel about ourself. For us, seeing is believing. Love isn't as easy for us to believe in without visual clues that are real.

Kids like me were on a path that was more than just a yellow [frightening] brick road. It was a path of terror in getting beaten up on our way to and from school. Today's kids are horrified by the possibility of getting shot dead in their classroom!

Yellow means something today that Harry Potter could never have known 25 years ago. Harry was above the fray. He was a nice kid, and all. But he hadn't been terrified~ at home. He wasn't horrified~ by what he saw happening around him. Harry Potter didn't end up petrified~ inside.

He didn't suffer the inability to feel hope. He didn't know what it feels like to be an old bug sealed in amber, while youngsters are waxing poetic about being made of magical clay.

Oh, I don't want to paint too somber a picture. There were magical moments in my youth, too.

I remember the time I was seven and my father came to visit us in Ventura, CA from New York City to go through the ordeal of my mother divorcing him. He picked me up from school each day, and we walked home hand in hand. On one such day, we came across a lizard in an outdoor drain basking in the sun, and we both stood fascinated by something neither of us could put into words.

After he returned to New York defeated, I'd go on the equivalent of an African safari, catching bees in a jar as they buzzed around the mock orange blossoms behind our building. The bees were my trophies, like animal heads mounted on a wealthy man's walls.

As I eased out of innocence into experience, I remember a majestic sunset over the Mediterranean Sea on Mikonos when I was 17 on my first trip to Europe – paid for with money I made teaching Israeli and international folk dance at synagogues and cafes in L.A. The cruise was eight days

long and cost \$10/day, twice what I was allowing myself every other day [Europe on \$5/day]. That late afternoon on Mikonos, I was conversing with French gals from the ship, enjoying my first stab at friendship using my high school foreign language, elective skills.

At 21, I remember the night my friend [singer Ronni Bar Nof from Israel] drove my neighbor [kindergarten teacher Safira from Surinam] her Dutch boyfriend and me to Zandvoort Beach in North Holland. I'd never been to a beach at night before. There was a full moon. That was a magical moment for all of us that I'll never forget.

I lived for two years in Tel Aviv from the ages of 18 to 20 before moving to Amsterdam where I lived for three years. Gay life in Israel then was too hard for me. How many times had I run from the cops in Independence Park in Tel Aviv at night, asking myself why a Jew needs to run away from Jews? Gay life in Israel was surreal.

Living abroad felt like being an American who was far from Paris. I pretended to be British with my new friends in Holland, an international assortment of scarecrows, tin men and cowardly lions.

I couldn't reveal my lie to them. I couldn't even reveal to me that my whole life up until then had felt like a lie. I was wholly engaged in living out my fantasy, and it felt wonderful! I never would have gone back to the truth if I could have escaped it longer. Unlike **Dorothy**, I had no desire to go home. It was insanity that forced me back down to earth.

I still revel in the mystery of my young life in every one of those memories from long ago. There may have only been a thin slice of reality in my madness, but it felt grand to be young, running away with **friends** as fast as we could, each suspecting the others were also hiding from something quite real.

I'll never forget how it felt to be a ballet dancer leaping across the studio floor at American Ballet School near

Columbus Circle in New York City. I marveled at my reflection in the mirror and the utter physical freedom I achieved while unknowingly in bondage inside.

But now I know a **freedom** I could have never imagined then. Now I'm almost 70 years old and dance in my garage as though finally facing the world stage. I've never felt so sexy, hot and free.

Now I dream of Home so far away from Home. Now I dream alone. My friends have all disbursed to pursue survival, while I, somehow, am just now beginning to live.

My~ fantasies in youth I shared with real~ people. They weren't cheap imitation fantasies on the silver screen sold to kids on the cusp of learning the facts of life.

My first orgasm should have woken me up to my~ reality. Instead, it sent me running in fear from it. Sex led me into young men's arms, but far from my own.

I'm not afraid of passion anymore. I'm not afraid of matters of my own heart. I'm not ashamed of loving myself. If you want what I have, make love by yourself.

June 24, 2022

This book has no need to search for a storyline. The story of all of us began on June 24, 2022 when the Supreme Court struck down abortion. That was the shot heard round the world. That took us all back to the 19th Century. Now we're fighting the second Civil War.

Now that the January 6th Committee Hearings have mortally wounded Donald J. Trump [the Robert E. Lee of today], the burning desire for justice in Fulton County of Atlanta [the soul of the South] will leave the Republican Party in ashes. Fulton County will prosecute Donald Trump for election tampering and put him in jail.

This is the story that has become the background of all American profiles in courage. This~ is the battle of the war to end all wars!

Donald, the ugliest duckling, has a story that's become a part of all our stories. His~ story is my~ story, a poor, yet spoiled, emotionally impoverished kid who didn't give a damn about anything except accusing God that He Did a terrible thing by giving me the parents He Had.

But Trump's story trumps your story and mine. His story consumes our stories in the way that J.K. Rowling swallowed a whole generation with her lies about the magic and magnificence in her supernatural mastery over puberty. And yet, people couldn't get enough of either White lie.

With first and fourth graders getting blown to smithereens at school; with their bodies unrecognizable because their heads have been decapitated by dozens of bullets; with people being shot dead on school campuses, movie theatres, houses of worship, parades and sports events; with scores of gays in nightclubs being killed by a mass murder who claimed to believe in God; and Black men being gunned down by the police all across the country for minor driving infractions – the fantasy of youth and fairy tales are behind today's young Americans.

Today's youngsters have to grow up long before they reach puberty. They have to experience the starkness of reality in a world that forces them to feel all seven feelings encompassed in the **rainbow**. They can't afford to get stuck on **red**, **orange** or **yellow**.

Kids today must feel their feelings of **jealousy** [container] and **envy** [contents]. They must become **disappointed** in themselves. They've been forced to **grieve** a childhood that passed them by without so much as a wink and a nod.

Kids today must make their way through **madness** to **mystery**, while yearning for the same **ecstasy** from orgasm that we did.

Everyone today suffers from P.T.S.D. In fact, we all suffer so badly from post-traumatic stress that it's now turned into pre-traumatic stress. We're all anticipating the next blow to our psyche. We're all ready to run from the police for the least little thing we've done wrong.

Today's youth see themselves as a peel in search of the fruit that was once inside it. They're not trees of knowledge. They're stumps that know it. They were cut down long before they hit their prime.

If we're going to teach today's youngsters to embrace scripture, we're going to have to use methods that our ancient ancestors couldn't imagine because they didn't have to imagine such methods.

Our ancestors literally believed in magic and alchemy. They believed in God with all their heart and soul because they weren't as cynical as we are. They yearned to fly with literal wings. They yearned to turn base metal into gold, while we don't dare feel and believe that deeply in anything unless our life is literally on the line.

We've got the wings. We've got the potential to fly. We've got more wealth within us than we know what to do with.

But we've got nowhere to go and nothing to spend our inner gelt on. What's weighing us down is our cynicism and scorn of reality, not of the world to come. A pot of gold at the end of a rainbow is useless to us.

Everyone knows better~, and yet no one can do anything about the way the world is digressing. That's a weight that Republicans~ have to bear.

They're rats swimming away from one sinking ship after another while blaming the Democrats for what the rich and powerful did to the last vessel they were on.

There are no lifeboats. If you don't earn your wings, you'll be swimming, like Cassidy Hutchinson and Pat Cipolloni, away from the pack of rats around you. That's not going to look~ good for you in the end. That's not going to enhance your eternal reputation.

Today we yearn to use our wings to fly away from God's Kingdom here on Earth. We yearn to get the hell as far away from God and His Plan as fast as we can. We pray to the universe~ to keep the institutions of faith as far away from us as possible.

But the second Civil War rages on. And if the Democrats don't win it, it won't just be the Black who'll pay the price this time. The Blacks, Latinx, Asians, Jews, gays and women are all in the same boat. Our answer can't be to burst into song, singing, "Sit Down You're Rockin' the Boat." We have to flap our wings. We have to teach the whole world how to fly if we refuse to leave our children in a world infested with rats.

**Donald,
the Ugliest Duckling in the Whole Wide World**

I once was an ugly duckling who grew up to become a mallard [male duck]. I didn't grow up to become a swan. I did my best to believe I was a cygnet, but I wasn't. I became a cynic, instead. I suppose having become a ballet dancer who never succeeded in getting to be the prince in "Swan Lake" had something to do with it.

Despite any unconscious wish you're harboring not to know God; love God; and show Him your undying devotion and respect – I'm going to tell you the story of a man who grew wings so he could fly out of here rather than have to do the crawl with the other Republicans away from every boat they're sinking on the seven seas. That was a bat [a rat with wings] by the name of Donald.

He started out as a Peter Pan, a boy who refused to grow up. But Donald had a boy-toy he learned how to play in a way no boy had ever imagined doing so before. His boy-toy was more like a tail than a stick. His boy-toy would never blossom, bloom and then fruit because his "twig" was figuratively broken. It was completely detached from his tree.

I'm a fruit! I've got a luscious banana that's overripe! I blossomed, bloomed and fruited in new ways day-by-day because my boy-toy was firmly attached to my tree.

Donald, the ugliest duckling of all, was never a fruit. He was a nut with a shell that no one would ever be able to get through. He was only bananas in the figurative sense of the word.

I'm a fairy with wings, albeit without a halo that leaves me in a light that others would recognize as noble, courageous and strong. The light I shine lies within me, not around me. I'm just an average man.

My inner light is controlled by a switch, but I couldn't find that switch for the longest time. My inner light seemed to go on and off all by itself.

Donald the ugliest duckling doesn't have the imagination to know what I'm talking about. A nut knows only darkness inside. A nut can't feel the warmth of the sun deep down within. A nut grows instinctively. And when a nut falls, it falls hard.

I could sometimes see~ the light inside me because I had dreams~ in life to fulfill. But when I was filled with fantasies~ that light would go off.

And yet, when my inner light shined within, I could feel the warmth on my skin down to the marrow in my bones.

I could perceive the light within down to my seeds, each and every one of which yearned to make it out into the light. Such was the feeling of lust for me. My banana felt like it was bursting with seeds it wanted to reveal to the light of day.

And yet, my road through life felt like it had been made of yellow bricks. My heart was yellow. Every step I took filled me with a sense of moving through fear. Like the 1967 Swedish movie, I said to myself, "I am colorful, [yellow]."

My banana may have started out green, but then it, too, turned yellow. Now it's as brown as a Chicano's face as he picks grapes for starvation wages in the noonday, American sun.

"Let there be light" I said to myself over and over again. But it seemed to take millennia for that light inside me to come on and stay on. "What was the matter with me," I wanted to know?

I didn't feel like a fruit clinging to a tree. I didn't feel I had roots. I didn't know enough about myself to know what I needed to know about who I was with only my dreams to cling to. All I could cling to was what I was missing. "Trying to drink whiskey from a bottle of wine." [Elton John]

Such is the dilemma of every fruit in this day-and-age who has the potential to marry but not a clue how to attract a great guy. Thank God, that's not my~ problem anymore!

Thanks be to The Lord of this forsaken kingdom on the edge of the Milky Way Who Showed me who I was and what I had the potential to do with the fruits of my labors. That~ was pure magic! That was a real~ miracle, not the claptrap they talk about in houses of prayer!

Once the light finally came on inside me, then I complained it was too~ bright. Then I had to swap out the on/off switch for a dimmer switch.

How in the world would I tell the story of Republicans who are stealing our freedom if I couldn't keep the lights on inside me? How could I describe what Donald, the ugliest duckling, had tried to do to us~ if I can't describe to you what I'd tried to do to me~?

Freedom~ is external. Liberty~ is freedom from within. I was a thief who'd stolen my liberty out from under me.

Suicide is the greatest theft you can perpetrate against yourself. There's nothing you can steal from yourself more valuable than your own life.

That's my~ truth. That's the autonomy that took me further and further from self-worth, self-love and self-trust. That's what I was plagued with.

I was a thief who tried to steal my own life! And so, I found myself locked up inside me for decades for that spiritual felony. They tried to get me out using psychiatric drugs, talk therapy, dance therapy and all forms of motivation to get to work. But the truth was that I was paying a fair price for the crime I'd committed. And there was nothing the inmates or guards could do to change The Mind of The Warden.

I was imprisoned inside myself for almost half a century. But now that I'm out; now that I know how to spell **freedom**

– there ain't nothing no one can tell me about how this world turns...

Let me tell you how much I used to hate fat~ people. My mother hated~ fat people. She ridiculed them mercilessly. And I didn't want to be ridiculed any more by my mother than was absolutely necessary, not when I was a kid, and not thereafter.

So, I decided to agree to go on a diet to avoid her wrath. Why would I get fat, stay fat and suffer my mother's ridicule if all I had to do was become thin and hate fat people like she did? All I had to do was eat well, stay thin, and I thought all would be well in my world.

I probably became a ballet dancer to stay thin, not because I had any especially unusual gift for artistic, body expression. I resented the body I'd been Given. It wasn't tailor-made for ballet. Failing~ in the art I'd chosen to express myself was my greatest achievement in life if you look at life the way I do now.

Deep down inside, I still hate fat people, regardless of how the numbers on the scale seduce me into believing I'm beautiful. Deep down, I'm still afraid of my mommy. I'm still a little boy hiding out from her ridicule, playing with the apron strings I'm tied to.

You've been Given the vehicle you've been Given. You didn't get to choose it. You're not Noah who got to build his ark himself. You're stuck with the vessel you got, and you're going to have to make do with it until you reach safe haven.

I have a navel that probably should mean more to me than it does. I was born by caesarian. The wound on everyone else's belly at having been born means nothing to me. People were spewed forth from the mouth of a monster like food from its belly it threw up in disgust. By comparison, I was delivered by a benevolent stork!

I can't remember anything negative to say about my matriculation into this school. My mother and I were like

Madonna and Child. We couldn't have been closer. There was never a struggle between us – until I hit puberty.

But long after puberty came and went, I still concluded it would be better to hate fat people to play it safe with Mom. After all, you only live once. And you don't want to upset your mother...

But the lights kept flickering on and off inside me. And every morning when I got on the scale, alarm bells went off with numbers that would either make my day or break it.

How can I tell you a story if I use expressions like “flickering lights” and “alarm bells” but can't literally say what's going on inside me?... What good is a story if people shake their head in disbelief about what you're telling them? How do you communicate with literalists? They must be blind, deaf and dumb not to understand figurative speech when used in story form.

If you don't know what a storyteller is really talking about, we call it a myth or fable. Only if you can~ imagine what he's really tell you, do you believe it's his rendition of truth, and a story worth listening to. What I'm telling you is my story~. It's no fable. I'm not inventing fantasies. I'm not a mythologist making up gods as I go along.

And yet, to prove to you that my story is real, I'd have to lead you to the switch in the dark where your~ lights go on and off [mortality]. You'd have to see that spot for yourself.

But that's not possible because we all associate light~ with life~ and darkness~ with death~. We're all terrified of our own mortality. We're all afraid of playing with our light switch. We're all afraid of being alone in the dark.

So, if you think you're going to follow my instructions about where to go inside yourself without alarm bells going off as I try to lead you toward your light switch, you don't know enough about what lies inside you to do as I say.

Flickering lights are signs of self-doubt. People are very good at concealing their flickering lights.

Alarm~ bells sound like fear~. Fear~ sounds like trumpets~ that cut through other emotions with a piercing cry. [It was fear of Joshua and his band of Jewish warriors that brought the walls of Jericho down, not trumpets.]

Self-doubt makes the lights flicker inside remind us of lightning and fear makes our alarm bells sound like thunder. You don't want to battle your inner demons during weather like that.

Death is the color of darkness. If you can't pierce that darkness inside you, you'll have no clue what it means to be dead. You'll be lost in a living hell. You'll think you're invincible. You'll think there Is no such One as God~.

The early Catholic artists painted chicken wings on the backs of men and stuck gilded, glowing plates around the back of their heads. It's so frustrating not to be able to ask them, "Hey man, spit it out! What were you trying to say?"

I can try to convince you all day that darkness isn't at all like death. I can try to assure you that the darkness you see inside yourself is guilt~, not death~.

But you'll never believe me because you're not afraid of death~. You're afraid of guilt~ but won't admit it. How many people do you know who are willing to face their guilty conscience? They'd rather die!

People who can't see through the darkness within themselves are like White Republicans who are deathly afraid of Black Democrats. And gay, Black Democrats are almost as terrifying as gay, Jewish Democrats because White Republicans are consumed with superstition at what God Would do to them if they used their head to think for themselves.

People who can't see through their own darkness are like children who have to look under the bed and in closets before they go to sleep at night. Gay people who've come out of the closet are like boogie men who scare the sh-t out of Republicans.

Darkness is everywhere, inside and out. If you're walking to your car at night, and you start to think about getting mugged, it may be because your mind wants to remind you of how little you know about the darkness inside you. Maybe your lack of preparation for the darkness around you is related to your lack of interest in the darkness within you. Did you ever think about that?

Maybe it's not a gun you need to protect yourself, but a talking serpent in a tree that tells it like it is?

When you get to your car, get inside, and lock all the doors – you may feel relieved. But you should tell yourself that you really don't yet know enough about darkness. What you just went through was just a test to see if you were fully thinking about what you were thinking about when you thought it.

If you don't yet know that much about reality from the inside looking in, you'll believe any shyster who comes along to try to tell you how meaningful you are to him. Anyone will be able to feed you fantasies about the meaning of your life, and you'll spend your hard-earned money on his snake oil.

Such was reality in America at the beginning of the 21st Century when we were invaded by fanatical "Muslims." We didn't even have marriage equality yet. Such was reality before marriage equality when gay men were still treated like Jews in Nazi Germany and "Christians" decided to decimate Iraq and Afghanistan.

No one since Robert E. Lee and Adolf Hitler – and I mean no one – was a greater snake oil salesman than Donald J. Trump. Trump trumped all the rest of the liars and thieves. Trump made Napoleon Bonaparte look like a greasy spoon, burger flipper, not the chef and culinarian the French thought of their Emperor then.

Oh, I'm not going to cajole you into giving up your hard-earned suspicious nature to trust me. I know how deeply you were betrayed in the past because you felt alone in the dark

[afraid] and reached out to anyone who reached in to soothe you.

You should~ be suspicious of me. I blame you if you drank Trump's Kool Aid and consumed his food for thought. I even blame you if you consumed the greasy burgers the Bush administration handed out.

Keep~ your doubts about me. Keep~ your suspicions about who I am and what I'm trying to do~ to you. Liz Chaney has every reason to atone for her father's crimes against humanity. Dick Chaney, the former Vice-President, did enough damage to democracy, the political environment, and the natural environment.

Keep~ your rejection, abandonment and betrayal by your parents a secret from yourself if you like. I'm not interested in your doubts about me or other authority figures in your life. Your doubts~ are no different than mine~. They're no different than anyone else's~.

None of us were properly prepared for the modern age. When we were kids, our caregivers couldn't anticipate what we'd have to go through in the future. They prepared us for the present they~ were living, not the future we're going through now.

We all should have predicted that a Republican would make it to President to try to overthrow the American government along with our democracy. After what they'd done before we should have anticipated that Trump would get Republican to believe in his snake oil and then endorse the Nazi Proud Boys who led his cause.

Now we should predict the demise of the Republican Party – even though they're still here pretending to care for our eternal souls.

Republicans don't care about modern~ Jews. They only care about Orthodox~ Jews. They don't care about the future of young, straight~ males. They only care about eradicating young, gay~ males. They only care about keeping poor

people in the dark [guilt-ridden] so that they can control them with laws that favor the super-rich.

Abortion is just the beginning. Marriage equality will go next. And after that, they'll make contraception, oral and anal sex criminal offences. They're only interested in making more Israelite babies to grow up to become slaves who'll build pyramids to their greatness. They don't care what you look like or what you believe in.

If I'm scaring Orthodox Jews in America and Europe, good! Wear a rainbow armband if you want to prove you're on the right side of history. I'm not going to protect you from your own hateful ways. What have you done for people like me?

At one time, Republicans would have called what's happening today a fable~, not a story~. They'd swear on a stack of Bibles the future we see could ever come true. They would have told us we're having a bad dream.

But that nightmare is now real!

They say that truth is stranger than fiction, when what they really mean to say is that truth is even more fanciful than fables. People yearn for fanciful fables. They're not interested in anyone telling them stories~ because stories relate to reality. Stories can come true!

Donald, the ugliest duckling, knows the difference between fables and stories. He knows something that every psychopath knows – that guilt is something people want to avoid at all costs because guilt always leads to the truth. A sociopath~ knows that if you promise guilty people not to tell them the truth, they'll love you forever because they're psychopaths~.

But here's a bit more of the truth. This Donald doesn't know:

We're all in a material vehicle called a body. And it's hurdling through time on a journey through space that will someday come to an end. Just look at your face in the mirror

and compare what it looks like now to what it looked like five or ten years ago.

We have no control over time as it changes space incrementally day-by-day. The best we can do is use our thoughts, feelings and beliefs to assuage our wants [-] and desires [+]. That's not unique to you. That's not unique to anyone. That's just the ungarnished truth.

Donald J. Trump felt so rejected, abandoned and betrayed by his parents who knew nothing about how to love a kid with questions about life that he concluded everyone else was more damaged than him. He wants to control us~ instead of spending his life learning to control himself~. He thinks he can unite us with hopelessness.

Those who follow him have discovered that their idea of a god is really an idol they've been worshipping instead of God.

The Golden Calf~ in Exodus grew up in the second half of the 20th Century into a real estate cow. And yet, the sociopaths running the Republican Party still think Trump is a gift from God brought down to Earth to prove that they can't be wrong about anything.

Donald, the ugliest duckling, promised to prove to Republicans he's right; that they won't be guilty of a thing. He's convinced them they have no reason to even feel the feeling of guilt. That's what he's told them, in essence, because that's what he knows they want to hear. That's what he believes himself. Even his children, including his son-in-law, Jared, the Orthodox Jew, still dance around their real estate cow.

Trump may be defeated, but the Republican dance around the next Golden Calf that comes along is assured. They're going to turn Jesus into an idol made of gold, no matter what the cost.

Those rats who swam away from Trump's sinking ship don't feel an ounce of guilt. But they feel a ton of fear.

They're not repentant. They're only more focused on destroying democracy the next time or the time after that.

What Republicans are telling their constituents is no different than what Hitler told the German people. Hitler needed to deliver the German people a victim they could despise.

Republicans have found their victim: gay Jews. And the Orthodox "Jews" are their kapos who think they'll make it alive through America's future concentration camps for anyone who defies them.

Hitler knew how to get psychopaths to do what he wanted. He simply convinced them he could keep their guilt at bay through their very last day. That's the one feeling psychopaths don't want to face on the day they die.

Guilt is the bucket of water that melted the Wicked Witch of the West. Guilt is the sunlight that kills vampires. Guilt is the Medusa's head that Perseus couldn't look at except by reflection.

Little do rightwing "Christians" know that guilt is comprised of (1) embarrassment of our body; (2) shame of our character; and (3) humiliation before The Lord.

That's all there is to guilt. Read it and weep. Hyper "religious" "Christians" should have learned that in their house of prayer right from the start.

Their houses of bad~ faith are grooming them to kill gay Jews, pregnant Jews, Black Jews and disabled Jews. And they don't mind using anyone who gets in their way for target practice.

I'm not interested in sick minds~. I'm only interested in broken hearts~ and saving eternal souls~.

I'm gay~. I'm Jewish~. And I'm an American living in a modern world. The world is a pyramid and San Francisco is the summit. From up here, I can see footprints in Paradise.

I may be a survivor of severe mental illness that led me to attempt suicide three times, but I've checked all the boxes

when it comes to understanding how other people think and feel.

Inside, you know you're surrounded by walls of flesh and blood. There's only one way past~ them, and that's through~ them when you die.

So, I recommend you move through your walls slowly and cautiously into old age, and then out the other side with a smile on your face as you leave here for good. Don't stick around for the sake of stirring up trouble.

I'm not promoting names for God. I'm just promoting God.

Since I'm not dead, I don't have the secret anyone's looking for, do I? I can't get Republicans in and out of their cell in their homemade prison, can I? They're on a journey just like me, aren't they?

But what I do know about this journey that they don't has filled 29 books I wrote that nobody has wanted to publish. This is my 30th. And the 30th time is the charm. Hope springs eternal.

So, if you're running out of luck; if you're getting depressed by the state of the union we share and the state of the union within you that you have to deal with all by yourself; if your family and friends are feeling a bit predictable – dare I say even boring to you at times – then this book came to you just in the nick of time.

We're now well into the second Civil War. So, you'd better decide whether you're going to wear blue [Yankees] or gray [Confederacy] to your rallies. You'll want to dress the part.

By now you should be familiar with my extended metaphor of life as a school. And you should have already used the previous textbooks I wrote to prepare you for your final exam. The only question that remains is what I have new to tell you that I haven't said before.

This brings me back to the colors **red** and **orange**, **anger**, **fury**, **RAGE** and **worry**, **anxiety**, **AGONY**. These colors produce your growing impatience.

Red and orange are clues to why you're always in a hurry; why you want to scream out of frustration sometimes; and why you're trying to speed up to keep up. Everyone wants patience, but no one is going fast enough to catch it.

Impatience is equivalent to the agony Jesus experienced on the cross. Impatience makes you wish you were dead.

People don't realize how much agony they're willing to endure to let their boy-toy have its way. Getting what you want [-] in life is always harder than it looks.

When your needs [0], wants [-] and desires [+] overwhelm the guy who's in charge of your head and the gal who's in charge in your heart, you ought to give greater consideration to your entire, operating system. Your wants and desires are often running you instead of you~ running them~. This makes it much harder to meet your own needs. This is why some people literally end up homeless while the rest of the country feels~ Homeless.

As someone who was almost homeless and was checking out freeway overpasses for a place to live, I can now look back at how impatient I was at the time.

America is a rat race with good reason. Only rats move fast enough to race through it. You don't want to avoid impatience by colluding with rats. Ask Cassidy Hutchinson.

As I look at our country today – the 300 mass shootings in the first half of 2022, the abortion issue and the growing rift created by Republicans with Democrats – it's easy for me to get impatient with all the fools around me.

But facing the agony I'm in over issues that aren't mine to solve has, ironically, given me the answers I need to solve my own issues.

Most of the problems in American center around an insufficiently deep enough faith in God. Most of the God-

fearing in this country are rightwing “Christians” and Orthodox “Jews”.

Yet most of the God-loving~ and kind~ people are atheists and agnostics.

That means that most of our problems can still be solved with a modern look at the Bible since good people come to the topic of God and the dictates of Moses and Jesus carte blanche. They haven’t been indoctrinated with religious lies and hate. They aren’t prejudiced or exclusive.

We can’t make rightwing “Christians” and Orthodox “Jews” look at scripture with new eyes if they refuse to see. But we can take over their houses of prayer with inclusion and loving kindness. We can take away their tax benefits for being exclusive, hateful and mean.

Prejudice is not a God Given right. It can and must be punished. We must pray with them to convince them that we can pray better than they can. If they refuse to open their mind, we’ll just have to open their heart.

Most hyper “religious” people are wedded to literal interpretations of their holy book, instead of the metaphors [Moses], symbols [Jesus] and similes [Muhammad] I’ve discussed in my books.

Once you can move through literalism to the poetic intentions of God’s Words, it becomes so much easier to allow yourself to develop the individuality and personal solutions that will work for you uniquely.

Just because there’s a God with a Plan doesn’t mean that the hyper “religious” know what that Plan is or how the atheists and agnostics are living it better than they~ are.

Hyper-religious people have been wrong before. Just because life is a school doesn’t mean that failure in the material world doesn’t correspond to amazing successes from lessons learned within. Even Cassidy Hutchinson now knows that!

I've failed my way to success in life because I discovered the principles I live by. I don't take anyone's word for what's right and wrong. Life teaches me everything I know.

But I can't look at anything I've done in the external world without criticizing it for having been insufficient, incomplete or just wrong right from the start. I can't look at any of my "failures" without having to admit I learned enormous amount about myself and the principles I now believe in from those outcomes.

As I've said in myriad ways before, the problem lies on the political right where "Christian" doctrine is the theme behind all their political arguments. And the Orthodox "Jews" are, ironically, colluding with them all the way.

So are the fanatical "Muslims" as a matter of fact. The political right is so~ wrong. And the business world is only now beginning to scratch their head and wonder which side they ought to take.

I've talked about this so long and have described it in so many ways that I've lost interest in repeating myself.

Perhaps the only thing I haven't yet said is that Fox News and Rupert Murdoch are the outreach arm of the "Christian" proselytizing program for America. All their actions are intended to promote their belief in Jesus as God. One man from down under is dragging us all under.

The only problem with their maniacal beliefs is that they believe in the man [Jesus], not the message. They aren't interested in what he had to say. They're only interested in what the Church says he looked like and how they can use him to make money, amass power and harass all the people their relatives taught them to hate.

The Republicans all imagine Jesus as a Scandinavian Jew with White skin, blue eyes and blond hair who never used his penis for anything other than to urinate with; certainly not for sex.

They refuse to entertain the idea that Jesus and Judas were in a love affair, and things went badly for both when

they broke up because Judas was green with envy at what his boyfriend had that he didn't.

That thought disgusts hyper "religious" "Christians" because they aren't interested in his message of love and forgiveness. "Christians" are only interested in promoting what they say Jesus looked like. They swear he died with a chip on his shoulder, just like them.

And that makes Orthodox "Jews" smirk with cynicism.

This makes the Orthodox synagogues and evangelical churches of America a bigoted, homophobic and misogynistic outreach for anti-Semites who want to control the world, just as the Nazis tried to do in Europe in the last century. This is what the hyper "religious" have translated into politics that's represented by the political platform of the Republican Party.

Love is a feeling. God Presented the concept of love through the symbolism presented by Jesus after Moses presented the concept of guilt 1,400 years prior with his metaphors.

Guilt is also a feeling. But in order to attain love, you've first got to understand how guilt works. You can't claim to be flawless while claiming to know about love and its consequence: remorse, mercy and tolerance.

Why is it so many people don't want to obey the law? Why do so many people want to run away from reality with drugs? Why are so many people angry, frustrated and full of accusations and blame? Why can't these people think of anything critical to say about themselves, except that they're fat and impatient?

I think these are good questions because the American culture has created these problems on such a large scale that it's like a vanity mirror that blows our culture up to a size that the whole world is mesmerized and horrified by.

The pressure to conform to succeed so as to become financially independent rather than socially interdependent

is greater in this country than any other place on Earth. People aren't nurtured into becoming gentle and kind to one another thanks to the principle: what goes around comes around [Buddhist law of the universe]. They're hardened into becoming cold and unfeeling because they're taught to only ask what's in it for me~.

This makes drugs and sex particularly appealing as ways of escaping from the society we've created for our citizens. Drugs and sex become rewards to assuage our damaged ego for the harshness of the reality we've participated in making and then are subjected to.

The most important verb in the English language for me is "to affirm." I always yearn to be affirmed. I want people to see me and acknowledge me for being real. Ironically, I became a ballet dancer to be seen, but no one watched me. It was as if I was never really there.

Only in old age have I found my own rhythm and dance. Only now am I also interested in being heard. I am, at last, free. I can soar. I can fly. I can leave my body with my imagination, and when I come back to it, I can describe where I went. I couldn't do that by dancing for a living, although I still dance.

Life is a school, but I'm in class with my Teacher at night~ and doing my homework all day~ with the world. I report to Him in the early hours before the dawn. I'm the early bird who's Given the worm long before the other birds have to wake up, get up and catch up.

What's more, I'm in a committed, monogamous relationship with a man who really likes~ me. We like each other~. We're the epitome of a successful marriage without having gone through the paperwork.

Donald, the ugliest duckling, can't do what we can do. He can't afford to leave his body through the **ecstasy** living fully affords good people. He's damned to live out his survival issues through every real estate deal, bank loan and

court case he's subjected to. He's always in survival mode. He'll never learn to live. He's death personified.

The very meaning of life has been denied Donald, the ugliest duckling. He might have had the luxury of flying around in Airforce 1, but you and I are more alive squeezed into economy class on commercial airliners than he'll ever be.

Don't envy the super-rich. They're death warmed up unless they've learned how to turn their fortune into charity. Don't envy anyone other than yourself. You~ have what you want. And the more you earn your own reputation in your eyes, the greater the wealth within~ that will be Conferred upon~ you. That's what it means to be a proud American and citizen of the world.

Thinking Out Loud

When I think, I see a foreground and a background in my mind, as though I were looking at a painting. I see myself as a face with a meaning in being. I see me painting another portrait of myself with every major idea I entertain.

Such is the life of a master of metaphor. Such are the aspects of Adam, Eve and serpent that makes up the trunk, bow and branches of your tree. Out of this self-growing process, you produce the fruits of your labors, which can be both good and evil.

Sometimes my mind gets distracted by the background of what I'm portraying with blurred thoughts that rest behind my main idea and by feelings that encompass my main idea like my beard when it's in need of a trimming.

These blurry background thoughts and 5:00 o'clock shadow feelings are from previous moments in time that were important to me in the past that eventually unified into a fuzzy haze behind the main idea on my mind in that moment.

Previous thoughts and feelings fade quickly. They lose their vitality, as if they suddenly realize they were always intended to pave the way for a great idea that they're going to present as foreground for a well-thought-out self-portrait today. These faded, background fillers embody disappointment at never having what was needed to be great. They're a part of me. They're just not the part of me that matters.

In this way, past thoughts and feelings become a meaningful background to contemporary thoughts and feelings I hold prominently in the foreground of the new portrait I'm working on this day.

In this way, I create multiple self-portraits over months and years, each a profile of me entertaining new ideas that are prominent in my mind in a particular moment. Each

becomes a layer of portraiture on the material canvas of my life.

This method of living life like an artist with a blank canvas isn't new to me. It's as if it was always true but concealed in my unconscious. It's only describing it as such that's new to me.

I like to think that a copy of each completed portrait hangs in the halls of my soul. There, I sometimes go at night when alone with God in the mystery of the night for inspiration into who I was, who I am and what I now stand for. There, before the next dawn, lies the evidence of why my presence in this world is Called for.

When I stroll through these hallowed halls, I get a sense of myself, past, present and future. I see myself as a spirit in human form evolving and progressing like paints from tubes mixed on a palette, applied with a brush and manipulated to produce what we casually call: spiritual imagery.

This artistic view of my life makes me happy. It makes me feel that I'm edging nearer to God day-by-day.

If God Were to Bend down and Ask me, for instance, what movement means to me, there are already sketches and drawings in my mind that express that idea in self-portrait form using a variety of facial gestures I can't literally see, but which I take responsibility for producing over and over again on my face.

If He'D Like to Know what tenderness, loyalty or friendship mean to me, I have my tears as evidence, for they're like mixed paints on my palette that came directly from the colors of His Rainbow. I'm a dope who believes in hope and a thing called love.

My tears have produced the most powerful of all the words in the English language: love. Layers of love-filled words applied to my canvas leave brush strokes of meaning behind to inspire others. I think about how I think, therefore~ I am.

Such are my beliefs concretized in my soul as my way of expressing what being~ means to me. I imagine such is somewhat the soul of every artist.

In my last book I spoke about gossip as a painful betrayal I felt as a gay man by my lesbian cousins. I got between them, and they ripped me to pieces with gossip as easily as tearing paper up and throwing it in the trash. I was appalled at how easily women will shred men if women are so inclined.

Men murder one another, women and children. But that's nothing compared to the psychic destructive ability God Gave to women... So, beware!

Telling women they aren't allowed to end a pregnancy they don't want was a dangerous move. The six Republican judges on the Supreme Court burned Atlanta to the ground with that match. And the second Civil War has only just begun.

I now look at gossip as a pas de deux on the world stage between Rudolph Nureyev and Margot Fontaine. Gossip is stunning in its disassociation from personal involvement. Gossip is England on-point being spun around by Russia. Gossip is virility in a dance with a lie!

Rudolph Nureyev was always in love with Danish, superstar, ballet dancer Erik Bruhn. The magic of Nureyev and Fontaine was gossip on the world stage presented as art. It was an invention, a white lie. The real art was happening between Nureyev and Bruhn's sheets.

I could also describe gossip as a chess match between democracy and totalitarians around the world, pawns taking down kings with the help of queens like me.

When will the bishops of the Church see the quest for freedom as a truth that liars and thieves are always going to squelch? What's the angle bishops are clinging to? The quest for freedom is a war between the head, heart and soul of every player that s/he must win from within.

The mosque will never bow to the church, or the church to the shul. But the more the masses identify as victimized Jews, the greater the arc of fate will bend to God's amazing Will. We're all seeking our **destiny**. We're all more like Jews than anyone would like to admit [including the "Jews"].

Compare and contrast the evidence around you to your religious beliefs~. Analyze your own reality~. What's happening to both~ over time?

The shul can only convert your mind. The church can only convert your heart. The mosque can only convert your soul.

To change your mind, you're going to have to transform your heart to transcend your conscience with a greater~ truth about God.

Gossip verses truth is a wrestling match between you and God in your conscience, not between other people. This struggle with God [the very meaning of the word "Israel"] turns you into an embodiment of Israel made manifest.

So, if you think good and evil aren't playing out their match on the world stage as well as in your own home for domination over the importance of your humanity~, you aren't waking up to a world that must include the Jew in you. You aren't fully aware of what's going on inside or around you because you're asleep at the wheel.

You're only pretending to be alive if you aren't struggling with God to achieve goodness. You're still in a Neanderthal state of awakening if you haven't confronted the Creation Story as the wake-up Call in puberty when the words of your serpent involuntarily poured out of its mouth.

The evolution of the species was just a mirror of the evolution we're all going through within ourself and the evolution you encountered with your first orgasm.

There's something akin to cold-blooded dinosaurs fighting with warm-blooded mammals in every decision you

make. But there are cowboys on horses contending with angels-on-wing when you vote using fantasy as your guide.

When you get it wrong, animals in Africa groan. Children in barrios in Chili cry out under the burdens you're putting them through. Paintings in the Louvre frown at your choices. You're destroying civilization as we know it when you refuse to accept **reality** as it is.

Life is real, but most people are only pretending to live it. They think survival of the fittest~ is what it's all about. Well, I have news for them. Survival isn't my issue. The morally strong will always survive even if I die in my attempt to express my truth as a gay Jew.

The morally weak along with the morally strong will die sooner or later. We'll all die. If you think Republicans have an edge over us, you're sound asleep to the Call of The Lord. You're dying to die~, while I'm dying to live~. You're already dead, while I'm becoming more alive day-by-day.

The Republicans are inhaling death with every breath they take. They haven't got a chance to live forever. They're suffocating in their self-hatred which they project onto people like you and me. If you're Republican, change your vote. Go left young man!

Men's eyes are bulging from the idol guns they worship. They're praying for violence to prove their strength. They're lighting candles in celebration of darkness. They're edging their way toward hell like lemmings who are slowly following one another over a cliff of such unprecedented and unparalleled proportions that they have no idea how far down they could yet fall.

Their~ fall is proof positive of The~ Fall. That Fall was the death of childhood that ushered in puberty; so great is God's Hope in us achieving our humanity. Young, straight men don't even know what they've been through, let alone what could be coming. All they know is how to take the Bible literally or throw it away.

In Europe, people went through religious wars for centuries. They harnessed their hatred of Jews until the axis powers agreed to eradicate Jews and Judaism entirely.

Today, the right harnesses the same hatred, while obfuscating their intentions with financial goals to make it look like they're good at heart. They're "only" aiming to kill the gay~ Jews this time.

Woman came out of man, they tell us... Eve literally conspired with a snake that talked to her... And for that reason, God Brought death into the world... But then God Sent His Son to save us... The end...

Don't ask any questions. Don't look any further. Just cast your vote for the ugliest duckling in the generation you entered this school as a fool.

If you don't think about what you think about to achieve a sharper mind, they'll take your vote away from you altogether. They'll replace democracy with religious autocracy. They always did. They always will.

They're moving Jesus out of every church in the land to the White House and the United Nations. Now is the time to recapture the church and state!

All those who oppose Republicans will be branded Israelites who must answer to pharaohs. Republicans are already building pyramids to their greatness with our power, sweat and strength. They're taking us back in time to praise their greatness.

But they're dried out mummies wrapped in rags. Don't be afraid of the cadavers on the right. They can't hurt you. They're already dead.

If you aren't a poet and know it, you're going to get sucked up into their literalist interpretation of scripture. You're going to hate modern Jews. You're going to hate modern Muslims. You're going to hate gays and lesbians and Blacks and Browns and modern hues of sunflower Yellow who turn their heads to the Son instinctively. You're going

to hate anyone who isn't White. And you're going to create a love affair with guns.

You're going to carry a gun with your Bible. You're going to aim both as you would your penis. And you're going to fire to pierce any person you hate with the ammunition of your death-giving semen. Such is the putrid poison that will come out of your other two lips.

Hope lies between your legs not just in the scriptures God Gave us. Hope lies in the boy or girl-toy you were Given that you should, by now, have learned to love. This is your wand. This is the source of your magic.

Making love is the key to creating life, preserving life and enjoying life, even if you don't want children. Life~ is the door out of this world and into whatever comes next that no man can mansplain with words.

Freedom is the key. Getting through each door in life to perceive the brilliance of what's on the other side is the lock you must open.

Don't believe all the earthly gossip about heaven and hell. Heaven is your perception of the destiny~ of man. Hell is your perception of his fate~.

Making love is an art, and anyone who loves sex has the potential of becoming an amazing artist portraying life on the white canvas of his bedsheets.

If you don't look at love with your partner as a magnificent performance in one tiny corner of the world stage, you're not a good actor.

If you don't enjoy penetration of the mouth of your partner with your tongue as a song, and your kisses as tunes you two are composing to dance to on your mattress – then what are you two doing? Why bother having sex without love?

Making love is a ballet. Making love creates leaps and bounds of such great height and beauty that your soul is captivated by your grace each time you cum.

If you're bored to death with your husband or wife, the problem lies in you two, not us. There are gay men crying at their wedding and cherishing their marriage vows as manna from heaven. There are lesbians who are making love with endless delight. If we can love love, you can learn to love love too.

Gay men are artists in bed. We produce self-portraits of love while reclining. Our song to God is a sculpture, a Rodin Thinker or Kiss carved in a bronze tan. Our dance with grace through every orgasm with our beloved is a recreation of creation.

You have no idea who's masterful in bed just by looking at people's containers. Adam and Steve have as much hope of achieving paradise as Adam and Eve.

Don't listen to anyone hyper "religious" who waxes poetic about God's heterosexual Love. They don't know the meaning of love.

The meaning of love~ is like~. You've got to like~ the person you're sleeping with. You've got to know them so well and like them so much that you want to keep them alive forever with your passionate regard for their being.

Some of the quietest, most humble and unassuming couples, straight and gay, have achieved something so magnificent in their relationship that all the arrogant assumptions Republicans make about the misery of lust have turned Republicans into Sorcerer's Apprentices.

They're creating havoc with every hateful law they pass like gas. They're filling the air with the distasteful smell that emanates out from inside them.

Donald, the ugliest duckling, was certain he'd need the power of the Presidency to bed the most expensive prostitutes money could buy. What good is marrying a world-class model if she's so cold she won't even hold your hand in public? What good is power if nobody likes~ you?

The purpose of power lies in having the time to achieve food for thought. What good is power without the desire [+]

to do good? Donald's entourage of thieves use their power to create scandal. They're the personification of evil for the autonomy to do whatever they want [-].

When Donald, the ugliest duckling, dies, what will he leave behind other than a trail of hotel rooms? What a bitter irony he created so many places to make love, and yet he never learned how to do so?

What will every other Republican leave behind when s/he dies except bitter irony? They have no idea how to make magic. They have the wand, but they're paralyzed by their "religious" teachings from using it.

If you vote Democratic but think your magic has been said and done, you're not eliciting the soupy words from your serpent that it still has the potential to usher forth into reality. There's more to the human body than you thought when you were a child. And there's more to the human experience than you think now as an adult. The magic of adolescence can be recreated with goodness. All it takes is **empathy**.

If you think sex and food are good~, that's fine. But if you think sex and food are great~, that would be better~.

Heavy cream is best beaten with lemon, sugar and a dash of vanilla. If you don't beat it sufficiently, it'll still taste good, but it'll run down your hot, apple pie. As for beating eggs from anywhere in the world, you'll want them to be stiff and frothy when making meringue.

Sex and food are the tip of a spiritual iceberg. You must fathom the meaning of both. You must make your way down through the frigid cold in your heart to the darkness and pressure at the bottom of your being to discover the enormous breadth and depth of your feelings for food and sex.

You must learn to embrace a hunger you have the potential to grow inside. You must learn to face your passion for living without cowardice.

Without a passion for life, you're dead in the water. Without the passion to create with your lips, tongue and private parts, you're nothing. You're gumming the world like a babe in arms. You're still sucking reality as though it were a pacifier.

Don't turn into a big baby. Take your thumb out of your mouth and put a ring on your thumb. Marry yourself. Don't try to do~ right by being on the political~ right. There's an evolution happening in your home and right outside your door. It's happening everywhere. Get onboard! Don't miss your own boat.

Most people are walking pacifiers. They don't want to suck the life out of life by participating with God in the wonders of living together with the people you tolerate, accept or admire. Love yourself and you won't allow yourself to be pacified by others any longer.

When I Grow Up

When I ask myself what I want to be when I grow up, what comes to mind are characteristics [virtues] I possess now that are determining who I am today. They'll determine who I'll become tomorrow.

I don't have all the virtues I see around me. I only have a few of them. I have to make do with what I was Given. I have to share my virtues with myself; appreciate my virtues by gifting others with them; and realize that my combination of virtues and expressions of them aren't universal. People need what I have, and I need what they have.

This is why I'm always reinventing myself with authenticity. I'm never standing still. I'm never resting on my laurels.

With this movement within comes doubts. I doubt myself the way a car slams into a pole when the driver falls asleep at the wheel. I doubt myself the way a train hits a truck when the trucker is in a rush to cross the tracks. I doubt myself the way a plane hits the runway and collapses under a broken landing gear because the pilot wasn't looking at what he was doing.

I'm a driver, conductor and pilot. I'm in a car, truck and plane. I'm responsible for what happens to my vehicle. Yes, there are accidents. But most accidents are really incidents that get reported as accidents.

Inside, there's only you. And you're going to have to face your guilty conscience one day, even if that day comes after you die.

Self-doubt is dangerous because it can lead to outcomes that are painful. But self-doubt is a necessary part of creation. It takes a modicum of courage to create. But it takes a hell of a lot of courage to destroy what you've created in order to rebuild it back better.

If you don't learn from Republicans how to destroy [within], you'll never learn how to build back better without. You'll miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Conservatives are experts on self-destruction. They just don't have anything other than money, power and their names for God [Adonai Jesus or Allah] to build upon. They don't do anything after they get into power other than steal for their friends and restrict other people's rights.

Religious nuts will always find reasons to kill off good ideas. They require enemies to keep their constituents distracted from their poverty and sacrifices in life. These exclusive, religious leaders will never seek wisdom or look for reasons to love. They'll never do more than give lip-service to loyalty to God and to life. Inclusivity is their greatest nightmare.

They've promised the world to do just what our ancestors did despite the horrors our ancestors unleashed upon the world. They're like dinosaurs, and we're like mammals. They're dragging us backwards because they're devolving. Gay men have a whole other sense of drag...

Republicans hate women. They hate their mother. They hate the Eve in their own operating system. They hate their heart. They think matters of the heart are weak and feminine. They think their feelings come out of their body, like Eve came out of Adam. They want to repress the lust deep down inside themselves.

They want to kill Eve because of the lust she unleashed upon Adam. They want to enslave every woman to keep that secret inside a secret. They always turn into Proud Boys – Nazis in every new age with a new plan on how to destroy the Jews for upsetting their maniacal plans to eradicate us.

The Old Testament will always keep coming back to haunt them. They can't make sense of a book from God that uses metaphor to create morality. They're stumps, in an orchard of trees of knowledge.

Every little bird on your shoulder will tell you that gay men are a combination of reptile and mammal you should aspire to admire as a mirror of your nature if you wish to learn how to earn your wings and fly.

If you've got a talking serpent in your tree that's colluding with your heart to overturn the thoughts in your head, just admit it as a story, not a fable. Look at it as metaphor and you'll fathom the depth of yourself. Look at the naked truth while nude. Only then can you do something with it about it.

We~ are the missing link. We~ are the promise of hope. We~ are the future of mankind and the yearning for modernity in every man. If you don't wish to embrace the future, you'll turn into a conservative; a religious relic that will stop the evolution of humanity to squeeze the last, little bit out of the name of God he's abusing.

Ask the average Israeli in Tel Aviv what s/he thinks of the Orthodox Jews in Jerusalem. Ask average Muslims anywhere in the Middle East what they think of their princes and kings and how they live. Ask women what they think of the men who've outlawed abortion.

The goodhearted admit they can't stand the oppression from the hyper "religious" on the political right. But the goodhearted need to learn from them how to believe in themselves with the fervor the "religious" hold for their name for God.

I never found anyone who helped me overcome my low self-esteem until I watched Donald Trump swagger across the world stage. Then I saw how my~ conscience was working overtime, while his~ wasn't working at all.

Republicans are abusing us with their belief system as their guide. But at least they can~ believe. Sometimes I wonder if Democrats know how to believe in themselves, or whether they're afraid that if they believed more ardently in themselves, the next thing they'd have to face, God Forbid, would be believing in the God Who Created them...

Not only are the rich oppressing~ the poor. That's easy to see. What's not easy to see is how most mothers and fathers are suppressing~ the hope their children have for a better tomorrow. That's why communities are repressing~ themselves. That, you can see, too. But can you see how you're depressing~ yourself?

To change the world, you have to start by changing your mood. That's~ challenging. How you feel about yourself is the key to what you're going to accomplish. Some of the wealthiest, most vile and polluting people on the planet are in a wonderful mood. They think they're doing great. They think life is moving forward swimmingly for them. When their ship sinks, they just swim like a rat to another.

Therefore, you ought to learn to affect your own mood, too. And for that you don't need money, power or prestige. To change your mood, you only need hunger. The hungrier you are, the more you'll feast on every fleeting moment of happiness you produce inside for yourself.

A Story!

When I was a single, gay man, I dreamed of having a partner to share my life with. I couldn't imagine my life being meaningful without a man in my life by my side.

I didn't have a career~. I had a job~. I didn't have a home~. I had a studio apartment~. I didn't have a life~. I had pattern of survival practices I went through on a daily basis without making spiritual headway.

I was like a bird flying around in circles getting the lay of the land. I knew I had a great destination. I just didn't know how to break the cycle of circles I was going in to fly in the right direction.

The concept of evolution didn't begin or end with Darwin. The concept of creation~ and passion~ didn't end with doing my job, earning a living and not getting into trouble with the law. The concept of meaning~ in life didn't begin around me.

Deep down inside I knew I was brought here to serve God through being of service to others. I just got distracted by people along the way. I got preoccupied with the talking serpent in my tree. My feet were taking me where I wanted to go, but they wouldn't tell me where we were going.

I was a walking secret unto myself. I needed someone to reveal my secret to me. I needed people to gossip about me with me as a fly on the wall. I needed to overhear what people were saying about me without feeling confronted. What I always heard inside was, "Look who thinks he's nobody."

All those people around me are now inside me. And what they're saying about me helps me because I instinctively know I've got a great story to tell. Self-criticism is the most powerful of all criticisms if done lovingly.

We know psychotics hear voices. And we're terrified of turning into a psychotic who hears voices, too. They're

always being commanded to do something violent. They're never asked to just sit still and listen to their mind as it tells them the secret of their own story.

Your mind is producing silent movies on an inner screen. The characters in these movies are actors who've read the script and know what they're doing. All you need to do is watch the movies while distancing yourself from the anxious music you play in the background. Decide for yourself the message about yourself in each of your movies.

Since these silent movies are made by~ you and for~ you, the message must be unique to you~. As you learn to interpret your movies with greater self-intimacy, your secret will slowly become more apparent and easier to perceive. You'll be able to think about what you think about, which will increase your ability to feel better and believe more ardently in your ability to make a positive difference every minute of every day.

Instead of turning into a psychotic maniac who thinks he's got to get back at the world for the inhumane ways he was treated as a child when any and all forms of blame signified a guilt he couldn't endure, you'll become more determined not to make anyone have to suffer the way you did. You'll champion your cause for freedom and self-expression. You'll become a hero to those who are spiritually weak who haven't yet discovered the power they hold inside.

Finding meaning in life requires finding a mission. Moses had no mission for the first 40 years of his life. Then, out of anger, he killed a slavedriver who was beating up an Israelite. He spent the next 40 years running away from the law and from his guilt. It was only when God Met him at the Burning Bush when he was 80 years old that he was Challenged to take on his mission. He spent the next 40 years leading the Israelites to freedom. Moses died at the age of 120 using the last 40 years of his life to make his mission come true.

The religious right knows this about life because they've read the Old Testament and discussed its relevance to the coming of Jesus, the rabbi who led his congregation on a second exodus out of their head and into their heart.

You need to learn more about Moses to become a prophet unto yourself. You need to work toward your mission. No institution can tell you what your mission will be. Not even you can know when it will come upon you.

If the institutions of "religion" were headed in the right direction, it would be easy to get aboard. But they're all going the wrong way in taking their scripture literally. They've got a one-size-fits-all approach to God that makes me uncomfortable. They've been beguiled by wealth and power for the sake of prestige in the World to come when nothing about that World has been carved in stone.

They know about service to the poor, the disenfranchised and the needy. Yet anyone they hate they turn into their gay Jew.

When was the last time you heard about a Republican who did something to protect wildlife? They're only interested in hunting down and killing animals. And the rifle that does that the easiest becomes the idol they fervently dance around like Israelites just out of Egypt while Moses was up on the mountain speaking to God.

Gay-Jews are the Republicans' idea of wild animals. They're coming for us. Killing innocent Black people has only been for target practice. They're really coming for gay Jews.

The Republicans are looking for ways to crush all our voices and stop us from breathing with their knees on our chest. Don't turn your back on Black suffering. We're all dark inside. Soon, they'll find reason to come after you, too.

You need a mission to get onboard the evolution of humanity. You need a mission to discover your love of yourself. You need a mission just to change your mood when you get up in the morning.

But most secular people don't want a mission~. They just want to complain that they want a life~. They want a reason to feel good. They've felt bad enough already.

How can we convince them that a mission will make them feel better than they do now? Getting a life~ means finding a mission~. Life is harder than it looks if you aren't helping others as a means of better helping yourself.

The snake oil salesmen will tell you just the opposite. They'll tell you to leave it all in their hands. They'll make your life so easy that you won't even have to think.

A Mission!

The first step in looking for a mission is observing your negative reaction to negative feelings. Anything that makes you feel particularly bad isn't just a response to an external stimulus. It's also a reflection of an internal stimulus.

We project our negative feelings about ourselves onto the world around us, so we won't have to feel them personally and deeply. Then the world affects us negatively in the way we projected our negativity originally out onto it.

This has to be observed in real time. You can't take my word for it.

When I talk about negative reactions to negative feelings, I'm talking about a doubling down on feeling bad. It's bad enough that you feel bad. But reacting to that with negativity only makes it worse.

Thumper said that Bambi was "kinda wobbly." Thumper's mother reinforced what his father had said to him just that morning, "If you can't say something nice, don't say nothing at all."

Thumper projected his own wobbly nature onto Bambi, but his parents could only offer him the wisdom of the day. What Thumper should have been instructed to do was to reflect on how wobbly he still was in some socially inappropriate ways. It's true of all fawns [baby deer] and kittens [baby rabbits].

Once you can see yourself growing up into a Bugs Bunny [a wily, street-wise rabbit], you should look for what comes out of your unconscious that you weren't aware of in there before.

You've got to train yourself to associate the injustices you see perpetrated against others and animals as a projection of injustices you're perpetrating against yourself. The more you can pierce these projections, the more intimacy with yourself you'll achieve. The more intimacy

you earn from you, the more you'll reveal more of your secrets to yourself.

If you're suspicious of others until they prove themselves to you, why wouldn't you be suspicious of yourself until you prove yourself to you? You're no fool. You aren't going to become intimate with yourself until you're absolutely sure you aren't going to screw yourself over.

If you see you're screwing yourself over, you aren't going to be intimate with yourself until you can fully understand the bad habits that have been ruining your relationship with you for a lifetime.

This is why they say life is harder than it looks. Life is a process. And if you want the end results [+], you have to do all the hard work along the way to get what you desire [+].

This idea used to be promoted through faith in the institutions of faith. But most of them have bankrupted themselves by taking us back to the past. We've got to teach them to use scripture in new, creative ways.

What you most need in life to do that is self-intimacy. If you're not your best friend; if you don't trust yourself more than anyone else on the planet; if you don't know and love yourself enough to correct the mistakes you're making with yourself that are causing you pain and suffering – you aren't going to be able to convince anyone that you know what you're talking about.

Without self-intimacy, you aren't going to find a mission in life. A mission must always lead you to greater self-intimacy. Self-knowledge is the key to achieving miracles.

The reason Moses described his encounter with God as a Burning Bush experience was because he had no way of describing self-intimacy in the vocabulary of his day.

You started out as a tree of knowledge with an operating system made up of thoughts from your head [Adam], feelings from your heart [Eve] wants [-] and desires [+]

from your testicles; fruit juice that gushed out of your talking serpent [penis] for the first time at puberty.

But over a lifetime, you should see yourself as a tree of knowledge that's been on a figurative journey to discover the secret to why you were planted here in the first place.

Each time you make a deeper acquaintance with yourself, you have a burning bush encounter with God. From these minor revelations, you develop faith in yourself, faith in God and faith in your mission made manifest.

You might even say that you've been in an Egypt of your own making. You've run away from a lust for life with guilt. You've had many burning bush experiences that have brought you back to your inner Egypt many times. You've repeated this circular experience to bring it to greater consciousness.

Well, now it's time to complete your exodus. By now you should know where you're going [Israel: a struggle with God]. By now you should be looking for a way to help those around you who are going the same way.

This is how Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad used the revelations of Moses to bring themselves further forward into modernity in their day-in-the-sun with God toward a benevolent future for all of mankind.

To develop self-intimacy, like Moses, you must, in your own unique way, go back to the scene of your crime. You must make peace with your people [Israelites]. And you must lead them out of bondage from the Egypt they're under.

In this way, Moses was ultimately able to confront his anger issues. Whatever your issue is, God Will Be with you as you go through it to the extent that you're able to be with yourself as you go through it.

The Old Testament teaches us how to grow like a tree of knowledge and how to achieve a mission through burning bush experiences that develop our courage and willingness to devote our life to something meaningful.

This makes us a prophet unto ourself. This gives us a voice that grows with purpose. This leads us to something greater than hope. It leads us to resolve.

This is something Republicans [hyper “religious” “Jews” and “Christians”] have read about in the Bible. But this isn’t something they can deal with, with righteous intention because they’re exclusive, not inclusive.

God Is inclusive. Republican aren’t working with God. They’re working against God.

They’re coming after gays. The transgender community is already in their sites. Contraception and anal sex will soon be outlawed as they’ve done with abortion. They’re readying the concentration camps again. But this time, the Asians won’t be alone in them. They’ll have plenty of company.

The Handmaid’s Tale is based on a Puritanical concept that comes out of a literal interpretation of the Old Testament. Hyper-religious “Jews” and “Christians” in Israel and America are going to turn every nation in the world into a “religious” theocracy that will own and control women’s fertility as well as men’s freedom of sex and speech.

We need to meet these psychopaths on the front lines, in their houses of prayer. That’s their Berchtesgaden [Hitler’s Eagle’s Nest]. That’s the villain’s lair.

Soon Republicans will require membership to enter their institution of faith. No one who in any way might be mistaken for a gay Jew will be allowed in.

If you don’t have a mission yet in life, it’s because you see yourself as flawless and nearly perfect. You have Republican leanings. You’ve done such a good job of projecting your character defects onto others that you can’t yet see them from inside.

I wouldn’t quote Donald, the ugliest duckling, by saying, “There are fine people on both sides.” Every Nazi stands alone. Nazis who stand together are a mob, even when

they're praying. But each of them will always stand alone and indebted to God.

There are fine reasons to look at the imperfections in yourself if you've projected them onto Republicans. They all endorse a political and religious platform that's anti-Semitic, racist, homophobic and misogynistic.

But if the Democrats don't look for those flaws in themselves, they're only going to see them on the political right. That will continue the political swings from right to left, and left to right, that are destroying our country.

I couldn't have tried to kill myself three times if there hadn't been an Orthodox "Jew" inside me urging me on. I couldn't have fallen victim to drug and alcohol abuse as well as abuse of sex if there hadn't been a mob of proud boys inside me egging me on.

I went crazy. Another way of saying that is that I went through a civil war inside that divided my inner nation in two. I did to myself what all of America is now going through. I've been there. I've done that.

The second Civil War is now raging around the country. But it's only when politics is solved on an individual, psychological scale that it then gets solved sociologically. This civil war will be conducted by the civil~ against the uncivil~ voices in each one of us.

Low voter turnout is the result of lazy students in the school of life who are only interested in creating comforts for their container [body]. They aren't interested in creating comforts for their contents [spirit]. And the same can be said of selfish students who only vote their hyper "religious" interest in achieving world domination.

We have a drug problem in this country because people want to solve their spiritual problems with a toke, a pill, a mug or a jab in the arm. They want instant relief to their suffering.

We all need to care for our container. But, more importantly, we all need to care for our contents. And the

institutions of faith have let us down because they're run by people who are even more selfish and self-indulgent than the rest of us.

The right to abort, gay rights and gun control aren't our worst problems. Our worst problems are the institutions of faith that insist abortions are unforgivable by God; gays are unforgivable by God; but guns are the way to prove to Him that scripture lives.

Follow the Honey

Seeking the source of the negative feelings within~ us that are triggered by the negative feelings around~ us is easier than it might seem. Our mind leaves a paper trail of what it thinks, feels, believes and wants [-]. That paper trail is called: memory of our actions.

Your mind will bring up memories of the things you've done that created negative emotions. As you watch those emotions come up through silent movies on the screen in your mind, question what you see. Are these the righteous response advocated for in your scripture? Is what you did wise, loving and loyal?

Or do you need to ask, "What's wrong with that?" It's OK to be unclear if your thoughts and feelings are clean or dirty. Just keep asking yourself questions. Answers will mysteriously come.

You may think that no one is keeping track of your desires [+], so no one is keeping track of your wants [-], either. In truth, we should all keep better track of both.

If you're complaining to others about things happening in the external world that you don't like, your paper trail of thoughts, feelings, beliefs and wants [-] is adequate to follow them to their source within. These are clues to your attempts to free the secrets you're holding from yourself.

Therefore, watch what you think. Watch the memories that come up, seemingly~ without reason. There's always a connection to your conscience that your mind is trying to make.

A good conscience is something you have to create~. It isn't something you're born with. If you think your conscience was created by your parents, you're a pawn in their game. You're relic from the past. You're lost in a masquerade.

They say, "Follow the money." That's true in the external world. In the internal world it's, "Follow the honey.

Honey~ corresponds to wisdom~. Your mind is wise. Therefore, use~ it wisely~.

If you assume that everything you think, feel, believe and desire [+] is wise, then you're going to follow your inner forces with the best of positive intentions to know what it is you believe to be true about yourself.

You may discover that many of your actions [and inactions] are based on a wise premise. And in those cases, you'll want to reinforce those inner forces with further wise conclusions about how to behave.

Any wise person knows s/he has to be prepared for disappointments in him or herself. Disappointments in yourself are usually the result of wants [-] that interfere with your desires [+].

So, if you follow the honey, you may, at times, discover some thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires [+] that are based on conclusions you came to a very long time ago that aren't relevant in today's world. They've become passé.

In those cases, you'll want to cut out those negative conclusions and replace them with more up-to-date, modern and positive conclusions that better fits today's world and your place in it.

You'll want to explore inclusion~ where you still insisted on exclusion~. You'll want to explore a smidgeon of goodwill where you previously expressed only fear.

Today, 80% of Americans now believe in gender equality; 70% of Americans favor marriage equality; 60% of Americans favor abortion; 30% of Republicans didn't vote for Donald Trump in the last election; and the Supreme Court is now more conservative than 75% of all Americans.

People's opinions change because they follow the paper trail of their thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires [+] only to discover that what they once believed as irrefutable, they no longer hold as Gospel truth. Americans are learning to like~ one another because their conscience is becoming a better guide.

One of these passé conclusions is that gay men are perverts and pedophiles. Another is that all women will betray you. Another is that if you go down the slippery slope of endorsing progressive behaviors, you're headed for hell and God's Wrath.

One of my passé conclusions is that I'm really all alone in life. Another is that no one can possibly understand me. Another is that I can't succeed without a man. Another is that I'm too messed up to change. I'm a lost cause.

Think of the elimination of these passé conclusions about yourself as micro-surgery. Think of it as changing your mind, transforming your heart and transcending who you were before at such a minute, inner level of awakening that nobody in the outer world would even suspect what you're doing for yourself while you're doing it.

From many of these minute, psychic surgeries, you'll begin to see enormous changes in your mood, in your expectations of others and in the way you manage your life. Ultimately, these psychic surgeries will present you with a mission.

You'll then see your ability to deal with disappointment increase. You'll be humbled by reality. You'll be able to tell yourself that Rome wasn't built in a day. Rome was built day-by-day.

In the school of life, we all need to learn patience. I had to spend seven years between boyfriends in my fifties hoping for someone to come into my life again. That wasn't easy!

But my lessons in patience paid off. I can afford to be impatient now politically. I can convince our Teacher that the whole world has been waiting long enough for good to overcome evil. I can pray away the gray uniforms. There are finally enough blue uniforms with me to do so.

Don't try to drag voters to the polls. Try to drag voters into themselves, so they can see the need to participate in the running of their inner nation before you ask them to project that need onto the whole nation.

Go to a house of prayer where you can challenge “true” believers to be inclusive. Once you can create a good citizen in his inner society, he’ll become a good citizen on every level of society for as long as he lives.

You bring Judaism to others, not with conversion, but with faith in themself.

Cinderella

Cinderella isn't just the story of a poor, orphaned girl who has to slave away for her stepmother and stepsisters. It isn't even the story of a gal with a small footprint in the world who charms a powerful prince into marrying her.

It's really a recipe for self-transformation. When you develop an emotional relationship with the little people all around you – who are portrayed in this fairy tale as mice, birds, dogs, cats and even a pumpkin – your imagination opens up to the mystery and mastery of your life. It opens you up to the celebration of your inner wealth where there are fairy godmothers to guide you to your destiny.

Getting home before midnight is a reminder that we've all been given one metaphoric day to live. We were born at dawn, and we'll die at midnight, although that expression of life doesn't describe the specifics of anyone's journey literally.

But that metaphor does suggest that if you don't fulfill your promise to yourself in the time you've been allotted, you may not have tomorrow. Therefore, use this day you've been Given fully.

Cinderella got carried away in the moment at the ball. She suddenly realized she was out of time. But because of her basic goodness, she miraculously found that in addition to seeking her destiny, her destiny sought her. Prince Charming took the slipper she left behind and began looking for her the very next day.

We all leave slippers behind in our race out the door. We all leave footprints in the sand. We all leave a trail of the goodness we brought with us.

These trails are expressions of our hope. They're affirmations of our love of life. They're reasons for rewards from God based on an emotional investment in ourself that can lead to miracles of such unprecedented proportions that

we can even overcome our existential loneliness. We start to seek our prince within.

We discover that being in our own company is charming. It's magical. It's delightful. Being this intimate with oneself makes us gay, in the sense of exuberant. And if some people find that threatening, they're just going to have to deal with that themselves. It's not our problem.

Every man is a combination of an "x" chromosome from his mother and a "y" chromosome from his father. Every woman is a combination of an "x" chromosome from her mother and an "x" chromosome from her father.

Seeking to love yourself is about seeking the chromosome that interests you, whether that's an "x" or a "y" chromosome. One person's prince~ charming [y] is another person's princess~ charming [x]. Therefore, seek this intimacy with yourself within yourself with **colorage**. Only then will you be able to extend it beyond yourself with every other person you meet.

If you should become disappointed with the push-back you run into in the outer world, go back to your inner world to explore the negative feelings triggered by the external lesson you were Given. This return from the external to the internal becomes an ongoing, cyclical process.

This repetition of movement out-and-in-and-out again is what creates the evolution of your being and the advancement of your comforts, both externally for your body and internally for your spirit.

Torah only describes each incident of life once as a model of behavior to expect to go through. You may have to repeat these expressions of self-intimacy many times before you understand which story in Torah you're living through.

Think of these repetitions of a lesson as birds circling overhead getting a lay of the land and view to the sun. Think of them as necessary reiterations and psychic reverberations that, like echoes in air or sonar in water, give you a sense of

where you are. The more slowly and patiently you repeat these experiences, the more you'll glean guidance from them.

Once you see life as a school and you as a student with our One and Only Teacher, you cease to be hyper "religious" or superstitious.

You become spiritual. You can then use your religion as a tool in your toolbelt. But it ceases to be a Swiss army knife that's merely a bunch of concealed, sharp blades.

Life is a process. If no one has explained to you how that process works, you're going to get stuck trying to change only externals. You aren't going to work from the inside out. You're only going to suffer more disappointment, heartbreak and cynicism about the meaning of your life and God's Part to Play in it.

Each of the world's faiths is like a tool on a toolbelt. The more tools you have, the more you can build with them. Therefore, meet every stranger as a potential friend. Look at exotic looking bodies as book covers with interesting stories inside to tell.

So many fairy tales are about girls who feel terribly alone, rejected, abandoned and betrayed. But these aren't just feelings for females. Males feel this way, too.

Our society hasn't given males permission to feel lonely, rejected, abandoned or betrayed. Boys are expected to excel in sports, mechanics, mathematics and physics. And through these "masculine" enterprises [tools], boys are promised to achieve a sense of mastery, approval, acceptance, participation and harmony with men.

Is it any wonder that one in four people in this country, male and female, takes drugs, doesn't vote or acts as a drain on society? [internet]

The idea of separating the needs of women from the needs of men is destroying men and making our society

dangerous for women and children. Men have tender feelings, too!

Thanks to the hard work of the Democrats, society has now agreed that gay men have permission to express their feelings, even if those feelings are labeled as “feminine.”

But that’s not nearly good enough. All men must seek permission from themselves to express their warm, tender side.

Republicans are furious about gay men getting to feel good about themselves [proud], while Republicans are feeling worse and worse about something they can’t quite put their finger on inside.

No one associates Republicanism with tenderness. Yet Republicans associate Jesus with tenderness, mercy and forgiveness. They’re hypocrites. They talk a good show, but they don’t do what they advocate others do.

You can now see why gay Jews personify everything Republicans hate about America.

Their disgust with Black Americans; pregnant women who don’t want to carry their fetus to term; marriage equality; and pressure on them to control guns – are causing them psychic injuries that their institutions of faith can’t deal with. They’re losing faith and becoming violent. Their win at any cost tactics is disassociating them from their conscience.

Republicans just keep coming up with one conspiracy theory after another to blame those around them, even if that means having to blame their leader, Donald Trump. Yet we’re the ones who handed him their power.

But this still doesn’t answer the question why Republicans always come away feeling like losers. It doesn’t explain how they think they’re going to win the second Civil War if their platform is no different from what it was in the first Civil War.

They can’t address this question internally. They can’t identify as Cinderella. They can’t identify as Beauty

personified. They can only identify as the Beast. That's why they end up behaving like beasts.

This is why the January 6th Committee has done something much greater than simply point the arm of the law at Donald, the ugliest duckling. They're really modeling how each of us needs to point a finger at ourself if we're going to save our democracy.

The Republicans who've seen that they can't win the second Civil War with Donald Duckling as their leader have swum away from his sinking ship. But don't for a New York minute [one second] believe that they've given up their fight. Only Michael Cohen, Trump's personal lawyer, has had a change of heart. The rest of them are still singing "Dixie," their Confederate anthem. They're just going to get onboard the next boat they're going to sink.

There's a Republican thief inside each of us. And he'd take over the world if we gave him the chance. He has no respect for the law or the rights of other people. He's a selfish, emotional cripple with a herniated heart who's projected his negative feelings onto the minorities around him. You see the same profile in every mass murderer.

Congress must change the law, so a coup can never happen again. The Electoral College must go. And Republicans must vote their conscience by electing Democrats, even if that means losing the abortion issue.

Don't feed the ugly duckling in you. Don't become uglier and uglier. Starve the Dixie-crat in you to death! The more you feed him, the more he'll continue to charm you into believing he's flawless. Whenever things don't go his or her way, he steams and screams like a tea kettle with irate appeal for revenge against a world that would dare to call him anything less than perfect. This was the emotional essence of the Tea Party.

America fell hostage to Donald, the ugliest duckling, because America was busy looking in the mirror to try to see something about itself it couldn't put into words.

At first, the Democrats couldn't tell America why Republicans were so enchanted by Donald Duckling because they couldn't see the worst in themselves in him. But now we all can.

If you can look at Donald, the ugliest duckling, the way the Germans were forced to look at Adolf Hitler after the Second World War, you'll come to understand something the Germans know about themselves and the evolution of their humanity in the 20th Century that Americans are just now beginning to discover about themselves.

When you're self-indulgent, you eventually give up on feeling remorse. You come to think you've never done anything wrong; you can do nothing wrong; and you'll never do anything wrong.

When you convince yourself you have no history of failure, you're left with no desire for success. This is why the Republican Party is made up mostly of poor, White, American men who are uneducated and unwilling to change. They're terrified of big cities. That's where most people go who seek to change themselves and their circumstances.

In Hebrew we say, "Change your place, and change your luck." But if you don't change your mind, it'll all be to no avail.

When you convince yourself you have no history of failure, you become a Confederate soldier in a world of Yankee carpetbaggers. You tell yourself you did nothing to be ashamed of, therefore you have nothing to repent for.

The South is still unrepentant about what it did to Black people. Now they claim to need the Second Amendment for a second Civil War. They need revenge for having been called imperfect.

At the moment, only young White Republicans are turning into mass murderers. Soon, they'll start doing so together.

Slavery is a sign of the imperfections of the slave owners, not the slaves. But Republicans have been trying

to convince us for more than 150 years that it's the other way around.

We're all children of God. We're all Stars of David. The triangle pointing up is the symbol of the father ▲. The triangle pointing down is the symbol of the mother ▼. Together, these triangles that form the star of David become a symbol of every child ★.

The Jews are descendants of Israelites who were slaves for pharaohs in ancient Egypt for 400 years. When they reached Israel, they wanted to become as great as the slavedrivers who'd oppressed them, but they didn't have the manpower to do the same thing to others.

Therefore, what they did instead was to turn their children into a monument of their greatness. They invested themselves in building their progeny into pyramids of power, trophies to impress God with their greatness.

This is how we've survived for 3,400 years! This is the secret to asking God to judge you by the pyramids you've built that we call: family.

Think About What You Think About

The subtitle of my last book was “If you think about what you think about, you’ll discover how powerfully you feel.” But what I didn’t achieve in describing in that book was the secret to my passive-aggressive predisposition.

It’s one thing to see passive-aggressive behavior in others, but when I saw how I express my~ passive-aggression, I was stunned.

After I overcame my tendency to demonize those who offended me, and they became passive rather than aggressive, then~ I saw that I secretly yearned to retaliate against them anyway. Many of these aggressive thoughts came up as feelings of sexual dominance, cruelty and even torture.

There’s no point in the North [Democrats] defeating the South [Republicans] if we become 21st Century carpetbaggers who punish Republicans for having been so wrong.

I was shocked to see that there was a tendency in me to “get ‘em when they’re down.” I rationalized my self-made conspiracies to give myself permission to seek revenge before others would act out against me a second time.

I thought I’d wait until the fence had been mended to figuratively climb over it into their yard. I’d convinced myself that if I didn’t retaliate before they attacked me again, they’d make me look like a fool.

This forced me to look at the Republican in me. I didn’t have to act like a Republican to see how I thought and felt like one. Thank God, I could deal with my passive-aggressive tendencies internally. I didn’t have to deal with them by having to make amends to others for my uncivil, inner rest.

All my life, I’d been prodded to become more and more passive in the outer world. But that led to attempted suicides

that were signs of inner aggressivity. I swung from one extreme to the other.

Learning to become more assertive~ externally and proactive~ internally balanced my two worlds. It helped me find the midpoint.

Life is a school. But not all the lessons are between classmates. Sometimes The Teacher Will Give you emotional lessons in something like passive-aggressive behavior to show you that you're both the passive victim~ [Esau] and the aggressive perpetrator~ [Jacob]. You discover the Dr. Jekyll to your Mr. Hyde.

Republican lawyers and politicians are now confessing their role in the January 6th insurrection to look like heroes who thwarted Donald Duckling's attempt to overthrow the government. But they're only doing so out of fear. They're only rats swimming away from that sinking ship to get onboard the next one.

There's no remorse in their voice or in their actions. They're still psychopaths with sociopathic leanings. They'll do it all over again the next chance they get.

They don't know what guilt feels~ like. They only know what the hunger for money, power and prestige feels like. They only know how to act out in aggressive ways that indicate to me that they're totally passive to their eternal, best interests.

Republican leaders don't know how to perceive their game of cat-and-mouse as it's playing out within them. They're avoiding their own secrets. And they're in no mood now to look in the mirror.

They're only going to get their hyper "religious," conspiratorial buddies to wax poetic about how God Will Judge others~.

The same is true of anti-Israel "Muslims" in governments and mosques around the world. You don't have to be God to see how each of those "Muslims" is morally bankrupting himself.

God Gave the Jews insight into guilt which can be turned into wisdom with self-scrutiny. Just using Torah to point fingers at others has become a waste of time if Jews don't also use it to illuminate themselves to their own evil inclinations and devices.

When God later Brought Jesus insight into goodness that can be turned into love, He Expected Jews, and later Christians, to use both: wisdom and love. And when He Gave Muhammad insight into loyalty to His Cause, He Expected Muslims to use all three: wisdom, love and loyalty.

If we don't control the passive-aggressive voices in ourselves, we'll have to repeat the lessons of the past.

My mother was an atheist. My father was a "true" believer. Their marriage went down the drain when they realized they couldn't reconcile that difference when it came to raising kids.

Every child thinks the food in the refrigerator is his. All children are thieves at heart. They think everything is theirs. Once they see it, they want it. Next thing you know, they take it.

Teaching a child that God Gives us opportunities to earn what we need [0], want [-] and desire [+] is the job of parents, so parents will learn to appreciate the difficulty in raising their inner child as well as their children.

Demonize others helped me realize my own passive-aggressive tendency in myself. It's helped me see the feelings I hold beneath my feelings, the hunger to steal from myself [passive] to rationalize my hunger in stealing from others [aggression].

Demonizing others helped me see the fat boy in me that my mother ridiculed. But my mother only made fun of physically fat people. She never saw how every atheist is morally fat inside. And I never saw how that tension created my disdain of fat of every fashion.

My mother set me up to internalize the victim/perpetrator dynamic. She forced me to ignore my relationship with myself in favor of pleasing her. So, I tried to end that syndrome with attempts at killing myself.

My mother was never able to see how she led me to suicide because she never saw herself as a perpetrator~ with her children, only as a victim~ of the Nazis.

It took me a lifetime to see myself as the kid upstairs in Portnoy's Complaint who hanged himself from the shower rod with a note pinned to his shirt, saying, "Mrs. Goldberg called. The mahjong party has been moved to 4:00 o'clock."

The best visual clue I can come up with to describe myself is the visual representation of the feeling of being blue. I'm sad about my losses in life. I feel something has been stolen out from under me. I'm disappointed about the ways in which things have turned out for me. My dreams didn't come true. I regret the past. In facing my Maker for not atoning for my past behavior, I feel like I'm broke and in debt.

Sadness, disappointment and regret are each a different shade of blue.

I like listening to country singers who sing the blues, but I never thought I'd feel the bitter side in the word: bittersweet. And yet, now I'm old and bitter [blue]. Christian songs about the blues have finally become meaningful to me. I'm an unripened persimmon personified.

In encounters I've had with groups of people who all agreed on one opinion or another, I suddenly saw that I resented them all for holding a view that was different from mine. But because I was so unaware of the beliefs beneath my thoughts and feelings, I just felt a mild displeasure at being the odd man out.

It was only once I became aware of my tendency to demonize others that I realized how insecure I felt holding an opinion different from the group, especially if that opinion was hopeful and inclusive. Once I could stop

demonizing people generally, I could tolerate my own opinions without needing confirmation from anyone.

Then I didn't feel threatened by well-intentioned people who were in the same boat as I am. I knew we~, unlike the rats onboard the ship, were being taught how to figuratively fly.

Because feelings are rational, but not logical, I find it's necessary for me to observe the minutia of my thoughts and feelings for clues to my beliefs. In this way, I free myself from negativity that's been running me for a lifetime.

The Fax of Life

Everyone thinks he knows the facts of life. But everyone seeks greater knowledge of life as though they were Instant Messaging with God. They don't take the time to learn more of the facts slowly, carefully and thoroughly. And if they do learn more over time, they still expect new information to be provided instantaneously.

Therefore, I've taken it upon myself to present you with the fax of life. I know this is a much slower form of communication than you're used to, but I assure you it's necessary if you're going to absorb more information at a speed your psyche can absorb.

Faxing is considered outdated, slow and cumbersome, but giving you the fax of life at this stage in your development will actually be helpful.

Your father or mother probably presented you with the facts of life long after you already knew them. That was true for me. When my mother asked me whether I thought it was time to tell my sister about menstruation, I was probably 10 or 11 years old, and my sister was 8 or 9.

I told my mom that I thought my sister already knew the facts of life, and then my mom then turned the tables by asking me what "the facts of life" meant to me. So, I ended up telling her the facts of life. That was our only discussion on the matter.

Such was sex education in my day. They say that German Jews are very intelligent. Did anything about that encounter seem intelligent on her part?

When I was 16 and still appeared to be clueless about masturbation, my father didn't say a word to me about the topic of sex, but he sent me a book about it. I'd already had a year of biology by that point in my high school education, so I already knew everything about reproduction from a clinical perspective.

But I read the book anyway. In it, the author described how boys masturbate, and it was from that instruction that I figured out how it's done.

For someone who'd eventually become a writer in old age, I suppose there is some poetic consolation in first learning about the source of passion from a book. I think of letters and literature as a guiding light in my life because words offered me not only guiding principles but even simple instructions.

Now, I'm pushing 70, but I'm still learning new facts~ about life all the time. I'm at the stage when I don't have the time to waste on repeating information I've already bitten into, chewed on, swallowed and digested many times in many ways.

For me, it's much more important that I say something new about what some people think they're experts on. For that reason, I always find myself going back to basics for insights. This is why I go to the Creation Story in Genesis for deeper insights into what it revealed to me before, to look for new, more profound levels of inspiration.

God Didn't Question the serpent after He Questioned Adam and Eve, in the same way that I don't question my penis although I question my head [thoughts] and heart [feelings].

I know my penis figuratively talks because I've spent a lifetime listening to my lusts, longings, yearnings, hungers and covets more than to those around me. Everything I've wanted [-] or desired [+] in life has been figuratively relayed to me through my penis.

But, listening~ to your serpent [or worm] and talking~ to your serpent or worm are two very different concepts.

Men don't like to admit they talk to their penis. What they do instead is command, demand, direct and decree what other men must say to their~ penis. They legislate laws to control men's wants [-] and desires [+]. They enact social

constructs to threaten men with ridicule, scorn and derision if they listen to their own penis rather than to theirs~. They create rings, cliques, bands, hoods, gangs, posses and rightwing, political parties to terrorize groups of men from daring to do otherwise.

Needless to say, this is overkill, like when you masturbate so violently that you cause blood to be ejaculated with your semen.

The Democratic Party are jerk offs. Any Republican will agree with that conclusion. A bleeding heart is a heart that can't internalize what it feels for others.

The Republican Party are jerk offs too, but with such violent intention that they're spilling blood along with their seeds.

But "Muslim" terrorists are shmucks who've taken the relationship to their penis to new heights of insanity. Removing the worm [clitoris] from every apple is even more absurd and cruel than forcing women to take every pregnancy to term.

The Republican Party is the political wing of the "Christian" church for America and the world. The Republicans refuse to allow men to listen to or talk to their own penis [wants and desires].

"Muslims" around the world are delighted to see what the church is doing to Christian men and women.

And the Orthodox "Jews" are telling God with sanctimonious glee how wonderful they~ are for only detesting gay and transgendered people.

If this is what they're teaching in this school for fools, it's no wonder I tried to drop out with suicide rather than graduate with what they want to call: honors.

The "Christians" say they believe in Jesus and are following their heart. But what they're doing is sticking their nose in our crotch to tell us what to want [heterosexuality] and Who to desire [Jesus]. The same can be said of "Muslims" with Allah and "Jews" with Adonai.

The sexual revolution of the 60's was an awakening in the last century when my generation told the world that we were going to listen to our own~ penis, not the shmucks running the synagogues, churches and mosques who saw God as Having Given them~ dominion over our~ genitals. What we're going through today is the 1960's on steroids.

The sexual mission of my generation culminated only in 2015 with marriage equality in this country. Another way of describing this is the affirmation that every man has the right to listen to the serpent in his own tree. And by extension, every woman has the right to listen to the worm in her own apple.

This is when the sh-t hit the Republican fan. This is when they said they'd had enough. This is when Donald, the ugliest duckling, knew his time to shine had come.

All the "facts" you were given about childhood, puberty and adulthood will make a lot more sense now that you've finally been given the fax of life...

Why Monogamy?

Monogamy with your partner is just for practice in learning to love yourself.

Will isn't just a body I like~. He's a soul I cherish~. I love the him~ in it~.

It's easy for me to like a wide range of male bodies. I can lust for those I find attractive with endless delight.

But restricting my sexual activity to one man who cares for me has become a model for caring for myself. If he~ can do it, so can I~.

In having made a commitment to Will's container, I've achieved greater loyalty to his contents. In having achieved greater loyalty to his contents, I've found the spiritual struggle to become loyal to my own container and contents.

It's easy to criticize them~, him~, her~ and even me~. It's much harder to ask myself, "What's wrong with that~?"

When I criticize people, I criticize God for Having Created them. When I criticize this~ or that~, I'm criticizing the principles by which they operate.

I want to live and let live. I want to love and let love.

But I can't do that if I don't allow people to pursue their principles [+] while criticizing only those aspects of their principles [-] that need to be excised from their inner actions.

Asking God, "What's wrong with that?" elucidates me to a whole range of ideas and actions I hadn't considered before.

This produces self-monogamy, a grasp of who I am and why I'm here that makes it possible for me to admire everyone, while criticizing only those behaviors I see that are hurting them as well as the rest of us.

The ancient Jews abhorred indigenists who prayed to gods and idols in their temples with sexual abandon. These

Jews insisted on coming before God from their head, not the head of their penis.

The indigenists are long gone. So are their temples. But the Jews remain. This is the reasoning for the Orthodox Jews abhorring gay Jews, even though we lead a cleaner life than they do because we're inclusive.

We don't hate them. They hate us. We don't discriminate against them. They discriminate against us. We don't teach our children to destroy their cultural practices. They teach their children to destroy ours.

The times changed after Jesus led his flock out of their head and into their heart. The times changed again when Muhammad led his flock out of their heart and into their soul.

And the times have changed since. Those of us who are strong enough to control our wants [-] and desires [+] don't need to control other people's wants and desires. We're content to talk about what works for us and what doesn't work.

Once you've internalized monogamy, you aren't afraid to shake hands with men or women you're attracted to. You know you've got your penis under control.

Golden Locks and the Three Bares

The story of Goldilocks and the three bears makes no sense whatsoever. When did you ever meet a girl who had boundary issues so severe that she imposed herself on others to such a degree? It's simply absurd to tell children this story and expect them not to be appalled by little girls who don't know this much about common decency.

The government had to enact laws to force people not to feed the bears in our national parks because the bears can't tell where the candy bars end, and the fingers begin. If anyone has problem with boundaries, it's bears~, not girls~.

Therefore, the reason we continue to tell children the story of Goldilocks and the three bears must be much deeper. Here is my~ rendition of this story as a gay man looking at society from my, oh so, twisted and perverse point of view....:

The three Bares stand for the head, heart and soul of a woman. Papa Bare is her head where her thoughts are fully exposed. Mama Bare is her heart where her feelings lie unprotected. And Baby Bare is her soul where her beliefs are out in the open before God and man.

"Golden locks" is a poetic description of a girl's vagina where her myriad wants [-] and desires [+] emanate from. And it's from this place in inner space where this story is being told.

"Goldilocks" isn't even a name. It's a contraction of "golden locks." Every straight man thinks a woman has myriad golden locks down there that he has to pick to get her to give herself to him. He thinks it's his challenge to open these locks with the one and only key [penis] he was Given so he can deliver his priceless, little present [semen] to her.

Of course, any gay man could tell straight men that the only way to open a woman's golden locks is with a platinum~ key. [The only way to open a woman's legs is with a very special penis.]

I probably don't need to tell you that we, gay men, know this because our keys are solid platinum [figuratively speaking]. We see another platinum key, and we're overjoyed at the potential it holds in opening the golden locks in us.

This is how we discovered the silly game people play with locks and keys. This is how each of us has discovered his own way to convince the next guy we meet that we~ have golden locks and he's~ got a platinum key.

How else would it be possible to enter where you want to go [head, heart or soul] to give the gift you want to give someone who you've concluded is [for the moment] more special to you than you are to yourself?

So, the whole story of Goldilocks and the three bears is really the secret every girl keeps from herself in coming to understand the forces within her.

Papa Bare is too big. [Her head is too~ good.] Mama Bare is too small. [Her heart isn't good enough~.] But Baby Bare is where every little girl feels most at home. [Her soul is just~ right.]

The truth is that all three of the Bares are bare when viewed from down under. Once a girl looks at her home [body] from the vantage point of wants [-] desires [+] that are curious to know about her bare, she realizes the narrator of this story is really telling her what Goldilocks' vagina was trying to tell her about her head, heart and soul.

What her vagina was saying is that her thoughts [Papa Bare], feelings [Mama Bare] and beliefs [Baby Bare] are bare when viewed from below her waist. They're open and available for her to explore if she looks up at them with curiosity, respect and potential admiration.

What every woman's vagina is advocating for, in the same way that the serpent in the tree of knowledge is advocating for, is that we come to understand how God Made us.

This is the secret to our unique, individual powers that make up our operating system. This is the secret to advancing through life consciously in the direction of God.

God consciousness comes with self-consciousness. The more you know about yourself, the more you'll come to know about God and His Mysterious Ways that are both unique to you and, paradoxically, universal.

It shouldn't be necessary for a gay man to have to tell a woman how she operates from within. But if you think a straight man would volunteer such information to women, you're naïve about how deluded straight men are. They don't even dare talk to God about what the serpent in their tree is telling them. Why would they advocate that the worm in a woman's apple do the same?

To pray to God effectively, you're going to want to get out of your head where the Jew in you [Papa Bare] resides. You're going to want to get out your heart where the Christian in you [Mama Bare] resides. And you're going to want to get out of your soul where the Muslim in you [Baby Bare] resides.

You're going to want to pray to God from your private parts. This is the most intimate way to pray.

Moses is accredited for having written the story of "Adam and Eve." British author and poet Robert Southey wrote "Goldilocks and the three Bears." But it took a gay Jew to explain to you that both stories are saying the same thing.

You're going to want to get down below your belt to your genitals where your golden locks are located, whether you're a man or a woman. Both men and women have locks below our waist.

If you don't want to learn about the wealth of knowledge you hold about yourself below the belt, you're going to end up poor and wanting. That's more than a prediction. That's something I'm willing to guarantee.

The first thing you'll learn about yourself if you do as I ask will teach you the difference between bronze, silver, gold and, of course, platinum keys. This will include valuable life lessons that you'll be able to say were awesome and awful, thrilling and horrifying. This will leave you with a personal story that will separate your head from your heart in a way that will move you in the direction of becoming soulful in all that you do from here on out.

Once you find the most private place to come from in prayer with our Teacher, you can then discuss with Him the conversations you've been having with your penis or vagina [wants and desires] with Him in the privacy of inner, sacred space.

Then you can ask Him questions about what's wrong with this~ or that~. And then He Can Inform you of changes you'll want to make in the way you think, feel and believe.

That's~ prayer! That's the way you pray to God to help you make future choices that will leave you wise, loving and loyal to the mystery of your life.

But if you're still a prude who's too proud to speak candidly to yourself during office hours with our Teacher; if you think you're going to do all this on your own without His Guidance – I've got bad news for you.

You're going to embarrass, shame and humiliate yourself. If you think you can avoid any of these three aspects of guilt, you'll only have yourself to blame. These are compulsory classes in the school of life.

They don't teach you how to pray this way in synagogues, churches or mosques because they're too literally oriented to talk about serpents and worms. They're appalled at our gay use of figurative speech to discuss the human condition, especially since they refuse to admit that we're all standing before our Teacher at all times. This is why they insist on interpreting scripture their one way while all of them end up denouncing gay men as perverts.

“True” believers are afraid of the devil, Satan, the antichrist, the angel of darkness, lucifer or the evil eye.

If you tell the hyper “religious” nuts what a fruit told you about his~ tree of knowledge and the deeper meaning to the story of Goldilocks and the three bears, they’ll call you a demon who’s in league with the devil. They’ll call you insubordinate, rebellious, unruly, disobedient, noncompliant and crude.

If you use euphemisms and children’s stories to elucidate the meaning of scripture, the hyper “religious” will spit on the ground and curse the day you were born. They don’t want to know themselves deeply. They’re the last person in the world they want to control. They only want to control me and you.

Humpty Dumpty

Tucker Carlson sat on a wall.
Tucker Carlson had a Great Fall.
All The King's Forces
and all of His Men
couldn't put that mother-Tucker together again!

Tucker Carlson is one bad egg. His opinions are coming from the nest between his legs where he, like all men, has two eggs, one good [+] and one evil [-].

Tucker Carlson is an example of what happens to a good egg that falls off the wall and breaks into so many pieces that all the angels in heaven and Republicans on Earth can't glue him back together. And if they can't do it, certainly those of us who serve The King humbly won't be able to, either. Carlson is going to have to put himself together.

The whole point of a man having two eggs in his nest is to spend his life breaking the bad egg, not the good one. But because the shells of his eggs are so rubbery and his eggs are so sensitive to the touch, a man has to learn in myriad indirect ways how to make sure that what comes out of the mouth of his serpent is only good, not evil.

But what comes out of the mouth of Tucker's f-cker is pure evil because the man broke the wrong egg.

Now that wouldn't be so terrible if that left him only mumbling to himself about what went wrong.

But The King, in His Infinite Wisdom, Decided to Give Tucker a program on television so he could amplify his mistake before millions of Republicans around the country.

I know! I know! That makes no sense at all.

But we don't have God's Perspective, do we? We only have the perspective of our head which seeks wisdom; our heart which seeks love; and our soul which seeks loyalty to life with our Teacher.

Needless to say, there are many Americans in TV-land who are seeking truth, justice and the American way. So, when God Brought us Fox News thanks to the Australian mogul, Rupert Murdoch, many naïve Americans didn't think that someone who spoke English as his mother tongue would become the greatest enemy on Earth to the American people and our American dream.

We'd been trained to think of our 20th Century enemies as speaking German or Japanese. Later we switched to enemies speaking Russian or Chinese. We've even advanced our suspicion of enemies of the state to include native speakers of Arabic and Persian. But we never suspected that an Australian~ living in England would become such a threat to us. We weren't taught that his~ accent was one to disdain...

But the truth is that Fox News is the place where Humpty Dumpty [Rupert Murdoch] operates by throwing his voice like a ventriloquist into words spoken by American, bad eggs. He promotes the breaking of good eggs so rotten eggs can take over America to promote stealing democracy worldwide.

The Republican Party is, of course, the political wing of Rupert Murdoch's conspiracy. And Fox News is the nest where they're busy devising new ways to break good eggs.

Thank you, England and Australia... I guess you're still upset with us for having left your Commonwealth...

The King of America [God, not Donald the ugliest duckling] is The Headmaster and Teacher of our school. This world may be made up of many countries with many leaders, but the whole world is just one big school. That's why travel is the best education. The world has only One King and He'S Given us only one school. God Is our King and our One and Only Teacher.

He'S Teaching us to think wisely, feel lovingly and believe soulfully, so we'll behave nicely~ to one another. He'S Teaching us to be inclusive.

But Fox News [News Max and OAN] are cartons full of rotten eggs. The same can be said of televangelist TV shows. Until we get smell-a-vision, we're going to have to develop our nose by ourself to decide what smells good on TV and what wafts out of those stations that smell to high heaven.

A Boy Can Be an Alice in Wonderland Too

A boy can be a Dorothy in Oz. He can be a gullible Gulliver or an Alex in Wonderland. He can play catcher as well as pitcher. A boy can be anyone he wants to be, so long as it encourages him to be himself.

A girl can be a Harry Potter. She can be a gullible Gulliver or an Alice in Wonderland. She can play catcher as well as pitcher. A girl can be anyone she wants to be, so long as it encourages her to be herself.

Anyone who doesn't identify as a boy or a girl or a man or a woman can live life their way, too. What possible difference could that possibly make to you and me? Children who hate children who are different are new psychopaths in the making.

I had to run for my life in Rabat when some Arabs overheard me speaking Hebrew to Moroccan Jews there.

I was forced out of my job as a middle school, drama teacher in Santa Rosa California when I came out to my students after they harassed me for looking and behaving gay.

I had to leave a study class at the home of an Orthodox "rabbi" in San Francisco because his Orthodox-Jewish "students" jeered me when I came out to them after their "rabbi" baited me with hateful rhetoric about gays.

I ended my relationship with my former boyfriend of 13 years after he fell in love with his former boyfriend and refused to end their affair.

I ended my relationship with my siblings after they tried to steal my inheritance out from under me.

Prior to all of that, I tried to end my relationship with me after attempting to kill myself three times.

It's not easy to summon up the courage to believe in God, or at least it wasn't easy for me. I was victimized by

“Muslims,” “Christians” and “Jews”. I was victimized by two gay men. I was even victimized by me~.

I’ve healed my relationship with myself with God’s Help. As for the rest of them, I’ve learned to ask myself what was wrong with what they did~, rather than what’s wrong with them~. What’s wrong with them~ is their business.

The Republicans have proved through their actions that they’re incompetent in running both churches and states. They’re filled with everything Jesus taught them to relinquish [hate]. Their antebellum fascination with the master/slave mentality of their forefathers is indicative of an ancient Egyptian/Israelite obsession that they’re unwilling to bring to consciousness.

They aren’t capable of not killing the poor, alienating the disenfranchised and screwing the underdog, based on who they vote for and the ideas they endorse. They’re psychopaths in wonderland. They’re lost in their own nightmares, and they can’t get out of them.

Whether you see yourself as an Alice or Alex in wonderland, you know you’re just having a waking, bad dream. Like Alice, everyone you meet offends you, yet because of your training in being respectful and polite, you wish to avoid hurting their feelings.

People are Mad Hatters, Tweedle Dums and Tweedle Dees. They’re Cheshire cats and queens of hearts who are engaged in “a blind fury”; quick to hand down death sentences at the slightest offense.

These are some of the students we have to face each day is this school we’re enrolled in. It’s all upside down.

During the night, we’re above ground in an English countryside with The King enjoying private lessons in a class by ourself with Him.

By day, we’re underground in a bizarre world doing our homework with fools on steroids.

Each night, we’re back in class again, trying to make sense of our lessons before we go down the rabbit hole the

next morning, through the looking glass to the wonderland we dubiously call: reality.

Reality isn't as real as the beliefs you hold in your soul! Your dreams at night with God are more real than what happens to you all day. Don't look for the wonderland around~ you. Look for it within~ you. Don't take this world to heart. Take your relationship with yourself before your Creator to heart.

Jesus wasn't tortured to death by Romans or ancient Jews. Jesus was crucified by ignorance, and he's still hanging on that cross being tortured to death to this day. Until everyone in this world feels guilty for how we're treating ourself~ [with utter ignorance and neglect of where we are and what we're here to do], no one will know the empathy needed for that gay Jew who's still terribly maligned and misunderstood.

It wouldn't have mattered if Jesus had been straight~. It wouldn't have mattered if he'd been fat~. It wouldn't have mattered if he'd had oriental eyes, a hooked nose or a double chin. It wouldn't even have mattered if he'd looked like an Arab born in Scandinavia!

Until you get past his container to perceive his contents [love], you're going to crucify him as though you were hitting a mirror with your fist.

Don't come to me with your bleeding wounds, ugly scars and missing organs, limbs and faculties. You got what you deserved, and you'll get what you deserve from now till the bitter end.

The shards of flying glass that have caused you to bleed one way or another are the result of the fist you used to punch your own mirror image. Thank God your pain and suffering haven't been any worse!

So long as you take scripture literally, you'll continue to turn this wonderland we were Given into hell on Earth.

There's no hope for the Abrahamic faiths until they unite with Jewish, kitchen wisdom, commonplace, Christian love and universal, Islamic loyalty to God – whether you prefer to call Him Adonai, Jesus or Allah.

There was hardly a witness at the January 6th Hearings who wasn't Republican. Think of them as Nuremburg Nazis who wisely chose to turn themselves in rather than be prosecuted for further collusion in Nazi crimes against humanity. They're rats swimming away from a ship they were fully engaged in sinking!

The Nazi Party was outlawed in Germany, but the Republican Party is only in a temporary tailspin. Its demise is not inevitable. Unless Republicans can be saved with a new interpretation of Jesus that's inclusive, kind-hearted and forgiving, the second Civil War will continue unabated.

We no longer have a two-party political system that can offer the checks-and-balances we need to go forward toward the American dream. We're now fighting Armageddon. The only way to get ourselves out of it is if each of us kills our self-hatred ourselves.

In the Beginning

Moses began Torah with the story of “adam ve chava” [Hebrew: man and life]. It’s not the story of a man [Adam] and a woman [Eve/chava]. It’s a metaphor that describes the beginning of life for every boy on the cusp of puberty. By extension, today, we’d say that the Creation Story describes the beginning of life for every girl, too.

What we call “The Age of Innocence” was something we’ve all been through. It was called: childhood.

When a boy reaches the age when his serpent [penis] begins to converse with his heart [Eve], his head [Adam] becomes overwhelmed by the experience of his first orgasm. This is what differentiates a boy~ from a man~.

Our first orgasm initiated the adult world from within that every male wrestles with for the rest of his life.

The Jewish, creation story is a description of a boy being allowed access to know a part of himself [lust] through a story about picking fruit from a tree previously forbidden to him.

His first orgasm decrees that childhood is now behind him. He’s been banished from paradise [childhood]. And as we all know, nothing will ever bring our childhood back. We must move forward. We can’t go back.

Life became infinitely sweeter once we reached puberty and picked the previously forbidden fruits from the tree of knowledge we all learned about but couldn’t previously, fully understand. Such is the magic~ of metaphor~ mixed with personal experience.

We were metaphorically planted~ in this world. We grew roots as we grew up from the rock of our being into the light. Then we branched out with more and more understanding of **reality**.

But until we were able to fruit [reach orgasm], we couldn’t take the Creation Story to heart. It didn’t yet mean anything personal~ to us.

A boy's first wet dream or masturbation to orgasm occurs when his body finally allows him to poetically consume the fruits of good [right testicle] and evil [left testicle]. This is the time of life when those soupy words gush out of the serpent [penis] that previously hung "silently" from his tree.

For our ancient ancestors, semen was the Meade that made life. It was ambrosia, the elixir of the gods. It was the male honey that brought a woman's milk into being; the nectar, the fruit juice from man's fruits, the liquid mystery of life.

No boy has the willpower not to taste the fruit juice that spurts forth from the mouth of his serpent. We've all succumbed to that temptation.

The Creation Story is the biblical description of morality~ mixed with mortality~. It's described as a conversation every male has with his heart when he ejaculates, an exercise in coming to understand the concept of Eden [paradise] that he recreates during intercourse over the course his lifetime.

I don't know if you know how many times you've reached orgasm. But I do know that you've had to repeat the first story of Torah more than once or twice to achieve this deep an understanding of it...

As we move through the following stories in Genesis together, be prepared to be patient with yourself. Living Torah is a lot harder than just reading it for a literal understanding of what it states. You may know more about the secret meaning of Genesis than you think.

The story of Adam and Eve is the first example of God's Sense of humor. Moses recited His Joke to the ancient Jews 3,400 years ago. This is the main metaphor of Moses. If it doesn't make you smile lasciviously, you're as bitter as an unripened persimmon.

God's Nature is like human nature in that sex is something we see everywhere. There isn't a bird or a bee, a flower or a tree that doesn't remind us of shtuping.

The main metaphor of Moses is something that never dawned on the Orthodox "Jews," surely because they don't have a sufficiently well-developed imagination or sense of humor [and probably because they're all really bad in bed...] As they become more bitter by the day, we need to protect ourselves from all that's wrong with them while inquiring into all that they know that we don't.

All hyper "religious" people end up getting nasty when you confront them with the topic of sex. They're all bitter about what we know that they're missing. They all hate the idea of God Having Given all of us genitals to shtup with.

The hyper "religious" would rather we don't talk about anything going on below our waist, even metaphorically. They'd rather not have to think about their parents having done "it" in order to bring them into this world. Their lust for life is something they want to keep a secret.

The Orthodox Jews know that Torah lives, they just can't say how. Half of Tel Aviv is smeared with graffiti from Orthodox-Jewish youths who've scrawled that message on every wall they can shmutz up.

But the Orthodox "Jews" think Torah lives for them alone, when the truth is that Torah lives for everyone through figurative interpretations of our scripture.

After the first story of Genesis [man and life] when a man comes to life, Moses relayed to us the story of the son of Adam, Cain, who was on a quest for more of the meaning of life. Cain chose to gift God with a sacrifice in gratitude. But Cain killed his brother, Abel, because God Approved of Abel's sacrifice instead of his.

Cain was jealous of his brother's gift. Cain thought God Preferred Abel over him because He Gifted Abel rather than

him. If he could have, I have no doubt Cain would have killed God in his fury.

This second story of Genesis expresses the second stage of adolescence when the heart of the youngster [Abel] becomes a victim to his head [Cain]. This struggle for autonomy within us is something every young adolescent must go through and try to describe to his peers in his own inimitable way.

Thoughts [Cain] and feelings [Abel] fight one another to the finish in teenage boys who've experienced their first orgasm. What they're fighting over from a biblical perspective is God's Unfathomable Love, even though the inexperienced, youngster has no idea why he's so upset with himself.

So, he projects his upset onto those around him. His inner world is still too dark and mysterious for him to ponder by himself.

Adolescence is the stage in the change of the human, operating system that separates childhood from adulthood. It's when the fight for **love** begins within. All the fights in childhood weren't critical by comparison. By adolescence, however, a boy finally feels hope mixed with disappointment that there's not enough love from God to go round.

Most adolescent boys take their inner irritation out into the world around them instead of looking for answers from within. They go on a quest to make their way through outer reality without recognizing that they're traveling across a magnificent **rainbow** from the seven years of 14 to 21.

Most adolescents don't yet perceive the magnificence of the cellphone in their pocket, [let alone the boy-toy they've just discovered between their legs]. They wouldn't leave home without their phone~, but they don't realize that everyone, male and female, is now watching how they use their phone to explore the knowledge they're gleaning about their boy-toy as well.

This struggle between the thoughts in the young person's head and feelings in his still virgin heart creates fantasies about a pot of gold awaiting him at the end of his rainbow because he knows nothing about yet about love other than orgasm.

Deep down inside, he rightly concludes that he's now in debt to the adult world for having kept him alive for more than a dozen years, albeit it in ignorance of a deeper meaning to life.

He couldn't be more excited in some ways, while being indifferent in others. He also suspects he knows little-to-nothing of the **promise** of hope in his dark heart. He does everything he can to conceal that ignorance from others. So, he compartmentalizes his feelings.

Any child~ can tell you that there'll never be enough **love** to go round. But in adolescence, a boy realizes he isn't **lovable** enough without someone to share his new-found love of love with him. He rightly fears he'll be inadequate in making more love than his testicles can produce because that would require knowing how to love his whole container~ [body] as well as the contents~ [inner self] within it.

If God Loved Abel more than Cain by Approving of Abel's sacrifice, then who among us is not~ consumed with anxiety, worry, agony and even dread over whether God Loves the next guy more than him? And if the youngster doesn't address this question with God directly through prayer, he'll surely live out his feelings through a failed relationship with a good deal of the human race.

If you think that Orthodox "Jews" are explaining any of this to their children, you're crazy. They don't know it themselves! They're ruining their children's future by destroying their potential for greater happiness with their ignorance, prejudice and hatred of gay Jews, Christians and Muslims.

Adolescent Orthodox Jews dive into scripture to look for answers that lie between their legs. The only way for them

to love what they find is to hate people like you and me. They're lost in a masquerade that's mirror image of our own.

As simple as it sounds from a generic point of view, the first two stories of Torah address the basics about the meaning of life. But that beginning~ only began in adolescence.

Therefore, the Creation Story isn't in conflict with evolution. It actually makes the evolution of mankind all the more awesome and mysterious. It makes the Creation Story a story that explains reality. It's not a myth or a fable.

The teenager doesn't realize life looks entirely different when viewed from his heart. He only knows that childhood is over, and innocence will never again return. And for that reason, puberty is a reminder to us all of the loneliest time in our life.

It's only once the adolescent gets to the third story of Genesis, "Noah and the Ark" that he realizes he's entered a world of incredible awe and mystery, as well.

Every teenage boy can see that he's drowning in suffering, not a flood caused by a literal storm.

Even if his father couldn't tell him what God Told Noah in so many words, every teenage boy feels instinctively instructed to build an ark to hold all his animal instincts until the deluge of hormones subsides on the other side of adolescence when his storm passes, and the sky turns blue again.

Out from his prostate gland [the hull of his ark] he lets his animals off the boat. He fills the external world with the little bit of liquid hope and promise he holds within him. If he's an Orthodox young man, he dreams of getting married to receive permission to become a Noah~ [Hebrew: man of comfort].

In the next story of Genesis, "The Tower of Babel," the young adult male [18-21] colludes with his peers to

figuratively make his way up through the clouds of uncertainty to God's Heavenly Realm to usurp His Power at its source. He doesn't believe God can be trusted since He Unleashed such monstrous feelings on him earlier in puberty. He Might Do something equally diabolical again... Every young man seeks to usurp God's Power to claim it as his own.

He erects [stimulates] his penis like a tower which acts as a ladder for him to climb up to the height necessary to perceive, attract and possess a power outside himself to call his own.

But because his head is really colluding with his heart over matters introduced by hormones, he doesn't fully realize what he's doing. Engaging in sex with others confuses his mind and moral intentions.

Outwardly, he gets cocky. He gets arrogant. He gets belligerent, possibly even violent. He turns into a know-it-all who thinks he can feel-it-all. He becomes egotistical, competitive, pushy and determined to get ahead~ without reflecting on his need to get a head~.

This level of juvenile development is one in which the young male also becomes cynical, suspicious and distrusting after finding himself having been born into a world where there wasn't enough love for him~, let alone anyone else~.

So, he decides to take matters into his own hands. The powerful feelings he's experiencing in his **heart** rebel against his head that still insists on maintaining control over his actions. It's as if his heart comes back from the dead to fight for liberty.

If he's an Orthodox Jewish youngster, he fights to keep modern Jews away from the Wailing Wall. If he's Muslim, he thinks the same way about the Temple Mount. He considers it all his.

But most other adolescents don't usually want what God~ Has to Offer them at that age. They want what they~ might

be able to secure that they feel has been withheld from them for a very long time.

Every adolescent has to repeat this lesson again and again just as a bowler needs to become one with the pins so he can send the ball directly where he aims it. Golfers know this. Baseball players know it. It's the same for every sport.

The quest for excellence is really about the mystery and magic of orgasm that leads young men to a greater understanding of the sonar they hold in their heart. This is the relationship of Eve-to-serpent that every young man admires. This is the nature of repetition for the sake of precision. This is how a young man learns to apply what he knows below the belt to matters of Earthly excellence and heavenly importance.

A pedophile is only one example of an arrested child who seeks to force children through this passage of life to adulthood.

We all have fragments of our psyche that were wounded in childhood and later scarred over in adolescence. We all need to go back to heal ourself by making our way over the rainbow of adolescence time and again, figuratively speaking.

The greatest symptom of being spiritually broken is guilt. But it's not the only symptom. The next obvious symptom is loneliness. After that, a man spirals into alienation. From there he enters depression, and finally suicide. It's as simple as that.

You don't have to become a mass murderer to understand how they feel. They feel suicidal. Who doesn't know how that feels? It feels frustrating when you can't love life because you don't know what it means.

The three patriarchs who are described next in Genesis personify the maturation process of every adult male as seen from his heart. By middle age a mature man should be able to identify personally with all of these feelings:

Abraham personifies fear [yellow].

Isaac personifies angst [orange].

Jacob personifies rage [red].

Abraham bargained with God out of fear. He tried to give Isaac back to Him [murder as sacrifice] as a way of placating his Creator.

Abraham wanted to sacrifice Isaac to God because Abraham suffered from an inferiority complex. Over the wellbeing of those living in Sodom, he was willing to bargain with Him to save innocent lives. Abraham had very strong feelings for strangers.

But over his son's life, he knew just what he had to do. He refused to debate the issue morally from within. He couldn't conceive of his own son being innocent. The man with an inferiority complex will never believe he has the ability to create innocence, or nurture it.

Isaac suffered a lifetime of angst over whether or not he was ever truly loved. If his father had truly wanted a son, why then did he try to kill him? That's not how fathers are supposed to behave toward their progeny.

Isaac felt betrayed. And if the son must worry about whether his father will ever try to kill him a second time, the young man becomes the personification of anguish without even knowing it. Boyhood innocence personified without personal awareness of his natural state produces anxiety in men. In old age, Isaac becomes so short-sighted that he can't tell one of his sons from the other.

Isaac's second son, Jacob, was angry at the world and perplexed about his reason for having been created in the first place. He felt the need to balance the external, playing field by stealing his older brother's [Esau] inheritance to make up for what he didn't get from their father from the start.

Jacob suffered from a superiority complex. He thought developing a clever mind would solve the problems located in his broken heart.

An angry man is never angry at others. He's always angry at God for putting him in second place. His frustration in having to be himself without a sense of personal Instruction and Guidance from above produces anti-Semitism. He hates his own people.

He's full of blame. And it doesn't matter if the Jew is African, Ashkenazi, Sephardic, Middle Eastern, pregnant, gay or disabled. He's going to make God pay by hating his fellow Jews.

By middle age, a mature man is expected to be able to take Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to heart. He's expected to identify with all three of the patriarchs from Genesis. He's expected to have made his way to the summit of his mountain to see out on all sides.

But because so few men can and do reach the summit of their own mountain, they reach the edge of old age unprepared for the descent down the other side. They get closer to death without having learned enough about life.

The Jewish people are named after Jacob, whose name God Changed to Israel. The Jewish people are God's first Chosen People. We're the characters in His first Story [Torah]. We were the first to become enraged with Him for what He Puts us through.

We'd expected God's Promise to be Delivered to us a long time ago. We always knew we held all the components of the promise of hope, but we had to discover the hard way that hope won't ever be Delivered to us without everyone on Earth knowing what we know and feeling similarly to the way we do about this school we've all been Enrolled in.

There's a spiritual evolution in progress that corresponds to the maturation of every individual in anticipation of matriculation to something inexplicable after life. We must all experience love of our own life before we can help each other achieve love of their life.

The only problem is that the Orthodox “Jews” feel that the gay Jews are perverts of God’s Plan. And yet, all good people know that if you treat people like sh-t, it’s because you’re confusing who you are with what’s inside you.

The state of Israel encourages it’s citizens to love anyone they choose. The Orthodox “Jews” vehemently oppose that.

The last story of Genesis is about Joseph, the son of Jacob. Joseph was almost murdered by his bothers; sold into slavery instead; and later imprisoned for a crime he didn’t commit.

Joseph was the personification of the innocent victim in the family dynamic model who had to use his power to dream big~ to escape his fate. Dreaming becomes a mysterious process that occurs by day or night, awake or asleep.

“Joseph” means “to supplement” or “add to” in Hebrew. Dreamers add to what we know about life with our five senses. Dreamers supplement our story in a magical way that gives us a heightened reason for being.

Most people in the school of life are dreaming in class. They’re neither asleep nor awake. If you identify as a Joseph, you’re what we call an artistic~ type. You hold a hope inside you that you’re trying to express to convince others that there Is A God Who Cares for us all.

When a boy discovers the ecstasy of orgasm, he wonders why his outer world suddenly looks so different from his inner world. Childhood ends abruptly for us all. The experience of sublime, physical joy changes everything overnight. But then every boy unconsciously begins to wonder whether God Loves his brother more than him. That feels excruciatingly ominous.

As he makes his way to safe harbor, every teenager wants to know why he had to figuratively build an ark to contain his animal urges. He questions what it will really

mean to let those animal urges off his vessel to replicate themselves in others. He wants to know why God Would Have Given him a personal promise [rainbow] never to repeat that inner flood of feelings and sensations, while causing all sorts of bad weather patterns around him.

Later, he wants answers to why he suffers feelings of inferiority [Abraham], betrayal [Isaac] and even feelings of superiority over others [Jacob]. And if that isn't enough, he also wants to know why he's treated so hatefully by so many friends and loved ones [Joseph].

These are a lot of questions for our Teacher to Answer. And these questions arise just from contemplating our grades in the school of life up to the age of middle age. They don't address what will happen as we get old and approach graduation.

The injustices of the world are perplexing for everyone in every generation. How Can God Be in charge of this world if there appears to be such confusion and rebellion in His Ranks?

Life is complex. Man is complex. Only the hope of experiencing love lies there in the darkness within beckoning us onward. But who wants to love himself?

Every man is a tree of knowledge. He was born in a grove [family]. He later discovers he's actually one of many trees in an orchard [society]. But he spends his life lost in the woods trying to make his way out so he can go Home in peace.

Loving yourself is the carrot. Pain and suffering are the sticks. But loving yourself is anything but free and easy.

It's easy for hyper "religious" "Christians" to love Jesus while forgetting to love themself.

Guilt, on the other hand, is~ free. The whole of Torah, the core of Tanach [The Old Testament] describes the creation of the feeling of guilt in the human psyche. For some reason,

God Felt a need to Teach us to feel guilty before He Introduced us to the feeling of love.

Those who are willing to do the inner work of exploring guilt discover that embarrassment~ of their body leads to modesty~. Shame~ of their character leads to humility~. And humiliation~ before The Lord leads to grace~, which is another way of saying that loyalty to yourself and God is the greatest of all the rewards of a life well lived.

The senior citizen who hasn't achieved this revelation is headed for misery in old age. And the society that doesn't teach its senior citizens how to open their heart to themselves is a society doomed to destruction.

I had to experience all of these three aspects of guilt before I was Given my first taste of love. You did, too. And you passed those classes, although none of us have anything in the way of stellar grades to boast about.

In early childhood, we moved through the embarrassment~ of toilet training, feeding ourselves and dressing on our own to achieve a modicum of modesty~ over our body.

Later in childhood, we experienced the shame~ of our character defects. That taught us how to behave respectfully in polite society, especially toward those older than us. That humility~ made it possible for us to learn from some others so as not to express constant defiance at the world the way it is.

But humiliation~ is a feeling that comes directly from our **Teacher**. No one can anticipate when that lesson in life will come or go.

If you've already experienced a terrible loss in life, you know the depth of this third aspect of guilt. Whether you made your way through your losses to the grace of God is yours to say. But you're still here in this school. And your final exam looms before you as it does for us all.

All the wisdom found in The Old Testament was useless to me until I discovered Christ's love. All the love I hold dear inside has left me feeling crucified on a cross of pain pulling me in one direction and suffering pulling me in the other.

That said, it wasn't until I discovered the secrets Given to us in The Quran: the loyalty to life that comes through our desire to act **proudly**, that I could truly hold my head up high.

I had to wander through this world like a Jew in my own, private diaspora to find answers in scripture to the meaning~ of my being~.

I see Torah as built upon the main metaphor~ of Moses. And I see the red words of The Gospels as constructed using the body and blood of Christ. His words produce symbolism~, the container/contents model needed to make love happen.

Torah explains the workings of our head~. The Gospels explains the working of our heart~.

And after these lessons of life, The Good Lord Brought us the 114 chapters of The Quran, which is erected like a tower that rises that extra mile. The Quran taught me how to operate myself from my soul~ thanks to its 114 similes~ for God.

Although I found a rainbow in the sky in whatever country I visited or lived in, I didn't find the meaning of the rainbow around~ me. There's no rainbow in any outer place that's more or less mysterious and magical than any other.

I had to seek personal answers to the outcomes of those heavenly lights within~. It was only when I internalized the rainbow as a message of hope and a promise from God that was shining in the darkness inside~ me that I discovered the meaning of faith in all God's Seven Paths, chronologically Given as:

Indigenism

Hinduism

Judaism

Buddhism

Taoism

Christianity

Islam

[I don't see Buddhism as a faith. Buddhists don't believe in God or gods. I see it as a philosophy God Squeezed in after Judaism and before Taoism.]

The autobiography of Moses begins in the Book of Exodus. [Genesis is an encapsulated summary of life for us all.] The Gospels are the biography of Jesus. And the Quran is a poem from God to everyman.

Like Christ's body and blood, I'm an "I" in an "it". I'm a holy symbol of God's Creation and Intention. Therefore, the secret to love must be sought within me with myself, for me to achieve something worthy enough to share with others.

Until I got out of my head by going on an exodus inside myself, through my stiff neck down to my heart, I couldn't discover the true value of love~.

Until I made my way through my heart and into my soul, I couldn't discover the true meaning of life~.

And without greater knowledge of the meaning of life as a school [shul], I made mistakes that would have cost me a piece of paradise had I not atoned for them – although I state that contingency as a metaphor, not a literal outcome I can guarantee or hold over anyone's head like a Damocles sword. Death is still a mystery despite anything anyone might tell you to the contrary.

When your~ tree falls in the forest, whether or not anyone else is around, you'll~ hear it.

By the End

By the end of your life, you're going to want to know where you came from, what you accomplished and how you got to where you are. If life is a school, you're going to want to know if you should celebrate graduation or whether you you're going to be consumed answering questions on your final exam until the bell rings and you're out of time.

In anticipation of that awesome event, I'd like to suggest you prepare some answers to questions that might be Given to ugly ducklings, silly swans and cantankerous cranes. There's no guarantee that your final exam will be cafeteria style with you being able to pick and choose your questions at will.

Since we all have a head that tells us we're an ugly duckling; we all have a heart that whispers we're a silly swan; and we all have a soul that ought to complain that we're a cantankerous crane – it behooves us to be prepared for all fowl questions on our final.

Life is like a mountain. It has a beginning at the bottom, a middle at the summit and an end on the other side of the mountain.

The beginning starts at the southern foot of the mountain. Everybody goes north toward success and happiness.

The middle occurs at the summit, like a tabletop mountain from which you can go across for some distance while enjoying the view down on all sides.

And the end occurs on the northernmost side of the mountain if you're Jewish or Christian, or back where you started in the south if you're Muslim.

The Quran describes life as an inverted U turn. You go north with the rising sun on your right in the east when you're young. Life turns you west, toward the setting sun. That's when you realize you're not going to live forever. You face your mortality. Then, life turns you south, and you go back in the direction you came from with the setting sun

on your right and both your birth and death before you as you go back where you came from, atoning for your past as you head toward paradise [Eden] revisited. Such is the perspective of every crane.

For some, their mountain is no bigger than a grain of sand. They die in infancy. For some, their mountain is like a hill. They die in childhood or adolescence. For some, their mountain is like an active volcano that middle age leaves them fuming about. And for some, their mountain is like Mt. Everest, a huge trek that includes incredible sights that take them to a great height, which is effortful, even dangerous.

If you were born an ugly Jewish duckling, you're going to want to turn into a mallard. You're going to want to go from a boy to a man.

If you were born a silly Christian cygnet, you're going to want to have a beautiful swan experience that will take you through hate to love. Once you know love, you'll leave this world on the wings of love, leaving the rest to God.

And if you were born a cantankerous Muslim colt, you're going to want to turn into a consecrated crane. You'll want a special place in paradise once you've received your diploma, shaken hands with The Teacher and thanked Him.

In order to properly prepare for all these outcomes, you must believe our Teacher Can Be in more than one place at a time. He Must Be there at your beginning; at the summit with you; and with you to the very end. You must believe He Guides your head, heart and soul even though you're the only one in charge of your penis or clitoris. You must believe God Respected your privacy at all times.

This is an understanding of going south in life that leaves us feeling like an emperor penguin and not an "immortal" phoenix that has to rise out of ashes again and again.

In the beginning [puberty], you got a taste of paradise. In the middle, you got a view of the magnificence of love. By the end you should be holding a resolve for loyalty in hand that surpasses life itself.

This is the outcome of the spiritualist, so different from the “true” believer who only believes in his~ faith rather than his faith in himself~.

Dream Merchants Verses Dream States

Israel was created in a dream state as a dream state. But every nation on Earth has the potential to become the manifestation of man's dreams, as well. All that requires is a deeper understanding of your~ dreams and your resolve to share your dreams with us all.

When you wake up from a dream in the middle of the night, you either feel horny or guilty. Those dreams that give you an erection, affirm your thrusts through life. Those dreams that create guilt are portrayals of you in situations in which you're struggling to atone to yourself with God as your Witness.

The people, places and things in both kinds of dreams are beyond anyone's comprehension. They're deeply personal representations your mind creates that symbolize your struggle through lust to guilt to a state of self-love.

Dream merchants who sell insights into dreams are only giving you part of your story. The rest lies within you for you to discover for yourself. Your mind creates locks that no one other than you will ever be able to open.

That said, you can, and should, open the lock on every inner door to enter every successive room within you where more of your secret is stored. In this way, you'll make your way through your home as you make your way Home.

Your dreams are background for the portrait you'll be painting of yourself the next day. Don't worry about your dreams. Their just background to your next portrait. Paint over them, and you'll see how they were always meant to compliment your day.

All it takes to dream is hope, and faith in yourself. Faith in God will come as your faith in yourself grows.

Knowing that your bad [guilt-ridden] dreams are ways of processing atonement should give you hope that you're moving toward self-love. Self-love should give you hope

that you're amassing enough love for yourself to give your overflow to others.

In this way, you'll develop a loyalty to life over time that will surpass the prejudice, hatred and maniacal lust for power you see around you.

The fruits of good and evil, when fully digested, turn into love and wisdom. Goodness~ leads to love. Mistakes made [evil~], apologized and atoned for create wisdom.

There doesn't need to be a struggle between Republicans and Democrats. This is an artificial fight created by Republican leaders like Donald Trump and Mitch McConnell that Ronald Reagan initiated as a religious war against Russian atheists in which Reagan thought Christianity would have to defeat all the other belief systems in the world for the American dream to survive and thrive.

This is utter nonsense even though big business consistently sides with Republicans by feeding them financial contributions to get laws passed to favor their greedy, material goals.

Democrats fight the Republican lust for power and world domination with truth, justice, democracy and by holding tight with hope to the American dream. What else have we got?

In this pursuit, gay men are like fairy godmothers who'll teach you to use your magic wisely. We're not grooming~ your children. We're not trying to get in your pants. We don't yearn for a world of talking serpents that will goosstep into the future crying, "Heil Harvey Milk," the greatest gay Jew of all time...

The greatest gay Jew ever was Jesus. But I'm not going to say, "Heil Jesus," no matter how much the Republicans try to make me.

I'm not another Harvey Milk~. You can call me Harvey Honey~. You can't get where you hope to go without Milk and Honey.

The demise of the Republican Party isn't inevitable. Nixon took Republicans in the direction of hell. Ronald Reagan pointed a finger at Russian atheists. Donald Trump has now exposed their anti-Semitic goal of hating gay Jews to One and all.

It's up to all of us to kill their ambitions without firing a single shot. We must starve to death their lust for greed and power. They live and breathe only lust for money. We live and breathe a lust for honey. Honey leads us to money. Money doesn't lead us to honey.

It's time to end the second Civil War the Republicans have been dreaming about all their life. It's time to put bad "religion" behind us and move forward with spirituality arm-in-arm towards peace.

It's time for gay Israelis to forge peace in the Middle East with her neighbors by sharing what we like about them. Orthodox "Jews" will never be able to do this. They're perplexed by God's Words when taken figuratively. They're headed for the showers, yet again. We must remind Orthodox Jews that they could be the luckiest of ducklings if they would only try.

Previous Books

I recommend you read my other books in the reverse order I wrote them. Numbers 20-29 are presently available in their entirety free of charge at my website.

29. **For God's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel!**

If you think about what you think about,
you'll discover how powerfully you feel.
A Guide to solving personal problems with humor

28. **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

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

