

The Organ Grinder's Gorilla

How I learned to love my O.C.D.

Volume 1

by
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The linguistic method of self-healing
I present in this book
should only be used in conjunction
with traditional, medical techniques.
Check with your doctor
if you have any concerns about doing both.

We all associate an organ grinder and his music with a monkey he employs to entertain the crowd.

But those of us who suffer O.C.D. see our urges as a force so powerful that it's more like a gorilla that's controlling us. It's terrifying, not amusing.

If an organ grinder had been given a baby gorilla at birth, s/he wouldn't realize what s/he was dealing with at first. S/he wouldn't realize that s/he's making music with a massive, but intelligent gorilla, not a cute, little monkey.

When interpreted with sexual inuendo, an **organ** grinder is someone who masturbates. And the **gorilla** is the inner beast associated with lust.

When I hit puberty and had my first orgasm thanks to a wet dream, it inspired me to develop an intimate relationship with my genitals (gorilla) in order to recreate the pleasure my body had unconsciously triggered.

That was normal, even though there are those in society who object to this behavior in young and old alike. They're the same people who'd also object to me talking about sex euphemistically.

Those people are called literalists. The idea of using words to create **figurative** interpretations of actions goes against their religion. Their religion tells them to take their scripture **literally**. So, they generalize that edict to all areas of their life. They're very sick people who suffer mental health problems.

The linguistic technique I'm going to present to you uses imagery to create pictures in your mind's eye meant to strengthen your imagination. With a more powerful imagination, you'll be able to perceive what the forces within you are doing **to** you or **for** you. You can then decide for yourself how you wish to behave.

With greater self-awareness, you'll be able to get the job of zookeeper to your gorilla. You'll be able to feed, befriend and train it. And you'll be able to learn how to love all the other amazing creatures you've got locked up inside.

I'm great at **completing** everything I start, but I have real issues when it comes to **starting** new projects.

I'm terrified of failure because I failed at so many, many things before. Failure always leads me to feel neglected, abandoned and betrayed, which then leads to more self-rejection. So, I avoid doing new things if at all possible. I may have a warm heart, but I have cold feet.

If you've already perused the Table of Contents, you've seen that there's a (1) preface, (2) preamble, (3) introduction, (4) overture, (5) prelude, (6) prologue, (7) curtain-raiser, (8) forward and (9) opening before the main section of the book. I like to start things over and over again until I finally feel I've got it right.

It's been difficult for me to find the opening to get through my problems in life. I suppose that's because I was born by cesarean... I refused to use the first opening I was given. They had to find a way to get to me, reach in and pull me away from my mother.

Maybe what I did for myself to achieve sanity will reach you and pull you out of your misery even if you found the first opening you were given in life without any trouble.

You made it through birth, the greatest trauma of them all. And you'll make it through to a natural death in old age with a smile on your face at the end if you just add a few new ideas to what you know about yourself that you didn't know before.

This book is about the healing magic of pop tunes of the 20th Century. But don't be surprised that it's going to take me a third of this book to get to the lyrics of the songs of my youth to fully reveal to you the bright light of linguistic imagery. I'm very long winded, but slow to climax literarily.

The songs I've chosen to share with you hold my secret to sanity. If you love music, you're already well on the road to improved mental health.

Every experience I go through in life
invites me to
recap, review and condense that event
to reinforce what I've gleaned from it.
In this way,
I strengthen my **conscience**,
making it a better **guide**.

So,
after every chapter
in **PART ONE**,
I'll present you with an outline of what you just read.
The outline will provide you a summation
of the main points
in that chapter
to reinforce those ideas in your mind's eye.

Sit back and relax as you read.
There's nothing you have to **do**.
Just enjoy my tale.
If you care about your wellbeing,
becoming great will be achieved naturally.

PART ONE

Preface

The Organ Grinder's Organ

When I was a child, my mother was like an organ grinder. She fed me, trained me and took care of me as I danced around entertaining others. She made music with me. There was a magical quality to our relationship.

I was wild, but she was devoted to taming me. I was like her little monkey. I called her my **in-law**, and she called me her little **outlaw**. All I wanted was to break her rules so I could do as I pleased

But, in most ways, I was much too devoted to her to upset her or make her cry.

Now I'm over 70. My mother's been dead for years, and I'm in the childhood of old age. Now I'm my own organ grinder and monkey. Now I have to care for myself as death looms larger before me.

What I now want to do is break society's grip on me, which includes many of my mother's rules. Now I **really** want what I want when I want it. And now I feel I have the power to achieve what I want the most out of life. I've become an in-law and outlaw all wrapped up in one.

My parents divorced when I was kid. My father was an orthodox-Jew, although I didn't realize that at the time because he didn't dress like one or go to synagogue regularly. He was just superstitious, authoritarian and mean.

When my mom realized what she'd gotten herself into, she divorced him. She decided she'd had enough of living the life of a second-class citizen in her own home. I was six at the time.

Orthodox-Jews and rightwing Christians think like **in-laws**, but they sometimes behave like **outlaws**. Ironically,

fanatical Muslims, petty criminals and white-collar criminals think and act like that, too.

Less religiously oriented people like you and me often think like **outlaws**, but we behave like **in-laws**. We've learned not to take this world so literally. We've learned to think outside the box, so the mystery of life unfolds for us without undue pressure from "God".

The hyper-religious, however, see us as outlaws to literal interpretations of "their" scripture.

All that made things confusing for me as a youngster and for quite some time thereafter. I had to take a circuitous route to make my way into my father's heart. He loved me, just not in a way I thought he should love me. None of the men I loved, loved me the way I wanted to be loved. That explained my addiction to sex.

When I was a boy, the **obsessive** thoughts that went round and round in my head and **compulsive** feelings in my heart caused repetitive behaviors that were like a **monkey** on my back.

When I became a teenager, they'd grown into a **bonobo**, the most sexually promiscuous of all simians. I was obsessed with pain and pleasure. Everything either felt excruciatingly wonderful and mysterious or I labeled it: horrific.

Coming out of the closet as a gay boy was, of course, difficult in those days. So, I just didn't tell my parents I was gay until years later.

I had to become **more** intense, not **less**, over time. I had to find the power from within to perceive my truth. I had to see myself as Fay Wray (a damsel in distress) locked in King Kong's clutches. It carried me to the top of my tower to power. My empire lay below, but we were both in a state of extreme angst. Flies, like helicopters and planes overhead, drove me nuts. That horror movie I lived through was worth the price of admission. I'm so glad I can see there/then, now.

I may not be Fay Wray, but I'm fey as well as gay.

I'm marked by an otherworldly air. I'm crazy, touched, excessively refined – you might even say: precious. I hold a quaintly unconventional attitude about life. Some might call me campy, although I've never donned a dress or applied eye shadow to my old, bag-ridden, blue eyes.

I am who I am. I can't change how I turned out. I can't peel off my labels. I see my O.C.D. as one of many labels I'm going to be carrying all my life.

Now, the best I can do is observe the way I behave and do what I can to change slowly and carefully from the inside out. I don't want to turn out like a blind artist who has to rely on strangers to tell him what he's drawn.

Therefore, I've had to learn to think about what I think about. I've had to look at my urge for **vengeance** and my macho **fantasies** of getting even with my enemies. I seem to have learned that from my father. He was a rich, Lithuanian Jew who was forced by the Nazis into slavery in Dachau Concentration Camp.

I've had to look at my urge for **order** and **cleanliness** that I seem to have learned from my mother, a German-Jew who had a Catholic father. She was a fugitive in the "fatherland" during the War, running from her own people to stay alive.

Now, I see that my urge to get even with others always ricochets back to hit me in the face. I'm always a **Jew** being chased by **neo-Nazis**, or a **faggot** being chased by **Republicans**. Even my urge for neatness and orderliness gets in my way when it gets out of hand.

My urges are made up of **wants** (–) and **desires** (+).

O.C.D. is a psychological tool that's trying to control my urge for **vengeance** and **uniformity**. That makes O.C.D. potentially, enormously helpful. That's ironic, but helpful to know.

Society takes no position on psychological tools we develop to help us cope. So long as we don't hurt others, society doesn't much care if we hurt ourself. Just look at all

the homeless on the streets where you live if you don't believe me.

We live in a world where everyone is hurting himself, but only those who hurt others make it onto the 6:00 o'clock news. The media usually tells us that no motive was found for people who go berserk and kill others.

But no one is searching for the motive for why we hurt ourself.

Some of the people in my life who've never been insane advocate for vengeance, even if they don't do anything hurtful or illegal. And some of them are as obsessively orderly about insignificant, moral matters as I am about objects around me. And some of them just appear to be **uniform** and uninteresting. I can't see anything unique or special about them. I suppose they must have some reason for being here, too.

Think of me as an Alex in Wander Land who sometimes behaves like a queen of hearts. I cry, "Off with his head," and then I decapitate **myself** by saying things that are thoughtless, unkind and even cruel.

I'm two Tweedles in one, one Dee, one Dumb.

On the outside, I look like a March Hare with a receding hairline who hops around slowly and carefully at my advanced age.

But inside, I race like a machine at top speed.

I'm as **queer** as Dick's hatband, but those who know me know that I'm also very, very **odd**.

Outline of the Preface

1. We're all **outlaws** at heart
 - A. **Obsessive** thought and **compulsive** feelings are symptoms of **wants** (–) and **desires** (+) we need to look at as symptoms of a greater, moral dilemma going on inside of us.
 - B. O.C.D. behaviors are tools the mind uses to defy our urge to seek **vengeance** and **uniformity**.
 - C. When we think about what we think about, we discover other forces within us (like wants and desires) that affect the way we behave.

Preamble

The Seven Forces Within Me

I see myself as a spiritual machine. There are seven inner forces within me. You might even think of them as like gears in a car. These forces give me the ability to think, feel, believe, want (–), desire (+), intuit, and when I’m really at top speed, pray.

Until late in life, I couldn’t find the words to admit this simple truth about me to myself because everyone treated me like I was a human being (pretty awful. I wish people would treat me like a dog.). I just knew deep down inside that being a human being wasn’t an accurate enough depiction of complexity in being **me**, **myself** and **I**.

I don’t think like other people. I don’t feel like them. And I don’t believe everything about reality that many others believe.

Although I’m more like a machine, sadly, I don’t happen to be technically inclined. So, I’ve had a devil of a time every time I break down.

When I was a young, gay-Jew in the 80’s, I knew an old, gay-Jew who’d been raised in a Yiddish-speaking household. He claimed he wasn’t “machinical” when it came to working his VCR.

Well, I’m a spiritual machine, but I’m not machinical, either. I couldn’t figure out how to fix me. I found me terribly complex, and nobody seemed to be able to tell me how to control myself.

I call the combination of my (1) thoughts, (2) feelings, (3) beliefs, (4) wants, (5) desires, (6) intuition and (7) prayers my **spiritual operating system** (S.O.S.).

I’m by no means an expert at operating myself today, but at least I can now say I’m programmable. I’ve uploaded many new apps. into my operating system. I’m a cutting-edge spiritual machine ready to tackle the challenges of the

21st Century. I'm like the I-phone I carry around with me at all times. I never leave home without me.

When I was young, I felt like I was in a vehicle with a stick shift. I went through one transmission after another just trying to figure out how to keep up with others by speeding up and slowing down.

Now I've progressed to an automatic transmission. I can hear my engine hum as I change gears smoothly. I don't have to do anything manually to upshift or downshift anymore.

You can think of me as a dufus who engages with himself on the spiritual realm of reality. I give great attention to minute details of life that others don't notice.

I see my body as a machine, as well. I call it my B.O.S. (**biological operating system**), in contrast to my S.O.S. (spiritual operating system).

I see that the purpose of every human body is to create energy and safe, operating conditions for running the spiritual system within it.

So, I'm two machines in one. Learning to operate each of them together has been the great challenge of my life. By persevering with resolve and determination, I've become aware of the difference between mere **survival** and learning how to **live** a productive life.

Sadly, my parents didn't explain any of this to me when I was a child, so I had to try to make sense of myself without their help. They only insisted I obey their rules. These important facts of life they neglected to tell me about.

Now I'm a senior citizen who's completed the external challenges of operating solely for the sake of survival. I'm retired. I'm financially comfortable, and I'm in good health.

My vehicle may be old, but I've got AC to keep me comfortable inside; automatic windows to connect me with the outside world; and lots of cup-holders to hold my virtues. What more does a guy need?

Now that I'm through with survival issues, I have the great honor and delight of being in a position to give greater attention to living out the **meaning** of my life.

Retirement from making money and having to interact with so many people every day has freed me to do the inner, operational work I couldn't do before.

Unlike most senior citizens, I'm not interested in worshipping God in a traditional manner as I get closer to the end. I'm more interested in discovering all I can about myself, so I can leave a legacy behind I'll be proud of.

Despite the role of **fathering** having turned into a task that's often ridiculed, I saw that I wanted to become a father in the figurative sense. I have no children.

I love the child in everybody. I love being paternal without being patronizing. I just don't have a desire to daddy anyone.

I also have a maternal desire to **mother** others without smothering them. There's definitely as little, old lady in me, as well.

My paternal and maternal instincts in coming to guide my inner child led me to greater tolerance, acceptance and admiration of God, despite my antipathy for religion.

If you're not "there" yet – if even the word "God" is like squeezing lemon into milk – if it curdles something deep down inside of you – don't let that stop you from exploring your intellect and emotions.

Put **yourself** before God and man. Put yourself before everything. Nothing is more important than discovering your truth.

Just as no two people look quite the same (not even identical twins), no two people's spiritual operating system is programmed the same, either.

Therefore, everyone is vital to the sociological health and vigor of the human "species". (I don't like to call humanity a "race". The only race is occurring within us. Each of us is in a race with ourself against time.)

I'd prefer if those who've become dangerous to society are locked up rather than their deeds neutralized through capital punishment. As prisoners, they could learn how to contribute to the functioning of a healthy society if they were prompted to explore themselves truthfully.

Once you stop using greed **externally** to satiate your hunger for survival, you free yourself to explore your reason for being greedy **internally**. This leads to acquiring personal truths that are inspirational and that can even produce outcomes that are miraculous. This makes you rich within.

If I say anything in this book that exaggerates the truth, I'll make myself into a laughingstock (as I've done many times in the past).

But that's sometimes unavoidable. I am a little bigger than life, figuratively speaking. And I know it.

Having inspired myself to achieve sanity, I now hope to inspire you to do the same. By having achieved outcomes that seemed beyond anything I could have imagined, I achieved miracles. And I'm going to show you how to achieve miracles, too.

That said, some people insist on **believing** what they **believe** regardless of the **facts**. So, don't believe everything you tell yourself. No one knows everything.

I believe that the **facts** support the **truth**. I believe only in that which is verifiably proven to be true. Alternative facts and wild speculation don't interest me.

Since I hope my contribution to humanity will be relevant long after I'm gone, I feel compelled to contribute to the enlightenment and awakening of the human spirit in ways that are wise, loving and loyal to the highest principles achievable.

In that spirit, I offer you my suggestions on how to overcome those negative operations caused by glitches in your spiritual operating system.

If you can't relate with me as a **person**, whether that's because I'm American born, gay or Jewish, perhaps you can find a way of relating to me as a spiritual **machine**.

Perhaps the word "overcome" isn't the right word when describing what I did for myself from within.

After succumbing to an inadequate understanding of how to operate myself due to lack of instruction from my parents, I didn't "overcome" anything. I just recognized it. Once I could see the sudden malfunctions and irregularities of my equipment, I seemed to be able to override them with very little effort.

My truth has set me **free**. But my lies witnessed from within have **liberated** my heart, which made it possible for me to **emancipate** my soul.

Therefore, there isn't anything I'm going to ask you to **do** for yourself as you read this book. There aren't any exercises I've outlined. There aren't any lists to recall.

This exploration of the self is going to be more like wandering around on vacation in a country you've never been to before, just to get a sense of the place and the people who reside there. If you decide you want to live (t)here, you're always welcome to take up permanent residency. Where I'm at, I now feel like a citizen of the world.

Outline of the Preamble

1. The seven forces within:
 1. **Thoughts** that figuratively come from our head
 2. **Feelings** that figuratively come from our heart
 3. **Beliefs** that figuratively come from our soul
 4. **Wants** (–)
 5. **Desires** (+)
 6. **Intuition**
 7. **Prayer**
2. Two systems in one
 - A. S.O.S.: **Spiritual Operating System**
 - B. B.O.A.: **Biological Operating System**
3. Put yourself first or you'll never discover your truth
4. Recognize your **truth**, and you'll recognize your **lies**.
5. Then **denial** of your naturally soulful nature can be witnessed in real time.

Introduction

The Nursery in the Nursery

If you'd like me to be your spiritual IT guy to explain my inner world to you while you surreptitiously observe my equipment in action, you might like to know more about the first time I was involuntarily committed to Bellevue. That came about a year after my first suicide attempt in L.A.

I was studying ballet at American Ballet Theater school and Harkness Ballet School at the time. I can't say I was a phenomenal dancer, but Mikail Baryshnikov was in two of the classes I attended at Harkness Ballet School, so I couldn't have had two left feet.

I didn't succeed in achieving a "belle" (beautiful) "vue" (view) of life by the time they released me from Bellevue. A couple of years later, I had to be involuntarily committed to Saint John's Hospital in L.A. after I drove my car off a cliff in the Santa Monica mountains. St. John didn't do the trick, either. The third time I attempted suicide was about a year after that.

In my effort to control myself from the outside in, I tried everything I could to self-medicate. Marihuana was probably my drug of choice, but I tried most of the other drugs that were available in my day.

I still struggle today with an obsession for food and sex although I'm of normal height/weight proportion, and I'm in a monogamous relationship (and don't watch porn).

But I'm still neurotically neat, and I worry about not being clean enough.

So, cleaning up my act has required acknowledging my obsessions and compulsions in every area of my life all my life.

I got clean and sober in 1984, almost 40 years ago, and I've been off psychiatric medication since 2000.

I've never claimed to have overcome **insanity**. I've simply learned to live with it my own way. I'm "still crazy after all these years". [Paul Simon]

I should also begin by telling you how **bored** I was before I began my search for myself in earnest.

I'd lived on three continents. I learned four foreign languages and made body language (dance) my career.

But I never learned how to talk to myself.

Despite being insane, I enjoyed a vibrant, social life. (There are plenty of crazy people out there to talk to if you just want to be distracted away from yourself.)

I found being alone almost physically painful in those days. I used people to avoid my boredom in having to be home alone where I had no one to talk to. Even having strange men over for sex didn't satisfy my need to self-communicate.

The reason I was so bored was because I couldn't complete a single sentence in my head. I thought talking to myself would drive me crazy. I now know that not talking to myself is what drove me crazy.

Because I had no one to talk to inside, I felt neglected, abandoned, betrayed and, ultimately, rejected. There was no **you** in **me** to relate to.

It was only when I began to visualize what I was thinking that I realized I thought in single words and occasionally in short phrases, never in complete sentences that would tempt me to comment or question what was going through my mind.

The words I used to denote what I was thinking **in** loud wouldn't even have made a lot of sense if I'd uttered them **out** loud. I'd created a shorthand for thinking to avoid having to do it with feeling. So, no one could understand me when I tried to explain myself. I was literally lost for words.

Now that I've devoted my life to writing (in part because I'm too old to dance ballet), I've learned how to

communicate with myself by composing myself in complete sentences and editing myself as needed. Now I've discovered that I'm the author of my life, and each day is like a new chapter.

My father and mother only ushered me into this world. They couldn't help me achieve this level of self-intimacy. I had to learn how to **write/right** myself.

What gives my life meaning today is exploring the mystery of being me through self-communication, even if I have to be punny to do so. I now see myself as a dufus who just wants to get to know himself better. Language has become my spiritual medium.

Therefore, my life today has less to do with externals and more to do with my **responses** and **reactions** to externals. It's what I have to say to myself about what's happening around me that's the most important.

Helping people help themselves nevertheless delights me because it helps me help myself. I learn more about me by giving to others spiritually. I also give of myself materially with money and in deeds because giving makes me happy.

Once I knew that I was a **spiritual** machine in a **physical** machine, I was able to communicate with myself more effectively. Self-communicating became the greatest accomplishment of my life.

I used to look at my past only as the fruits of my external labors. Now I view the fruits of my labors as a daily awakening to who I'm becoming.

This linguistic form of self-discipline led me back to the Tree of knowledge described in the first story in Genesis. I've made my way down to the roots of all that I know about myself. These roots are buried underground in the darkness of my unconscious. There, within, in that darkness visible lies the mystery of what makes me who I am.

Language is the source of my self-nourishment today. I dance with God in words (prayer), but I also dance with

words alone. I'm **poetic** when talking to God. I'm **prosaic** when talking to people.

Although I ordained myself a **rabbi**, I wouldn't call myself a spiritual poet or faith healer. I'm not even a philosopher.

If "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," [Shakespeare] then I'm a **gay, dancing rabbi** on the world stage, not a **player**.

All external pressures on me trigger thoughts and feelings that make their way up from my unconscious into my conscious mind, where I listen to what my head is telling me and my heart is showing me.

But because of extremely low self-esteem, I often react to the least little thing that goes amiss with panic at having Offended God. I worry easily about doing things wrong and adding more ingredients to the label on my can that imply I'm a failure.

When I listen to my heart, I realize that **guilt**, more than **love**, motivates me to do much of what I do. I can even say that guilt has become my best friend, even though feeling guilty can be very unpleasant when it becomes overwhelming.

That's when **fear** kicks in. That's when I find myself experiencing **panic**.

But now that I've made the spiritual connection between **guilt** and **fear** thanks to **panic**, I can observe myself to a much greater degree while having panic attacks without freaking out about it.

When my obsessive **thinking** revolves around daunting ideas and my compulsive **feelings** recreate the discomfort of guilt mixed with fear, I find myself yearning to medicate myself with illogical/irrational behaviors to placate my erroneous **beliefs**.

Repetitive ticks, lisps, stutters, stammers, facial expressions, future-tripping, irrational behaviors and bad habits are bells reminding me to review the connections

between the seven forces that make up my spiritual operating system.

Biting my nails, chewing the callouses on my hands and scratching myself are efforts to consume myself that remind me about the importance of **self-sacrifice**.

My spiritual machinery malfunctions easily and often, usually because of a want (–) or desire (+) I can't make happen. This triggers unwanted behaviors that I react to badly.

Autonomy is always the culprit. I want to do as I please. I don't see what's best for One and all.

The **freedom** needed to think good thoughts; **liberty** to feel love; and **emancipation** to believe in the Intelligence of the Creator of my spiritual operating system – had never been described to me as one goal that I could strive for.

Ignorance of this goal has even had a negative effect on my biological machinery. My body now reacts with greater fatigue, and I need to take naps to shut myself down like a computer, and restart. Sleep has become a great escape for me because my dreams have become so healing.

I'm still **twisted**, but I don't see myself any longer as **sick**.

If a psychopath is someone who never feels guilty, then we're all psychopathic from time to time. Those of us who suffer from O.C.D. can't control what we think and feel.

But there are many worse ways to express the absence of guilt.

I think people with O.C.D. are less psychopathic than those who project their thoughts and feelings onto others and act in unkind, prejudiced, hateful or criminal ways. We're less psychopathic than those who support an ex-President who tried to overthrow the government with lies and intimidation.

At least we know we should feel guilt-ridden and grief-stricken about having to be ourself for a lifetime. At least we're curious to learn how to fix ourself.

They don't even care about themselves, democracy or the wellbeing of the world.

The Republican Party is a religious cult whose goal is to make Jesus Christ the President of the United States for life. I happen to think that's a bad idea because he's not alive.

Although I'm a gay-Jew, too, I'm more alive than Jesus. I'm in my body. He isn't.

But I wouldn't run for any political office based on my ability to breathe. I don't seek external power.

The Republican Party does seek power. They're presently made up of hyper-religious Jews and Christians who call themselves "God-fearing," but they'll dump the orthodox-Jews once they've attained total power. The orthodox-Jews just can't see that, yet.

Be glad you're not malfunctioning as badly as they are. You may still be as loony as a tune, but the Justice Department has no reason to arrest you for criminal behavior, and society has no reason to disdain you for hate speech.

You, too, are locked up inside, figuratively speaking.

But you wish you could get out.

They have no idea they're locked inside themselves, and yet they always keep looking for new ways to throw away the keys.

If you don't feel **validated** just for trying to be yourself, know that I've been writing books for 20 years that nobody has read. Nobody has validated me in the way I most want to be validated, either.

Lack of validation is what often happens to spiritual dufuses. Society squeezes us out. We're left on the outside looking in, wondering how to get back together with everyone else.

Whether you want to be an in-law or outlaw, we're all **dafka** (Hebrew: defiant). We all reach a point when we want what we want when we want it.

Don't wait to reach my age to appreciate your outlaw outlook. See the outlaw in you as a blessing, not a burden. Admit you're looking for ways to befriend your gorilla while others are just slapping their monkey...

Nobody ever told me I'm a genius at what I do best. I had to come to realize this myself. Nobody ever told me they resonate with what I had to do to get out of mental institutions, especially since psychiatric labels can never just be peeled off or covered up with other labels glued over them.

When I was young, I was terrified of being labeled. What I now like to do with my psychiatric labels is use them as street signs to warn me of hazards on the road of life. This gives me a feeling of power over labels.

I'm a complex person. I'm a mixed metaphor. Get used to it. I'm not going to live a prosaic life just because some people have issues with figurative speech.

Nobody has ever commended me for going from a paranoid-schizophrenic to a healthy, tax-paying, productive member of society who owns a million-dollar home in San Francisco, one of the most progressive, albeit expensive, cities on Earth.

I have enough savings to live out the rest of my life here without becoming a burden to society. I have great health. And I have a devoted boyfriend with whom I share an intimate, monogamous relationship.

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen." [Louis Armstrong]

But nobody knows the truth about life I've gleaned, either. Now I can boast about what I've done in my books, even if I didn't succeed in becoming a world-class ballet dancer, which was my equivalent of the dream of becoming a rock star.

My existential angst is what caused me to become **needy**, **lonely** and **bored**.

But once I found the words needed to **change** my mind, **transform** my heart and **transcend** who I was before, I didn't need external **validation**. I could finally face my anxiety in just having to be me.

It's thanks to having watched myself think that I can now edit my thoughts to turn my fragmented thinking into complete sentences with proper grammar, spelling and punctuation.

All it took to accomplish this was a refined imagination.

Although I have a B.A. and two master's degrees in English, I'm sure you can learn to use complete sentences without that formal an education.

The neglect, abandonment, betrayal and eventual rejection I suffered at the hands of others who didn't have a clue what they were doing became vitally important once I could see the self-neglect, self-abandonment, self-betrayal and self-rejection I perpetrated against myself.

Whatever others had done to me in the past could never disappoint me as deeply as what I did to myself, and still do on occasion.

As an aging senior citizen, I can now see that my thinking isn't as sharp as it used to be in some ways. I'm not able to pay close attention to some external problems that were crisp and clear at one time. My mind has become a bit fuzzy. I have senior moments, just like others my age. I have moments when I'm obsessing only about the world around me and forget about my world within.

But my heart has compensated for my fuzzy thinking by becoming much more open and receptive. I sometimes have to remind myself that it's better to grow old with an open heart than a sharp mind. The very definition of **goodness** lies in our **heart**, not our **head**.

That's why I may be like a gorilla on the inside, but I behave more like a little, old lady with others. I'm a granny type with delusions of someday becoming a grandpa.

If you haven't gone crazy, tried to kill yourself or gotten addicted to substances – commend yourself for just being O.C.D.

If you're a worse mess and have seriously hurt people, you're going to want to focus on guilt-ridden **thoughts**, even if you don't yet **feel** guilty about what you've done.

There's hope for anyone who understands that guilt mixed with fear doesn't just lead to panic. It can also lead to apology and reparation. That's what turns a heart from bad to good.

By reprogramming myself like a computer, I've become more understanding of other people's need to exact their frustrations on me. That doesn't mean I tolerate their unkindness well. It just means that I understand how clumsy they are in operating themselves like a smart phone that has the capacity to function with apps. up-loadable for the complex day-and-age in which we live.

People can be irresponsible and mean. And I don't have to forgive them for it.

But as the result of pointing fingers at them, I have a responsibility to recognize the ways in which **I** can be irresponsible and mean to **myself**. Only then can I struggle with how I'm going to treat others from now on.

If you're **gay**, and you wish to God that some man would finally see you and tell you you're needed, meaningful and beautiful in his eyes, I feel for your dream of validation. You're probably desperate for love, but you don't want to come across as desperate. I didn't, either.

If you're **Jewish**, and you wish the world would stop choosing Israel as the perpetrator-du-jour of all crimes against humanity, I hear ya. I lived in Israel, speak Hebrew

haltingly and understand scripture from a perspective that racist, homophobic, misogynistic and anti-Semitic, religious types in synagogues, churches, mosques and temples will probably never fathom.

And if you're **American** and see our country going down the drain as Republicans try to control everything about us from the inside out while the world is going to Hell in a handbasket, welcome to the club.

I like to think of myself as optimistic, but I can see a lot of pain and suffering in our future if we don't get our shit together.

But for me, the (r)evolution had to begin and end within. I see everything as an inner (r)**evolution** which ends up changing the whole world. All externals are mirrors that reflect my need to further delve into my spiritual operating system.

All my actions and reactions reveal my motivation to save me by becoming a witness unto myself. What God Witnesses and Decides To Do about this world the way it is, is out of my control.

Smashing mirrors inside me didn't change a thing. It just turned self-reflections into myriad eyes staring back up from the shards of glass on the ground of my being.

Moses taught me how to **invest** in myself. Jesus taught me how to **save** myself. And the Prophet Muhammad taught me how to **spend** my interest in myself on others.

As an American gay-Jew with spiritually (r)evolutionary leanings, I can only tell you what I've learned about myself in the hopes that you can apply my experiences to operating yourself more effectively.

I couldn't be such an odd duck that my achievements in coming to **tolerate**, **accept** and **admire** me couldn't be of some use to you. Consider yourself **wanted** if you want you

and **desired** if you desire you. You give meaning to life if you add meaning to your life.

I had to feel desperate far too long before I found the value of self-love.

But **self-love** wasn't nearly enough. It always seemed to devolve into **self-indulgence**.

Now, I've got Will, the best boyfriend I could have asked for. He came into my life 12 years ago.

But that wasn't by chance. I figuratively wrestled with the universe until God Gave me what I prayed for, notwithstanding the fact that Will only has one lung, no savings and rarely puts things back where they came from.

(I'm exaggerating his lack of neatness. If he knew I said this about him, he'd be upset that I didn't also mention my tendency to exaggerate other people's flaws to minimize my own. I should probably confess to you that I'm much more of a mess inside, and he's only a mess outside.)

I feel I've earned Will's presence in my life. I feel like he's a reward from God. He's a match Made in Heaven who was just Handed to me, like being American, gay and Jewish. I don't know what I did to deserve these honors.

Will is the secretary of a Catholic church. So, he sees a lot of religious people who pray to get what they want. They behave a certain way, so they'll be Rewarded. He thinks that's transactional and hypocritical. He sees it as phony. And I agree.

I believe we get what we **need**, not necessarily what we **want** or think we **deserve**. When I decided I wanted what I thought I deserved, I got busy earning it. That's spiritual, not transactional! That's working from the inside out, not the outside in.

I'm only interested in what's in my best interest. And what's in my best interest, I think is in everyone's best interest.

But unlike hyper-religious people, I don't force anyone to do what I do.

Although there are no free lunches, being American, gay and Jewish with a Catholic boyfriend who I trust feels like free lunches.

I've had to learn to give thanks for my labels. Being me, labels and all, doesn't feel like punishment anymore. What I've been Given by God is a benefit to everyone because I've learned to use what I've been Given with everyone in mind.

I'm an American gay-Jew who, like everyone else, has to eat. Food sustains my body.

But **food-for-thought** sustains my **soul**.

I've had to learn to shop for my spiritual meals, prepare, cook, serve and eat them up like manna from Heaven on my trek through the desert of life as I make my way to my own personal land of milk and honey.

I've also had to learn to clean up after each of my spiritual meals by returning my inner kitchen to a pristine state of cleanliness to avoid roaches (creeps).

My life is about food-for-thought because I'm a very hungry kind of guy.

But I've had to learn how to feed myself. And at times, I've had to learn to clean up the egg on my face. I've even had to learn to eat crow.

Because people don't generally want to be intrusive or rude, they don't tell me when my thinking is stinking. They only tell me when my actions are fetid and foul.

Many people hold opinions about Americans, gays and Jews that are intrusive and rude. They smile in my face, but I can see they don't like me. They make me feel like a **Black** man. They wish I'd just go away.

So, I've found it necessary to keep myself well-defended against the unkind opinions of others.

Although my friends tell me my shit don't stink, my enemies insist that it does. So, the only way to use each of my nostrils discriminately is to make **my** conscience **my** guide. Too many people have made a habit of making **their** conscience **my** guide.

Caring for my body helped to prepare me to recognize and care for my seven inner, operating forces. Drugs and alcohol didn't help in this regard. They only hindered.

Self-intimacy is what's helped raise my **self-esteem**, which will always be low. I doubt myself without provocation. Therefore, I can now see that I'm in constant need of **my** approval.

If you think that our biological system is complex, you're going to discover that the S.O.S. (Spiritual Operating System) is even more complex. So, prepare for a lot of inner work if you're motivated to come to know and love yourself.

My first encounter with Will wasn't by chance. I don't believe in chance. Luck is a word invented by atheists. If you believe there Is a God, then you should admit you're here to learn how to operate the spiritual equipment you've been Given which resides in the biological equipment you've been Given. We're all like Russian dolls, one within the other.

You ought to convince **yourself**, not God, that you're worthy of blessings. You ought to bless yourself with self-interest because that's what leads to self-intimacy. If not, you'll die long before you're dead.

Look around. The living dead are everywhere. Zombies are real. You're probably one yourself. If not, you know that you once were.

The biggest obstacle in my life will always be low self-worth. It doesn't matter how many things I do adequately,

I'll never believe in myself to the degree that I believe I should. Maybe that's the very definition of a type "A" personality. I've had to learn to live with myself as I am, not as I want to be.

No one can guarantee that you're going to die peacefully without pain or suffering in old age. No one can predict your future.

But I have found ways to put my thumb on my own scale to help me balance the scales of justice in my favor. I do it to prove to myself that I'm worth making the effort to help myself.

People go to synagogues, churches, mosques and temples to pray for Blessings from God.

But they're not willing to change their thinking, transform their feelings and transcend their beliefs to achieve the sort of blessings I find meaningful.

As a paranoid-schizophrenic, American gay-Jew, I can tell you that Blessings from God have to be earned. Knowing myself, loving myself and enjoying the self-intimacy that won't allow me to attempt to kill myself again are my idea of blessings. Just counting the money I've amassed is no way for me to count my blessings.

After what I went through to achieve greater, mental health, I don't take my mind for granted anymore. I listen to myself when I say things that are unkind, unfair and untrue. Raising my self-esteem is an ongoing job. I don't ever want that to end.

As someone who's gotten my greatest prayer to come true (mental health through mindfulness), you might like to explore my methods even if you're deeply cynical that anyone as screwed up as **me** could help **you**.

As a gay man who's been intimidated, threatened and psychologically tortured by "God-fearing" men and women who despise me for who I am, the very idea that I'd bring up

God in a positive context in the introduction of this book is a sign that I'm not using the concept of a Creator in a conventional way.

If you think you're seeing what looks like sanity around you, you're deluded. As I said, there are spiritual zombies all around us.

This world is more like an insane asylum, and most of the patients are so deeply locked up inside themselves with greed and thoughts of getting ahead monetarily that they don't even know they're in a hospital setting.

This book isn't for them. Leave the patients in the asylums of life to heal slowly over time. Let the **Doctor** Deal with them.

This book is for students in the school of life who yearn to learn. This book is for people who know they're locked up inside and want to learn how to get out of their own way with self-love, not self-indulgence. They look at God as their **Teacher**.

I still have opinions about everyone.

But I don't fight my opinions anymore. I just recognize that they're partially expressions of self-hate in projection. I now know my dislike of others always comes back around to a dislike of myself that I haven't yet fully communicated to me.

But I can't pierce my projections without the Teacher's Help. He Has Mysterious Ways that don't lead me directly to self-love, but on a circuitous path that shows me many things about myself that sometimes lead me to first relinquish my negative opinions about others before I can see how flawed, damaged, deficient, limited, incomplete and imperfect **I** am.

This is what makes a student in this school who's working with our Teacher so different from a patient in this hospital who only has regular appointments with his Doctor on

the Sabbath. This was the change in my inner environment that only a change of metaphors achieved.

The first metaphor Given to man was the concept of having been Placed in a garden with a tree.

But that Tree of knowledge wasn't around man in the Garden of Eden. It was a metaphor for the operating system within him. All men, and by extension, women, were once seeds Planted in a garden. That Tree is a projection of man. It's not a real tree.

Adam (the thoughts in our head) are tempted by Eve (the feelings in our heart). We succumb to wants (–) and desires (+) that emanate out of the mouth of the serpent (penis) that hangs down from the trunk of our tree (body).

Semen (the juice of our fruits) is a mixture of the good (+) and evil (–) that each of us believes is right or wrong for us, alone. This fruit juice that pours out of our penis during orgasm was once considered to be the “secret” to life.

Moses thought this magical liquid that poured out of him while in the throes of ecstatic delight was the essence of pure poetry. He was the first, spiritual **poet**, although they labeled him a **prophet**.

Moses described semen as words spoken by a serpent hanging down from a tree that bore two fruits. The fruits were forbidden until puberty when the juice in those fruits pours out naturally.

The “words” spoken by the serpent beguiled the woman who'd come out of the man. They beguiled me, too, the first time I heard it speak...

The man was called **adam** (Hebrew: everyman). He was the personification of wisdom. The woman was called **chava** (Hebrew: life). She was the personification of love. The thoughts Moses had for his feelings meant the world to him.

Feelings aren't weak (like women) and easily tempted by urges (the reptilian beast between our legs). Feelings are a force we were Given to learn about self-love. This is something any spiritualist today understands just from personal experience.

When your **urges** overwhelm your **feelings** which then wrack havoc on your **thoughts**, you've got your spiritual work cut out for you.

The conclusions contemporary man comes to (**beliefs**) aren't going to transcend his opinions about himself until he sees himself operating like a programmable machine that undergoes glitches.

This main metaphor of Moses is the theory upon which all of Torah is constructed. This is the metaphor that brought knowledge of **guilt** into the world.

Anger, fear and retaliation had already existed as evolutionary tools Given to animals that man reproduced to make him more competitive with nature.

Moses inspired himself through self-contemplation to reveal that **guilt** must have been Given to us alone by God. Guilt separates us from the animal kingdom. Guilt is therefore the essential power we need to understand how to construct our world within with love and loyalty to life.

The subtitle of this chapter is "The Nursery in the Nursery". This is a religious pun. The **nursery** of spirituality for human beings lies in the **nursery** for seedlings (Eden), metaphorically speaking.

If you don't understand the importance of words in mastering the meaning of your being, you're going to fixate only on certain thoughts (**retaliation**) and feelings (**hatred**) to try to control the seven powers within you that lead to prayer.

But how elegantly will you be able to pray without understanding **self-guilt**? If you only pray to God To

Retaliate against your enemies, you're just projecting your problems onto others while insulting God by praying for Him To Take Away the challenges He'S Given you.

So, you must figuratively consume yourself like forbidden fruit to bring the life-giving force within you to consciousness. You must eat yourself up with joy, not sorrow. This'll awaken you to the reason for you being you, and nobody else, warts (and faults) and all.

There isn't a boy who's reached orgasm who hasn't tasted his cum. This is a natural outcome of curiosity. This is what it means to literally consume the life-giving force that was previously within you.

But consuming yourself figuratively is achieved by thinking about what you're thinking about.

You must learn about the words you're speaking to yourself **in** loud to master yourself as you would master operating a complex, technical machine.

Despite mixing metaphors, what you'll find at the root of your tree of knowledge that's nurturing the trunk, bows, branches and twigs – that determine the ways in which you blossom-and-bloom – is a personal, spiritual program you developed all on your own that gave you the tools to operate in the world we share.

If you wish to flower and offer the world the fruits of your labors, you'll need to fully understand this main metaphor of Moses that all civilized human beings live by.

But like gravity, the main metaphor of Moses is only a theory. We can measure its effect, but we can't prove its existence. It's only a theory.

If you think you're different from everybody else on Earth you're right. If you think you're one of a kind, you're right. If you think God Has Chosen you for a special purpose that no one else can do, you're right. If you think you're odd,

queer and tortured, you're right. If you think no one will ever understand the cross you bear, you're right.

But if you think you're insane, you're not completely right. There are ways in which you're insanely cruel to yourself, and there are ways in which you're self-knowledgeable, self-loving and self-loyal.

You're not just a sick **patient** in a **body** under the care of a **Doctor** in a **clinic** in your **head**.

You're not just a **student** learning about the world from a **Teacher** in a **classroom** in your **heart**.

You're also a tree in the hands of a **Gardener**. You were Planted in a garden that's located in your soul, not in the Middle East. You're having an experience with yourself that illuminates you to a **fire** within that you can learn to move through without having to feel **burned** by every crazy person you meet.

It doesn't take courage to box with the people who anger you. People do it all time.

But it does take courage to box with yourself without hurting yourself. If you come out of one corner of your ring already believing that your arms are too short to box with yourself, you're suffering a spiritual handicap.

You'll **love** yourself more if you **struggle** with yourself **morally** by **talking** to yourself and **winning** your arguments with **righteous** intentions.

Just letting your religious leaders get all their moral exercise by telling you how to get God To Give you what you want isn't going to develop the moral muscle you need to guide yourself truthfully. And blaming them for your mistakes isn't going to get you out of Dutch with yourself.

Don't expect to get your dreams to come true without giving up violent metaphors like boxing, fighting, shooting

and killing. These are verbs that have no place in the field of mental health.

If you want to make your way out of the asylum and into the school, begin by giving up violent metaphors. You can't fight fire (spirit) with fire. You have to douse fire with water (self-love).

Therefore, the best word to use when discussing what's good for you versus what's evil in your own eyes is "**struggle**".

Life is a struggle that begins within. This struggle works its way out into the world we share. It then works its way back inside with questions we ought to ask ourself and then answer in complete sentences to develop our conscience.

This struggle in both our worlds finally becomes an **Israel** (Hebrew: **struggle with God**) that we can see around us, as well as perceive within us.

Life isn't a struggle **against** God or **against** Israel. Life is a struggle **with** both.

As a Jew, I've always struggled to love the Jews in my life. That hasn't been easy because my parents, siblings and relations were all Jewish. My first boyfriend was Jewish. I assure you that even having lived in Israel didn't minimize my struggle. In many ways, it only made it worse. I came away realizing that all Jews are flawed human beings.

As a gay-Jew, I've also had to struggle with orthodox-Jews who consider Jews like me abominable perverts who they think are defying God's Word. (I have personal experiences with them to attest to that conclusion.)

Orthodox-Jews would have to wear a rainbow armband in public before I'd believe a word they say about their "tolerance" of Jews like me.

And my family would have to open their wallet wide before I'd believe they aren't hiding a knife in it after the way they stabbed me in the back financially.

It saddens me to say that the Jews I've known are like a wad of bills. Most of them have got that wad arranged with the bills with the highest denomination on the top to impress others. They've hidden all the one-dollar bills at the bottom.

So, when I'd dig down through their wad of bills, I discovered how queer some of them really feel about the two-dollar bills in others that they don't want to admit they, too, carry in their wad.

By comparison, my two-dollar bill is right there on the top for One and all to see. I so queer that I keep my bills with the highest denomination at the bottom of my wad. I don't want to make people envious of what I've got that they're missing.

I suppose when most Jews die, they'll have spent all their big bills on impressing others with their wealth. They'll find themselves on their death bed with nothing but a couple of bucks to offer up to God. Such is the worth of every capitalist. (Do I need to add the word "pig"?)

As a paranoid-schizophrenic, gay-Jewish American, I've had to become a spiritual ambassador of goodwill to **One** and **all** in order to feel like a citizen of the world.

Although I can now see the same flaws in everyone, not just in the Jews, I now consider that an **attribute**, not a **failing**. That's what's made it possible for me to look for flaws in **myself**. That's what's made me into a **father** unto myself, even if people ridicule my paternal instincts just because I'm gay. That's what's made me a **mother** unto myself, even if people ridicule my maternal instincts just because I've got a penis.

If you're sick and tired of being sick and tired with yourself; if you're sometimes so sick and tired with the whole, damn, human "race"; if you're ready to listen to a madman who's been twice committed to mental institutions, three times tried to kill himself and who's succumbed to

numerous obsessions and compulsions – then continue reading about the wonders of **guilt** and **fear** when it comes to **self-healing**:

Just being willing to move forward toward greater understanding of the words **obsessive** and **compulsive** is a sign of your courage, conviction and resolve to know and love yourself better by tomorrow than you have today.

People who are obsessed tend to deny the truth with lies they unconsciously tell themselves. People who are compulsive tend to steal their reputation out from under themselves. And people who don't see what they're doing to themselves tend to magnify their lying and stealing externally to show themselves what they're doing within.

But be prepared to have to listen to my personal opinions about liars, thieves, Republicans, and religious extremists, whether they're Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist or indigenist. And be prepared for my disdain of **atheists**, too.

The hyper-religious at one end of the spectrum and atheists at the other are like **see-no-evil**, **hear-no-evil** and **speak-no-evil**. They're three monkeys I have to deal with all the time.

But I do so within. See-no-evil lies in my **head**. Hear-no-evil lives in my **heart**. And Speak-no-evil lives in my **soul**. And all three of them live in the same inner jungle as the gorilla between my legs. This is the same urban jungle we're all subjected to.

I used to pound my chest before God to indicate to Him who I was. I resented the lessons He Made me go through. They were all so difficult to master. I was unevolved. I didn't even know it.

There are great apes like Donald Trump who pound their chest to attract attention in the public eye. I don't do that.

I'm not just a great ape. I'm also a human being with angelic leanings, and I want to be treated with respect. The more I've learned about myself and can express that honestly to others, the more humbled I am in having been Created to become the me, myself and I that I know and love.

I used to be so angry with God that I wanted to kill Him. Once I'd broken through that projection with three suicide attempts, I suppose I began to lighten up.

God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Included three monkeys in with my operating system. Those mischievous simians covered my **eyes**, **ears** and **mouth**, so the only way I could perceive God's Presence was with my **nose**.

God Created Helen Keller To Give us this image in the flesh. So, we should all contemplate the importance of our nose. Our nose knows. For those who are so defended against reality that they can't see the truth, hear the truth or talk about it wisely, God Offers the fragrance of His Being through intuition.

Follow your intuition, and you'll discover the beauty of His Mysterious Ways in your own unique way. You won't have to depend on anyone else for truth, justice and the American way. You'll come to embody it.

Outline of the Introduction

1. **Boredom** with yourself is a real thing.
2. **Talking** to yourself ends self-boredom.
3. Not talking to yourself will drive you crazy.
4. Self-neglect, self-abandonment, self-betrayal and the ensuing self-rejection are the result of not talking to yourself.
 - A. If there's no **you** in you for **me**, **myself** and **I** to relate to, your sense of loneliness will drive you to do destructive things that to wake up that force within.
5. Language is the source of self-nourishment
 - A. **Poetry** is the source of prayer.
 - B. **Prosaic** speech is the source of communication with the self.
6. Visualize what your **head** shows you. Listen to what your **heart** tells you.
7. **Guilt** leads to fear. **Fear** leads to panic. **Panic** leads to O.C.D. behaviors to alert you to the problems inside.
8. **Freedom** leads to good thoughts. **Liberty** leads to good feelings. **Emancipation** leads to good beliefs.
9. Sleep leads to healing dreams.
10. At times, we're all psychopaths who don't feel guilty.
11. Labels can be helpful in acknowledging problems you'd rather deny.
12. Goodness lies in our heart.
13. The (r)evolution begins and ends within.
14. **Tolerating** yourself isn't enough. You need to learn to **accept** yourself as you are and move on from there to **admiring** yourself.
15. We get what we **need**, not what we **want** or think we **deserve**.
16. Strive to make your conscience your guide and not anyone's else's.
17. Self-intimacy
 - A. Drugs and alcohol inhibit self-intimacy

- B. Self-esteem increases self-intimacy
- C. Self-approval secures self-intimacy
- 18. There's no such thing as luck.
- 19. **Change** your mind.
Transform your heard.
Transcend your conscience by turning it into a soul.
- 20. Metaphors of life
 - A. Life is a clinic under the Hospices of a **Doctor**
 - B. Life is a classroom under the Instruction of a **Teacher**
 - C. Life is a garden under the Auspices of a **Gardener**
- 21. The Tree of knowledge metaphor.
 - A. The Tree of knowledge is a projection of man. It's a metaphor for the spiritual operating system within him.
 - B. **Adam** is the personification of the thoughts in your head.
 - C. **Eve** is the personification of the feelings in your heart.
 - D. The **serpent** is the animalification of the urges in your penis.
 - E. Your **testicles** are the figurative source of the good and evil in you.
 - F. Your semen is the figurative mix of good and evil, the juice in your fruits.
 - G. God consciousness emanates out of your conscience which can slowly be turned into a soul over time.
 This is the life force in every tree.
- 22. Fear, anger and retaliation exist in all animals. Guilt only exists in man.
- 23. Violent metaphors are anathema to mindfulness.
- 24. Obsessive thoughts lead to **lying**. Compulsive feelings lead to **stealing**.
- 25. You're unique and special. Believe in yourself and you'll heal from stinking thinking.
- 25. Life is a struggle with God within yourself.

26. Being obsessive and compulsive is a sign of your struggle in coming to **know** and **love** yourself **loyally**.

Overture

A Needle in an Arm

A shot is a horrible way to receive medicine. Whenever I have to get a shot, I feel like an organ grinder with a 500-pound gorilla that I have to calm down. Such is life when the beast within you can't understand what you're trying to tell it.

When I get a shot, my body turns into a hot dog. I don't feel my bones. I become all flesh wrapped up in skin. That's a funny feeling. I don't like feeling like a bag of flesh having something injected into it. That's also why I'm against guns.

An **obsession** is a thought that can't be **seen**, and a **compulsion** is a feeling that can't be **heard**. Yet, we were all Given a head that can learn to **visualize** our thoughts and a heart that can learn to **listen** to our feelings.

There are no exceptions. All people think and feel, even if the ability to visualize our thoughts and hear our feelings varies from person to person.

People with O.C.D. think obsessively. We think in a circular fashion that repeats our thoughts in an effort to get us to visualize them. People like us who feel compulsively feel in a circular fashion that repeats our feeling in an effort to get us to listen to our emotions with loving attention.

In Hebrew, the expression for "paying attention" (**la-asim lev**) literally translates as "putting your heart into what you're doing."

If we pay attention to what we're thinking and feeling, we separate our thoughts from our feelings naturally. We pay attention to what's going on inside of us.

The combination of obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings that we disregard (deny) produces behaviors that cause us physical pain and/or emotional suffering.

Since **pain** and **suffering** are alarms intended to get us to stop doing what we're doing, behaviors that give pleasure,

comfort and security aren't always perceived of as negative in people like us.

This is why obsessions and compulsions are described as a “**disorder**” even though, in the past, I would have sworn my O.C.D. produced “**order**” in a way that nothing else could.

Thoughts and feelings that cause me to create behaviors that produced positive results are perceived by my mind as orderly and by my heart as helpful.

If thoughts come from our head and feelings from our heart, then our beliefs come from that third place in inner space (our conscience) where we can observe what we're thinking and feeling.

Therefore, I needed a more well-developed **conscience** to determine whether my thoughts and feelings were **helping** or **hindering** me.

Sadly, my conscience was rarely strong enough or far-sighted enough to overcome my habitual actions until I'd compromised myself to the point that I was in so much pain and suffering that I finally chose to look at what was happening to me from the inside, even if that required squinting with my inner eye to perceive the naked truth.

We were all given **two worlds**, the world **around** us and the world **within** us. So, what we call, “the journey of life” is actually **two** journeys, one around us and one within us.

Because my parents didn't explain this to me when I was a child, I missed the basics in how to operate both my worlds. I had to do the best I could without having been properly instructed in what I was supposed to be doing for my **body** and **spirit** in my two worlds, the inside world and the outside world.

What I'm dealing with today in both worlds is the outcome of conclusions I came to about life until now.

Needless to say, people with **addictions** hurt themselves because the **short**-term comforts of substance abuse are more desirable than the **long**-term rewards of health through healing.

O.C.D. behaviors are no different than addictions. They're just less financially costly. The principle of repeating actions to achieve comforting results is based on reinforcing conclusions that produce soothing results.

Whether that habit is **expensive** isn't the issue. The **cost** to our self-esteem is what counts in the long run.

It's only when I looked at the beliefs beneath my habitual behaviors that I came to see the enemy I'd created out of three of my inner operating forces (thinking, feeling and believing). These forces turned into the three monkeys (**see, hear and speak** no evil) that concealed what I could see, what I could hear and what I could say to myself.

Therefore, I had to strengthen the other four inner forces: wants, desires, intuition and prayer. By bringing all seven inner forces to consciousness, I can now better manage my thoughts, feelings and beliefs.

When I was young and impressionable, I thought these three little monkeys were cute.

But when they grew up, they became mischievous and turned against me.

My three monkeys have been tormenting my gorilla for years. Gorillas are normally very peaceful creatures.

But if you upset and distress the gorilla within ya, it'll retaliate with a vengeance.

Because of my challenge in seeing, hearing and speaking to myself, I began to hate all Americans, gays and Jews.

I wanted to be knighted by the Queen of England for my fight against **American** values... I wanted to be voted Republican President of the United States for my disgust of **queers**... And I would have loved it if Hitler could commend

me from the grave for what I thought of the **Jews** I'd been raised by...

Nobody succeeded in becoming a greater neo-**Nazi**, and **redneck** to himself than me. When I realized I was so self-**despising**, I couldn't have been more **disgusted** with myself.

I didn't mind **hurting** myself, but I really minded **disgusting** myself.

I had sufficient hatred of people who share my three labels to last nine lifetimes, not just one.

Eventually, my conscience decided that it didn't like who I'd become. I hadn't realized that my frustration and impatience with the labels God Had Given me (American gay-Jew) were being unconsciously projected out from my inner world onto real people.

The institutions of governance and the institutions of faith are made up of people who can't talk about the basics I've described to you with this level of spiritual clarity. They're so busy covering their ass so as not to look guilty or afraid that they don't know how to contemplate this degree of self-truth telling.

Society molds everyone with fundamental truths about reality that we must then use to create a more supportive environment for ourself in both our worlds.

But since society didn't even begin by telling us that we have two worlds, it's no wonder some people are seeking drugs, quack therapies, guns and spiritually sick politicians to contain their angst.

The more you can add to the mental health skills you've amassed thus far, the better off you'll be. This book on linguistic imagery is just one tool in your mental health toolbelt.

People with O.C.D. aren't alone in discovering an enemy within. We live in a society where so many people seem to be enemies who'd sue us, shoot us or fleece us that the

psychological and sociological ramifications combine to create negative effects on the whole planet.

This brief explanation of the basics is what I believe the field of **mental health** strives to achieve and why mental health is as important as the foundation of a skyscraper.

The world now looks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which is a snapshot of the Tower of Babel before it came tumbling down.

The foundation of this tower we call “civilization” is the cause of all the problems in every institution and governing body in every society on Earth. If we don’t go back to the basics of mental health, we’re never going to straighten the tower humanity is still busily constructing, one story upon another.

The civilization we’ve created around us and within us will both come crashing down without greater, spiritual tools to rectify our erroneous assumptions.

These misconceptions come from a place within us where we observe our thoughts and feelings. We don’t need to **do** anything when we see an obsessive thought or compulsive feeling other than **recognize** it as such.

In the spirit of helping you keep an **open** mind and a **good** heart, I’m going to tell you some of the things that create obsessive/compulsive reactions in me. These are external actions to internal lies that create unpleasant outcomes that I now try to observe before they escape into words I say out loud or actions that will hurt me.

Now I try to describe what’s happening inside myself to me while interacting with others. This fertilizes and waters the roots of my tree of self-knowledge, so I blossom, bloom and fruit in new and bountiful ways.

Here are 14 actions I deal with occasionally or on a daily basis that bring up my O.C.D.:

1. A needle in the arm

I can't look at needles going into arms on TV because I get so overwhelmed by the discomfort that causes me.

I don't have sympathy or antipathy for the person getting the jab. I assume the shot is for his or her own good. So, the tendency to cringe at seeing needles go into arms has nothing to do with the other person. It's about unconventional ways of introducing helpful substances, properties and virtues into the human operating system.

This book may make you cringe. It may feel like a needle going into your arm. It may seem like a very unconventional way of allowing something good into you.

But **suck it up!** That's just the way it has to be sometimes. Would you rather go back to the days when they used leeches because they thought that would remove evil spirits?

2. Putting T-shirts or underwear on backwards

This makes me want to scorn myself for being so stupid. The feeling of wearing clothes backwards makes me feel backward, regressive and wrong-way-round inside.

When I have to take off what I'm wearing, turn it around and put it on the right way, I experience a punitive feeling that I associate with an erroneous belief I hold in my unconscious about myself.

Just observing me lower my **self-esteem** in real time is helpful. I don't have to change a negative feeling I cause myself. I can just watch myself experiencing it again and again to observe the way I'm wired. **Observation** is the **key**.

3. The need to weigh myself every morning

This is an obsessive thought that creates a compulsive need to attach a number to my weight on a daily basis. If I'm even half a pound overweight, I conclude that I'm on a slippery slope. I generalize from this that my whole life is becoming more unsuccessful and unmanageable by the day.

Food is a metaphor for good and evil. The diet you may need to go on may be a reduction of fatty thoughts (knowledge) and sweet feelings (self-indulgence) that have made you obese on the inside.

Your desires (+) can be fed and your wants (–) can be starved. Then, the life force that figurative emanates out from your penis will be perceived as more good than evil. Then you can figuratively infuse more of the good in you into yourself, and others.

I find that my desire (+) to help myself grows as the result of **helping** others. Helping others isn't a cure for O.C.D. behavior, but it's a **motivation** that encourages me to continue the **struggle**.

4. I worry excessively about finding parking spaces, especially in parts of town I don't often frequent.

This concern brings up feelings about the world crowding me out. I worry that there's not enough of what I need around me to get my needs met within.

The garden within me with one tree slowly turned into an orchard of fruit trees that eventually transformed into a malevolent forest I got lost in over a lifetime.

You're not Hansel or Gretel. And your mother isn't a witch who lives in a gingerbread house in a dense wood that you can't find your way through.

There's a **mystery** in being you that's evident in everything you worry about or obsess over. Start by

seeking an **understanding** of that mystery and **worry** less about how the external world perceives you.

5. I worry excessively about money matters.

But here's the twist. I'm far more comfortable spending \$50 on lunch for two than having to spend a dollar or two more for a bunch of bananas that I can get at Costco for half the price.

Although I'm not dollar foolish, I'm so pennywise that it's annoying. My tail is wagging my dog. I shouldn't worry about the nickels and dimes because I've been wise when it comes to spending my dollars.

But I'm now left with issues over pennies that I should give more thought to why this irritates me.

Be glad if you can hold a job and make a living. We all need **money** to support our body and **honey** (wisdom) to support our spiritual operating system. Seek both.

Wherever you feel bad about money matters, look at those feelings from your beliefs (**conscience**) rather than your heart. You may be surprised to find that the **conclusions** that are running you were formulated a very long time ago.

6. My political perspective is constantly in a state of challenge because I care so much about the wellbeing of others while Republicans care only about dismantling our freedoms.

Society tells us that we, the people, are the measure of all things, but **Christian nationalists** don't include gays and Jews as people. They only see straight, **White** Christians like themselves as people.

You are the measure of all things. You are a unique yardstick Created by God. As you grow

spiritually, your yardstick will grow to encompass more of the external world. You'll yearn for freedom liberation and emancipation rather than autonomy.

For now, concentrate on **measuring** yourself more fairly in your inner world. Just because you believe something doesn't make it true. Seek truth and you'll measure yourself using the same yardstick you measure others.

7. I hate my love-handles.

I hate potbellies and fat people generally, but I hate my love-handles, specifically. They may only be love-knobs, not handles, but I still don't like them.

I have obsessive, negative thoughts and compulsive, negative feelings that emerge without my control when I see people who aren't physically proportional in every way. I associate lack of physical proportionality with lack of mental health.

I'm critical of body language as well as physical disproportionality because I'm obsessed with sex and sensuality.

If I'm not attracted to a person or the way they move, I have a tendency to discount the message they're giving me. This has distanced me from intimacy with everyone.

My mother hated fat people, but she thought her opinion of them was justified because she was thin and good-looking.

At least I feel guilty about having figuratively inherited her prejudice. She never felt bad about this prejudice, although her mother had bowlegs which I was told my grandmother always hid beneath skirts.

I find myself living out my mother's prejudices even though I should know better.

A little fat around my abdominals in late middle age has become a sign in my mind of self-indulgence

that borders on the evil Donald Trump unleashed by trying to overthrow democracy. Clearly, I need a greater, inner perspective on what constitutes a major evil intention.

The older I get, the more I dislike what I look like. Now I've become a physically imperfect person whose message I don't want to have to take seriously. And that's not kind or realistic. It's too brutally honest.

Now I've finally decided that I want to grow old gracefully.

But that can't happen unless I let God Lead me with curiosity and questions about why I'm challenged in the ways that I am.

If **beauty** doesn't move from the outside in, my **ugliness** just becomes more obvious inside and out.

Finding my inner beauty has required **compensating** for it in other ways.

8. I'm so neat and well organized that any mistake or unpreparedness for undesirable outcomes overwhelms me.

This is a positive attribute (orderliness) that leads to negative results (overwhelm). In any way I forget to do something; forget a word; or the name of someone – I obsess over dementia and Alzheimer's (which my mother and her husband suffered from). I'm excessively concerned about being prepared for every outcome.

I've had to learn to edit my thinking as I would an essay. Thinking requires words that have been combined into sentences that flow smoothly into paragraphs. If I could see my enemies' thoughts and feelings on paper, I'd see how childish and undeveloped their spiritual operating system is.

The **enemies** within me (guilt and fear) are really potential **friends**. And the enemies around me are mirrors of bad behaviors I've perpetrated against myself. The more I face my weaknesses and bad behaviors, the more I assist the world in defeating the enemies of **freedom**.

9. Fear of dying alone

I spend a great deal of time alone, and although I enjoy my creativity when by myself, my thoughts always go back to worrying about dying alone.

I'm afraid of losing everyone I love and having no one around me when I leave this world. Self-love isn't nearly enough for me. I need greater proof than that that I mattered in having been alive.

Charity begins **without** and makes its way further within. I may be far more in need of a charitable disposition toward myself than I realize. After having smashed the mirror of external reality so many times in frustration, I now have myriad little shards reflecting back my image of me to contend with.

10. I'm obsessed with becoming famous.

I have a deep need to contribute to the world, but in such a huge way that I insist on be lauded by everyone in my lifetime. The thought of dying without fame and fortune is probably the worst of all the possible outcomes I can think of. I've projected that negative outcome onto God. I see it as a sign from Him that I didn't please Him nearly enough.

You're not dead yet. You still have time today to make more of a difference tomorrow, especially with greater regard for all the little things you missed learning along the way. You just can't know how God Will Use His Intelligence to reshape yours.

If it turns out that you're about a hundred years ahead of the world, get used to it. God Needs people who look down on the **present** from the **future**. You may be one of them. Do the best you can with what you've got. Stay out of the results. Leave room for mystery to unfold naturally. Be patient.

11. I hate anything between my toes.

I know it's quirky, but I've concluded that my feet are the foundation of my building, and my ten toes are moving parts of that foundation. This connects my moral foundation with my feet.

When I wear flip-flops, I'm separating the First Commandment from the other four on the first tablet, and the Sixth Commandment from the other four on the second tablet.

My fingers work independently of one another, while the toes on each foot work in unison with the other digits on that foot. I don't like the thought of my big toes being separated from my other toes. I don't like upsetting that natural order of biological loyalty, cooperation and cohesion.

Congratulate yourself for saying things that are **quirky** and, perhaps, only meaningful to you. It takes **courage** to be true to yourself in small ways, regardless of whether others roll their eyes.

12. The sound of babies crying, children yelling and adults laughing irks me.

I think of this world as a place where peace on Earth should resemble silence. Any loud or unpleasant sounds disrupt my sense of peace and order.

Start listening more to the **noise** coming from **inside** you, and you'll be less irritated by the noise around you.

13. Falling in love and living the rest of my life with every man I find attractive has been a lifelong fantasy I repeat habitually through inner tall tales I tell myself.

It seldom occurs to me how bored I'd be with most of these men after the first sexual encounter. I certainly have enough experience of that to know better.

I suppose this means I still hold a very superficial attraction to men despite a history of sexual exploits that led to disappointment merely through physical allure.

Learn to masturbate figuratively. Learn to love yourself in new ways that don't literally require touching yourself or producing an orgasm.

Learn to achieve ecstasy by **touching** yourself spiritually. Loving handsome men isn't a crime. Think of each one of them as a little nibble of paradise brought down to Earth for you to enjoy in your mind in the moment. It's not against the laws of man or God to fantasize.

14. Following rules and procedures makes me feel like a woman. And I don't like feeling feminine.

I love to follow rules and be law-abiding, but I can't stand having to fill out forms or follow directions.

It makes me feel morally constrained to have to achieve success in these ways that others also have to do. I associate conformity with passivity and passivity with femininity.

This brings up tension in what it means to be like a man and like a woman. This brings up the need to understand how my own thoughts, feelings, beliefs, wants (–), desires (+), intuition and prayers operate uniquely from everyone else's.

It's OK to want to be a man in some ways and a woman in others. It's OK to combine masculinity and femininity in your own unique way.

By learning about the man (head) and woman (heart) within, you'll learn to open your heart (Eve) to your head (Adam) by way of your conscience (God consciousness). Your thoughts and feelings are both yearning to work toward your highest beliefs.

But those beliefs have to include the whole world, not just people who believe as you do. **Good** people seek what's best for everyone. **Bad** people seek only what's best for themselves.

A TV series that helped opened my eyes to my O.C.D. tendencies was, "Love on the Spectrum". It's about autistic, young adults who seek love and marriage.

I have no idea if I'm also autistic. That's just another label. It's just another shard of mirrored glass for me to reflect upon. I embrace all the ways in which I'm imperfect.

The original version of this film came from Australia. The American version is also quite good. I recommend you watch both. I particularly liked the Australian version because I could better see the American, cultural pressure on me to conform by contrasting it to the Australian, exotic backdrop.

You, too, may see many of your own yearnings and desires in these courageous, spiritual machines who are dealing with their thoughts and feelings as best they can to create love in their life.

You, too, may judge their spiritual operating systems as socially odd because they're incapable of fitting in to societal norms of standard, inter-personal behavior.

Although I thought I was more "normal" than them, that was just a defense mechanism to maintain my egotistical sense of superiority over them.

A movie that had a profound influence on me once I realized that the three main characters in it were aspects of myself was, “The Road Within”.

The sexual tension between the two guys for the gal brought up yearnings within me that I was inspired to explore as my head (**male**), heart (**female**) and soul (**male**) who are struggling to attain mastery over my wants (–) and desires (+).

Some people describe O.C.D. as “Outta Control Dick.

It’s not literally my dick that’s out of control. It’s really all about my obsession with **semen** from men and **milk** from women. Semen is the lifegiving liquid that brought me into this world. Milk is the lifegiving liquid that nurtured me until I could feed myself.

My semen is made up of the juice in my fruits (testicles). When I think of one testicle as producing wants (–) and the other as producing desire (+), semen becomes a symbol of the mixture of these two inner forces that I have a strong urge to share with others. This is the essence of the power we call: lust.

But lust emanates out from within. The more I’ve explored my lust for myself from the thoughts in my head, the feelings in my heart and the beliefs in my soul, the more I was able to gain control over my lust for others.

Managing my lust comes from my **father**. Managing my love comes from my **mother**. I’m a combination of both my parents. Therefore, I have to make peace with them within me. The fact that I didn’t know my father very well didn’t change my spiritual need to know myself.

You might even imagine that this river of words I’m producing on paper as figuratively coming out of my penis and staining each page in an awesome way that’s making its way into you. I’m figuratively having sex with you at this very moment. I’m connecting to the you inside of you rather than to your body. I’m producing an intimacy between the

two of us that's hardly different from sexual intercourse, metaphorically speaking.

If my technique feels like a shot in the arm, I'm sorry for the pain it's causing you. If my technique feels like I'm penetrating you sexually, you're welcome...

If our literary intercourse is successful, it'll produce the equivalent of a child. That child will be carried by you deep down in your belly.

You'll eventually have to raise our child on your own as a single parent. I'll have simply fertilized you spiritually to create this new life force within you.

Call me a cad. I don't want to be dad. Call me irresponsible.

But this is just what I do. I like making babies this way. I think it's one of the gayest things a man can do.

Teaching children to **read** is the most noble level of spiritual intercourse. Learning to **read people** leads to social intercourse. Having **sexual intercourse** with other adults is the most basic form of intimacy. That ability doesn't arrive until puberty. Learning to master all three of these forms of intercourse leads to the **self-intimacy** needed to produce an inner child.

The relationship of God to man was first consummated with the words of Moses. This produced a metaphor that explained our nature in terms of our Creator's Nature. Without this divine spark of **illumination** Given to us in Torah and the **warmth** of God's Love Given in the Gospels, we can't fully fathom the need for the **burn** of guilt (self-sacrifice) presented to us in the Quran.

What modern society doesn't teach us about ourself is how to separate those two inner urges (+/-) below our waist, so we can then self-select between them from the inside out.

Society is only interested in tempting us to buy products and to fulfill our responsibilities to our culture through communication in our primary language.

Society doesn't have a far-sighted enough conscience to care about much more than revenues and domestic outcomes achieved through commerce and speech.

Hopefully, you can now see yourself as a tree of knowledge growing in an inner garden with thoughts (Adam), feelings (Eve), two fruits (good and evil) and a serpent that reveals aspects of the truth to you that you then share with yourself.

The fruits of your inner labors illuminate, warm and burn you in ways you have to discern in order to make sense of your relationship to yourself, which will then determine how you can relate to others.

Perhaps you can now see the need for you to respond with words to the thoughts that only flash across your mind in patterns. If you don't reply to yourself when you're speaking to you, you'll slowly create a moral vacuum inside. You'll create an inner atmosphere in which you'll ignore and neglect yourself. Sooner or later, you'll betray yourself to get you to listen and respond to you.

The frustration we see in young people is nothing compared to the exasperation we see in the old. If you want to get through your impatience with others, you'd better commit to facing your impatience with yourself.

Madison Avenue has twisted Jewish, biblical images into a science to influence our spending patterns. And the institutions of all three of the Abrahamic faiths are doing the same to influence our beliefs.

It's not what the serpent said to Eve that this book is about. It's more about the fact that our serpent (penis) began speaking in puberty and hasn't shut up since...

The talking snake between our legs beguiled the woman within us into loving our urges (+/-) as though they were a little monkey.

But our urges have grown up over time into a gorilla the size of King Kong that now has us in its grip. If we don't think about what it's thinking about, we won't realize the power it has over us.

The loving regard King Kong had for Fay Wray projected its curiosity onto her.

Every beast wants to know why it's so **frightening**. Every beast seeks **beauty** to transform its brute strength into **spiritual muscle**.

Ram Dass, the gay-Jewish American who opened the West to Buddhism, told a story about an unconventional **bird** that didn't go south for the winter. It was shit on by a **cow**, and so it complained about being buried in shit. A **cat** heard the bird, dug it out and then ate it.

The moral of Ram Dass's story was threefold:

1. Everyone who shits on you isn't necessarily your enemy.
2. Everyone who gets you out of shit isn't necessarily your friend.
3. If you're warm and happy in a pile of shit, keep your mouth shut.

If you've studied Torah in addition to Buddhism, as I have, the moral of his story should be a little different. You're the unconventional **bird**. You're the **cow** who shits on yourself. And you're the **cat** that hunts you down and eats you up.

If you don't see yourself in every aspect of nature, you're not looking deeply enough into how God Made you with your specific nature. Your psychological nature is obscuring your spiritual nature.

The fruits of good and evil in the Creation Story are the source of the fruit juice (words) that emanate out of our

serpent that so beguiles our feelings, which then scramble our thinking, which then alerts us to the mess we've made inside.

Obsessive/compulsive behaviors set off alarm bells calling us to help ourself.

But we must first wander through the labyrinth within to orient ourself to our amazing, inner world.

In our pursuit of ourself, the Creation Story becomes an extended metaphor for the secret to mental health in **males** (and by extension, **females**).

The Creation Story isn't just useful to people with O.C.D. I stress this because as you start to heal and perceive more of the physical, emotional and spiritual sicknesses around you, you're going to realize you're in the hospital setting I spoke about earlier.

But you're never going to be discharged from the metaphor of life as a healing institution.

You'll only be allowed into the metaphor of life as an institution of self-learning, as well, if you're curious to know more about yourself. Not everyone is.

Whether you see God as your Doctor or Teacher doesn't matter. What matters is that you use **healing** as a **learning** opportunity to **better** yourself.

A man must be taught how to listen to the words (urges) of the serpent in his tree. He must be instructed in how to separate his thoughts (Adam) from his feelings (Eve) from his beliefs (conscience).

This should have been taught to us long before we reached puberty. Every child should be prepared for puberty. Puberty should be a preparation for adulthood. And if adults aren't prepared for old age, they're never going to enjoy the golden years with fascination and joy in still appreciating the privilege of being alive.

Get old now! Don't wait! Being an old soul in a young body is much better than being a young soul in an old body.

Because the power of the forces of good (+) and evil (–) in us needs to be discussed and controlled differently in each of these stages of life, old age isn't the only time of life to go back to review the spiritual operating system you've been Given.

Help the next generation live their life more successfully than you did in the past. Explore your inner world now.

We all know we're going to be **discharged** from this hospital, **graduate** this school and be **uprooted** from this garden to make our way out of life to whatever comes next.

We can all learn how to discipline our actions not only in the world we share, but in the actions we take in the world within us where there's no one to stop us or help us, but ourself.

For me, inner discipline is achieved with writing down what I tell myself in loud, and then correcting my grammar, punctuation and pronunciation. This is how I edit what I say to myself.

Obviously, every society has more of a problem in teaching boys how to become responsible men than we have in teaching girls how to become responsible women.

The very construction of the human species as male and females makes our God-Given physical differences poetic descriptions of the differences in our individual challenges grouped by gender.

Transgendered men and women are now here to help us perceive and explore these challenges more deeply.

Looking at them as freaks is only a projection of the linguistic mess you've made inside yourself. Break this projection, and you'll see people with gender and sexual differences as patients, students and trees of knowledge you can respect and learn from.

The operating system of males is externally oriented by design. We produce the liquid love (**semen**) that **creates** life.

The operating system of females is internally oriented by design. They produce the liquid love (**milk**) that **sustains** life.

Medical science can change our container, but it can't transform our spiritual contents. We know the limitations of medical technology because someone who was born a woman can't produce semen, and someone who was born a man can't produce milk.

Although these two gender operating systems are intrinsically identical, the outward manifestation of each is vastly different biologically.

Men who are more in touch with their feminine side express themselves more easily from their **heart**. Women who are more in touch with their masculine side express themselves more easily from their **head**.

But because society is still so obsessed with external expressions of masculinity and femininity, we're missing a view of the forest because of two trees (**M/F**).

When you compare the **serpent** in every tree of knowledge to the **worm** in every apple, the operating forces within males and females are the same. The outward, familial, cultural, communicative and religious forces of society produce extreme, opposing ideals for males and females.

As doctors become more knowledgeable in turning males into looking like females and females into looking like males, the basics about how each of us is a self-programmable machine become all the more important and attainable.

As for those in the hyper-religious world where marriage is defined as a bond with God made only between a man and a woman, just ignore them. We may be **fruits**, but they're **nuts**.

Just keep exploring the mystery of your life through self-healing and self-knowledge that improves your linguistic

understanding of words as vehicles of power. More will be revealed to you over time.

Just as we can say, “Let there be light” before we flip on a light switch, the hyper-religious will someday have to agree with Shakespeare when Hamlet said to Horatio, “There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

Outline of the Overture

1. An **obsession** is a thought that can't be seen. A **compulsion** is a feeling that can't be heard.
2. **Pain** and **suffering** are lessons to teach us how to operate ourself so we recognize our O.C.D.
3. **Thoughts** and **feelings** that produce pleasant outcomes aren't always good for us.
4. Therefore, we need to develop our **conscience** to observe what we think and feel to decide how to behave.
5. We were all Given two worlds
 - A. The world around us
 - B. The world within us
6. O.C.D. behaviors are no different than addiction.
7. Self-destructive behaviors are a sign of a conscience that needs strengthening.
8. Uncomfortable feelings and situations are good for us.
9. Observing our low self-esteem is strengthening.
10. Food is a metaphor for good and evil.
 - A. You can starve your wants (-)
 - B. You can feed your desires (+)
11. There's a mystery in everything we worry or obsess over.
12. Our conclusions about money were created long ago.
13. Measure yourself using the same yardstick you measure others.
14. **Beauty** moves from the outside in.
15. **Guilt** and **fear** are potential friends.
16. **Charity** begins without and makes its way within.
17. Being ahead of others is a challenge to accept yourself.
18. Being quirky is a challenge to accept yourself.
19. Listen to the noise inside you more and to the noise around you less.
20. Learn how to masturbate figuratively
 - A. Love yourself in new ways
 - B. Achieve ecstasy by touching yourself deeply
21. Your head is the **man** in you. Your heart is the **woman**

- in you. Learn to love them both.
22. Embrace new labels. Don't deny your imperfections.
23. O.C.D.: Outta Control Dick
- A. **Semen** is the liquid that creates life
 - B. **Milk** is the liquid that sustains life
24. Reading is spiritual intercourse. Reading people is social intercourse. Sexual intercourse is physical intimacy that leads to the self-intimacy that produces an inner child.
25. **Moses** gave us metaphor to discover guilt.
Jesus gave us symbolism to discover love.
Muhammad gave us simile to discover loyalty (self-sacrifice).
26. All the instincts (urges) we hold inside are represented by the animals in nature beginning with the serpent described in the Creation Story.
27. Medical science can't give you the ability to produce **semen** if you were born physical female.
28. Medical science can't give you the ability to produce **milk** if you were born physically male.
- A. Don't discriminate against anyone based on what you think the liquids within others should produce.

Prelude

A Needle in a Haystack

A **needle** in a haystack is very different from the **hay** in a haystack. Hay is soft. Needles are hard and sharp.

Every time I look for something that's hard for me to find, I imagine it as a needle in a haystack. And every time I experience something sharp and painful, I imagine it as a needle in a haystack that I've come across by chance.

Therefore, finding needles in haystacks is very common for me. I can't tell you how many needles in haystacks I find every day.

Finding needles in haystacks is what I discover by day. What I do by night is make sense of what I did all day. Such is the purpose of dreaming.

That said, although I go through scores of haystacks each day, I only find dozens of needles. This makes my life frustrating at those times when my thoughts are obsessed with a particular needle I didn't find, or I fall in love with a particular haystack.

I suspect that looking for a needle in a haystack isn't a rare occurrence for you, either. The common conclusion about the meaning of this expression is inadequate in explaining what our experience tells us is true.

Therefore, it behooves us to listen more carefully to the words spoken by those who speak English with an accent or have to have their words translated into English for us to understand them.

The expression "a needle in a haystack" probably doesn't even exist in any other language. People whose mind has been shaped by expressions in other languages aren't constrained by expressions in the same ways we are. So, don't discount people who don't speak our language. Their spiritual operating system is identical to ours even if their mind works somewhat differently.

It also behooves us to listen more carefully to the words spoken by those whose sexual orientation or physical attractions are different from ours.

What others find attractive and compelling can have a huge influence on us more deeply appreciating what we find appealing. Their sexual orientation or choice of partners isn't transmittable or contagious. It's just different. And in those differences, there's much we can learn to appreciate about the way in which God Made each of us individually so we can appreciate ourself and what we're personally attracted to.

Republicans are obsessed with homosexuality degrading the love of heterosexuals. They're afraid of bestiality, of becoming sexual attracted to animals.

What we're trying to do is help them recognize their animalistic instincts.

But they see us as perverts perverting the purpose of love, which they see as procreation only. Love that doesn't produce children, they see as a form of weakness and sin.

That's a misunderstanding of the power of their penis. Our talking serpent is Made to beguile our head (Adam) and heart (Eve) with urges our conscience can't control. By developing our sense of **wisdom** and **love**, we're drawn nearer to God through righteous intention and actions.

By evolving our animalistic instincts, they can eventually be described as **mammalian**, not **reptilian**. Either way, are instincts are natural. Learning to see them for what they are is the secret to handling them responsibly.

The hyper-religious denounce science because they refuse to apply it to their inner world in the form of psychology. This is why they don't evolve spiritually.

They don't understand their scripture as a power Given to expand their consciousness. Their faith is only based on rites and rituals they use to deflect their superstitious fears.

My opinions, like my sexual orientation, are refined by the specifics of my **needs** (0), **wants** (–) and **desires** (+). I move off of my needs (0) in two directions. And what's good (+) for me may be seen as evil (–) for others.

We all need to move past the one-size-fits-all religious answers achieved by our ancestors. We must learn how to determine good from bad, right from wrong and better from worse for ourself.

But Republicans think gay marriage is going to lead to pedophilia and bestiality because their thinking is being overly influenced by their negative feelings. They're afraid of themselves. They've been taught to feel guilty if they strive to become individualistic.

What they find disgusting in others masks their illogical conclusions about reality. Their errors of judgment don't originate in what they love about life, but by what they want (–) out of life. And what they want is to **destroy** life.

They want to get out of this world to be with God (Adonai/Jesus/Allah) in Heaven. They want to end all the healing, lessons and tests. They want to stop having to heal and learn. They find healing and learning humiliating.

The idea that life is a school only works for them so long as they get to be the T.A. They only want to correct others. They don't want to be corrected.

Frustration with your grades in this school is normal. Life is really hard, and the Teacher Draws red lines through a lot of everyone's work. Therefore, facing your fears is the first step in moving through them. Facing your resentments comes next.

If you insist on controlling people who are different from you, you aren't going to learn to tolerate yourself. You'll only strive to restrict others. Your gorilla will grow to the size of King Kong. You'll turn into a **monster**.

Republican sympathy for the unborn is a guise to deflect their disdain in having been born. Their urge to destroy life on Earth is emotionally rational, but not intellectually logical.

Sometimes, I, too, would love to see the world get blown to smithereens.

But I know that logically that wouldn't change my relationship to God.

The Republicans need to reflect on their destructive beliefs. They emanate out of fears and resentments they're not willing to face.

A **seed** isn't a tree. A seed isn't even a **sprout** that's raised its head into the light. A seed is just a seed in the darkness and cold of the ground.

Republicans are nothing more than seeds. They don't know the first thing about **sowing** and **reaping** themselves.

Just because you're the member of a faith that has a large number of constituents doesn't mean it pursues all of the truth.

There are many roads to Rome because there are equal number of roads out of Rome. If you don't take all these roads, and in both directions, you're going to get stuck somewhere in or near Rome. You're going to remain provincial. Rome isn't the center of anything important unless you're Italian.

There's so much more to the world than can be found in Rome. Turn that one religious location into a verb, and you've opened yourself to much more to explore. If all roads lead to **Rome**, then one of the roads to Rome leads to **roam**.

Roaming is different from wandering. "**Roam** conveys the idea of walking or travelling aimlessly, especially over a wide area. While **wander** just implies walking leisurely." [internet]

I'm a wandering Jew. I know where I'm going. I'm going to die.

But I'm wandering in that direction slowly. I'm in no rush to get there.

My boyfriend is a roaming Christian. I suppose that's just what Christians do. I don't understand it, but I'm sure it wouldn't be a method of travel if God Didn't Want it that way.

Reading a book about mental health written by an American gay-Jew who's a world class expert on insanity might be more useful to you than reading about the same topic from an "expert" who offers only a scholarly perspective based on conventional thinking that doesn't challenge religious dogma.

Making a mistake; **admitting** to yourself you made a mistake; **apologizing** to yourself and others for having made that mistake; **correcting** that mistake; making **amends** for your mistake; and **vowing** never to do it again – this is the essence of **wisdom**. And as we all know wisdom is quite different from intellectualism (knowledge codified by society into productive actions).

Love isn't even enough. You must first seek wisdom of the head in order to appreciate wisdom of the heart. **Mercy** and **forgiveness** are the consequences of **justice**.

I can point to 30 books I've already written as proof that I've corrected my mistakes and atoned for them in writing. And I have this book to prove to you that I have more conclusive answers for today – although you'll find that all my answers appear unorthodox.

I believe I can help you out of the corners you've painted yourself into whether or not the paint is dry. Life is linguistically messy and needs to be cleaned up as an English teacher would. If you have to leave footprints behind that indicate you went the wrong way, let that be a lesson to others where not to go.

Outline of the Prelude

1. People who speak English with an accent have access to figurative speech that differs from ours.
2. Sexual attraction is not contagious.
3. Learning to interpret scripture figuratively is conducive to improved mental health.
4. **Needs** are universal (0).
 - A. **Desires** (+) are individual.
 - B. **Wants** (–) are individual.
5. There are many names for God. There Is only One God.
6. Wisdom:
 - A. Making mistakes
 - B. Admitting mistakes.
 - C. Apologizing for mistakes.
 - D. Correcting mistakes.
 - E. Making amends for mistakes
 - F. Vowing never to repeat mistakes.
7. Love is not enough. Wisdom of the heart comes after wisdom of the head.
 - A. **Mercy** and **forgiveness** are the consequences of **justice**.

Prologue

Harvey Honey

Think of San Franciscan **Harvey Milk** as the wise, gay-Jewish rabbi who taught the LGBT+ community to come out of the closet. He also advocated that we burn our closet, so we couldn't go back in it just because we were intimidated by the great apes at the time whose knuckles were scraping on the ground. That was the formula that brought us marriage equality 40 years after Harvey Milk set us on his road to success.

You don't need to feel locked into a small, confined space like a closet with a door to let you in and out. Instead, you can feel like you're stuck in a **corner** like a dunce who was told to face away from the class.

Think of the gay closet created in the 1960's sexual revolution as a corner you find yourself in today that you think you can't get out of until the paint dries.

The Republicans painted us into that corner, but there's no need for us to wait for their paint to dry. I assure you they always find an excuse to repaint. They always think they can stop the world with wet paint signs everywhere.

You may be sitting or standing in the corner facing away from reality. Turn around. Get up. Look around.

There are no walls or doors before you. Just walk through the wet paint. Don't listen to those screaming about the "wet paint" signs they've put up.

Just step away from what your parents and society did to you. Don't worry about the footprints you'll leave behind. My books are here to guide you every step of the way with new interpretations of metaphors, symbols and similes.

Think of Israel as the land of **milk** and **honey**. The only thing that's sweeter than milk (**love**) is honey (**wisdom**). With love you can move forward freely. You don't have to worry about what the people who hate you will say.

And with wisdom you can explain to the frightened and hateful what they're doing that's ruining your potential for an improved relationship with God.

If you want to go anywhere you want in life and help others along the way, you're going to need love (milk) and wisdom (honey).

Think of me as **Harvey Honey**. First came Harvey Milk. Now comes Harvey Honey.

I don't think it's wise to put too much stock in what old, straight people tell any of us about the meaning of life anymore. I don't think they've got a history with sufficient evidence of sanity to be able to prove that they know what they're talking about. What most old, straight people call "sanity," I call "conventional, unthought out adherence to societal norms."

Now that Donald Trump has thrown societal norms out the window by trying to stage a coup to stay in power, we're all going to have to look more wisely at what makes good, **good** and evil, **evil**.

We're going to have to figuratively separate our own semen into the juice of each fruit, so we can account for our own obsessions and compulsions.

What drove Donald Trump is a lesson for us all, not just for hyper-religious orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians.

It was straight people who forced gay people into closets. And it was gay people like Harvey Milk who took a radical approach to getting us out of the closet and burning it down.

But we now live in a slightly more respectful, kinder age in which gay people can marry, even though the Republicans are itching to take this right away from us, as they're doing with abortion.

Therefore, we're not out of hot water, even if we're out of the closet.

We've blown away two walls of the closet metaphor. There's no closet to come out of any longer. Straight people

can now see that we're the same as them in some ways and way ahead of them in many others. That terrifies them.

Republicans are just going to have to get used to life in the 21st Century with gays, Jews and other Americans (such as **Black** people) who annoy the hell out of them just by breathing. They wish we'd stop doing that.

We're not going to let Republicans insist we sig heil Jesus. Did the Nazis permit the Jews to heil Hitler? Hitler was their god. Trump is today's Republican god.

But there are many names for God, and I'm only interested in learning about the best in all of God's Names. Give me **Jesus**. You can keep Hitler and Trump.

Gay people may be stuck in a corner that resembles two sides of a closet. We may be able to see gun control, pollution and global warming as wet paint that are keeping some Democrats stuck in that corner.

But there are those of us who aren't waiting patiently for the paint to dry.

Republican politicians, **Christian nationalists** and info war capitalists who want to profit from evil are going to pay a price for their intentions. For some, that price will only cost them money. For others, it'll cost them power.

But for the rest of them, it'll be a price so great that I hesitate to assess it in words.

As God Is our Witness, we're going to try to get everyone out of the corner the hyper-religious have gotten us into!

And those with their own individual rendition of an obsessive and compulsive disorder are soldiers in our ranks with special ops. made just for this struggle.

Jesus was the first Jew to get the ancient Israelis out of the closet that **Moses** got them into in the first place. That closet was the mind.

The Jews, with the help of Moses (who was Led by God) brought the Israelites into their head. This made the ancient

Jews the most intelligent people in the world up until then. They learned with God's Help that wisdom was more important than knowledge.

The Romans may have been able to conquer the ancient Israelis with more sophisticated, worldly knowledge than the ancient Greeks (who'd previously tried to conquer the world with technology mixed with myth).

But wisdom has always prevailed.

Jesus brought the ancient Israelis out of their **head** (closet) and into their **heart** (corner). Muhammad brought those remaining in the Middle East out of their heart into their **soul**.

But Harvey Milk brought the whole world on a journey from the serpent in our tree (or the worm in women's apple) up from our **groin** into our **heart**, and from there up to our **head** and down into our **soul**. Mohammad only went from his heart to his soul.

You don't have to be a member of any faith to come from your soul anymore. The monopoly the Muslims once thought they had over Christians and Jews is over. They, too, have been exposed as hypocrites.

I'm Harvey **Honey**, not Harvey **Milk**. I've done nothing other than describe the operating system of the machine you're in using metaphors, symbols and similes in ways that are being unconsciously combined nowadays. I'm just a spiritual dufus and grease monkey. What you do with this information to make sense of the contemporary world we live in is for you to decide.

But no matter what your racial, cultural or religious heritage, you're going to need **milk** and **honey** to get you where you want to go if you believe God Is everyone's Witness. Whether you choose to capitalize those two words is private matter.

The civilized world already recognizes our gay right marry, but there are madmen in civilized societies who

presume they have the right to discriminate against us anyway.

What good is it to have the law on **our** side if people hate us just for being ourself?

Even worse, what good is having the law on **your** side if you can't find the man of your dreams?

Turning America into the land of milk and honey isn't going to be easy.

But it can be done if you look at life as a technical school in which you're learning to operate a highly complex instrument inside you.

Every student of life must face a final exam. That final can come in the next ten minutes, or it can stretch out over the course of years. You never know.

What matters is how well you're prepared for the questions on that test. And there are many classes and levels of tests to be taken if you hope to prepare for your final before you graduate.

Whether or not you see yourself as a student of you, you're in a very complex, spiritual mechanism that you ought to learn how to operate more effectively. You may have been born screaming like an idiot, but you don't want to die an idiot, too.

Whether, or not you believe in an I.T. Director Who Created this mechanism you're in, you're going to have to learn to survive and thrive in a world that's becoming more technologically complex every day.

If you see yourself like a new generation of your smart phone that comes out with new, improved ways to handle information each year, you can interpret your thoughts, feelings, beliefs, wants, desires intuitions and prayers as different forms of information with varying intensities. You can become wise, loving and loyal to yourself and to all life on Earth.

Whether you choose to become loyal to God is a **private** matter. Think of your bathroom as your house of prayer. Nobody needs to know what you do in there. That's between you and God. Close the door when you're in the bathroom praying. And stop telling us what you do in there with God as your Witness. We're not interested.

If you want to have a **public** relationship with God, I strongly recommend you have it in a house of prayer that's inclusive. If they don't invite gays, Jews, Muslims and **Blacks** to pray with them in their own unique ways, they're still in a **closet**, not yet in a **corner**.

You can wake yourself up just as color becomes a visual enhancement of information that was previously presented in B&W and shades of **gray**. All it takes to do so is a rainbow in your dark heart. Get out of your dark heart and come into your brilliantly lit soul. Why would you want to die in darkness when the light is so bright and so close at hand?

If your eyes are now rolling around in your head at the thought of a paranoid-schizophrenic telling someone as mentally sound as you that there's greater meaning to life than you could have imagined, know that you're not alone.

Cynicism was valuable when you were young and needed to overcome inexperience and naiveté. Cynicism taught you to avoid **bad** experiences.

But as we age, cynicism begins to work against us. It keeps us from gaining **good** experiences.

Cynicism is especially endemic to the gay community. Not every queen will admit she was just a princess until her mother died.

And not every princess will want to admit she's kissed more frogs than Kermit in her search for Prince Charming.

Outline of the Prologue

1. There's milk and honey.
There's a land of milk and honey.
And there's Harvey Milk and Harvey Honey, the personification of love and wisdom.
2. The **closet** metaphor: A tight space
3. The **corner** metaphor: Nothing inhibits you but wet paint.
4. The **semen** symbol: Separate the good and evil within you.
5. **Moses** took the ancient Israelites on a journey into their head.
6. **Jesus** took the ancient Israelites on a journey from their head into their heart.
7. **Muhammad** took the Middle Eastern indigenists on a journey from their heart into their soul.
8. Harvey Milk took us all on a journey up from our serpent or worm between our legs into our heart, head and soul.
A. He called it coming out of the **closet**.
9. Harvey Honey is taking you on the same journey.
A. He calls it coming out of the **corner**.
10. If you want a **personal** relationship with God, have it in the bathroom with the door shut. Nobody needs to know what you say to Him in there.
11. If you want to have **public** relationship with God, have it in a house of prayer that's inclusive.
12. Cynicism is a double-edged sword.
A. In the young, cynicism avoids **bad** experiences.
B. In the old, cynicism avoids **good** experiences.

Curtain-Raiser

For Better or Worse

Life is a school, and you've been Given two worlds to discover where you are. Who you are in each of those worlds creates two people in one. And how you meld those two personalities into one is the secret to peace of mind.

When you discover that your actions in both your worlds are being overwhelmed with wants and desires that are causing you pain (container) and suffering (contents), you realize that your body is the fleshy border between your two worlds. You experience negative outcomes in both your worlds, and both outcomes affect your body.

Anxiety is a very real and painful outcome of a life poorly led. In fact, there's scientific evidence that anxiety, itself, can produce physical illnesses.

Marrying yourself is the best option when it comes to showing yourself that you're serious about the union of your two worlds. Taking yourself for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death parts you from the body you've been Given – is the most sensible way to approach your relationship with yourself if you're truly determined to achieve “success” (whatever that word means to you personally).

In my previous book, **The Ugliest Ducking: If you sucked your thumb as a child, now is the time to put a ring on it**, I recommended you give yourself a thumb ring as a sign of self-marriage.

I wear my thumb ring on my right thumb because that was the thumb I preferred to suck when I was a baby, toddler and child. My thumb ring reminds me of a union I've always been pursuing with myself that's only become more evident the longer I've lived.

Seeking solutions to stinking thinking begins by recognizing destructive thoughts as smelly. I for one, spent a lifetime getting to this stage by figuratively developing my **nose**. My nose knows in a way that my eyes and ears can't testify to. Much of what I thought and felt I believed to be true, I later discovered, smelled fishy.

In the same way that workers build skyscrapers one story upon the next believing the foundation to be solid and secure, I had to go back down to my foundation to straighten out my inner edifice many times in order to feel I could work securely on the top story.

But my foundation was never solid or secure. It wasn't constructed on bedrock to begin with.

My parents didn't give me a moral education that included a world view of God's seven paths (indigenism, Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam). I was figuratively planted in sandy soil. My foundation will never feel secure enough.

But perhaps that was a blessing in that I can now advocate that for others.

My parents weren't the only Holocaust survivors in my life. My three older siblings were Holocaust survivors, too.

I was born into a family of Holocaust survivors. Being gay and American-born on top of the challenge to love all of humanity was a curveball I hadn't expected.

The foundation I was given in 1952 when I was born didn't hold up well over time. I later felt like the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Millennium Tower in San Francisco. The marbles I didn't lose right from the start, rolled downhill precariously in my head when allowed to move freely. Clearly, the problem lay in my foundation.

I can now go back to any story in my past and can see that my marbles were rolling downhill then, too. I was never

straight in the **heterosexual** sense. And I wasn't straight in the **architectural** sense, either.

But I've been able to keep myself from tilting any further or come crashing down despite severe mental illness. And I haven't done it by conventional means.

I'm an amazing spiritual **structure** that's more like a tree than a skyscraper. I'm gnarly, knotted, twisted, distorted, bent and awry. If you want a two-by-four, go to a lumber yard to get it. I'm the real deal. I'm still growing.

Outline of the Curtain-Raiser

1. We're two people in one.
 - A. One of us is in charge of our **external** world.
 - B. One of us is in charge of our **internal** world.
2. Our body is the fleshy border between our two worlds.
3. **Marrying ourself** melds our two worlds to one person.
4. Our spiritual foundation is the groundwork for a tower we're building to get as high a view as possible onto the world around us.
 - A. That heightened view of the external world leads us back to our underpinnings to strengthen our self from within.

Forward

In Stillness and in Song

The words we speak are only half of the message we're relaying. Every song is made up of **lyrics** and **melody**. The lyrics correspond to the thoughts in our **head**. And the melody corresponds to the feelings in our **heart**. Words are made up of both lyrics (**meaning**) and melody (**feelings**).

The story of Adam and Eve is a metaphor for the song we all sing inside to ourself. And in that sense, there's a man and a woman in us singing all the time. We're all half man and half woman.

We may outwardly be more like our father or our mother.

But we're really a combination of male and female in our external behaviors, in our body and in our inner dynamics.

We all have a male **head** (Adam) and a female **heart** (Eve). It's whether we have a serpent in our tree or a worm in our apple that determines much of what we want (–) and desire (+).

But as we become more spiritually enlightened, we realize how similar males and females are theoretically, spiritually and eternally engaged.

Our religious institutions are still promoting the idea that there were two people who God Created that started the human race. This is primitive, illogical and backward. That's why these people act in ways that are preposterous, dangerous and even criminally insane.

What the Creation Story is describing is the song we sing to ourself that's made up of thoughts (Adam) and feelings (Eve) that are equivalent to the lyrics and melody found in songs.

Of course, songs are deeply influenced by **rhythm**. And rhythms correspond to the beat that pulsates in us during orgasm.

These rhythms signify the words of the serpent in every tree that suddenly blurts out its message and then shuts up until it has more to say.

These rhythms signify the words of the worm in every apple that can talk incessantly without ever stopping...

These are the rhythms that make us move in a way that we find so enticing, thrilling and mysterious.

Just as there are myriad ways of making rhythms, there are myriad ways in influencing our thoughts and feelings.

Learning to live with and love my obsessive, compulsive tendencies arose when I learned to understand the rhythms that course through my veins that give my life passion and spiritual meaning.

I'm going to take you on a journey to explore songs from the past as a way of understanding our spiritual operating system. I don't want this to be an intellectual exercise. I hope this'll be an emotional experience that'll inspire you to become more curious about how you operate in all seven ways.

I'm going to begin with a song from 2010 because so many young people today have become cynical about free love. The freer they are with their love, the more they seem to come away bitter and disappointed. The more they yearn for a soulmate, the more they seem to feel alienated from the world and from themselves.

I certainly know the feeling of disappointment that comes from the pursuit of love. Who doesn't?

Everyone is looking for their Prince Charming, but everyone seems to find himself kissing frogs.

Hermit the Frog
Marina & the Diamonds
From her album “The Family Jewels”
By
Marina Lambrini Diamandis
2010

Yeah, I feel I’m watered down
whenever he’s around.
I put on the crown of clowns
and melt slowly to the ground.
Yeah, I feel it coming on
when I’ve been static for too long,
and an explosion comes in time
before I go and cross the line.
They say you used to be so kind.
I never knew you had such a dirty mind.
Well, I went to the doctors believing
the devil had control over me, and
I was finding it hard to breathe in;
finding it hard to fight the feeling
when my heart just burst like a glass balloon.
I let it fly too high and it shattered too soon.
I was the wrong damn girl in the wrong damn room.
I broke my glass balloon.
I let go of my glass balloon.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh
They call him Hermit the Frog.
He’s looking for a dog.
Did you find your bitch in me?
Oh, you’re abominable, socially.
You’re just a little bit too much like me.
She says you used to be so kind.
Well, baby, I give you your dirty mind.
Well, I, I wanna tell you a secret.
You can take your double standard love and keep it.

I can't help the devil likes to make my heart a double bed.
And I can't help he sometimes like to come
and rest his little head
when my heart just burst like a glass balloon.
I let it fly too high, and it shattered too soon.
I was the wrong damn girl in the wrong damn room.
I broke my glass balloon.
I let go of my glass balloon.

You're not the only gurl in town who broke her glass balloon (hymen). You're not the only one who wants true love and can't find it because you're broken deep down inside. We all get what you're saying, gurlfriend.

But maybe you've been looking for love in all the wrong places.

Join me in going to the land of **milk** and **honey** for answers. Let's look for your love first. Save love for others until later. For now, let's seek wisdom hand in hand.

This song is only the first of many songs in this book. I recommend you look up these songs online and listen to them as you read their lyrics. In most instances, I've only added punctuation to the lyrics you'll find online. Sometimes I've changed a word slightly to give it a more modern twist.

The importance of melody in addition to lyrics is the same as the importance of your feelings in addition to your thoughts. One without the other won't elucidate you to what you believe to be true for you in your soul.

This contemporary song by Marina Diamandis encapsulates the bitter disappointment that can come with sex and the hope for love. All the rest of the songs in this book are from the 20th Century. I'll be presenting them to you with commentary to imbue them with a contemporary message.

There's no better way to discover where you are than by looking behind you at where you came from.

Jesus said, "Why do you look at the (insignificant) speck that's in your brother's eye, but do not notice and acknowledge the (egregious) log that's in your own eye? [Matthew 7:3]

I think Jesus was the greatest rabbi Judaism ever produced, even though I don't happen to think of him as an aspect of God.

If we're going to look for justice, we're going to have to glean as much as we can from our bad experiences with an eye to self-love.

Like Ram Dass, Harvey Milk and me, Jesus was probably a gay-Jew. He probably had an affair with Judas that blew up, and then all Hell broke loose around them.

Just look how people react today when a celebrity does something new and shocking. Just look at how everyday people react when they lose out in love.

Judas couldn't have been tempted to betray Jesus for 30 pieces of silver. That comes to about \$2,000 in today's money.

If I'd been Judas, I would have had to be tempted with \$20,000 to consider betraying my ex. For \$200,000, I would have seriously entertained the idea going public with the information. Hell, for \$2,000,000 I could have convinced myself that that much money would change my whole life! I might have killed my ex-boyfriend myself...

Judas didn't do what he did for two grand. It was probably a lover's squabble that motivated him to get back at his boyfriend. Just look at how petty people are today. They surely weren't any more enlightened 2,000 years ago.

As someone who tried to kill himself three times, I see Judas's motive as spiritual, not material or emotional. Once he realized how flawed he was compared to his lover, he

probably couldn't stand the thought that God Would Have Created Jesus "better" than him.

Judas struggled to begin at his **own** beginning to improve himself. He went insane obsessing on where Jesus had begun and gone on in his life.

Some men are competitive. If they can't win, they become sore losers.

The problem with people today lies in their inner eye. Their inner eye is out of focus. It may have a cataract that leaves their thinking fuzzy. Or they may suffer from Immaculate degeneration...

The search for Prince Charming should begin within.

But it can take a lifetime of searching for your soulmate in the external world for that search to become sufficiently internalized to find the match with yourself that was Made in Heaven. Only then will you give yourself a thumb ring, marry the wo/man of your dreams and, like me, hopefully get to enjoy a lover like Will on the side.

Improve your inner vision, and you'll see the him (head) and her (heart) in you from afar (your soul). Then you'll see how you've been projecting those aspects of yourself you don't like onto others.

You've suffered without more of your love long enough. Such is a spoonful of my honey. I happen to think it's sweeter than milk.

I don't think you need endless amounts of **money**. I don't think you need the kind of power you see people seeking in adventure movies and fantasy films. I don't even think you need prestige to achieve your dreams.

The hunger for **money** (power) isn't as powerful as the hunger for **honey** (wisdom). So, you've got to start by separating the hunger in your belly for **food** from the hunger between your legs for **sex**.

You only need **milk** (love) and **honey** (wisdom) to come to know and love yourself. And you don't have to go to Israel to get it. I'm a busy little bee who delivers honey door-to-door.

As for milk (love), you've got plenty of your own. You only need help to perceive for yourself what you've already done with it.

As for sex and food, you're on your own. Filling your belly and emptying your testicles is your business.

Outline of the Forward

1. **Lyrics** correspond to the thoughts in our head.
2. **Melody** corresponds to the feelings in our heart.
3. **Rhythm** corresponds to the sensations that we associate with our genitals.
4. **Religion** promotes literal interpretations of scripture.
5. **Spirituality** promotes figurative interpretations of scripture that correspond to our inner operating system.
6. The Creation Story in Genesis is equivalent to a song.
7. Understanding and living with obsessive/compulsive behaviors are the result of understanding the rhythms that emanate out from your genitals. This is the source of another kind of **hunger**.
8. The need for **food** and **sex** will separate your belly from what's happening below your waist.
9. Food and sex can lead to cynicism and scorn of your potential to achieve self-love.

Opening One Last Thing

Just **visualizing** what you're thinking in words isn't going to be enough to overcome behaviors that are making you feel guilty. Your thoughts will be B&W. Your ambivalence will be **gray**.

Your colorful feelings will begin to figuratively **speak** to you. And you'll be able to **listen** to what they say once you can **visualize** them in color.

You've got to separate your colorful feelings from your shady thinking. And that's going to require a bit of instruction.

The **rainbow** God Gave **Noah** (Hebrew: comfort) was a promise. It was a sign of hope. That **rainbow** is made up of seven colors with emotional correspondences that you're now ready to know about:

Red:	Anger, Fury, Rage
Orange:	Anxiety, Worry, Agony
Yellow:	Fear Horror Panic
Green:	Jealousy & Envy { Coveting }
Blue:	Sorrow, Disappointment, Grief
Indigo:	Madness, Magic, My Story
Violet:	Orgasm, Loyalty, Life

Every thought you don't put down as a complete sentence or a series of intelligible words that you've read, recorded and approved of inside becomes a source of **anger** and frustration.

The combination of many such self-abuses leads to **fury** and **rage** over how little you really know about operating yourself successfully.

Mixed with guilt, this frustration turns into **anxiety**, **worry** and endless, unconscious **agony** over how badly you're behaving toward yourself even if you don't know what to do about it.

Mixed with more guilt, this distress turns into **fear** and **horror**, which is so volatile that it can turn into **panic** because your ability to handle the forces within are now so out of control that they may spill over into consciousness.

Eventually, you'll begin to wish for a different container (body) or different contents (personality). You'll become **jealousy** of other people's body and **envious** of their knowledge of life. You'll presume everyone understands life but you.

Mixed with even more guilt contributed by your conscience – which is telling you that you should be able to do all this, even if you were never given instruction on how it's done – you'll become **sad**, **disappointed** and **grievously** unstable. You may even begin to wish you were dead.

In this way you'll descend into the realm of **indigo**, a darkness that the medical model described to me as “paranoid-schizophrenic”. They had a whole list of my behaviors to prove I'd sunk down the rainbow of hope that low.

They just couldn't describe my emotional state using color. Therefore, the black on white words they used never touched my heart. I held the medical profession in contempt most of my life because they couldn't answer the most fundamental questions about my life.

I had to make my way through the darkness within me by myself to discover my inner operating system and how to use it. I had to suffer decades of madness to figure out how to use the tools I'd been Given by God. Only then did the

mystery of my life turn my story into a universal story everyone should be able to relate to.

Now I can associate **orgasm** with ecstasy, and ecstasy with truth. Now I can say that I was blind, but now see. Now I can achieve a **loyalty** to myself and my mission in **life** that I couldn't grasp before.

Outline of the Opening

1. The first sign of hope was the **rainbow**.
 - A. It signifies the emotional realm where feelings lead us to the mystery of love.
2. The seven colors of the rainbow:
 1. **Red** **Rage**
 2. **Orange** **Agony**
 3. **Yellow** **Panic**
 4. **Green** **Jealousy** and **Envy**
 5. **Blue** **Grief**
 6. **Indigo** **Mystery**
 7. **Violet** **Ecstasy**
3. Guilt (**black**) mixed with each of these emotional colors, beginning with rage (red) produces the next color.
4. Associating orgasm with ecstasy and ecstasy with truth produces the wisdom, love and loyalty to your life that makes life worth living.

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PART TWO

The Yellow Menace

The only thing we have to fear is fear of ourself

The Chinese aren't a yellow menace. The Chinese can only be perceived as a menace to your mental composure if you're Chinese. As a Jew, the Jews are my menace. You don't suffer from my menace if you're not Jewish. You've got a menace to deal with of your own.

The orthodox-Jews tell me I'm an abomination before God because I'm gay.

But I say that when you finish a book in Hebrew, you find yourself at the very beginning of it in English. Books look very different when read the other way. The world has changed. The word "**contemporary**" is changing every day. You've got to keep up.

I turned myself around like the Hebrew Bible, so I could read my thoughts and feelings from the left. The right has turned out to be so terribly politically wrong!

Go left young man. Go West. The world has had enough answers coming to us from the Middle East. The answers for tomorrow lie on the left in the West. Israel lies in the West, even though all her neighbors are stuck looking East.

The more you move toward inclusion, love and harmony from within, the more you'll go left politically.

The only thing we have to fear is **fear** of **ourself**. If you get through your impertinent ignorance of yourself, you'll make miracles come true. You'll feel all the feelings you don't yet feel that you're missing. You'll experience the hero within you have the potential to express in every area of your life.

My O.C.D. crippled my ability to do more for others, and my O.C.D. crippled my ability to be truthful with myself. I had to heal me before I could teach others.

I used to work feverishly not to make others suffer for my bad moods. I was always cheerful to others, while inside feeling miserable.

I was a grumpy, old man long before I got old. Only now that I've come to understand my seven operating forces have I become young and joyful.

I used to put on a brave face to hide my fear of myself.

But I've graduated that stage of my life. I can be more candid. **Candor** has turned out to be sweeter than **candy**.

Opening my heart to myself was the answer. Becoming more honest about my feelings for me became my inside job. That candor turned out to be the source of my inspiration and resolve to contribute to society in a meaningful way.

Truth is stranger than fiction because fiction strives to achieve **happiness**. Truth doesn't make that mistake. Truth seeks **beauty**, and beauty is always a bit **sad**. Therefore, I've become more truthful with myself as I've aged, not happier.

That's led me to sorrow mixed with happiness: **joy**. I leave "the pursuit of happiness" to fools. I seek truth, regardless of the emotional fallout it creates.

I've had many a moment on the summit with the Lord. I've spoken to Him about many things, and I must say He Listens like a gentleman. He Never Talks back. I just can't ever anticipate what He'S Going To Do next. He'S unfathomable in His Goodness.

My unique, spiritual, all-inclusive approach to learning about God has done me good. As someone who struggled for sanity, I've seen enormous improvement in my ability to cope with others, although I find all people **odd** and **frustrating** at times.

When I was young and so severely mentally incapacitated that I needed to be twice institutionalized, I didn't look at the world through my heart. Because I could only look at the world through my head, I had no idea how powerfully my feelings and beliefs were affecting me.

Now that I've made my way out of my head, through my stiff neck (**stubbornness**) and into my heart, I can see how my feelings contribute to the moral landscape in my soul. I can see the panorama of my life through a new set of beliefs.

I've softened as the result of seeing my own imperfections, not just by improving my moral vision of others by clarifying **their** shortcomings.

In recognizing my physical, intellectual and emotional imperfections, I've come to see the spiritual forces that engage us all.

This has revealed more of the truth to me.

Truth is the only remedy for **fear**. **Truth** led me to the pursuit of **justice**. **Truth** is the antidote for **revenge**. The more vindictive I allowed myself to be, the more fearful I became.

Dementia frightened me because my mother died at the age of 98 while in the throes of severe dementia. She couldn't feed herself. She didn't know her own name or who I was.

I can see how my memory is no longer able to fully focus on names of people and places. It feels like when I'm thinking, I'm sometimes reading in the dark with a pinpoint flashlight that illuminates only a word or two at a time, not even a whole sentence.

The spiritual effect of the complete sentences I'm constructing inside isn't always clear to me until I get past a word in that sentence that's blocking me because of an emotional association with that word that's keeping me from completing that production of words.

You might think this is **frightening**, but, in fact, it's **intriguing**. I finally feel that the great mystery of my life is right before me.

It now feels as though my past was like a cruise across an ocean. I've gone overboard into the water and am exploring the depth of the sea I'd previously skimmed over.

Now my feelings are meaningful, whether I'm swimming in chopping waters near the surface or I'm deep down below.

Now I have the strength to swim down to the bottom of my heart where the land looks very different surrounded by water rather than air.

I **wailed** all my life, but now I feel like a **whale**, a **wail** in the flesh. I can now move through the depth of my emotional realm as though in a dark expanse under great pressure. My emotional world is vastly different from the intellectual world I see at the surface, which is like standing on the ground surrounded by the wind: the Fingers of God.

The whale within me can turn into a seal who can pull himself out onto dry land and then flop about intellectually.

In other words, I sometimes see myself as intellectually clumsy. I'm slow and impractical in many ways that others move about intellectually like panthers on the prowl.

My wants (–) and desires (+) may have been originally described as a **serpent** in a tree, but they've evolved my heart over time into a **whale** at the bottom of the sea; a **seal** flopping about at the shoreline; and a **panther** racing across the savannah. Such is the beguiling power in being a human being with individual instincts.

Despite my struggle with mental health, I succeeded in the usual ways we judge success. I've achieved money, property and a modicum of prestige.

But what I consider my greatest success is being able to use figurative speech (specifically metaphors, symbols and similes) to describe my inner reality in ways others can relate to. I can describe what I'm going through inside thanks to language that includes scripture applied figuratively.

I had 27 jobs in my life; 18 addresses on three continents; and learned four foreign languages that I speak haltingly. I made my living as a ballet dancer, public school English teacher and market researcher.

But I was also a garbage collector, bank teller and park attendant. I did many things to keep body and soul together.

From the outside, it looked like I was a fully functioning member of society once I was on psychiatric medication pursuing the same external goals of survival as everyone else.

But my sense of inner success wasn't awakened when I was young. I focused only on the world around me. Even though I was on psychiatric medication for over 25 years, I took my pills each day with little consideration to what improving my spiritual health would require me to do from the inside out.

I gave up drugs and alcohol almost 40 years ago. I stopped smoking and drinking caffeinated beverages at the same time. I changed my diet to eat organic foods soon after. And I've continued to dance long after I quit dancing professionally to keep my spirits high.

All this made it possible for me to explore the seven world faiths without extreme guilt at how I'd treated myself. This made it possible for me to take small steps down from the boat of intellectualism into the emotional waters that were keeping me afloat.

It was only as I learned about the concept of God from seven perspectives that I found the faith in myself to explore the seven seas (emotional realm) where the mystery of more of my being lay beneath the waves. That revealed a whole other world beneath the one I'd lived in previously.

This is why I can say that the weaknesses in my memory that I'm experiencing today don't terrify me. **Loss** is real. I know loss **intimately**. I'm preparing for more losses as I move nearer to my demise.

I started to learn what it means to turn a **conscience** into a **soul** by studying the world faiths to learn more about God through His Many Names. This led me toward **soulfulness**, even though I'd always considered myself deep, mournful, passionate and expressive.

I can now handle the feeling of being alone with God through any and all of His Names and the challenges I'm Given.

I'd always thought that losing my mother would be a terrible loss.

But because of the way she declined, I was actually elated when she died. She finally graduated this school. I only wish her last class had been easier for her pass.

I haven't missed her. I see how much I'm like her. So, I've taken what I can from her lessons in life and applied them to my own.

This feels as though I've risen in rank from **princess** to **queen**. My blood feels like it's coursing through my veins a darker, more royal and richer tint of blue. She was a very good person who did the best she could.

No disrespect to my mother, but she wasn't as high as the pedestal I'd put her on. She had faults. She was human. Her German obsession with cleanliness was an external compensation for a linguistic messiness inside that she never learned to address by talking to herself.

As someone diagnosed paranoid-schizophrenic, it's been easy for me to identify with all psychiatric labels. I can resonate with a wide range of mental, emotional and spiritual shortcomings.

I've since cleaned up a lot of the **clutter** I created in my head, heart and soul. I'm still a **mess** inside, but I can admit it with a smile on my face and a gleam in my eye. I see myself as **odd** and **amusing**. I like me being so neat and tidy on the outside and **shabby**, **slipshod**, **sloppy**, **rumpled**, **tousled** and **tumbled** within.

But I'm just one person. I can't change this world by myself. I have to work from my inner world on the outer world. I have to move slowly from the inside out.

I made my way across continents to finally have the knowledge needed to build and get onboard my own **ark**. I had to sail through stormy weather to recreate the mystery of my first orgasm as a **Noah** who saw hope in the rainbow, not the nameless who were drowned in the Flood.

I had to fly like a dove across my ocean of emotions alone with God to fathom the meaning of being. I'm like a **bird**. I'm like an **olive tree**. There's a **branch** of peace in my **beak** at all times.

The world I was born in has turned into a school in which the Teacher Is Now Teaching me about myself through metaphor, symbolism and simile. I've given up my previous major in becoming a success in others' eyes. Now I'm focusing on creating a masterpiece from within, whether or not others like what they see.

Who knows what the world will look like without me in it? Who knows if anyone will even notice I'm gone? They certainly didn't take much notice of me when I was here.

I never felt that anyone ever really took me seriously. I suppose that was, in part, a projection. Now that I take myself more seriously, what others think of me doesn't matter as much anymore.

I'm ambivalent. I sit on a fence looking out at both sides. And I like it here. I don't need to take sides. I just need to watch both sides carefully.

When I graduate this school, what will be most important to me will be my knowledge of myself (**spirituality**), not knowledge of the world I left behind (**sociology**). I'm not even that interested in my knowledge of people (**psychology**). I'm really just interested in knowledge of me with myself before God. Is there even a word for this?

Christians call it, "**Testifying** before the Lord."

The only thing I have to fear is fear of myself. That's the yellow menace. That's the third color in the rainbow.

Since there are seven colors of the rainbow, you could say that I've made my home in yellow. I may rage (red) from time to time. I may be worried, anxious and in agony (orange) at other times.

Together that makes me miserable. You could say I'm often **burnt orange** inside.

But I couldn't see into my heart because I was in it. I had to get out of my heart and into my soul to recognize how colorful a person I really am.

My home, my base, lies in fear (yellow). I suppose that's because I'm a member of three minorities: Jews, gays and the disabled. It's back to fear I always go when I don't know where else to go. There'll always be a Holocaust behind me in a way others probably won't be able to relate to.

Thank God, I've now got a dacha in the ecstasy of the violet realm, the color closest to the earth. Thank God I love men. I love sex. I love touching, kissing and holding my boyfriend Will, and nobody else.

For the longest time I was addicted to sex.

It's not like I had enormous amounts of sex, but I thought about it all the time. I only related to people in terms of my sexual attraction to them. The more attractive men were, the more I focused on imagining having sex with them.

That slowly changed as I became able to separate every person's container from his or her contents. Now that I can perceive more of the virtues and vices of others, I can admire their body like sculpture. I can enjoy them as works of spiritual art.

Now, other virtues beside physical attractiveness have come into play. I don't even have to demonize people for their vices anymore. We're all complex creatures, like diamonds with many facets; like boulders carved somewhat into sculpture.

I can now move through my jealousy of other men's containers and envy of their contents (green).

I can move down into the sadness, regret, remorse, disappointment and grief (blue) in having to be human 24/7 for a lifetime.

I can move even further down into the madness-to-mystery of the inner, night sky (indigo).

And I can revel playfully in orgasm, joy and loyalty to life (violet).

If you're a bit green with envy at what I can do, then I've achieved my intention for this first chapter of **Part 2** of this book. Coveting what another person has is the first step in reproducing that skill for yourself.

The Lavender Menace

I'm a queen. I was once a princess who kissed so many frogs that it felt like I had warts all over my lips. Free love turned out to feel really cheap.

Consider yourself like a fairy godmother. You need to listen to yourself. I may be a fairy, but I'm not good at being anybody's else's fairy godmother. I tried it, and my gurls always ended up annoying me for not being more like me. So, I gave up being a fairy godmother to others. Now I just perform my magic for me.

Consider me a good soul who only wants what's in your best interest. Consider me a yenta in drag.

A "yenta in drag" is an old, Jewish, queen whose slip is showing underneath her out-of-date, 1940's A-line frock made of a cotton print that has a navy-blue background with white polka dots. A yenta in drag is passé and old fashioned. I'm odd, not just queer because I wasn't even born until the 1950's.

A yenta in drag has ruby-red lipstick that covers more than the natural outline of her lips. She speaks with a slight lisp mixed with a Yiddish lilt. She's unabashed, unafraid and unrepentant. A yenta in drag parts Republicans with her staff like Moses parted the Red Sea.

A yenta in drag takes no prisoners. She drowns Republican charioteers and sends them screaming with fear and bitterness to their Maker. Let Him deal with them, she says. I'm sure He'S Got just the place To Put 'em.

"Yenta" is a Yiddish word that comes from the word "gentile". Jewish women in Europe who had the polish to represent their husband, family and community in the larger Christian society were called yentas.

Over time, those oh-so-civilized "Christians" in Europe became anti-Semites "thanks" to their politicians and clergy. So, the yentas were forced to retreat to the Jewish community to make a living as matchmakers.

Think of a gay yenta as someone who's been around the block even if she hasn't made it from here into the world to come. She's seen the worst in human nature, but she's undaunted by the evil inclinations of man. Think of a yenta in drag has having given up all **hope** in human nature. What she's left with is pure **resolve**.

If you're a princess who feels like you've lost hope in finding the prince of your dreams, what you'll find at the bottom of your cup in with the dregs of the earth is resolve. Resolve is all you need, bubbly.

Whether you're young or old, if you're looking for a soulmate, welcome to the club.

For me, a soulmate is someone who's made his way out of his head into his heart. Then he had his heart broken. So, he made his way out of his heart into his soul.

After my heart had been broken, I wandered around inside myself aimless and lost. I didn't realize I was looking for a way out of my broken heart into my soul. I didn't know that my first soulmate would end up being me.

Turning an undisciplined conscience into a soul is even more difficult than suffering a broken heart. Many cry over lost love. Who knew that a conscience, like a muscle, could be strengthened without turning into a religious fanatic?

Nobody told me what I was doing for myself at the time or how my good intentions would be rewarded.

If your heart has been broken, it means you've made your way out of your head. So, now is the time to exercise your conscience by turning it into a soul. Keeping going. Nobody said it'd be easy.

Most people resent the way things have turned out for them. That makes them cynical, defended and suspicious. You meet new people, and within minutes they'll give you all the reasons why they're so bitter. Would that they could listen to themselves as they're speaking to you.

Although negative conclusions are necessary in a world as filled with fools as this one, there's a way past cynicism.

But that can only happen by creating a soul out of your conscience to look back on your thoughts (head) and feelings (heart) from that third place in inner space. (Let's just say for the sake of conversation that this imaginary spot is located under your solar plexus.)

The straight world never told you any of this because some of the mysteries of life have to be solved by gay people for the world to appreciate why God Bothered To Create us in the first place.

Some straight people think we're just a **lavender menace**, a color of the rainbow that should be sawed off and hauled away. The Nazis tried to do the same thing with Jews using concentration camps and ovens.

So, I have news for neo-Nazis and traitors like Donald Trump. There **aren't** "fine people on both sides." Republicans today, like the Germans after the War, should be ashamed of themselves. If they think they're headed for Heaven after what they've put this country through, they're crazier than I once was.

Jesus was a gay-Jew. Harvey Milk was a gay-Jew. And I'm a gay-Jew, too. And I put myself in their company. I see myself as great! If you don't approve of my opinion of me, too bad.

Every Democrat is obsessed with the truth because we're inclined to suffer self-denial.

But every Republican is a compulsive thief. They'll steal anything, including elections.

It was the Romans working with "Republican" Jews then who killed Jesus. It was a Republican who killed Harvey Milk. And I have no doubt some Republican might be crazy enough to want to kill me for speaking as candidly as I do.

I suppose my worst fear of success is in being murdered by the fools I've offended. God Bless you, Salman Rushdie, even if you're only left with one eye.

All good people are **martyred**. All bad people are left feeling like **victims**. Only a good conscience can tell you the difference.

I'm willing to move through the fear of victimhood. I can't see how my relationship to myself before God would change if I was killed by a Republican with a mental illness more severe than mine. That would only prove my point about the darkness in their heart. I'd never hurt anyone to promote my ideas.

Ideas don't hurt people. **People** hurt people.

Wrath (one of the seven deadly sins) is composed of rage (red), agony (orange), horror (yellow) and coveting (green) mixed together to make an ungodly brown that creates a lust for vengeance.

I mixed all my colors together to see what I'd get. That's just what a paranoid schizophrenic does. Now I'm more concerned about understanding my feelings of revenge (brown) so I can just pursue justice.

I'm more interested in living my life as honestly, sincerely and authentically as I possibly can. And I'm sure I'm not alone in having to face my own urge for vengeance against myself. I may be afraid of many things, but I'm not afraid of going down with a struggle so long as I make that a struggle with words.

I wouldn't want to draw blood from another human being no matter how many macho fantasies I have. And the thought of dying of cancer, heart disease or a stroke doesn't appeal to me, either.

If you feel the urge to punish me for feeling vindictive against myself for what I did to myself, that's a projection of what you want to do to **yourself**. I didn't do anything to **you**.

You're not my conscience personified. God Hasn't Assigned you To Teach me a lesson. I'm well aware of my character defects, and I can handle them without external interference.

I may never win the **Nobel** Prize for literature, but I've already received the **noble** prize for peace. I gave it to myself. I choose to use peaceful means rather than violence and revenge to express my truth. And I've not only told myself my truth. I've listened to me.

God Said, "Vengeance is Mine" in 65 Bible verses. That's because He Wants us to face our urge to retaliate externally by seeking resolve to face our wants (–) with wisdom. He Knows that all violence against yourself and others is a repressed urge to kill Him.

As someone who already faced my violent tendencies three times through attempts at killing myself, I've since taken up digging deeper within for the source of my urge for revenge. I don't want to kill God anymore. I don't want to get back at Him for having Created me.

This is why I consider myself to be my own **lavender menace**. Loving the man who tried to kill me is **my** struggle. Loving the man who wanted to kill God is my **cross to bear**. Loving that crazy American gay-Jew is drawing me down from lavender to **violet** and from there into the realm of **ultraviolet**. Therein lies the realm of my soul.

The Meaning of Music

Music has spiritual **meaning**.

But people don't like to talk about the meaning of music because they don't want to fight over their musical preferences.

Music is **healing**.

But people don't like to talk about the healing properties of music, either.

A movie that does just that is, "Alive Inside: A Story of Music and Memory". It's about senior citizens in sanatoriums who've been helped to recover their memory using music.

Music is made up of three components, **melody**, **lyrics** and **rhythm**. The melody and lyrics are linked with rhythm, thus making the combination of melody and lyrics easier to remember in our body.

The **lyrics** of a song correspond to thoughts. The **melody** corresponds to feelings. The combination of lyrics and melody through the magic of **rhythm** produces beliefs that emanate down to our bones.

Music is filled with meaningful messages that the religious world can't access through dogmatic insistence on the way the future will turn out. Meaning has to be accessed individually using the body you were Given.

Music makes us believe, although what we come away believing is entirely personal.

So, music is a way of not only entering our soul where our most cherished beliefs are held. Music is also a way of influencing our **beliefs** with new **thoughts** and **feelings** we couldn't fully access before.

In this way, music **defies** religion. And every composer of religious music has been in conflict with synagogues, churches, mosques and temples since the beginning of time.

Now you could also say that music **enhances** religion. You could say that every singer, songwriter and composer,

whether of tunes or lyrics, is a shaman, a religious leader who's out to change, transform and transcend the beliefs of the religious world with music.

In that sense, **musicians** are **magicians**. Music is their magic. And we, the “unsuspecting” public, are becoming more faithful to the magic of music made by musicians in ways today that religious leaders have good reason to envy.

Going to a concert is like going to **church** to pray. Putting music on while you work is like **lighting** a candle. **Dancing** to music makes you a rabbi, cantor, priest, parson, pastor, vicar, minister, imam or cleric conversing with God.

I'm not threatening the music world or religious world with the magic of metaphor. I don't want to offend anyone with figurative speech. After all, I'm a senior citizen. It's too late for someone like me to come along and turn the tide of today another way. If I'd been Chosen to turn the world upside down, I'd have succeed at doing so in my youth as a ballet dancer.

I'm only here with you to take you back to music of the past to show you the way my generation looked at life then and to show you what you have the potential to glean from those songs today.

I figure the best place to straighten out the foundation of a building is in the basement. Consider me a musical **engineer**. Think of how I'm going to reinterpret these songs from our past as a way of lifting and straightening the tower we've constructed to get up above our clouds to God's Realm.

If you're a family man, you know the feeling of reliving your childhood through your kids. You know the feeling of reliving your adolescence through your partner. Making a family is like reliving your family of origin to experience it differently.

If you're a parent, you know what it's like to construct your children like towers to your greatness. You know the

difficulty in giving them a firm foundation and the incredible effort it takes to build one story upon the next.

When you were young, you probably thought that that tower of yours was going to reach through the clouds in your mind to touch God's Abode above this one. You probably once thought it would be easy to get a view of life that rivals that of satellites.

But the more you've made your way up your **spiral staircase** to get a greater view of reality from your windows out onto the world from all sides, the more you've discovered that those steps and handrail weren't created just by you for you alone. Society has been constructing the means by which each of us can contribute to humanity as well as develop a view of life that's personally meaningful.

It's not my intention to tear down society with language based on figurative speech. My only intention is to make you more aware of how society is constructed using figurative speech, which is often an offshoot of literal, scriptural speech. Society is constructed upon a human blueprint of communication that's no different in Tennessee or Timbuktu.

Gay men aren't terrorists who are trying to destroy the fabric of society. We were once sexual outlaws, but now that we're struggling for our rights in court and in the court of public opinion, we bring a new view to society that helps the world appreciate life in new ways.

We destroy hateful **beliefs**, not hateful **people**. We tear down stinking thinking, not the institutions of governance, as the Republicans are doing. Their idea of **compliance** is for **Black** people only. Republicans are only looking at ways to defy compliance of the law.

In our gay pursuit, I'm going to reveal to you how outdated the lyrics of old songs are today. I'm going to imbue those lyrics with new meanings that'll revive their

relevance in today's world where no one is above the law. I'm going to rock you until you roll over, so we can get a look at another side of you.

Do I think this'll help you overcome your obsessive thoughts that are going round inside you like a **jingle** you can't forget? Do I think this'll help you overcome your compulsive feelings that look like a rainbow being whirled in a **blender**? Indeed, I do!

When you realize that this world is made of up of **land**, **sea** and **sky**, you'll be ready to equate the **lyrics** of these songs to land; the **melody** to the sea; and the **rhythm** to thin air. That's all there is around us. That's all there is to making music. It's all done with magic. And it's with this magic that I'm going to show you how to heal.

If you're not completely satisfied with the results, you were warned from the start that I'm crazy. If you'd like a refund on your misery, you can have it all back. Why would I withhold that from you?

Inside, you probably already agree with me that musicians are magicians, so it's a little late to claim that writers aren't righters. Whether you like it or not, "You're stuck like a dope with a thing called hope, and you can't get it out of your head." You're a "Cockeyed Optimist". [Richard Rogers and Oscar Hammerstein] Just admit it.

The land around us corresponds to our thoughts. We're grounded in science and fact.

The seas around us correspond to our feelings. We're swimming through our feelings, diving down into the scariest of them and drowning in those feelings we can't stand.

And the air, as blighted as it is in this day and age, corresponds to our beliefs. There are no facts to prove the existence of God. God Is like thin air. And yet, what else do we have to believe in? We breathe air. How long can we live without it?

I'm going to focus on feelings in this book. I'm not going to try to change your thinking or try to transcend what you believe. I'm just going to transform your feelings with a new interpretation of the music that was popular in the 20th Century.

If you'd like to listen to these songs before you read about my reinterpretation of their lyrics, I encourage you to do so by looking them up on the internet. Enjoying the melody and rhythms produced by these amazing artists will enhance your appreciation of the creativity and intent of the lyrics they added to their tunes.

You decide how you want to challenge your conscience to further transform it into a soul. It is, after all, your destiny you're moving toward, not mine.

You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog

Sung by

Elvis Presley

Composed by

Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

1956

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog;
cryin' all the time.

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog;
cryin' all the time

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit
and you ain't no friend of mine.

Well, they said you was high-classed.
Well, that was just a lie.

Yeah, they said you was high-classed.
Well, that was just a lie.

Yeah, you ain't never caught a rabbit
and you ain't no friend of mine.

The literal interpretation of this song is that men are **dogs** and women are **rabbits**. A high-class man doesn't behave like a dog, and he doesn't hunt women like small game.

Although baby rabbits are referred to as kittens, most people call them bunnies. Hugh Hefner popularized Playboy bunnies in the 1960's, but the concept of women walking around with ears and a tail would fall flat on its face today.

So, although this song may have made some sense in the 1950's as a way to catch bunnies (women who are open to having a lot of sex), it's insulting from every point of view, not just a gay perspective. No grown man dreams of catching rodents to copulate with.

I've chosen this song to begin with because it demonstrates what pure paranoia looks like. Remember, I'm a paranoid-schizophrenic. Observing what I think, feel and believe should be done using your critical thinking skills.

What some men and women might dream of catching instead of a **rabbit** is a **rabbi**. A rabbi, not a rabbit, might be looked upon as a desirable prize, in the way that a doctor might be seen as desirable marriage material from a conventional point of view.

But this is such a departure from what a normal imagination might conclude when analyzing a song like this that you should conclude that everyone uses language differently. Other people's linguistic conclusions may be quite unorthodox.

If you'd like to meet a guy or gal in the hopes of making your dreams come true, you might like to become more like a rabbi than a rabbit or more like a **surgeon** than a **sturgeon**.

Everyone's relationship to words changes over time. This is easy to see generationally, but it's happening slowly day-by-day regardless of where you're coming from.

Achieving linguistic power over yourself that you didn't have before requires being able to perceive figurative speech, which includes metaphors, symbols, similes and puns. Language affects your relationship to yourself in ways you may not have been previously aware of.

Making yourself attractive to orthodox-Jews (rabbis) may not exactly be your agenda. I'm not trying to make you so Jewish inside that some, handsome, young, orthodox-Jew from Brooklyn or Jerusalem would want to invite you in under his tallit (prayer shawl) to offer you a look at what he's got under that linen cloak of his...

I happen to think it would be more useful to become as wise as a rabbi and as deft as a surgeon by looking at **yourself** with an open mind. Beneath the cloak of assumptions you've wrapped yourself in lies the real you.

You'll notice that many of the composers and lyricists of the songs in this book are Jewish. Jewish influence on

American culture is undeniable. There was resistance to this in the past, and there still may be some resistance to it today.

Despite the fact that I'm a paranoid-schizophrenic, I'm still a Jew. And we, Jews, have been adapting to changes in society for 3,400 years. It's unlikely we're going to make the kinds of mistakes today that our ancestors and forefathers made four times in the past when we ended up slaves in ancient Egypt, Babylon, Rome and more recently in Germany. We've learned many a lesson since then.

Most Americans, whether they vote Democratic or Republican, don't want to defy Jewish wisdom because it's based on experience out in the real world, not just from our scripture. Anyone can quote Torah. Christian Republicans do it all the time. Living Torah as Moses and Jesus did is quite another matter.

If you choose not to seek a romantic relationship with an orthodox-Jew, that's your business.

But why wouldn't you want to become as **wise** as a rabbi, as **heartfelt** as a priest and as **loyal** to God as an imam?

These religious stereotypes include assumptions of goodness worth talking about and even pursuing, unless the reputation of a particular, hyper-religious leader has become so damaged by foolish speech, hateful actions and a disloyalty to God so great that they shouldn't be allowed to preach.

"You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog" came out in 1956, just ten years after America liberated the Jews from concentration camps in Europe.

Catching **rabbis** was the work of Nazis. Catching **rabbis** had nothing to do with the kind of hound dogs the Europeans saw the Americans as in cleaning up the mess Europe had made for itself.

The end of the Second World War brought American culture to Europe in a more spiritual way. Jewish immigration to America after the War took Jewish ideas

back to Europe packaged in a new container: American art, music and dance.

I'm the child of Holocaust survivors who came to this country to embrace the American dream. My mother had run from the Nazis in Germany. My father had been rounded up in Lithuania by German and Lithuanian Nazis and sent to Dachau Concentration camp just outside Munich, Germany. They met in Munich two months after the War.

After the American "hound dogs" stopped the Nazis from rounding up and killing rabbis and their bunnies (children), Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller (both Jews) wrote this song in L.A. appropriating Southern culture to make their point about life in America then.

The fact that Elvis Presley shaped the song with sexual innuendo doesn't mar the fact that the lyrics can be explored for a meaning today that surely would have been unconscious and unintended by those two Jewish songwriters who'd lived through the War.

"Catching rabbis" wasn't appropriate language then, and it isn't appropriate today. And yet, we can see how priests have had to be caught and punished since for pedophilia, and how hard that was to accomplish because the Catholic church tried to hide their guilt rather than repent for it. Today, many have become cynically aware of the intentions of hyper-religious leaders of all faiths.

That said, the United Nations is always trying to catch Israel and make her pay in a way that I think are hateful and unfair.

We've now seen how the Republicans are using some orthodox-Jewish lawyers and influential Jewish allies to advance their reign of terror in politics.

We also seen how universities and extreme left-leaning Democrats (many of whom are atheists) are advancing the cause of anti-Israelism thereby encouraging hyper-religious forms of Islam which are threatening the existence of Israel.

So, if I were God, I'd find it difficult to teach kindness, respect, compassion and love in a world such as this. If people don't hate you on the left for being Jewish, they'll hate you on the right for being gay-ish.

When I left this country in 1970 fresh out of high school to make my way out in the world, I discovered that people everywhere were looking for reason to hate me for being American if they didn't already hate me for being gay or Jewish.

Is it any wonder I ended up going crazy? It surely should be no surprise that I'm paranoid. I use facts to develop theories that seem plausible to me even if others find them completely outlandish.

As a young, American gay-Jew, life wasn't easy for me. Trying to be authentic is what drove me crazy. I became mentally and emotionally incompetent and needed to be involuntarily committed to mental institutions.

But society was as much to blame for it, as I was. The world is crazy. Why wouldn't I turn out crazy, too?

So, you can see why I now have strong opinions about the way people think and feel. This is what ultimately determines what they believe, which then causes many to act in unwisely.

Take for instance the time I went to an orthodox-rabbi's home to study with his congregants. This happened here in San Francisco about 25 years ago. The rabbi said something unkind about gay people using the standard, orthodox-Jewish interpretation of Leviticus 18 and 20 to do so.

So, I told everyone in the room that I'm gay. That got them all to scream at me to get out, while the rabbi looked on with a devilishly encouraging grin.

Naturally, I got up to go, but I wasn't going to leave without leaving them thinking. As I rose and gathered my things together, I quietly told them a story about a yeshiva

bocher (Jewish student of Torah) who went to a restaurant and saw another yeshiva bocher eating a cheeseburger. That immediately got their interest. They knew it's not kosher to mix meat and milk.

So, I continued. I told them that the yeshiva bocher went up to his friend and said, "Chaim, what are you doing? You know it's not kosher to eat a cheeseburger?"

Chaim turned to Moshe and said proudly, "It's a chicken cheeseburger?" So, Moshe shut up fast. He didn't know what to say. Mixing milk with poultry isn't a "crime".

By now, even their rabbi was listening.

Moshe went to his rabbi (And I put a strong emphasis on the word his, so they'd realize I was talking about another rabbi), and Moshe asked his rabbi if a chicken cheeseburger is kosher.

The room suddenly got quiet. Everyone was listening attentively. None of them could say whether a chicken cheeseburger is or isn't kosher.

I told them that Moshe's rabbi emphatically said, "No! A chicken cheeseburger is absolutely **not** kosher. If something doesn't **look** kosher..." As I said that, I pointed to the whole class. Then I looked straight at their rabbi, and I completed my sentence, "... **it's not kosher.**"

And with that, I got the hell out of there as fast as I could.

I'm not a hound dog who's crying all the time. I ain't never caught a rabbit, but I caught a rabbi and his whole congregation pointing fingers at me just because God Made me gay. **That's not kosher.**

Being gay isn't a lifestyle. I was made this way. Being hyper-religious is a **lifestyle**. They don't have to be hateful. That's a choice.

I may be American, but I'm a first-generation hound dog. I'm half German shepherd. (My mother was a German-Jew).

I ripped those orthodox-Jewish, hound dogs to pieces that day. I don't go after rabbits or bunnies. God Bred me like a German shepherd for another kind of hunt.

To this day I regret the \$10 I put in that rabbi's pishke (donation box). He owes me, big time!

But I'd never take his money. He'd have to pay me back by supporting the LGBT+ community everywhere on Earth for the rest of his life to repent for his hateful interpretation of Torah. As God Is my Witness, I'll be a witness for the prosecution in God's Courtroom. Paranoid-schizophrenic gay-Jews with a German background can quote scripture, too.

It's not an abomination to sleep with yourself as you would with a woman. Without acknowledging the **feminine** side of yourself, a part of you'll turn into a Nazi, whether you're Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. Even indigenists and atheists today know that much about themselves.

Every man (head) sleeps with a man (soul) as he would with a woman (heart). Every man has two masculine voices inside himself (his thoughts and beliefs). They need to learn how to accept the third feminine voice inside (their feelings).

Everyone should have learned from the first story in Genesis when Moses told us that out of every man (Adam) comes a woman (Eve). That woman is love. That woman lies inside you. Let her **out**.

Lovin' Potion Number Nine

Sung by

The Searchers

Composed by

Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

1964

I took my troubles down to Madame Ruth.
You know that gypsy with the gold-capped tooth.
She's got a pad down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine
selling little bottles of love potion number nine.

I told her that I was a flop with chicks.

I've been this way since 1956.

She looked at my palm and she made a magic sign.
She said, "What you need is love potion number nine"
She bent down and turned around and gave me a wink
She said, "I'm gonna make it up right here in the sink."

It smelled like turpentine, it looked like Indian ink

I held my nose. I closed my eyes. I took a drink.

I didn't know if it was day or night.

I started kissing everything in sight.

But when I kissed a cop down on Thirty-Fourth and Vine,
he broke my little bottle of love potion number nine.

Kissing a cop is a great idea if you want to promote the concept of love, not war.

But you'll want to make sure he knows you're more like a rabbi than a rabbit, so he doesn't turn around and break your bottle of love potion, spilling your contents on the pavement. He might get violent if he doesn't want you sharing your love with anyone else... So, I'd be careful if I were you.

Think of me as Madame Ruth, although I only have one **gold-capped tooth** (on a molar in the back of my mouth where no one can see it). I don't allow hateful idiots to repress my imagination.

I'm going to take you to places that'll make you blush. For someone as conventional as me, that gives me quite a rush.

A guy today who admits he's a "flop with **chics**" has to wonder how he'd do with **cocks** instead. Maybe he doesn't really want a gal. Maybe he's putting gals off because he's not really into them. Maybe he just assumes he's straight.

I happen to believe that a lot more men would be inclined to play on my team if they'd just let their hair down. I happen to think that living and loving women isn't for everyone (except lesbians).

If you have a bad opinion of men and you're a man, you may be gay. If you have a bad opinion of women and you're a man, you may be gay. Rejecting our father or mother is often, but not always, related to our sexual impulse.

The rightwing wants to **convert**. Personally, I'd rather **recruit**. Like pork for rabbis and vaginal sex for priests, don't knock cock until you've tried it. If you decide you don't like pork, pussy or penis, at least you'll have had personal experience to help you make up your mind.

Some men are seeking a love that dare not speak its name. That may be the love of someone of their own gender.

Some are seeking God's Love.

But how could God Possibly Be only male if He Created females? Men are so different from women. Surely God Is both.

Some people are looking for a love that can't be reduced to a single word that defines love for everyone.

So, what could "**love potion** number nine" be if we exclude everything supernatural and superstitious from our interpretation of it? Could it be a **truth serum**? Perhaps a hard look at the truth is what this song (also by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller) suggests.

When you start "kissing everything in sight," it's not the liquid spirit you've imbibed that's making you do it. It's the

release of inhibitions that were keeping you from doing it before.

Kissing a cop was probably the greatest of inhibitions in 1964 since it entailed breaking the law. To show your true feelings to a policeman then would have been the equivalent today of telling someone that you love them on your first date. It exposes your deepest feelings without concern for the consequences.

It's outlaw-ish. It may be rash. It may be reckless, even foolish.

But expressing what's in your heart rather than what's on your mind is deeply real on a whole other level of reality.

Giving in to the feelings in your heart is always going to create a struggle with your head unless you've got alcohol, drugs or mental illness to loosen the restraints within you.

What Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller are suggesting is that the unconscious is always going to threaten the conscious mind with urges and impulses that are going against everything we were taught about behaving prudently.

If the Europeans finally got the message that catching **rabbis** (Jews) goes against everything God Wants and civilized human beings ought to seek, then delving into the unconscious further to explore kissing a **law enforcement officer** who's out on his beat doing his job is an even more out-there exploration of forbidden fruit.

Eve may be a symbol of the heart of man, and the concept of Adam might be all in our head. Feelings might make our mind agree to do things that we wouldn't have entertained before.

But none of that can happen without the input of our serpent (urges). And you now know that that serpent is hanging down from the trunk of your tree.

As we all know, when our serpent talks, it's very hard for us to just listen but not do what it says.

If these two songwriters were two Jewish serpents figuratively entwined to make music that would capture the hearts of Americans in the 50's and 60's, then it behooves us to consider the power of their songs with the added perspective of more than half a century to analyze their good intentions in a new light.

I don't think I would have seen the mystery in this song if I weren't gay. I've never been a flop with chicks. I've been a flop with cocks. And that emotional perspective based on self-disappointment has made all the difference in me seeking my idea of true love.

Only You (and You alone)

Sung by

The Platters

Composed by

Ande Rand and Buck Ram

1966

Only You can make all this world seem right.

Only You can make the darkness bright.

Only You and You alone Can Thrill me like You Do,
and Fill my heart with love for only You.

Oh, only You Can Make all this change in me.

For it's true, You Are my destiny.

When You Hold my hand I understand
the magic that You Do.

You'Re my dream come true, my One and only You.

If you didn't interpret this song as a prayer, you missed its original meaning.

But I still say that the only one who can make your dreams come true is **you**. If your Prince Charming comes along, he's just going to be a witness to the magic that you do with you for yourself. What you do for others is merely a reflection of your relationship with yourself. **You're** your dream come true, your one and only.

You've got to learn to **like** yourself before you can come to **love** yourself. You've got to learn to like others before you can discover that you love everyone.

Movie makers know this and use very good-looking actors to keep you involved in their stories. They want you to love their characters even if they're unlikable.

If you're not attracted to yourself, liking and loving yourself can be quite a challenge. If you're not your type, then you're going to have to learn to become your type.

If you've already concluded that you're not your type, that might only be because you're too humble to admit it. Perhaps you just can't yet imagine that you could be that attracted to **yourself**. You can't yet believe you could develop feelings that intimate and tender for you.

When you look back on your life from your deathbed, you're going to want to see evidence that you made a positive difference in the world. Nothing else will give you hope as you let go of your grasp on life.

But evidence of your virtues must be sought on a daily basis, not just once at the end. If you don't achieve self-intimacy long before you exit the biological machine you've been in all your life, your relationship within yourself with yourself is going to be meaningless.

If you aren't singing "only you" to yourself every day, you're surely not singing inside at all. You're just humming along like a lawn mower chewing up grass. You aren't looking at your spiritual operating system as a means to a glorious end.

Finding the pride to appreciate your humility isn't easy. It was definitely a struggle for me. I had to explore **gay pride** before I could declare to myself that I'm a **beautiful**, American gay-Jew and human being. I had to see the ways in which I held other men as mirrors of the ways in which I held myself. I had to see the Prince Charming in me to believe that there's a Prince Charming in every man worth believing in.

The great obstacle in doing this was the feeling of **disappointment**. It made me blue when I thought about how disconnected I was from my father. It made me blue when I thought about how disconnected most people are from themselves. I didn't believe I could achieve a self-intimacy that was any greater than I saw around me.

But my destiny lies in **my** hands, not the hands of others. My destiny lies in my **soul**, not my head or heart. My thoughts and feelings both have a tendency to betray me. But my beliefs are constant. Deep down inside, I know I'm a good person.

My loyalty to myself is greater than my ability to achieve wisdom or love. My soul connects me to God. My head and heart are free to do as they please.

The word "**destination**" comes from the word "**destiny**". My final destination depends on what I do with the time I've got being here now with myself. My final destination doesn't have anything to do with any one name for God.

The name my parents used for God was a reflection of the limitations of their ability to believe at all. I didn't want to be hindered in their ways. I wanted to be able to use all the world's scriptures to formulate my concept of God and use it as a belief system I created for myself.

My destiny now depends on how I sing to myself to instill courage in me. That's what develops my pride. It takes courage to love myself. It takes courage to believe in myself.

Just mouthing other people's words takes no courage. Just becoming a copy machine that produces facsimiles of other people's conclusions doesn't give me the kind of intimacy with myself that I'm seeking.

I was overly **shamed** by my parents; school; the society I kept; and by my country. None of them treated me with the kid gloves I needed to create a loving relationship with the world from the inside out.

Singing "only you" to myself rather than to another man or to God is the height of **edginess** and **chutzpah**. It's psychologically profound. It's even sociologically meaningful because it disengages me from the world in order

to reconnect me to reconcile with my love for me in a whole other way.

Only “you” is a love song to **me**. How can love songs for **others** emanate out from within with honesty, sincerity and authenticity if we can proclaim that all love songs are songs of love for ourself that we then apply to others?

Singing this song as a love song to myself turns the pronoun “you” into the most profoundly intimate of all possible relationships within myself. This was the pronoun in me that I’d been missing.

Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher, spoke about the **I/Thou** relationship of man to God.

But this 1966 song reinterpreted as a love song to oneself is greater than any **I/You** relationship with God. It creates the **I/you** relationship within oneself that’s necessary in order to then be able to pray to God with sincere intimacy and candor.

Without the I/you relationship firmly in place, the I/You relationship quickly falls apart as hypocritical, manipulative and corrupt.

Who does anyone think s/he is to approach our Creator at all? By what stretch of our imagination do we think that our opinion of Him matters to Him? Why would we anticipate that we have any standing with God if we don’t even have enough standing to fully stand by **our** man: ourself?

The I/you relationship I have with myself gives me the moral authority to stand before God as His Creation. It states that my understanding of my relationship to myself is parallel to God’s Relationship to Himself. As such, I have questions and comments about how to magnify and improve that relationship in me to include Him.

I’ve never been me before in my life, while God Has Been Himself forever. Therefore, I feel that my questions on how I can become a greater rendition of myself should be

relevant to Him. What greater, more personal, more private and more urgent communication can I have with my Maker than about this topic? How can I even claim to serve Him if I can't fully serve me in being myself?

For this reason, I've included this seemingly romantic 1950's love song sung by a man to a woman in with this book. In the world of today, this song is hardly **inter**-gender. It's **intra**-gender.

When I sing "Only You," I know that I'm using the second person plural. I'm singing to God, the He and She Who Created humanity. I'm singing to Them.

This is the mystery of the Trinity that Christians, for some reason, haven't been able to explain to my satisfaction. There's only One God. **He Is They.**

So, Let's Rock

Sung by

Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys

Composed by

Bob Wills

1956

When I was a baby momma rocked me in my cradle.
She rolled me in my buggy whether it was hot or cold.
I've been rocking and rolling for a long, long time,
and I still love to rock and roll.
So let's rock. Well, let's roll.
Yeah, let's rock. Yeah, let's roll.
I've been rocking and rolling for a long, long time,
and I still love to rock and roll.
Used to have a baby, and Corina was her name.
The way I loved Corina, it was just a sin and shame.
Since Corina's been gone though it's been so long.
I never rocked and rolled quite the same.
Now I love my music like a miser loves his gold.
Gotta have my music. Gotta have it new or old.
And I jump when I'm swinging with a 2/4 beat,
but I holler when they rock and roll.
So, let's rock, rock, rock everybody...

“Let's roll, roll along little doggie” is a comparison of a **man** to a **dog**. It's a common simile because men have such strong libidos.

But it's become more socially acceptable to compare **women** to **dogs** for the same reason, even though the taboo on women exercising their libidos is still very strongly in place. That's why we don't use the word “**bitch**” anymore.

What I'd like to do with this simile is to stretch it even further.

In my relationship with Will, I see us both as dogs from an **emotional**, not just a **sexual** point of view. So, I'd like to look at us as dogs from the **heart**, not just from the **crotch**.

From the crotch, there's a certain amount of **sadism** and **masochism** in our relationship. Giving and receiving pleasure moves us close to the realm of pain, although we aren't interested in crossing that line.

But from the heart, giving and receiving includes a **dominance** and **submissiveness** that I compare to a dog owner with his pet.

I see Will as needing to be emotionally petted when he feels threatened and upset. And I see me as needing to pet him when I feel threatened and upset. In this way, I see myself as like a dog owner and him as like my therapy dog.

But the opposite is also interesting. When I get unruly, hyper, grumpy or insufferable, he literally commands me to go to my room (albeit in a joking fashion). In this way, he treats me like a dog owner with his pet. I separate from him at those times because I realize I've becoming annoying and need a time out.

I see these interpersonal dynamics as creative and healthy. I see them as supportive of our quixotic relationship. We're both emotionally like dogs in our own way, and we're both emotionally like men who are owners of a dog.

I can speak about our family dynamics without shame. This is possible because our interactions are based on loyalty, reassurance, compassion, amusement and helpful intent, something that can also be seen in dog owners with their dogs.

When Bob Wills goes on to say, "Now I love my music like a miser loves his gold," he's referred to music as a form of **currency**. Music is powerful the way money makes you feel powerful.

Music that's been sexualized can also be psychologically powerful. Music can even be spiritually powerful. Music can

move from the groin up to the heart into the soul. Music can bypass the head completely.

Music is something we can learn how to appreciate in new ways if we want a supportive relationship with another person that'll serve as a means of strengthening our relationship within ourself over our lifetime.

Just listening to a song from the 1950's to romanticize how life might have been simpler then is of no use to us now. We need to go back to our parents' and grandparents' generation to update their interpretations of life, not try to repeat it.

Bye, Bye Johnny
Sung and Composed by
Chuck Berry
1960

She drew out all her money out of the Southern Trust,
and put her little boy aboard a Greyhound bus,
leaving Louisiana for the Golden West.
Down came the tears from her happiness.
Her own little son named Johnny B. Goode
was gonna make some motion pictures out in Hollywood.
Bye, bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye, bye, bye
Bye, bye Johnny.
Goodbye Johnny B. Goode.
She remembered taking money out from gathering crop,
and buying Johnny's guitar at a broker shop.
As long as he would play it by the railroad side
and wouldn't get in trouble, he was satisfied.
But never thought that there would come a day like this
when she would have to give her son a goodbye kiss.
Going, bye, bye, bye, bye...
She finally got the letter she was dreaming of.
Johnny wrote and told 'er he had fell in love.
As soon as he was married, he would bring her back,
and build a mansion for 'em by the railroad track.
So every time they heard the locomotive roar,
they'd be a' standin', a' wavin' in the kitchen door.
Howling, bye, bye, bye, bye...

This early 1960's song plays upon the heartstrings of any boy who left his mother to go out into the big, wide world. It speaks to the need for material success to pay back the ones we loved, as well as to pay it forward to future generations who'll be going through similar challenges down the line.

I'd like to focus on the imagery of Johnny going back where he came from to build a mansion by the railroad track, so he and his wife can listen to the roar of the locomotive passing by while standing by their kitchen door waving it on.

This isn't anyone's idea today of making it big.

But we can take this image and reuse it in a contemporary way to enlighten us to what we're doing nowadays that's so much deeper than what Chuck Berry could envision in the early 60's as an American dream made manifest.

We have the expression, a **"train-of-thought"**. By my definition, every train-of-thought runs on a **track of feelings**. We have many tracks of feelings that carry our trains-of-thought across the landscape of our mind to stations called **conclusions**. Our final destination is unknown.

These conclusions are stations where we get on and off our trains-of-thought to develop our beliefs. Using our thoughts and feelings to come to new beliefs is like traveling America by train.

In that sense, in our youth, we were hobos who jumped aboard other people's trains-of-thought without paying our fair share.

Looking back, we can see that we paid for this kind of travel through life with a loss of innocence. With less innocence, we became less naïve. Experience became our teacher. Our mind developed into who we are today.

But, over time, we became cynical. We didn't question what we knew or what we'd paid for it. Therefore, we didn't learn to always give back with remorse for what we'd gained for free. Sometimes anger and resentment takes over, instead.

Now we can follow extended metaphors because we have knowledge of the external world as well as enough self-knowledge to do so candidly. This is how I define wisdom, so different from data, information, knowledge, statistics, facts and figures.

Every destination of a train-of-thoughts ends up somewhere in our conscience where we believe what we believe based on what we thought, and how that thought moved across our emotional tracks to get us to the destination we're holding in our soul that give us the belief deep down inside that our life is meaningful.

By further extension of this metaphor, every train-of-thought is made up of many cars. Each car holds a separate idea. And it's the combination of all these boxcars full of ideas pulled by the mighty locomotive of **determination** that give us the thoughts that go through our mind.

Therefore, our mind can be compared to our nation with Chicago as the hub, where trains from the outskirts of America move out across tracks throughout the land that converge at the center of our country.

This analysis of a single image in this song turns the image into a metaphor that can be extended to create a vision of a world that Chuck Berry certainly couldn't describe when he composed this song.

But by analyzing his lyrics today, we can achieve a depth of understanding of Berry's intentions to produce a spiritual response that aligns with his, but which is stated more clearly than just as a single image sketched out in a few words in a song.



The comparison of man's mind to hub-and-spokes of trains-of-thought moving in and out of a central location can even be taken off the page where it appears as a two-dimensional illustration to be regarded in the three-dimensional form as a **spiral staircase**.

The center column of the staircase is equivalent to Chicago in the hub-and-spoke model. The steps of the staircase correspond to the spokes of the wheel.

But instead of us traveling across a flat surface like a train, we're now moving independently up and down a 3D surface.

This associates the American dream with a spiral staircase to Heaven or Hell. It makes American exceptionalism a goal that every nation can choose to copy.

In this 3D rendition of thoughts, feelings and beliefs, the up direction refers to intentions that move us in a positive (good) direction. And down stands for intentions that move us in a negative (evil) direction.

This makes it possible for a good thinker with a well-developed imagination to move up  and down  to describe pain and pleasure; good and evil; right and wrong; and better and worse.



The hub-and-spokes model of morality with Chicago at the center is like a two-dimensional map.

But the spiral staircase model provides a more realistic view of intention in terms of the scriptural model where God and goodness lies above the clouds and evil lies below ground where fire comes out of the earth.

This makes morality a three-dimensional experience we can discover in both our worlds. This connects thought to action with moral regard before God.

I see the movement up as the direction the Democratic Party is moving in. I see the movement down as the direction the Republican Party is moving in.

We don't usually imagine our thoughts (intentions) moving up and down in a spiral fashion. We usually think of thoughts taking us in a circular fashion, especially when we're obsessed with an idea that gives us great concern and consternation. Then we imagine the thought process as going around and around repetitively without getting anywhere.

But when we use the metaphor of up as good and down as evil, we engage with our thoughts as taking us in morally successful  or failed  ways.

When we consider the development of our conscience as a tool of the imagination that gives us the strength to shape our thoughts metaphorically, symbolically and analytically (through simile), we're able to visualize morality as movement. We're able to become a nonjudgmental witness to our spiritual operating system. Then we can question whether our thinking is taking us up and UP and **UP**.

What we want (–) in the way of fame, fortune and prestige to promote ourself brings us down the spiral staircase. What we desire (+) for the sake of the world brings us up this staircase.

In the vertical, spiral staircase model, we calculate what we wish to achieve by exploring the strength of each step we're on and by testing the strength of each step we move onto.

The **journey-of-life** metaphor with a beginning and end puts money, property and prestige into the back seat and the wellbeing of the world in the passenger seat. Viewing our passage through life horizontally as a journey puts us in the driver's seat with the responsibility of getting us to our destination without guilt or fear of where we'll be stopping next along the way.

Whether we're going up or down the spiral staircase or from beginning to end in the vehicle-on-a-journey model is the job of our unconscious to decide.

But our unconscious mind isn't literally in the picture. Our conscience is our inner eye that must interpret the pictures our unconscious mind creates.

Unless we think about what we think about, we aren't going to question the moral validity of what we're doing in terms of goals that'll advance all of humanity.

To advance all of humanity, you have to believe that you're an important part of humanity. You have to see yourself as a cog in a wheel, a machine engaging with other

machines. You have to see yourself as part of a big picture that's being Created with Intelligence.

Denying the role you play in the bigger scheme of things because you don't identify as a cog in a wheel is dafka (**defiant**). God Doesn't Need To Ask your permission To Use you.

Denying the role you play because you're not consciously aware of it is **ignorant**. Ignorance is no excuse for anything.

Denying the role you play because you've got feelings is **intolerant**. You're a cog with feelings. Get used to it.

You ought to consider the possibility that you're not an accident of the universe. You were Created to contribute to the unfolding of the mystery of mankind. Your presence is **needed**, but not **required**.

Unfortunately, most people look at their nature as serendipitous. They see it as having been shaped by chance. They don't see the Intelligence behind everything.

If they see their own nature as haphazard, they're going to look at Mother nature the same way. That's how we got ourselves into the mess we're in with global warming.

If someone without a spiritually developed imagination took a walk in a forest and came across a watch on the ground, s/he'd have to conclude that that watch came together by chance. S/he wouldn't see the intelligence behind its creation.

The creations of man require intelligence. The creations of nature do, too.

We separate ourself from this cosmic connection to everything with obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings that lead to erroneous conclusions about the meaninglessness of it all. This is why O.C.D. is a spiritual malaise that needs to be questioned for its spiritual purpose.

I chose to go into detail about trains-of-thought because the main character in this song is, "Johnny B. **Good**". The

name of the young man is a nudge to the listener to question his own moral authority through memories of where he began; what he desired (+) to have happen; and how things turned out thereafter. The song reinforces the belief that the more good you yearn to achieve for everyone, the more your life will turn out for the best.

The imagery of Johnny buying his mom and wife a house by the railroad track, where they can hear the sound of the locomotive roaring past, is a deeply imbedded image of the “train-of-thought” metaphor underlying the importance of bettering ourself through mindfulness motivated by love.

The more we explore mental imagery for metaphor, the more we can improve our imagination with symbolism, similes and other forms of figurative speech. The more powerfully we understand our thoughts and feelings, the more our beliefs will unify our actions with goodwill for all.

If there’s anything lacking in today’s world, it’s imagination. People are deeply frustrated, cynical, bitter and stuck in old, familiar ways. The only thing that’s going to change that is an improved imagination.

But that can only happen by becoming more at ease with figurative speech.

The last thing Republicans want is for us to become more powerful. They’d outlaw using our imagination, not just our genitals, if they could. Since they can’t, they put enormous pressure on us to fit in to their narrow view of what we must look like, sound like and how we must behave.

They do that by insisting on using Jesus as the one name for God that’s permitted. They discourage Jews and Muslims from being considered equal members of American society. Republicans think that makes them masters of morality and moral decision makers for us all.

Don’t let Republicans inhibit the gorilla within you. That gorilla is yours to befriend and train any way you like so long

as you don't hurt others, or yourself. Don't let them use religious mind-control to intimidate you. There are many names for God. The more you explore the six other paths to God in addition to Christianity, the more miraculously your life will unfold.

Duncan

Composed and sung by

Paul Simon

1972

Couple in the next room bound to win a prize.
They've been going at it all night long.
Well, I'm trying to get some sleep
But these motel walls are cheap.
Lincoln Duncan is my name and here's my song.
Here's my song.
My father was a fisherman.
My mama was a fisherman's friend.
And I was born in the boredom and a chowder.
So when I reached my prime,
I left my home in the maritime;
headed down the turnpike for New England,
sweet New England.
Holes in my confidence,
holes in the knees of my jeans,
I was left without a penny in my pocket.
Ooo-Wee I was about destitute as a kid could be.
And I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it.
I'd like to hock it.
A young girl in a parking lot
was preaching to a crowd,
singing sacred songs and reading from the Bible.
Well, I told her I was lost,
and she told me all about the Pentecost.
And I seen that girl as the road to my survival.
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know
Just later on the very same night
when I crept to her tent with a flashlight,
and my long years of innocence ended.
Well, she took me to the woods,
saying here comes something and it feels so good.

And just like a dog I was befriended.
I was befriended.
Oh, oh, what a night, oh what a garden of delight.
Even now that sweet memory lingers.
I was playing my guitar,
lying underneath the stars,
just thanking the Lord for my fingers,
for my fingers.
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know

This song from the 1970's explores the question whether believing in God is a good idea to strive for at all. It, too, begins by reminiscing about the past, something young and old like to do in their free time.

Going back to our past with the wisdom, love and loyalty to life we have today casts our past in a different light. It illuminates our prior experiences with new meaning we couldn't see at the time.

The singer describes his youthful provincialism, poverty, naiveté and lack of confidence. The ring he wished he had so he could hock it is the ring of self-marriage, a devotion and intimacy with himself that he would have sold had he had it in his possession at the time. That's how naïve and foolish we are in our youth.

I was just the same at his age.

I identify with Lincoln Duncan. It's not just knowing his name that endears me to him but how much I identify with his folly. I can now feel sorry for him. At the time this song came out, I couldn't evoke such empathy.

Unlike me, Lincoln got mixed up with a crowd of "true" believers who offered him a sense of salvation he couldn't find elsewhere. The gal who did the preaching seduced him, and through sex with her, Lincoln found a feeling some would call "love". He described it as a "garden of delight".

He describes the way she held him as like an owner with a dog. He "felt **befriended**," in a way that was unequal, yet

satisfying. The singer doesn't seem to see how he was being religiously manipulated with sex.

The irony of the outcome is that despite the manipulative intentions of the preacher gal to join her church, the young man comes away from his experience with her by thanking God for his fingers.

So, his relationship to himself and God was strengthened through his encounter with this Christian proselytizer, albeit despite anything she did to improve his relationship with his Creator.

In a sense, the preacher used sex to draw Lincoln toward a deeper appreciation of himself. He was introduced to the garden of delights (physical lovemaking).

Thanking God for our fingers is only one of many ways that we come to appreciate the vehicle we've been Given for this journey we're on.

Another clue to the power of the words in this song is the title "Duncan".

Using our imagination to recount the baptism of early Christians or of Catholics today, the concept of "**dunking**" is an obvious and essential rite in Christianity. The singer has entitled his song after baptism, the religious rite of initiation into God consciousness.

Baptism is a submerging of the body into a medium that brings Christians down into a whole other world beneath the world of land and sky we're all familiar with. Baptism (faith in the God within) draws them into their heart. It teaches them to see their emotions as aspect of their spiritual operating system that they need in order to come to love God, as well as know Him.

Therefore, the process of **salvation** for Lincoln (Republican) Duncan (dunking) isn't in reading from the Bible or from having sex with his preacher.

I believe Paul Simon's baptism into his own faith (the garden of his delights) may have been the result of a personal encounter within himself that led him to a meaningful experience that enhanced his purpose on Earth as a musician and spiritual magician. Isn't that the revelation of every musician with his or her fingers?

Music connects the process of believing with that of thinking and feeling. It elucidates the importance of our wants (–) and desires (+) in achieving our most righteous beliefs through every song we sing.

What good is having a heart if you don't use it to love with? Just tapping out the rhythm of a biological pump coursing blood through your system isn't enough. A world without love would be amiss.

In the Jungle the Mighty Jungle

Sung by

The Tokens

Composed by

Luigi Creatore, Hugo Peretti and George David Weiss

1961

In the jungle, the mighty jungle,
the lion sleeps tonight.

In the jungle, the quiet jungle
the lion sleeps tonight.

Near the village, the peaceful village,
the lion sleeps tonight.

Near the village, the quiet village,
the lion sleeps tonight.

Hush my darling, don't fear my darling,
the lion sleeps tonight.

Hush my darling, don't fear my darling,
the lion sleeps tonight.

The jungle in this song is the **urban jungle**.

The civilized world looked like an urban jungle in the early 1960's, even long before we'd decimated so much of the jungles and rainforests of the world.

This song was sung to urbanites and suburbanites then, not to Africans in the bush or native South Americans in the Amazon. And it's intended for the same people today.

The "peaceful village" isn't a literal village. It's the small piece of the urban jungle each of us inhabits. It's our home, school, job, friends and the extended family we call "our world".

This song comes across as a lullaby, asking us to hush and not be afraid. It suggests that if the lion is sleeping, we can sleep in peace. There's no need to fear the lion if "the lion sleeps tonight."

So, the image that needs to be analyzed is the **lion**. Who or what is the lion in the jungle? How does it differentiate from the gorilla within ya?

Is the lion external or internal? Is it a person, a governing body, an institution or a way of life?

All animals are evolved renditions of the serpent in the Creation Story, the original symbol of an animal we all instinctively fear. The lion is merely a more contemporary symbol for the instrument of our urges; the wants (–) and desires (+) in us all.

The **lion** is no different than every organ grinder's **gorilla** or cross-eyed **bear** (the title of my next book), except that the lion is known as the **king** of the jungle.

Luigi Creatore, Hugo Peretti and George David Weiss have expressly avoided telling us this. The only clue given to the identity of the lion is that the jungle where the lion lives is both **mighty** and **quiet**.

This suggests that the lion is also mighty and quiet; you might even say, **stealthy**.

Moving in a stealthy fashion is hardly considered good. Moving stealthily is associated with the hunting practices of big and small cats alike.

If there's any hope of saving the planet, it's going to be necessary for peaceful villagers in peaceful villages around the globe to unite against the lion, the inner beast that threatens us all.

Ideally, we'd try to unite the virtues of villagers around the world to defeat the instinctive power within us to hunt and kill ourselves to extinction. We'd destroy the urban jungles and replace them with peaceful villages where lions wouldn't be allowed to roam autonomously.

Every nation is like a pride of lions. Every nation moves stealthily to get its own needs met.

But if America doesn't remain the pride that protects the world from totalitarianism, autonomy and religious fanaticism, what horrors will our children and grandchildren have to face?

What this song reveals today is that there's a jungle within us all. And although the cooperative villagers (inner voices) have domesticated some of the animals in that inner jungle, there's a lot of jungle around us within us where there are many wild and dangerous creatures, not just lions.

Killing **big game** in Africa is a futile and despicable way of solving the problems of the animals within us. If we don't manage our inner nature, Mother nature will surely destroy us.

The civilizing process is turning us from many distinct animals into a mother who's in charge of our inner nature. That makes us stewards of our inner Earth.

In the general sense, Mother nature then becomes a mirror of man's nature. And the wisdom by which we **steward** the planet will be reflected in the way in which we steward our inner jungle by coming to understand the needs of all our **animal instincts**.

If ever there was a way for us to close our eyes at night and sleep peacefully, this, I believe, is the philosophy by which to do so.

You Better Shop Around

Sung by

The Miracles

Composed by

Barry Gordy Jr and William Robinson Jr.

1960

When I became of age my mother called me to her side.

She said, son, you're growing up now.

Pretty soon you'll take a bride.

And then she said,

"Just because you've become a young man now,
there's still some things that you don't understand now.

Before you ask some girl for her hand now,

keep your freedom for as long as you can now."

My mama told me, "You better shop around." (shop, shop)

Oh yeah, you better shop around. (shop, shop around)

"Ah, there's some things that I want you to know now,
just as sure as the winds gonna blow now.

The women come and the women gonna go now.

Before you tell 'em that you love em so now."

My mama told me, "You better shop around." (shop, shop)

Oh yeah, you better shop around. (shop, shop around)

"Try to get yourself a bargain son.

Don't be sold on the very first one.

Pretty girls come a dime a dozen.

Try to find one who's gonna give you true lovin'.

Before you take a girl and say, 'I do,' now,
make sure she's in love with-a you now."

My mama told me, "You better shop around."

"Make sure that her love is true now.

I hate to see you feelin' sad and blue now."

My mama told me, "You better shop around." (shop, shop)

"Don't let the first one get you.

Oh no 'cause I don't want to see her with you.

Uh huh, before you let her hold you tight,

ah yeah make sure she's alright.
Before you let her take your hand my son,
understand my son, be a man my son.
I know you can my son, I love you." (ah shop around)

In the "village" of the previous song, there was a lion preying on the unsuspecting. There are no lions stealthily hunting in this song.

In this song, unmarried women are inferred to be like domesticated **housecats** who try to catch and then play with men as though they were **mice**. In that sense, women are associated with **felines**, and men as the **vermin** they hunt.

The previous song used the image of a lion in a jungle as a predator. This song uses the image of women as predators. So, you can see that a concept like hunting isn't limited to only a single symbol.

The simile of women as like **carnivores** and men as like **prey** has been so deeply instilled in the minds of men throughout the ages that there's a pushback from men nowadays against lesbians and outspoken straight women who may not view men as "catches" at all. Lesbians and outspoken women disrupt men's image of women as manipulative, deceptive and duplicitous.

Yet this song was written by two men who quote their mothers as warning them about women when it comes to love. That seems deceptive to me from a 21st Century view of a mid-20th Century song.

Mansplaining wasn't a word invented until the 21st Century.

But you can see it in this song as male lyricists claim to know how mothers feel about future daughters-in-law and how men should be wary of all strange women.

These lyrics reveal how men played on the minds of men in those days to see themselves as victims of women. No one could get away writing a song like this today.

The title (“You’d Better Shop Around”) associates romance with **consumerism**. It suggests that men should put a monetary value on women to procure the best **deal** they can get. It suggests that no woman is a real **catch** in her own right. She’s either a **bargain** whose price has been slashed for some unknown reason, or she’s a **rip-off**.

By today’s more charitable standards, the underlying message of this song suggests that **trust** is a difficult virtue to achieve when you’re young. Lack of experience, a strong sexual urge and a tendency to act out of defiance come together to create bad matches that lead to unsuccessful marriages that end in disappointment, divorce and damaged children who have to figure out for themselves what possible virtues can be gleaned from romantic relationships and having a family.

Is it any wonder that promiscuity is rampant? Who would want to try to find a mate in a **marketplace** such as this? A good catch has been reduced to a fish on ice that’ll begin to stink if it isn’t consumed immediately.

Are people today any happier in their second marriage or by marrying later in life when they have more experience to guide them? Will a less noisy libido confuse people less? Can we use our negative experiences to become less defiant and cynical, and more discriminating and wiser?

If you’re anything like me, you’re going to resent the divorce of your parents and what that put you through. The disappointment and heartache caused by all your mismatches of love were, in part, the result of what you witnessed in your own family in how your parents behaved toward one another.

Shopping around will show you what the **market** will bear, but it won’t help you unless you reflect on what you’ve learned from experience.

The cynicism of everyone in society today seems exaggerated to me. Single people need greater resolve not to settle for the standards others are setting.

Trying new ways of doing old things must be motivated by hope. Without hope, we remain stuck where we are.

It Isn't Nice
Composed and sung by
Malvina Reynolds
1964

It isn't nice to block the doorway.
It isn't nice to go to jail.
There are nicer ways to do it,
but the nice ways always fail.
It isn't nice. It isn't nice.
You told us once. You told us twice.
But if that is freedom's price,
we don't mind.
It isn't nice to carry banners
or to sit in on the floor,
or to shout our cry of freedom
at the hotel and the store.
It isn't nice. It isn't nice...
We have tried negotiations
and the three-man picket line.
Mr. Charlie didn't see us,
and he might as well be blind.
Now our new ways aren't nice
when we deal with men of ice.
But if that is freedom's price,
we don't mind.
How about those years of lynchings
and the shot in Evers' back?
Did you say it wasn't proper?
Did you stand upon the track?
You were quiet just like mice,
Now you say we aren't nice,
and if that is freedom's price,
we don't mind.
It isn't nice to block the doorway...
But thanks for your advice,

‘cause if that is freedom’s price,
we don’t mind.

This “folk” song from the 1960’s (when folk music was already passé by more than ten years), suggests that our tendency to be compliant creates a conflict with our desire to get things done right.

Republican neo-Nazis and rednecks would have you believe that **compliance** with the law is all you to do to be a good person. What they don’t tell you is that they have no intention of complying with the law. They disdain the laws of man.

“Mr. Charlie” could very well be the name of the lion in “In the Jungle, the Mighty Jungle”.

The 1963 murder of a pioneering, **Black**, civil rights leader Medgar Evers in Jackson, Mississippi, alluded to in this song, was a shock to good people everywhere.

Freedom is as difficult to achieve as a good marriage or a peaceful society. Trust in government is no easier to secure than trusting your partner. Getting people to value their freedom is very different from fantasizing about greater autonomy through the dissemination of guns and a militarized police force that sometimes only finds the courage to protect us by shooting and killing **Black** drivers who don’t make a complete stop at intersections and then flee the scene of the “crime”.

We’re all in a marriage with our country and ourself that needs constant attention, supervision and improvement. And just as there are politicians who are duplicitous, conniving and greedy, there are police departments, as well as parts of ourself, that are untrustworthy, too.

Turning the **serpent** in your tree into the **lion** in your jungle is quite an achievement. And seeing yourself as an organ grinder (wanker/jerk-off) in an intimate relationship with a **gorilla** (intelligent, evolutionary relative) is the height of spiritual creativity.

Promoting freedom is no different than promoting self-awakening. Lip-service to democracy isn't going to help us keep it.

But assuming your relationship with yourself within yourself is perfect is equally foolhardy.

Grow up by identifying more with **nature**.

Your nature lies in Mother nature. You just need to find ways not to fear **spiders** that bite after they've got you all wrapped up in their web; **bees** that sting to protect their honey; **pigs** that disgust you as they wallow in their own filth; **sharks** that'll drag you under financially; **lions** that prowl stealthily to keep you intimidated; and **gorillas** that think.

It All Comes Out Brown

Coming out brown is a conclusion about digested food that can be extended to food-for-thought. The process of spiritual intake and evacuation parallels the consumption of foodstuff.

We bite into new ideas. We chew on them. We swallow them if we believe they're true. And then we digest them to make them our own.

But what comes out of us after a new idea has been fully consumed is pretty much out of our control unless we look back at what we've done. A lot of the process seems to be going on autonomically, while we're on automatic pilot.

What we can say about all outcomes when viewed in this way is that they're all brown and smelly. A more polite and socially appropriate way of saying this is that life is messy.

As much as we try to contain outcomes to affect the greater good, we need to dispose of all results in sanitary ways so we don't pollute the physical or psychic environment we live in.

For this, we require modesty of our body, humility of our character and grace from God in the ways we guide ourself, so as to leave this world better than we found it.

Now that the population of the world is so high, we're all being forced to rethink solutions to world problems in terms of solutions to the problems within every individual. Sociology and psychology are merging.

This becomes easier to see when we use figurative speech to advance our understanding of the meaning of life as a species and the meaning of our life as an individual.

Granted there are plenty of **rats** swimming away from sinking ships. We see that with the lawyers and leaders of the Trump administration. There are **spiders** in the world of love who spin webs to catch and consume us for their nefarious ends. There are **pigs** ruining it for everyone. And

there are **vultures** overhead that'll pick our remains after we're dead.

It's not just an urban jungle we have to deal with. There are plenty of **piranhas** in the business world who'll tear us apart bite by bite, leaving us financially submerged looking like a skeleton.

But when I state that everything comes out brown, I'm also creating a pun using the color brown to describe people of color, specifically Latinx people. I do so with respect. I'm suggesting that Brown people have a vital part to play in the spiritual unfolding of humanity.

At the right on the political spectrum, we find the orthodox-Jews who take the Hebrew Testament literal. Those who've aligned themselves with the hyper-religious Jews are the Evangelical Christians who support the Republican religious cult and the Russian Orthodox Christians who support Putin.

On the left are contemporary Jews and Protestants who align themselves with the LGBT+ movement. We take scripture figuratively.

And at the center where the tension is greatest lie the Catholics who find themselves stretched thin what with abortion and transgender love having become the most divisive topics of the day.

The old-fashioned Catholic policy of allowing the priestly class to interpret the Bible for the laity has become passé. This has led to a golden age of Catholic intellectualism that's now in favor of divorce, contraception, abortion and marriage equality.

Many of these "recovering" Catholics include people of color who are caught in this struggle between moving forward with new ideas or going back to repeat the past. Latinx (Brown Catholic) contribution to this struggle for freedom in America is crucial.

But Brown people aren't only New World Latinx Catholics. They include North Africans, Middle Eastern and South Asians. Their contributions to the spiritual unfolding of humanity is equally important.

Anyone who thinks his shit don't stink is arrogant and deluded. The nature of feces is a sign from God that it would behoove us all to think more about. We're all guilty. No one is squeaky clean inside or out.

In that regard, perhaps the stereotype of Brown people being more sexual, sensual and spiritually alive is somewhat true. Perhaps where they are on the spiritual spectrum creates a tension that makes them passionate about some spiritual matters that others may take for granted.

Perhaps the **gorilla** in Brown organ grinders is somewhat different from the gorilla you imagine in you.

There are two species of gorillas: the eastern gorilla and the western gorilla. However, they both contain two subspecies. Therefore, we shouldn't judge gorillas hastily.

Poverty, educational deprivation and exclusion from opportunities because of race, ethnicity or religion are strong motivations for oppressed peoples to seek progressive answers to social issues as well as to issues within themselves.

As all of us recognize the individuality of our own inner gorilla, we'll become less judgmental and defensive when speaking respectfully using figurative speech. This is a far better solution than using "**dog** whistles".

Personality
Sung by
Lloyd Price
Composed by
Lloyd Price and Harold Logan
1957

Over and over,
I tried to prove my love to you.
Over and over,
what more can I do.
Over and over,
my friends say I'm a fool.
But over and over,
I'll be a fool for you.
'Cause you got personality,
walk, with personality,
talk, with personality,
smile, with personality,
charm, with personality,
love, with personality.
And of course you've got
a great big heart.
So over and over...
(Over and over)
Oh, I'll be a fool to you.
(Over and over)
Now over and over...
Over and over,
I said that I loved you.
Over and over, honey,
now it's the truth.
Over and over,
they still say I'm a fool.
But over and over,
I'll be a fool for you.

‘Cause you got personality...

The question “What more can I do?” is the rhetorical question posed in this song that no one seems to want to answer, and yet it begs the question, “What can, and should, you do when someone makes a fool out of you?”

This is an issue that couldn’t be addressed in the 1950’s when it was fashionable to think of male/female relationships as doomed to victimhood.

It’s become even more unfashionable to call the wife, “my ball-and-chain” today. Claiming to be a **Black** man who’s subjugated by the **White** woman who owns you is more than offensive. It’s disgusting. Would you call yourself a Jewish man being tortured to death by your Nazi wife?

Now that divorce, contraception, abortion and marriage equality have brought up questions about traditional male/female issues, straight men are having to account for the misogynistic beliefs they’ve codified into law about how women are ruining their lives and upsetting the social order men established in the past.

Religious fanatics are now claiming that their eternal Reward is in jeopardy if they’ll be forced to turn a blind eye to women’s lib. and homosexuality. They’ve turned their hate into a religious crime they claim we’re perpetrating against them.

But by doing so, they’ve painted themselves into a corner. What they insist on everyone doing to avoid their eternal damnation isn’t sitting well with people who hold differing beliefs.

The only defense the hyper-religious Republicans have is that they have to eliminate abortion entirely, or they’ll go to Hell.

The truth is that they don’t have to eliminate abortion. If they believe that abortion is murder, they don’t have to get one. The same could be said of gay relations. If it goes against your religion, don’t do it.

But don't tell the rest of us that we have to avoid doing what you avoid doing because it goes against your religion.

Surely outlawing contraception, homosexuality, interracial relations and divorce will be next.

Don't be surprised when **Black** people are put back in chains. And don't be surprised when gays and Jews are carted off to concentration camps again, all in the name of Jesus. We were the abomination of the last century. Let's not repeat that mistake.

Surely God Is Going To Judge each and every conscience individually. Even the Pope has said as much.

I don't consider myself going to Hell for allowing people to gamble even though I think gambling is a terrible insult to God. Using chance to determine His Love for me is the very opposite of what I believe to be a tenet of my faith in Him. I've never bought a lotto ticket and I never will. It goes against everything I believe in. You could say it goes against my religion.

But I'm not going to stop people from gambling.

But I am going to continue to call out this folly vocally.

I'd just never think of advocating legal force to prevent people from gambling. That's going too far. I'd just like to see gambling controlled better so that no one is victimized by the process.

If you want to take your chances on luck, good luck.

But I've got a much better system I'm using. It's called faith. And it begins with faith in myself and works its way from there through faith in people up to faith in God. You might like to try it instead of gambling. I'm sure native-Americans have made enough money on gambling to find a better way to secure their future with more help from the rest of us.

If anything can be said about women in relationship to this song, it's that Republicans today think women have too

much personality. They'd like women out of positions of power in the workforce and back in the kitchen. And because they're still paid less in the workforce, I assume Republicans would like to see them barefoot, too. They'd like the world to be run by **White**, Christian men with "conservative" opinions only.

But because these men don't have the financial strength yet to stop their wives from working, they're dependent on their Republican leaders to force "traditional" lifestyle choices on the whole nation.

Religion is just a lifestyle choice. I'm not willing to allow people to force their lifestyle on me.

Homosexuality is a God-Given attribute. You can't change a person's sexuality no matter how much indoctrination with the Bible you force on them.

If we don't control religious lifestyles that insist we all live by their rules, they'll destroy the very fabric of society. They're using our freedom to destroy our freedom.

These "traditional," religious, lifestyle choices were oppressive in the past, and they're becoming more oppressive by the day. We need **contemporary**, lifestyle choices that place the responsibility of the individual on the individual, not on one interpretation of God's Words.

Life in this century is becoming more and more internalized. Even the COVID-19 pandemic has forced us all to face more time with ourself. Working from home is for practice. It's a forerunner to working from within.

Therefore spirituality, not religion, is becoming more in vogue. The more people are taught to internalize their faith by making it relevant to themselves, the better off we'll all be.

Just think about the struggle contemporary Jews are having in Israel where the orthodox-Jews are constantly trying to impose their religious beliefs on everyone while

fanatical Muslims in and around Israel are trying to destroy the whole country.

What we're going through in the United States is a magnification of the struggle that's been going on in Israel since its inception, a struggle that's slowly spreading to Muslim countries where they seek the same freedoms.

Keep freedom of religion a personal privilege, but don't make it a justification for legal matters that discriminate against anyone.

All the compliments in this song afforded to women who have personality are underhanded. They fall short when you realize they're just a ploy to strengthen the conclusion that men are victims of women who make them feel like fools.

It can't be overstated that no one makes anyone look or feel like a fool. Either you are a fool, or you're not. And if people see that you're a fool and take advantage of you, perhaps you have yourself, in part, to blame for it.

Perhaps men should be writing songs about having woken up to their own foolishness and changed their silly ways. It would be refreshing to hear a song in which a man blames his own penis rather than a wo/man, or all wo/men.

Speak Softly Love

Sung by

Andy Williams

Composed by

Lawrence Kuisk and Nino Rota

1972

Speak softly, love and hold me warm against your heart.

I feel your words, the tender trembling moments start.

We're in a world, our very own,
sharing a love that only few have ever known.

Wine-colored days warmed by the sun,
deep velvet nights when we are one.

Speak softly, love so no one hears us but the sky.

The vows of love we make will live until we die.

My life is yours and all because
you came into my world with love so softly love.

Wine-colored days warmed by the sun...

The reason for lovers needing "a love that few have ever known" is unstated. Perhaps it's an illusion of privacy in a world that claims to be able to see inside and all around us.

That said, the reason why "no one hears us but the sun" could just as easily be spelled Son. The exasperation some Christians must feel in being subjected to terrible injustices by other Christians must leave them yearning for **Son shine**, even if they don't appreciate the pun they're using.

"Wine-colored days (red) warmed by the sun (Son)" could be understood as blood heated to so high a degree by lust that it enters the realm of passion for God, not just for wo/man.

"The vow of love we make" to one another could be seen as a vow of love to the principles of love, not just "to live until we die."

Living until you die is just existing. To know and keep a vow of love to God gives life greater meaning.

These questions and comments about the lyrics of this song raise its meaning without stating it. For me, this song suggests gay love, a love that dare not speak its name outside big cities. It suggests a love between men that includes a passionate love for Jesus, who was, by all accounts, a very attractive man.

To love God lustfully isn't a new idea. The ancient Jews deplored the sex that indigenists brought into their temple rites in the Middle East. Christian soldiers and missionaries were appalled by human sacrifices to gods in the New World. And cannibalism in Africa and the Far East had to be eradicated by Abrahamic men before all men could look inside themselves for answers to the meaning of it all.

Sometimes, songs don't state what they'd like to evoke, which is a desire in listeners to dream a little further than their own dreams go.

This song suggests to me that "tender trembling" starts the moment another person speaks. Trembling doesn't have to begin with touching.

Trembling reminds me of all the men I yearned for who never made a move to speak to me lustfully, yet who live in my memory still. There were even more men I lusted after who I never spoke to for fear they'd reject me. When I think about them, sometimes I tremble still.

This haunting, love song pierces my heart down to my soul because it evokes ideas that aren't commonplace. It suggests a privacy attainable through music that reaches a place where we must choose to go if we're going to feel **inspired**, not just moved, by a song such as this.

If you can feel moved by "Speak Softly Love," you can inspire yourself to return again and again to this tender spot within you. There, you can whisper to yourself a truth you need to hear that only you can tell yourself. Anything anyone says to broach this deep a level of self-intimacy, you might reject. This is a sacrosanct place to be you with you alone.

On the Rim of the World

Composed and sung by

Malvina Reynolds

1975

She inches along on the rim of the world
always about to go over.
How she can manage I never will know
to get from one day to the other.
Scrounging a buck or a bed,
or the share of a roof for her head.
This nobody's child, this precarious gurl,
who lives on the rim of the world.
She looks like a princess in somebody's rags.
She dreams of a world without danger,
climbing the stairs to a room of her own
with someone who isn't a stranger.
But now she eats what she can
and accepts what there is for a man.
This nobody's child, this precarious gurl,
who lives on the rim of the world.

Although the interpretation of this song in 1975 was surely about a woman who was a victim of an uncaring society, I see many people today as “a princess in somebody's rags” who “dreams of a world without danger.” I see victims today who seek a place of their own from within “with someone who isn't a stranger.”

The need for physical security from want isn't the only need we all have.

Granted, I changed the word “**girl**” to “**gurl**” to include gay and transgender men.

But you should have been able to include us without my orthographic help.

This more personal interpretation for today takes this song out of a sociological context and places it in a psychological context. It gives it a more contemporary interpretation than society could have given this song then. This contemporary interpretation includes all those who spiritually “eat what (they) can” from their inner food-for-thought supply.

Psychologically, we’re all in a room of our own. We’re all seeking the companionship of someone inside us who’ll support and love us.

Looking back on how the older generation today has changed over time should give the younger generation pause at what might happen to them if they aren’t more careful.

My generation had to deal with Nixon. Today’s generation has to deal with Trump.

But all Americans have to deal with Republican cult figures who’ve been leading this country toward totalitarianism through **Christian nationalism** for generations. We just couldn’t see it until now.

If young and old, rich and poor, religious and spiritual don’t look at what capitalism mixed with hyper-religiosity is doing to democracy, global warming will take the issue out of our hands. Our urge to survive comfortably is threatening our willingness to put **life** before financial **survival**.

The rim of the world is now both around us and within us. We see ourselves going over in both our worlds. To save ourselves, each of us has to save ourself.

Don’t get overly upset by those who can’t yet see the handwriting on the wall. Don’t get vindictive. You’ll only hurt yourself if you do.

Justice comes from unknown directions that may have to include loss, pain and even suffering. Grief is a great teacher.

Pursue your truth without hurting anyone.

Then watch, wait and see.

Patience is the key.

No Importa La Distancia

Song by

Ricky Martin

Composed by

Alan Menken and David Zippel

1997

I dreamt once that somewhere I could be someone

Una vez soné que en algún lugar yo podría ser alguien
if I could love.

si lograra amar.

And I also resonated with what I'd have to do

Y también soné que si he de triunfar

with my clinging pride.

Mi orgullo aferrado.

I'll have to overcome it.

Tendré que supercar.

One day I'll arrive.

Un día llegaré.

That distance from now does not matter.

No importa la distancia.

I'll find my way, and I'll achieve my worth.

El rumbo encontraré y tendré valor.

I'll go step by step, and I'll persist.

Paso a paso iré y persistiré

no matter how far I have to go

a cualquier distancia

to reach love.

yo el amor alcanzaré.

I saw you once.

Una vez te vi.

It was all unreal.

Era todo irreal.

And even if it was a dream, I felt you next to me.

Y aunque fuese un sueño, te sentía junto a mí.

I know you're there, that I'll find you,
Se que estás ahí, que te encontraré,
 even if it takes a lifetime.
aunque tarde una vida.
 I'll never give up.
Yo jamás renunciaré.
 One day I'll arrive...
Un día llegaré...
 I'll find the way to self-worth.
El rumbo encontraré, y tendré valor.
 I'll go step by step, and I'll persist...
Paso a paso iré y persistiré...
 I'll reach a love beyond the glory
Yo el amor alcanzaré más allá de toda gloria
 of pride and valor.
del orgullo y el valor.
 The power of a hero lies in his heart.
El poder de un héroe está en su corazón.
 One day I'll arrive...
Un día llegaré...
 Next to you I'll be in your glowing splendor.
Junto a ti estaré con tu resplandor.
 Step by step I'll go and persist no matter how far.
Paso a paso iré y persistiré a cualquier distancia.
 I'll achieve your life and your love...
Yo tu vida y tu amor tendré...

This isn't a song necessarily sung to a man, even though
 Ricky Martin is gay. This isn't a song necessarily sung to a
 woman, even though most straight people would interpret it
 as such. This could be interpreted as a song to God.

This song describes a force within every human being to
 seek eternal love, not only human love.

But this could be a song to God sung by a gay man. It
 could be a gay vow of loyalty to our Creator, no matter what
 name we use to pray to Him or Her.

We're the tribe that's been rejected by all the other tribes. It would be fitting that God Has a special plan in Mind for us to show humanity that the seven paths to His Throne can't be achieved without the help of the LGBT+ community. We are the missing link. Spirituality, not religion, is the key.

Without determination to know and love our Maker, some would say we're nothing. All the wisdom found in Judaism and the loyalty to God found in Islam are as important as the force of love sought by Christianity.

The combination of wisdom (head), love (heart) and loyalty (soul) is what gives us the determination to seek God. That has nothing to do with sexual orientation. This is a love that goes beyond all human attractions.

How wise of God To Give each faith a piece of His Truth and To Allow all the faiths to have discriminated against us in the past. Now is the time for them to repent and the time for us to shine.

I say this without egotistical overwhelm. It's as an outsider to the Abrahamic faiths that I can see the power of universal love overwhelming the power of hatred slowly but surely.

It's as a gay man that I can see how these two inclinations (love and hate) emanate out from within us all.

The Jewish struggle for good over evil is somewhat different from the Christian struggle for love over hatred and the Muslim struggle for loyalty over disloyalty. These struggles are emanating out from within everyone.

Therefore, it's the degree to which you can **know** and **love** yourself **loyally** that you become a powerful person who can influence the world around you and reap the rewards of a satisfying life that'll end with a satisfying conclusion at the of your journey.

Sadly, however, there are those who don't understand the powers that move them. They may be rich or poor. They may be powerful or weak. They may be influential or overlooked.

If the ignorant use their power for personal gain alone, rather than for the wellbeing of the world, they're failures. They'll leave this world with unasked questions.

You can't answer a question you don't ask. You can't live out your best answers if you got the questions wrong.

There are also those who aren't ignorant who aren't in touch with their inner power. They can only dream of making their mark on the world. They're easily distracted from what's happening within themselves as the place to start.

This song is a song of conviction. It's a song that describes the power of **resolution** over **revolution**. In order to become resolute, you must go beyond **hope** to **resolve**. You must experience **determination** mixed with **patience**.

To do this, you must believe in yourself and the power of the self-love you have the potential to achieve day-by-day as the present moves inexorably into the future. Your love for yourself must include love for gays; Jews; for marriage equality between consenting adults; and for Israel.

If you only love unborn babies, you're in love with only a part of yourself, the part that hasn't yet entered the world we have to learn to share. You're still alone in a room (womb) by yourself, agreeing with other unborn fetuses about how this world should be run.

Tear yourself out of there. Don't wait to be born again. Birth yourself by spiritual cesarian. You'll die if you don't come out.

Think of this journey to love as a **spiral staircase**. Think in **3D**. The more strength you focus on making it up to the next step, the greater your view will be over the whole world.

In this way, you'll make it out of the darkness within you out into the light. You'll make it up from the ground of your being like a seedling going through rock up into spirit. You'll burst onto the world stage like a shoot to become a sapling amongst us, ready to bud, leaf and bloom in your own unique way.

As you ascend this spiritual staircase, your view will shift ever so slightly from what it looked like before, giving you greater insight into yourself from many new perspectives.

As you continue this upward, circular climb towards God as though in a tower rising with moral regard for the wellbeing of everyone, you'll begin to see that you're getting a 360-degree view of reality, albeit it is daily stages.

This is the inspiration behind "No Importa La Distancia," a musical composition which is really a promise to God. The distance being alluded to in this song isn't horizontal, but vertical. Alan Menken and David Zippel unconsciously understood the metaphor of ascension, and they used it to create an inspirational song that's almost a prayer.

Donde Estas Yolanda?

Sung by

Orlando Contreras, and then Pink Martini

Composed by

Manuel Jiménez Fernandez

Where are you? Where are you, Yolanda?

Donde estas, donde estas, Yolanda.

What's happened? What's happened, Yolanda?

Que paso, que paso, Yolanda?

I looked for you. I looked for you, Yolanda.

Te busque, te busque, Yolanda.

And you're not there, you're not there, Yolanda.

Y no estas, y no estas, Yolanda.

Where are you? Where are you, Yolanda?...

Donde estas, donde estas, Yolanda?...

Your eyes looked at me; your lips kissed mine

Tus ojos me miraron; tus labios me besaron

with that burning fire, burning woman.

con ese fuego ardiente, ardiente de mujer.

The light from your eyes - the fire of your lips -

La luz de tu mirada - el fuego de tus labios -

they shot through my chest, and I fell in love with you.

flecharon a mi pecho, y de ti me enamore.

Where are you? where are you, Yolanda?...

Donde estas, donde estas, Yolanda?...

They tell me that you walked past a car, Yolanda -

Me dicen que paseabas en un carro Yolanda -

very pretty and arrogant.

muy guapa y arrogante.

And everyone whistled at you.

Y todos te silbaban.

If one day I found you, I don't know what I'd do.

Si un dia te encontrara no se que puedo hacer.

I'll go crazy if I don't see you again.

No se me vuelvo loco si ya no te vuelvo a ver.

Where are you? where are you, Yolanda?...

Donde estas, donde estas, Yolanda?...

On the face of it, it appears that this song is no different than many others that address man's lust for women.

But in a more contemporary rendition of meaning, this is a song about much more. It's about man's lust and frustration in coming to love himself, the seat of his emotions.

For an individual (Adam) to love the woman within him (Eve), s/he must embrace new pronouns.

Every one of us is a container with spiritual contents. We're a spirit in a body on a journey. The "I" in "it" isn't something we talk about as such very often.

But it's the "I" in us all that holds the great mystery of life.

"Yolanda" means "**violet**". Violet is the lowest color of the rainbow closest to the ground. This song is really about the determination to achieve orgasm; loyalty to life; and eternal ecstasy – not a yearning for a girl who happens to be named Violet.

The mystery of the emotional forces made manifest through the story of "Noah and the Ark" in Torah is sparked by the relationship between our penis (the locus of our wants and desires) and our heart (the locus of our love). We filled ourself with all the animal instincts we learned about in the world around us in childhood when we reached puberty.

We're now a vessel with animal instincts within it that we're learning to let off the boat two-by-two. We're exploring lust (the hunger below our belly) that lives in the hold of our boat with hope that shines down from above.

When white light is struck with the match of God's Will, it creates a flame that includes all the colors of the rainbow.

The physical process by which we create fire produces illumination, heat and burn in the outer world. This is

equivalent to the internal magic by which we create the combination of lust and love that sets our inner world aflame with passion.

Therefore, this song isn't just about passion for another human being. It's also about the passion that originates within us that we to learn to have and hold for ourself.

Setting ourself aflame with our own love corresponds to inspiration combined with imagination that gives us the power to outdo the **B&W** efforts of the racists around us. This creates the essence of spiritual competition, which produces evolution in our soul.

When you work for a spiritual evolution six days in a row just by being yourself striving to make music within by harmonizing with the forces within you, you produce enough magic to sail through the seventh day in a whole other way.

Six days of **evolution** produces a seventh day of **revelation**. God Guides you through the seventh day Himself. This is the essence of the Sabbath and why we rest on the Sabbath while God Works for us to enliven us for the following week.

God Certainly Doesn't Need a day To Rest. Keeping the Sabbath holy (the 4th Commandment) can only be done if you understand how to use the colors of the rainbow in your heart (feelings), not just observe them in the rainbow above your head. Turning these visual colors into emotional color you make manifest inside gives greater meaning to all seven days of week.

There's no reason why the ancient Jews would have given the world a **moral calendar** of seven days. Every country and culture already had an agrarian calendar by which to determine when to sow and when to reap. Our Jewish calendar adds a mystery to time that hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims can't fathom.

When things don't go their way, they all become vindictive and cruel. If they understood the purpose of time

as viewed from the heart, they'd learn to see why they're always rejecting the future to take the world back to the past.

Each of us only has the potential to evolve ourself, not our species. It's only through self-evolution of every individual that we'll, together, be able to overcome political revolutions, create the peace on Earth necessary to further self-evolve with the passion and inspiration necessary to make our life as meaningful as possible.

This'll transform our species over time. This'll make the world safe for future generations, for the animal kingdom and for people who choose to explore the mystery of life beyond the three-dimensional world we live in.

This struggle is happening for people with O.C.D. as much as it is for everyone else. When I look at my urge to solve problems immediately (that need time to be resolved), I see how impatient I am. I see how pained I am inside to get things done in the moment. This causes me to react to my own inner annoyances with obsessive thoughts and compulsive feels that I think will achieve the immediacy I seek.

This is a fantasy. This is a mistake. This is an unruly way to bring order into the world. As I overcome this problem with awareness, I'm contributing to peace and freedom everywhere around me. I'm doing my part to leave this world better than I found it.

By tolerating, accepting and admiring myself some of the time and by vociferously admonishing me at other times, I become like an organ grinder to a gorilla. I become like a parent to a child. I become like a god to a man.

Plain Jane
Sung by
Bobby Darrin
Composed by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman
1961

My plain Jane never wear no lipstick or paint.
You know she'll never try to be what she ain't.
Come early in the morning you can hear the fellas call.
Woo, well, Plain Jane won't you come out tonight,
so we can have a ball?
Hear me now, plain Jane won't you come out tonight?
Come out tonight. Come out tonight.
Plain Jane won't you come out tonight?
Spend some time with me.
Her mouth's a little too wide,
and her nose a wee bit long.
And when you take a good look at her
her shape seems all wrong.
But she got the certain something
that's so hard to define,
and I wish that certain something
was mine, all mine, all mine. Woo
And now, plain Jane won't you come out tonight?...
Ooh wee. Oh yeah.
I used to go with glamour girls to worship day and night.
But plain Jane's got a cotton dress, and it don't fit her right.
I could never, never tell ya
why I love her like I do.
But if you took her out one fine night,
you'd feel the same way I do.
Won't ya, now? Plain Jane won't you come out tonight?...

This song further describes the mystery of the heart of man, which is really the woman inside him (Eve) that he must find a way to speak to in a language all his own.

If every person's head is figuratively male (Adam), heart is female (Eve) and genitals is a serpent or worm that can turn itself into any animal in nature's kingdom that speaks to us on the inside, then there's quite a lot for us to discover and discuss about ourself. The mystery of how God Made us in His Image is greater than any of the faiths or philosophies of the world have pointed out thus far.

No one in his right mind would call a woman "a plain Jane". No one would critique her mouth for being too wide, her nose as too long, or her shape as all wrong. Kind people, nice people and sensitive people don't talk like that.

So, this song was surely popular because somewhere deep inside, people knew then that the singer wasn't talking about a real **girl**. He was talking about his inner **gurl** (Eve).

In Leviticus, God Said that it's an abomination for a man to sleep with a man as with a woman. What He Was Really Saying is that there's a woman in every man. Every man must seemingly disobey God to discover the woman within him.

Every man is an abomination to God by design. He's a man having a sexual and sensual relationship with himself, while enjoying feelings he associates and projects onto women. This creates the attraction we call "heterosexuality". This is why straight men love other women, while so many of them reject the love of the woman within them.

Biologically we now know all about chromosomes and genes. We know that we're half male/half female.

But psychologically and spiritually, we haven't yet caught up with science to process what that means about us all.

Therefore, we all need to learn to help one another break through our projections so we can be true to ourself. Putting men down who were Created by God to love men rather than women is a greater abomination because it's a sign of arrogance, condescension and disgust of one's self.

Gay men aren't disgusted by straight sex. We aren't trying to outlaw it. Hyper-religious, straight men's disgust of gay sex is a sign of a moral impediment in making their way to God. Making babies isn't the great virtue that it used to be. And **traditional** values are just an excuse for hateful behavior.

Self-deprecation is the only viable "excuse" for composing such a song. And given that license, we're all free to criticize the woman inside us who's far from perfect – that is, if we make it clear from the start that we're not going to make real women pay for our critique of our woman within.

Gay men aren't a problem for women. They don't react violently to us. When gay men put one another down using feminine pronouns and descriptors, we instinctively know that we're mocking the heart of every man, not women.

This song was written in 1961, and it was sung by Bobby Darin, a very popular, good-looking, straight, pop singer at the time. I assure you, having lived through that era as a child, men weren't calling themselves "plain Janes" in those days. They were busy making women pay for the Eve in every Steve.

It's taken us almost a century to reinterpret songs like this in new ways so hyper-religious men can come to understand the mystery of their feelings in relation to their thoughts and beliefs. For without that mystery solved, the mystery that lurks in their soul will elude them.

La Copa de la Vida

Sung by

Ricky Martin

Composed by

Desmond Child, Luis Escolar and Robert Rosa

1998

Life is pure passion.

La vida es pura pasión.

Fill the cup of love to come alive.

Hay que llenar copa de amor para vivir.

You have a heart for winning.

Hay que luchar un corazón para ganar.

It's a cruel struggle like between Cain and Abel.

Como Cain y Abel es un partido cruel.

Quarrel with every star to reach for it with honor.

Tienes que pelear por una estrella consigue con honor.

The cup of life is for surviving and struggling for.

La copa del amor para sobrevivir y luchar por ella.

Struggle to reach her...

Luchar por ella (si)...

Go, go, go, ale, ale, ale

Tú y yo, ale, ale, ale

Go forward, the world awaits.

Arriba va, el mundo está de pie.

Life is a competition.

La vida es competición.

You must dream to become a champion.

Hay que sonar ser campeón.

The cup is the benediction

La copa es la bendición

you'll win.

la ganarás.

To win, your rival is your natural instinct.

Tu instinto natural vencer a tu rival.

Quarrel with every star to reach for it with honor...

Tienes que pelear por una estrella consigue con honor...

The song begins “La vida es pura pasión.” (Life is pure passion.) What that says to me is that although we have thoughts in our head that are **logical**, we also have feelings in our heart that are **rational**. The struggle between the logical and the rational illuminates us to wisdom of the heart (love). This becomes a clue to what passion is and how we create it.

Passion is a combination of **love** (heart) and **lust** (penis). It’s the conversation between Eve and the serpent in its purest form. Once passion moves up from our groin into our heart and then makes its way into our head, it becomes focused, sometimes to the point of maniacal.

You can occasionally be happy even if you’re mean and nasty to others. You can deny your behavior towards others and focus only on yourself. That’s just logical.

But you can’t be happy with yourself when you’re mean and nasty to **you**. You’ll resent yourself if you treat yourself badly. That’s just rational.

In that sense, life only becomes pure passion (loving and lustful) when you choose to make yourself happy without hurting anybody else while doing so.

This struggle for happiness within and without brings up another issue, the difference between **thankfulness**, **appreciation** and **gratitude**. That which makes us happy, makes us thankful to others, appreciative of ourself and grateful to God.

If a **spiral staircase** is a metaphoric depiction of the spiritual journey in a vertical fashion, then a gently sloping ramp in an upward direction is the depiction of happiness depicted horizontally.

You don’t have to take steps to experience thankfulness to others, appreciation of yourself or gratitude to God. It’s as if this is an incline that goes from the lower left to the upper

right of every canvas of life without a clear delineation between any of the three.

The softening we feel at times within – some would call them inner tears of joy – is the result of our acknowledgement that we aren't struggling alone. There are others helping us (**thankfulness**). We're helping ourself (**appreciation**). And God Is Helping us all (**gratitude**). This feels like a moving sidewalk that carries us all together into the future.

But life is also a struggle that resembles the fight between Cain and Abel. Cain killed his brother, Abel, because Cain couldn't kill God.

Cain retaliated the only way he could, by killing his brother as a way of getting vengeance against God for Having Chosen Abel's sacrifice over his.

Violence against others is always aimed at our Creator in retaliation for the person or people who He'S Blessed despite our hatred of them.

I tried to kill myself three times because I didn't want to be me. I was enraged with God for having accepted everyone else's sacrifice but mine.

Cain represents the mind. Abel represents the heart. To survive as a child, you must allow your head to conquer your heart. You must be taught to think about what you're doing.

But to live as a mature adult among others in this world in peace, you must struggle with your thoughts until your heart can convince your head that you'll never be happy knowing you dominate yourself; conquer your feelings; and rule over your passions with an iron fist.

“Hay que luchar un corazón para ganar.” (You have a heart for winning.) Therefore, use your heart to win your **struggle** within yourself. Don't drag yourself through life in a **stalemate** with your head. Teach yourself to appreciate the depth and power of your **passions**. Convince your mind that you were Given the ability to feel with good **reason**. Become more rational than logical as you **age**. Resist **vengeance**.

Seek **self-love**. If you can love yourself, despite your failings, you can **evolve**.

“Tienes que pelear por una estrella consigue con honor.” (Quarrel with every star to reach for it with honor.) The star we’re all reaching for is a light in the night, a moral direction to guide us. In that sense, our moral darkness is illuminated with inspiration that brings us to higher and higher levels of self-consciousness.

The struggle to live over the fight to survive can only be distinguished with thankfulness for others, appreciation of yourself and gratitude to God. These are the experiences of the heart that we must learn about to give back spiritually.

These behaviors produce happiness as a biproduct of self-love. When you struggle to **love** your life, you struggle for **justice** for all.

But when you don’t struggle – when you fight others to make them do what you believe everyone should do – you turn yourself into a **neo-Nazi**.

“La copa del amor para sobrevivir y luchar por ella.” (The cup of life is worth surviving to struggle for.) The cup of life is your body. Your body contains you, but the “you” inside “it” is the essence of that spark of life.

“La copa es la bendición la ganarás.” (The cup is the benediction you’ll win.) The cup that contains you (your body) is like the benediction of the Mass.

You are a holy **symbol**. You are a **container** (holy grail) filled with virtuous **contents** (wine). You are a body filled with blood, a vehicle on a journey in which you’re attempting to achieve knowledge of your meaning using the word: love. This makes you the wonderous mystery to yourself that you are.

Moses showed his disciples the way to wisdom. Jesus showed his disciples the way to self-love.

But each of us has to find these virtues in his own way. This will require loyalty to all life on Earth.

What makes every living thing divine is the spark of life within it. Your blood line to Jesus or Muhammad doesn't draw you any nearer to God. What draws you nearer to God is your behavior.

The Synagogue, Church and Mosque haven't been nearly instructive enough in the secrets they were Given. Each generation of Jews, Christians and Muslims has a duty to God (Adonai/Jesus/Allah) to discover and describe the wisdom of self-love in a greater way to advance our loyalty to all life on the planet. This alone leads us to our love of all names for God, not just the name we were given by our parents, forefathers and ancestors.

You can't love another human being any more than you love yourself.

But you can project your feelings onto others without realizing the depth of your feelings of self-love and self-hate.

When you lose someone very dear to you, the grief you experience is the breaking of that projection. The loneliness and emptiness you then feel is a reaction to the new absence of that projection.

If you lose someone dear to you and you don't feel grief, the grief in having to be yourself is standing in the way of your grief for the deceased. The more you address your obsessive thoughts (inner father) and compulsive feelings (inner mother), the more you'll discover your sorrow in having to be yourself.

Where the deceased person is now is immaterial. That's out of your hands. What's in your hands is your love for yourself that you now have to deal with in a more direct and personal way.

Open your heart to your love for yourself, and you'll experience your lost loved one as eternally by your side. You'll feel his or her presence, as well as God's. This is the way through grief to resolve with a mission.

If you have an abortion without grieving the death of that fetus, that will be because your knowledge of grief is limited

to previous experiences that haven't taught you enough about your feelings.

Outlawing abortion isn't the answer. The answer lies in teaching people to feel more deeply. If some women have to go through multiple abortions to learn that lesson, so be it. How many wars have men gone through to learn to love themselves as men?

You can't fully love yourself without continually plummeting the depth of your love for you in both your worlds. It's only while in pursuit of your own love that God Appears To Guide you toward Him from within with justice and mercy for all.

But that self-plummeting process is a mystery. You can't know more of your love for you without experiencing the mystery of not knowing what will come next.

You can know that you don't know everything.

But you can't know what you don't now know.

This makes each day a magnificent mystery shrouded in obscurity, ambiguity, inscrutability and vagueness.

But this also makes life a **thriller**, a whodunit in which all evidence always points back to you.

Abortion isn't a crime. Not fully knowing the feeling of sorrow, regret, disappointment and grief is the crime. People don't want to feel bad. They want easy answers. Life just doesn't work like that.

There are no coincidences. There's no such thing as good luck or bad. Loss creates sorrow. And the depth of that sorrow can be described as **sadness** (shallow sorrow), **disappointment** (substantial sorrow) or **grief** (deep sorrow) depending on what you lost.

But until you lose your own body and look back on your body with your own eyes as another person would see it, you won't know the total meaning of loss.

Fighting with others over when life begins isn't the answer. That answer lies in the struggle within yourself.

Although Israel means “to struggle with God”, the inner struggle I’m speaking about is the struggle within yourself with God as your **Witness**. Don’t struggle with God. That’s only a sign of your rage.

It was different for the Jews when they were only surrounded by indigenists who were more knowledgeable than them about the external world. Things changed incrementally when Christianity came into the world. They began to move out of their head and into their heart.

But things changed dramatically once there were three Abrahamic faiths. The Muslims brought soulfulness to the ancient Jews and Christians, something neither of them had ever experienced before.

You can literally imbibe God through communion.

But you can figuratively imbibe Him through the food-for-thought that comes with biting into new experiences, chewing on them for meaning and swallowing your outcomes with a desire to digest everything you’re going through as a lesson from our Teacher.

This turns you from a patient in a hospital setting learning how to heal into a student in a school setting learning how to think, feel and believe despite your urge to want (–) and desire (+).

Only the best students in this school will apply these two metaphors to the third metaphor of life as a garden in which you’re eating forbidden fruit.

Therefore, engage your intuition. Use your sixth sense to help you. And pray.

But learn to pray in a way that’s inclusive, not just focused on unborn life.

If you don’t include the wellbeing of everyone in the world, you can still expect your prayers To Be Heard. Just don’t expect them To Be Answered in the way you’re hoping for.

Positive **outcomes** aren't as important as positive **incomes**. The wealth you produce within is, in my opinion, what you'll take with you when you leave this world. What else could you be Allowed To Bring? This we describe as **soulfulness**. This is what matters to those who believe that God Is their Witness and not their Tormentor.

Unfortunately, people don't know enough about how they operate to pray successfully. If you can't yet discern between "You" and "you" in your imagination, your prayers are going to turn out as abominable curses about God that will describe your unconscious urge to kill Him.

A **pronoun** (You/you) can be even more important than a **proper noun** (Adonai/Jesus/Allah) when it comes to praying.

The third Commandment (Thou shall not take the Lord's Name in vain) makes more sense when you can read your own thoughts and see them being formulated in your mind without the capital letters required to separate yourself from God.

All the conspiracy theories on the right are misunderstandings of their own thinking caused by glitches in their spiritual operating system that they could easily solve with an eighth grade understanding of the English language combined with critical thinking skills.

It's such a pity that we don't have teachers skilled enough in thinking and students interested enough in thinking to make public education what it could be.

You'll have to leave all your material achievements behind when you die. Therefore, get your priorities in order. Struggle to become as rich as humanly possible. Struggle to become the richest man in the world.

But struggle to do so within with a formal, inner education. If you didn't get it in school, and you're angry about it, then work to improve the public school system. Believe me, the private schools are less interested in teaching

you to think. They're only in business to teach you to pray or sit obediently in the four corners of every dollar bill.

Making God your Witness as you struggle with yourself turns your inner struggle into a moral struggle for an eternal reward.

You wouldn't want to disappoint God by referring to "Him" as "him". That would cause you to say things about Him that were as unkind, disrespectful and cruel as you feel about some others.

That might even cause you to treat Him as **abominably** as you treat yourself.

Even though you might be so full of self-disappointment that you'd conclude that any more disappointment with yourself wouldn't make much of a difference, the way you pray could change all that.

"Tu instinto natural vencer a tu rival." (To win, your rival is your natural instinct.) Your natural instincts don't reside in your head, heart or soul. They reside in your crotch. The animal instincts between your legs can teach you to act out your instincts in ways that can affect everyone positively. But it must be done as a struggle, not a fight. You're not a wild animal.

The serpent in your tree will create rivalry with your heart (Eve) that will automatically be passed along to your head (Adam).

Cain (the son who followed in his father's footsteps) created rivalry with Abel (the son who followed in his mother's footsteps). Cain should have taken his complaint directly to God.

But Cain didn't know better.

You do.

Keep going. To win the struggle within yourself, you must go through many mysteries about yourself.

But in the end, there's only my story (mystery) and His Story (history).

You'll find the intersection of the two for you, but I can guarantee you that that crossroad will be unique to every one of us.

Me Voy a Pinar Del Rio

Sung by
Celia Cruz
Composed by
Nestor Pinelo
1956

Beautiful Western garden
Jardín hermoso del occidente
where the Lord Would Like To Leave
donde el Señor Quisiera Dejar
the wonder of your brushes.
la maravilla de tus pinceles.
In sky, earth, woman and sea
En cielo, tierra, mujer y mar
Vinales Valley, Mariel, San Diego
Valle Viñales, Mariel, San Diego
cute, sorora flowers and light,
sorora linda flores y luz,
the wonder, all the charm
la maravilla, todo el encanto
full of grace is you.
La gracia plena, eso eres tú.
The pines of the river, how beautiful you are
Pinar del río, qué lindo eres
from Guanajay to Guane;
de Guanajay hasta Guane;
and the tenderness of your women.
y la ternura de tus mujeres.
Oh, but it removes sorrows
Ay, pero quita pesares
wonderful polychrome
policromía maravillosa
of your countryside, that is a garden
de tu campiña, que es un vergel
to tobacco that remains your meadows.

a del tabaco quedan tus vegas.
 Rich honey cane pineapple,
Rica la piña caña de miel,
 you are the charm of my soul.
eres encanto del alma mía.
 You set my heart on fire,
Te lleva ardiente mi corazón,
 and there is not a day that God Does Not Ask
y no hay un día que a Dios No Pida
 To Bless you full of love.
que te Bendiga plena de amor.
 Pines of Río, how beautiful you are...
Pinar del Río, qué lindo eres...
 From my mother's homeland.
De mi mamá la tierra natal.

What begins as a mystery of life in Genesis that we can't address directly except through metaphor, becomes available through normal dissertation and conversation when we discuss our use of figurative speech to explain the meaning of scripture.

What religious leaders do wrong is taking their scripture literally, which causes them to become totalitarian, exclusive, prejudiced and cruel. When we use our knowledge of scripture to unveil the depth of our beliefs through allegory, we find that poetry, music, art and dance reveal the true depth of the myriad ways in which we were Created. God Seems To Be in love with diversity.

In Torah, God Could Only Say that man was made in His Image.

But thanks to all the other names for God that we've discovered worldwide, we can now perceive His Amazing Images. The Hindu story of the blind men and the **Elephant** elucidate what I've just said as a parable.

Nestor Pinelo's ardent poem of love for one's mother's native land and landscape is his attempt to express his dream

of knowing the Eve in his Adam. It's his way of describing God's Image in his heart that's so different from his image of Him in his head.

Granted, the translation of these lyrics from Spanish leaves much to be desired in terms of a cohesive message, but it still harkens to an inner place that's otherworldly, a place that can only be fully reached when all our inner operating forces are working in unison.

The "pines of the river" remind us that there were four rivers in the Garden of Eden that fed one tree. In addition to the "rich, honey cane pineapple" that comes from a **bush**, we're given the fruit of the pine **tree**, which is made up of many **seeds**.

Included in this garden of delights is a **meadow** where tobacco grows, the New World drug that was originally used ritually by native Americans to achieve spiritual awakening.

If you're familiar with Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan: Or a vision in a dream. A Fragment," you already know the power of words assembled in ways that defy the mind but open the heart to the soul. You already know the magic and mystery of words used in unconventional ways to describe unconventional feelings that produce an awe for life and for the Creator Who Gave it to us.

This literary use of language is equivalent to abstract art and surrealism. These forms of modern art are equivalent to contemporary interpretations of scripture, making it possible for us to plummet ourselves in new ways, as well as our relationship to God.

Scripture that forces us to conform to one interpretation only turns all God's Poems into the equivalent of electrified fences. This is why the maniacal, Republican obsession conflating abortion with murder is so shocking.

Shades of Black to Gray

The color black symbolizes the feeling of **guilt**.

But our association of black with **death**, rather than guilt, is arbitrary and unwise.

For God To Have Created Africans with black skin challenges us all to accept this obvious truth about ourself. We're all wrapped up in guilt, regardless of the color of our skin. Even the Earth is wrapped in guilt every night, which we're reminded of once a day.

White man's fear of **Black** men goes back to man's fear of the night. It's got nothing to do with intelligence, beauty or physicality. It's all about superstition.

The color **gray** is the everyday world we live in where we try to ignore the black (guilt) and **white** (innocence) of life that we walk between without fully acknowledging the shadowy world of ignorance.

Our thoughts are **gray**. Our everyday feelings are **gray**. Our beliefs are **gray**. Only on occasion do our wants (–) and desires (+) introduce a bit of color into our drab lives to make our heart sing. No wonder it's so easy to tempt us to consume forbidden fruit once we see it. We should all yearn to be **gay**, not **gray**.

Each and every one of the religions figuratively proclaims that they're **white** (pure). They proclaim their innocence. They claim to be in the light. By doing so, they infer that the other paths to God are guilt-ridden and dark (impure).

The very recreation of the State of Israel after 2,000 years was an acknowledgment from God that Christians and Muslims couldn't abide Jews living among them. This is still true today in Muslim countries.

There, they still see us as like **rats**. They see us as vermin that steal. They see us as dirty. They think we carry a religious disease that they're afraid they'll catch. They think we're vile and contemptable. They abhor us because they've

been conditioned for millennia by their clergy and politicians to see us as contemptible.

The way it looks for Jews in Muslim countries today is the way it once looked for Jews in Christian countries. Today, God, in His Infinite Wisdom, Is Showing us a peak into the past in Christian countries to contrast it to the present in Muslim countries. He'S Showing us how hypocritical we are in abiding inequality in some areas of our own life.

We, Jews, had to retrieve our homeland because Christianity was so maniacal in their pursuit of domination of the world that they couldn't see how the personification of the **serpent** in their tree (**Satan**) beguiled them into thinking themselves God's Only Chosen and us as vermin.

In the Islamic world, we're still a symbol of all that Muslims can't abide about themselves. They, too, use Satan to project their self-hate onto us.

But Muslims don't just limit their hatred to Jews. They include Christians and gays, too. Just look at what the Taliban did to Buddhist treasures in Afghanistan. No one is safe with fanatical Islamists around.

Hyper-religious believers who aren't **anti-Semites** are still **homophobes**. They've turned gay and transgender men into the Jew du jour. Now we're the **rats** who've infested their holy institutions with new forms of prayer. As a gay-Jew, I'm seen as doubly despicable. And as a **rich** Jew I'm seen as the personification of all evil. Nobody likes a Jew who tells you how rich he is inside.

Those hyper-religious believers who aren't anti-Semites or homophobes are **racists** or **misogynists**. Or they see disabled people as symbols of a perversion they can't face from within. There's really no end to the projections some people make to avoid the darkness inside themself.

The history of the United States is a struggle between **Blacks** (Negros) and **Whites** (Caucasians) that has turned all hyper-religious believers into a nebulous mass of **gray**

uniformed Confederate soldiers that the rest of us are appalled by. They make us blue.

Race relations in the U.S. have always amounted to a fear of the **blackness** within us all – the guilt we’d rather project onto minorities than have to go through personally. It’s so much easier to project fear onto people who don’t fight back.

God Gave us the rainbow as a clue to our guilt, not His. He Wasn’t Apologizing for Having Flooded the world by Creating the rainbow. That conclusion was man’s projection of his own feelings which were underwater (bankrupt).

The rainbow is a clue to the hope that lies in the heart of everyone who understands the reason for identifying with God’s Regret.

Imagine there’s a rainbow shining in the darkness of your heart. This is a better rendition of what your emotional realm looks like from within.

The feelings you experience are surrounded by guilt (darkness). To know the purity (brilliance) of love, you have to move out of your heart into your soul. You have to see the source of your inner illumination.

Your soul is the flame that produces the light that illuminates you to God’s Illumination (wisdom) and Warmth (love).

Without passion (the lust for love) you’re nothing. This is true whether you’re a devotee of Moses, Jesus or Muhammad. Without a lust to love your life, you’ll end up as I did, so sick that you’ll need to be constrained. I had to be labeled insane and locked up to protect others from me.

Lust lies in every creature God Created. If you don’t identify with the lust of an animal, you’ll figuratively turn into that sort of beast. Your animal instincts will get the better of you.

Unless you can appreciate the words to songs like “Me Voy a Pinar Del Rio” sung by amazing artists like Celia Cruz, you’re going to get stuck in a darkness within that you

won't identify with guilt, but with death. You'll fear your demise instead of fearing the living Hell of being **gray** inside-and-out.

The struggle between innocence and experience can't be won. We're all born guilty from day one. Just having come out of our mother's womb crying in pain instead of laughing for joy in having finally reached this world was the first sign of our guilt.

If Christianity had known this much about love, it would have proclaimed that Jesus was born laughing. This would have intrigued the ancient Jews more than simply proclaiming his divinity as the Son of God.

Hauntingly sad songs like "Silent Night" address the mystery of birth from the heart. Such sorrow isn't normal, although it's compelling. I've had to move through this sorrow to become elated about being me.

The Buddha laughs eternally from Nirvana. Jesus, by contrast, hangs on the cross, beckoning Christians to a Heaven where his sorrow seems like an eternity of blue.

Christianity isn't as attractive as it once was when Europeans looked down on Buddhists with contempt because they didn't believe in God. I now think I'd have a better time in Nirvana than Heaven. Who wants to be blue?

Modern human beings are too experienced and sophisticated to be moved by misery. Mastery of misery with joy is the only attraction that'll help any wo/man overcome guilt, so s/he can become more aware.

Truth makes us **joyous**, not happy. Truth is **bittersweet**. Overcoming guilt with material success only makes us more covetous of what we have around us that we can't take with us when we leave.

Physical pain and emotional suffering are facts of life. We all have to learn to accept this truth about reality.

But we do have seven inner forces to help us do so: (1) thoughts, (2) feelings, (3) beliefs, (4) wants (–), (5) desires (+), (6) intuition and (7) prayer. If you weren't told about the

spiritual, operating opportunities you've been Given to overcome pain and suffering with **ecstasy** and **joy**, your parents were amiss in merely teaching you the biological "facts of life".

Your parents weren't aware of all the facts that matter in becoming truthful. By focusing only on sexual matters or material matters, they missed the greater point of it all. They sent you into a tailspin over forbidden fruit you chose to pursue in the form of food, sex, alcohol, drugs, gambling, shopping, killing, cheating, stealing, lying and/or coveting some people's bodies and other people's souls.

Human beings are great, big forbidden fruits, yet those who are hyper-religious point fingers at people like me and call us fruits. They're **vegetables** pointing fingers at **fruits**.

The only thing in life that was ever forbidden was knowing, loving and seeking loyalty to yourself. That was God's Reverse Psychology. He Knew that anything He Told us not to do, we'd want (—) to do.

You don't need pleasant sensations to achieve success in life. You only need a profound understanding of the way in which you're Made. With pragmatic awareness of the depth of reality, you can shape your life like clay any way you choose.

Yakety Yak
Sung by
The Coasters
Composed by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
1959

Take out the papers and the trash,
or you don't get no spendin' cash.
If you don't scrub that kitchen floor,
you ain't gonna rock and roll no more.

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Just finish cleanin' up your room.
Let's see that dust fly with that broom.

Get all that garbage out of sight,
or you don't go out Friday night.

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

You just put on your coat and hat,
and walk yourself to the laundromat.

And when you finish doin' that,
bring in the dog and put out the cat.

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Don't you give me no dirty looks.
Your father's hip. He knows what cooks.

Just tell your hoodlum friend outside,
you ain't got time to take a ride.

Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Parents demand obedience from their children. **Society** demands obedience from its citizens. The **institutions** of faith demand obedience from their parishioners.

But there are voices inside us all that want (–) what we want (–) and desire (+) what we desire (+). And we instinctively know that if we don't listen to these voices, we aren't going to feel that being alive was worthwhile.

People will tell you that what you want (–) is bad for you. And they’ll tell you that what you desire (+) is bad for them. There’s always going to be a tension between the voices inside you and the voices around you.

Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller weren’t trying to tell you which voices to listen to. They were trying to tell everyone in 1959 that there was a conflict between their inner world and the world around them that needed to be acknowledged.

That message is now so old that it isn’t news anymore, and yet that message is always repeating itself in new ways in every new generation.

The voice in this song is the voice of the young man’s mother, and every guy knows that his mother’s voice will live on inside him long after she’s dead. There’ll always be a hand in our back, and that hand will always appear to be hers.

In some ways, this makes women look like the perpetrators of all crimes against humanity. Since Eve tempted Adam, woman has been accused of being the original instigators of evil. A woman’s hand is accused of being behind all undesired consequences. Such is the reasoning and excuse of everyone, male and female alike.

And yet, in all fairness, it must be said that things have changed somewhat since 1959. Women got the vote in 1918, and this song was composed 40 years thereafter. It wasn’t only men who popularized this song in the 60’s. Women did, too.

We now have a better understanding of the psychological underpinnings of our wants (–) and desires (+). We understand that the **urges** we have are in opposition to our **responsibilities**. We can’t do anything we please, but we also can’t do only what we must.

Therefore, “Yakety Yak” can now be interpreted as the mother within us, rather than our biological mother, guardian or even the voice of all women.

Our inner mother is in a relationship with our inner child. And to the degree that our inner child grows up to honor our inner mother, we will become peace loving, free from inner strife and, therefore, capable of pursuing truth and the joy that ensues.

If you want to become a colorful person who can appreciate more than black (guilt), white (innocence) and all the shades of **gray** (uncertainty) in between, you're going to have to introduce color (lust that leads to love) into your life.

This is what I did through ballet. I danced for 40 years erroneously thinking that the only place to produce color was either the dance studio or my bedroom. It took what seemed like forever for me to realize that color could be spread from light areas of my life to all others.

It took a lifetime to realize that my heart was the **palette** I was going to use to paint my **canvas**, but my penis was my **brush**. I had to learn how to figuratively dip my penis into **paint** (lust for light).

Granted, I'm not a world-famous dancer. I'm not even a portrait artist.

The picture on the cover of this book is my rendition of my penis... The words you're reading on this page are brushstrokes my inner gorilla is painting. The color I'm using on the page may literally look black, but it emanates out of my penis like semen; hot, wet paint on a brush I use to describe my lust for life figuratively. I express myself using my penis literally and figuratively.

I excelled in producing B&W sketches of the meaning of life in my previous books. I filled in those borders of black on my white canvas with literary color.

I applied my urges (+/-) to my thoughts and feelings to expand my beliefs through storytelling.

But I've come out of my corner (what's left of my closet), even though that meant stepping in wet paint to go forward.

To become an **artist** of life and citizen of the world, I. had to find the courage to sketch guilt (black) onto purity (white) and then fill it in with feelings (seven colors).

I had to use my penis like a brush; my heart like a palette; and my soul like a canvas – if I was going to consider myself in the throes of making a masterpiece.

Without producing a tour de force in your imagination, you're going to be of no inspiration to anyone. You're going to go down the spiral staircase like water flushing down a toilet. You're going to rid yourself of a brown mess that you weren't willing to contemplate.

But where it's all going to end up, none of us really wants to talk about in polite society. The afterlife seems more like a sewer sometimes. No wonder no one wants to die.

Get Happy/Happy Days

Sung by

Barbara Streisand and Judy Garland

Composed by

Milton Ager, Harold Arlen, Ted Koehler & Jack Yeller

1963

Forget your troubles.

Happy days

Come on get happy.

are here again.)

You better chase all your cares away.

(The skies above are clear again.)

Shout hallelujah.

(So, let's sing a song

Come on get happy.

of cheer again.)

Get ready for the judgment day.

(Happy days are here again.)

The sun is shining. Come on get happy.

(Shout it now. There's no one

The Lord Is Waiting To Take your hand.

who can doubt it now.)

Shout hallelujah.

(So, let's tell the world

And just get happy.

about it now.)

We're going to the Promise Land.

(Happy days are here again.)

We're heading cross the river.

Soon your cares will all be gone.

There'll be no more from now on.

(From now on)

Forget your troubles

(Happy days

and just get happy.

are here again.)
You better chase all your blues away.
(The skies above are clear again.)
Shout hallelujah
(So, let's sing a song
and just get happy.
of cheer again.)
Happy times, happy times
Happy nights, happy nights
Happy days
are
here
again.

The mash-up of these two songs occurred on the “Judy Garland Show” on October 6, 1963, a duet between two titans of musical interpretation, Barbara Streisand, a rising star at the time, and Judy Garland, a diva, who died six years later of a drug overdose.

The tension between **rising** (+) and **falling** (–) lies within each one of us. Heaven (+) and Hell (–) are figurative struggles for dominion within us all.

In that sense, this song is just as timely today as it was then.

But rather than being a song between two stars, it's a struggle today between two voices in our heart (**optimism** and **pessimism**) that are singing a duet with one another.

The cacophony we often experience inside would be like these two singers being out of sync or off-key with one another. This is unavoidable in ourself sometimes since we're learning the meaning of singing to ourself as a means to self-fulfillment and self-understanding.

Stay
Sung by
Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs
Composed by
Cedric Allen Williams
1960

Stay, ah just a little bit longer.
Please, please, please, please, please,
tell me that you're going to.
Now your daddy don't mind,
and your mommy don't mind
if we have another dance, yeah,
just one more, one more time.
Oh, won't you stay, just a little bit longer.
Please let me hear you say that you will.
Say you will.
Won't you place your sweet lips to mine.
Won't you say you love me all the time.
Oh yeah, just a little bit longer,
please, please, please, please, please,
tell me you're going to.
Come on, come on, come on, stay.
Come on, come on, come on, stay.
Come on, come on, come on, stay, oh la de da,
Come on, come on, come on, stay, my, my, my, my,
Come on, come on, come on, stay

The musical **duet** in the last song (“Get Happy/Happy Days”) is recreated as a **pas de deux** in this song. The thought of one of the voices in the previous song leaving the conversation would be unthinkable.

But in the lyrics to “Stay,” the thought of one dancer leaving the dance floor is the theme. It takes two to **tango**.

But if you should decide that you don't want to dance with yourself until the angel of death invites you to dance

out the door with him, you're going to feel very lonely at times.

In that sense, sensuality and sexuality aren't experiences that begin at puberty. They begin at birth and develop over a lifetime. Children are extremely sensuous and sexually aroused creatures. It's boundaries between their physicality, emotionality and spirituality that don't yet exist.

Mentally, emotionally and spiritually healthy adults don't want to force their boundaries on children. We recognize the importance of moving at the speed of God, not man. Damaging children's sexual boundaries is, nevertheless, a sad, but common, occurrence.

These boundaries were laid out definitively for us with our first orgasm. That orgasm created a biological shift in our relationship to our body that has had emotional and spiritual implications that weren't fully explained to us at the time.

Neither our parents nor society could tell us any more about reality than they knew. And for that they must be forgiven, provided they're willing to become more open-minded to spiritual interpretations of life today.

People used to think children were small adults. Developmental psychology didn't exist until the last century.

But if you look back at how you were treated as a toddler, child and adolescent, you can now see that developmental psychology is still working at advancing the awareness of adults with regard to how to treat children in healthier ways.

I recommend that all the ideas in this book be shared with youngsters who are spiritually mature or interested in maturing spiritually.

I've tried to write this book as a spiritual "Sesame Street" series for young and old alike. I begin by figuratively stating, "A is for **anus**". Everybody's got one.

Why we would start the alphabet with **apple** makes no sense at all. Everything begins at one end and ends at the

other. If you aren't already thinking about where things will go at the end, you're self-obsessed. Knowing that A is for anus will make learning the rest of the alphabet a lot more interesting.

Moses never stated what the fruit growing from the Tree of knowledge was.

But it certainly wasn't an apple. The apple tree was cultivated in Central-Asia and then slowly made its way west to Europe.

If you find the idea shocking to start the alphabet with "anus" perhaps you have inner boundaries that are still a challenge for you.

Soul Brothers

The concept of a **soul brother** is a particularly African-American concept. It was surely developed out of a need for unity and solidarity in the **Black** community to overcome the extreme prejudice and disdain by **White**, American, slave owners for their human chattel. They looked at African-Americans as possession, belongings, assets and goods. So, they treated them like **things**.

People who are raised to think of themselves as a **thing**; people who are raised to make everything transactional; people whose worth is measured in dollars and cents – are damaged. Learning to love themselves isn't going to be easy.

The license to treat human beings like things came from Torah where God Describes how to treat slaves like human beings. That may have been a useful tool then, considering that the ancient Jews had been slaves themselves who couldn't see how they were treating one another.

But if we'd like to continue in that vein, I suggest we make **Black** people slave owners, and see how they treat **White** people. I have a feeling that they aren't going to do too much better when you look at how some **Black** people treat other **Black** people.

Today the Republican Party is treating all women like their **things**. They presume that **White** Christian men have the right to control women's reproductive systems, and, by extension, their spiritual operating system. Republicans feel the same way about gays. Soon they'll be forbidding Jews from practicing circumcision. Our penis and testicles will lie in their hands. Just you wait and see.

I envy **Black** men the power they've amassed through the concept of soul brothers, particularly because orthodox-Jews and gay-Jews will probably never come together to feel as maligned as **Black** people. The concept of all of us being siblings brought together by our Father in our soul isn't yet something Jews are talking about.

I understand why that is. I see it in my own anti-Semitism. The more I discover about the meaning in having been Created a Jew, the more sensitized I become when I'm around Jews.

It's so much easier for me to be around non-Jews. Being in Israel is extremely painful for me. I can't tell you how deeply it moves me to tears.

My father was a slave in Nazi Germany. So, I am the son of a slave.

My father was a spirit in a thing (body) that half of Europe wanted to treat like a thing they could discard at will. I am a spirit in a thing, but even I treated me like a **thing** I wanted to throw away, sometimes.

Young, orthodox-Jews today aren't taught the meaning of slavery first-hand from parents who are ex-slaves. They can only instill the concept of slavery in the young through the holiday of Passover and the Day of Remembrance. Many Jews still think a straight thing is better than a gay thing.

God Told us in Leviticus, the third book of Torah, how to treat slaves like human beings. And He Told us to kill gay men.

That said He Told us not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge. So, now we have to decide for ourselves whether to do or not do what He Told us. The ball lies in our court.

Respect for the innate rights of the individual must be pursued by every individual. Using a passage in Leviticus to put me in a "separate and unequal" category in orthodox-Jewish society is much more **abominable** than allowing a penis in your anus.

Ejaculating into a man's mouth or his anus is an attempt to imbue him with the life-giving substance in you. And the lust to be filled with another man's semen is equally profound from a spiritual point of view.

The search for our father is a search for the power in the life-**giving** substance in man. The search for our mother is a search for the power of the life-**sustaining** substance in woman.

If you're not allowed to pursue both through means you determine yourself, you're going to revolt. Therefore, society has a duty to its citizens to allow them to pursue **happiness** even if we know that **truth** is a much-preferred goal.

Hyper-religious Jews and Christians have chosen to hate the LGBT+ community. That's a lifestyle choice. That's not the way they were Made.

They're repeating what our American forefathers did to **Black** people. The hyper-religious see us as their property because they see their interpretation of their scripture as the only interpretation that God Would Validate. We're **things** to them that they manipulate with laws they put on the books to maintain control over us. And if the law isn't on their side, they use intimidation with guns to get their way.

Germans and many other Europeans once felt the same way about Jews. Many Muslims around the world still treat women similarly to the way Nazis treated gays and Jews.

God Allows us to make big mistakes To Teach us that our interpretations of His Words are wrong. He Motivates us to learn more about our spiritual operating system and biological system so we can discern the difference between the two.

I believe in the importance of Rewards and Punishments. And I also happen to believe that not all of Them have to come in our lifetime.

Christian nationalism today strives to make America a religious state in which the orthodox-Jews who are aiding and abetting them will soon find themselves second-class citizens, the way both gays and Jews were treated just in the last century in Europe.

If the orthodox-Jews don't see the shackles they're being fitted for, allow me to point out what I can see with my 20/20 gay-Jewish vision since I was fitted with spiritual glasses to see myself more clearly after my third (and last) suicide attempt. What the orthodox-Jews are doing I think is suicidal.

Christian nationalists have taken over the Republican Party under the leadership of Donald Trump. They know the difference between a beef cheeseburger and a chicken cheeseburger.

Don't kid yourself. There's a target on the back of every Jew in this country. They don't care if we're gay or straight. Once they get through shackling women, people of color, gays and the disabled, they'll be coming after the Jews.

When I telephoned the orthodox-rabbi after he threw me out of his study class (on the recommendation of the Jewish Community Center where I'd met him), I quoted Benjamin Franklin who said, "If we don't hang together, we'll surely hang separately."

That was more than 25 years ago. He didn't agree with me then. Maybe today he's ready to rethink his opinion. Maybe he can already begin to feel the rope burns around his **stiff** neck.

The concept of soul brothers isn't a relationship between brothers I can promote since it didn't work for me in my community. I tried to reach orthodox-Jews through Torah.

Even though I can't get orthodox-Jews to agree to the idea that we're soul brothers, I do think that the concept works well within me. I've become my own soul brother.

I've created three relationships that are so meaningful to me that I wear three rings to symbolize how deeply my soul is engaging my life with God and people.

The first ring is on the middle finger of my left hand. It symbolizes my relationship with **Will**.

The second ring is on the thumb of my right hand. It symbolizes my relationship with **myself** that began in earnest when I was a child who needed to suck my thumb for comfort. That's my way of reminding myself of my milk (love) within.

And the third ring is on the fourth finger of my right hand. It symbolizes my relationship with **God**.

These three fingers are like brothers to one another, even though they're separated by other fingers. These three fingers are working together with my seven other fingers, but each of these three has a special function that works in harmony with all the rest to produce the words you see on this page.

As I watch my fingers create these words as I type, I see my soul brothers working together for unity, harmony and spiritual accord. In this way, I become a physical embodiment of a life well lived.

If I were a grandparent, I'd want to live in a kibbutz where I could care for my grandchildren while my children were at work. I'd teach my grandkids about spiritual matters that their parents don't have the time or experience to advance themselves. I'd raise my grandkids to be soulful individuals, a soul brother or soul sister until themselves.

The proof lies in the **pudding** (book). Now that you've eaten up more than 100 pages of my **food-for-thought**, it's too late to criticize my cooking.

But you certainly can embellish it with recipes of your own. I've given you all the ingredients to do so. More clever ways of preparing food-for-thought are now up to you to make.

The following songs were composed and published at a time in the last century when their spiritual function wasn't as obvious as it is today. They're old recipes I've

embellished for you in the hopes that you'll be able to tweak them in your own special way.

Father and Son

Sung by

Cat Stevens

Composed by

Yusuf Islam (same)

1970

It's not time to make a change.

Just relax. Take it easy.

You're still young; that's your fault.

There's so much you have to know.

Find a girl. Settle down.

If you want, you can marry.

Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy.

I was once like you are now,

and I know that it's not easy

to be calm when you've found

something's going on.

But take your time. Think a lot.

Think of everything you've got.

For you will still be here tomorrow,

but your dreams may not.

How can I try to explain?

When I do, he turns away again.

It's always been the same, same old story.

From the moment I could talk,

I was ordered to listen.

Now there's a way,

and I know that I have to go away.

I know I have to go.

It's not time to make a change...

All the times that I've cried

keeping all the things I knew inside.

It's hard, but it's harder to ignore it.

If they were right, I'd agree.

But it's them they know, not me.

**Now there's a way,
and I know that I have to go away.
I know I have to go.**

When we were young, the struggle between our father and ourself was a preview to the struggle every older man today goes through within himself. This struggle begins in the outer world, but it makes its way inside us all. It deepens over a lifetime, and it deepens from one generation to the next.

The father/son relationship is always being more and more internalized. That's why we can see that fathers love their sons more than they did in the past. That's why we're trying to find ways to avoid sending our sons to war.

What was a personal issue for Cat Stevens that he raised to a societal issue in 1970 has now become a psychological issue for many that it wasn't then.

Soon, it'll become a universal, spiritual issue that'll define the goals of the whole human race. We're all struggling within with our Father, regardless of our age, whether we know it, or not.

Just as there's an inner mother ordering us about inside, there's an inner Father trying to reason with us, as well.

If "it's not time to make a change," why not? If we should "just relax," how do we do that without betraying ourself? How do we "take it easy" in a world that's rotating on steroids compared to how it turned before?

If someone wants to accuse me of being at fault for being young at heart, they should tell me what it is I ought to know. If they can't put their reasons into words, they're being unreasonable. And if their reasons are hateful, prejudiced and make no sense unless they add, "God Said so," then I'm not interested. God Said a lot of things. And they're all up for interpretation.

The struggle between innocence and experience isn't just between youngsters and their elders anymore. It appears to

many young people in this latest generation that many older people are unevolved, unreasonable and half-cocked.

Older, gay men like myself (queens) who survived the AIDS epidemic and the COVID pandemic aren't frightened of the germs being spread by Jewish, religious fanatics, rightwing Christian fundamentalists or Muslim terrorists.

Just because Republican, Congressional leaders cough and Fox News fans their germs across the country, doesn't change the fact that I'm spiritually immunized and boosted. They can't hurt me unless I let them.

If we can overcome the religious fanaticism of **Christian nationalism** in this country, we can protect Israel from religious fanaticism in and around Israel. And in doing so, we can help inclusive Palestinians, Gazans and Muslims everywhere.

For this reason, sane, younger people ought to tolerate the older generation. I don't recommend accepting or admiring some older people nowadays. Some of them are racists, homophobes, misogynists and anti-Semites.

If most orthodox-Jews vote Republican, we should all give pause to how we interact with how we're making things worse for our own kind. Anti-Semitism in the Jewish community is code for suicidal behavior.

Because the younger generation isn't racist, homophobic or misogynistic for the most part, they may erroneously assume they aren't **anti-Semitic**, either. And yet, the universities, institutions, media and politicians are still playing a game of cat-and-mouse with Israel. If you're interested in this topic, I suggest you subscribe online (for free) to **Honest Reporting**, a news organization that monitors truth-telling in the media.

The orthodox-Jews are the Republican cult in Israel. The gay Israelis are like hip, cool Democrats there. Therefore, judge people by their politics, not by their sexual orientation, religion or nationality.

Would you like to live in a Muslim country? The equivalent of Sharia law is what the Republicans are moving us toward. Their stance on abortion isn't about life. It's about the **death** of the freedom to think, **death** of the liberty to love and **death** of the emancipation of our head and heart from our soul.

Cat Stevens, the composer/singer of this song changed his name to Yusuf Islam and converted to Islam in the 1970's. Since both his parents were Christian, I wonder what he thinks of Islam today in light of Islamic revolutionaries who denounce both Christianity and Judaism? (He was British born. His mother was a Baptist from Sweden, and his father was a Greek Orthodox-Christian from Cyprus.)

The problems in figuring out who we are, are bigger than we realize when we're young. Therefore, solutions that must come from within take longer to achieve than any wo/man can encompass as a young adult.

We all come to conclusions that create opinions we learn to regret with greater experience over time. We all have to give up our innocence if we want to embrace wisdom, just as we have to give up our virginity if we want to experience sex, and through sex, romantic love.

Just spouting forth negativity to create the perception of loyalty to your tribe isn't going to work in the long run. We're all in this together. Nobody is going to willingly go to concentration camps for liquidation. We're either going to start a nuclear war or we're going to achieve peace.

Peace will mean that the hyper-religious everywhere will have to acknowledge that their beliefs are a **lifestyle** choice. They can't inflict their beliefs on the rest of us. We're willing to let them live the way they choose, so long as they obey our laws. Those who don't want to obey the law, will have their day in court. No one is above the law, although many try to duck under it.

A Time For Us

Sung by

Andy Williams

Composed by

Nino Rota and arranged by Henry Mancini

1969

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

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

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

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

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

A time for us at last to see...

What was the love theme for the Zeffirelli film "Romeo and Juliette" in 1969 now sounds like a song for gay men who've had to deal with unrequited love in a way that's far more apparent than what straight people went through during the sexual revolution of the 60's, and thereafter.

Romeo and Juliette were star-crossed Italian lovers in the 17th Century who were made famous in England by Shakespeare's play.

But the story isn't restricted to male actors who played the role of women 400 years ago. Any two people can feel that their love has been denied by the world. In fact, any person can feel the same way within himself about himself.

What began then as a split between the generations caused by inadequate, parental love and societal prejudices that hurt poor and rich alike, has since turned into a search for self-love that ensues after the search for romantic love has proved disappointing or tragic.

More than 50 years of free sex in this country has left our nation reeling with Republican anti-abortion legislation and anti-LGBT+ sentiments that have split our country in two. Neither going forward with romantic love for all nor retreating with **conservative** reactions to romantic love of those who aren't straight and **White** is the answer.

Every individual in today's world is being prompted to search for love with him/herself. Our liaisons in the outer world can only fulfill so much of our need for love.

The more we find a time for the “**us**” within each one of us, the more we're going to move through our disappointment and cynicism of the trials and tribulations of love with a new view of “a new world, a world of shining hope for **you** and **me**.”

You Saw Me Crying in the Chapel

Sung by
Elvis Presley
Composed by
Artie Glenn
1951

You saw me crying in the chapel.
The tears I shed were tears of joy.
I know the meaning of contentment.
Now I am happy with the Lord.
Just a plain and simple chapel
where humble people go to pray.
I pray the Lord that I'll grow stronger
as I live from day to day.
I've searched and I've searched,
but I couldn't find
no way on Earth
to gain peace of mind.
Now I'm happy in the chapel
where people are of one accord.
We gather in the chapel
just to sing and praise the Lord.
You searched and you searched,
but you couldn't find
no way on Earth
to gain peace of mind.
Take your troubles to the chapel.
Get down on your knees and pray.
Your burdens will be lighter,
and you'll surely find the way.

Elvis Presley's search for spiritual answers probably wasn't achieved to his own satisfaction since he died of a heart attack at the age of 42, likely brought on by a drug

overdose. Yet, who doesn't know the feeling of shedding tears of joy?

The blond bombshell who died his hair black kept his generation's eyes peeled on his hips.

But what was going on in his head, heart and soul was something men kept very private in those days.

Seeking "people who are of one accord" may be achieved by going to church, but people in churches then were, for the most part, separated by race, culture, ethnicity and certainly by the political subsets each church was known for. Has it changed much today?

If you only go to a house of prayer to seek those who'll agree with you, you'll leave out a lot of people who could teach you a great deal more about the big picture. (Tell that to the orthodox rabbi and his congregants who drove me away for being gay.)

Granted, in 1951, diversity, inclusion and tolerance weren't highly sought after with God as their Witness, especially in the South.

But today, the search for peace of mind should leave us all more curious about the vast differences in peoples we see in our neighbors and on the streets of our cities. People want to enjoy a spiritual environment in which they'll be respected.

But what we're seeing all over the world, instead, is an advance by hyper-religious people in religious enclaves where they're all of one accord. Because they don't want to be engaged in the greater (sinful) world, they scheme and vote together to get their politicians to fight for their "right" to force the rest of us to live their lifestyle.

Orthodox-Jewish politicians, rightwing Christian politicians and many Muslim politicians here and abroad represent religious beliefs that exclude all other faiths and philosophies because they haven't been schooled on spirituality.

Pluralism is best represented today by gays and contemporary Jews the world over. If people are open to the LGBT+ community and Israel, they're opposed to exclusivity, radicalism and violence.

You won't see me crying in a synagogue, chapel, mosque or temple. I've prayed in all of them, but I never once was moved to tears. I believe the institutions of faith should be places for people to come together to **laugh**, not cry. I didn't experience **joyous laughter** in houses of worship, either.

People who cry always upset me. I think laughter is the best medicine. I want to feel **verklemt**. I want to be choked up with tears of joy. I'm a sensitive person. And I know what I want.

My Little Town
Sung by
Paul Simon and Garfunkel
Composed by
Paul Simon
1975

In my little town,
I grew up believing
God Keeps His Eye on us all.
And He Used To Lean upon me
as I pledged allegiance to the wall.
Lord, I recall my little town.
Coming home after school,
flying my bike past the gates of the factories.
My mom doing the laundry.
Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze.
And after it rains there's a rainbow,
and all of the colors are black.
It's not that the colors aren't there.
It's just imagination they lack.
Everything's the same back in my little town.
My little town, my little town
nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.
In my little town,
I never meant nothing.
I was just my father's son, hmm-hmm
Saving my money.
Dreamin' of glory.
Twitching like a finger on a trigger of a gun.
Really nothing but the dead and dying
back in my little town.
Nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town.

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel were Jewish songwriters who helped to change the world.

Many a Jack-of-all-trades climbs the beanstalk of artistic influence and then complain that he's surrounded by Jewish giants. The same is true in the financial, scientific, political and philosophic worlds. If you're small, you're small. Get used to it. I started out small, too. But I grew up.

In the 70's, people left small town America and headed for the big city to grow, develop, mature and flourish. Today, the trend is just the opposite. People are leaving the big cities and seeking a quieter life in small towns to do the same.

The conclusion that there's "nothing but the dead and dying back in my little town" may now be passé in some places, even insulting. Because of the internet, people in small towns have a great deal more connection to "big city life" than they once had. The urban jungle has spread into the meadowland. You can travel the world with your fingertips if you're inspired to learn.

In the middle of the 20th Century, many people in my generation (including me) connected to one another with drugs. That created a counterculture that permeated society with outlaws.

In this century, people feel more connected by **broadband**, although drugs are still a uniting force for some. I'm waiting for the day when people are more excited about **spiritual broadband** than just WiFi everywhere.

Although drugs don't unite people the way they did when I was young adult, there are many other things about contemporary life that have also changed.

The narrator sang, "My mom doing the laundry. Hanging out shirts in the dirty breeze." In those days, the concept of mothers doing the laundry wasn't questioned. Today fathers do laundry, too. Even kids are taught how to do laundry nowadays.

In those days, the emphasis was on the dirty air the laundry outside dried in. Today, there's no question that the air is filthy. Anyone who wants clean clothes is going to use a dryer, not a clothesline. Would young people today even know a clothespin if they saw one?

Devotion to chores was something we took for granted in my day. Mothers were expected to express their love, devotion and kindness through chores that were financially and emotionally uncompensated. If you're doing chores for your family today without doing them with love, I presume you're doing them with resentment.

Today, people are voicing resentments with more vociferous frustration because they don't seem to be able to overcome their bad attitude about having to do chores without acknowledgment and appreciation. They aren't even encouraged to get over their resentments by talking about them.

Either mothers aren't considered to be as loving and dutiful to chores around the house as they once were, or all of society doesn't seem to be as interested in doing anything only for love.

The concept of love isn't dead. It's just not being applied to **cooking**, **cleaning** and **shopping** anymore. People want to love only what they want, so they can hate the rest. They have so much to do that the idea of doing everything more slowly, meaningfully and lovingly isn't an option they have time for.

The pace of life is much faster, probably, in part, because we're all trying to keep up with the pace of our machines. We created them, but now they're running us.

There was also a time when one person loved and the other was loved. It was baked into the cake that women did the loving and men allowed themselves to be loved. A woman's devotion to her man under any and all circumstances was considered sacrosanct.

My mother threw that cake in the garbage when she divorced my father in 1960. She tasted it, and decided it was stale, then. Today it's rotten.

Today, some women want an abortion more than motherhood. They love their independence more than the love of a child.

Today, some men try sex with men to see if they can experience something new about the life-giving force within them. They're lookin' for love in all the dark places.

We live in a time when one major, national disaster seems to strike after another. We had 911, the financial meltdown, the Trump presidency and the pandemic. They were all caused by hyper-religiosity mixed with dark money. Talk about lookin' for love in all the **dark** places...

People are in the mood for change that'll bring them a sense of safety, security and success in both their worlds. That the Republicans can't offer. They can only offer a repeat of the past. And still, so many pupils in this school don't get it.

September Song

Sung by

Walter Huston

Composed by

Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson

1938

When I was a young man courting the girls,
I played me a waiting game.

If a maid refused me with tossing curls,
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls
while I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls.
And as time came around, she came my way.

As time came around, she came.

When you meet with the young girls early in the spring,
you court them in song and rhyme.

They answer with words and a clover ring,
but if you could examine the goods they bring,
they have little to offer but the songs they sing.

And a plentiful waste of time of day.

A plentiful waste of time.

**Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December,
but the days grow short
when you reach September.**

**When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,
one hasn't got time for the waiting game.**

Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few:

September, November.

And these few precious days

I'll spend with you.

These precious days

I'll spend with you.

Although written in 1938, this song seems timelier as I
age than all the songs of my youth in the 60's and 70's. Now,

I understand the passage of time in a way I couldn't appreciate when I was a young man or even middle-aged.

The march of time turned into a **waltz** every time I fell in love. It turned into **heavy metal** music when I got sick. And it turned into a **symphony** of harmonious sounds as I made my way further into my inner world.

Here is the introduction to this song again, with a slight change of wording:

When I was a young man courting the boys,
I played me a waiting game.

If a lad refused me with tossing curls,
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls
while I plied him with tears in lieu of pearls.
And as time came around, he came my way.
As time came around, he came.

When you meet with the young men early in the spring,
you court them in song and rhyme.

They answer with words and a clover ring,
but if you could examine the goods they bring,
they have little to offer but the songs they sing.

And a plentiful waste of time of day.
A plentiful waste of time.

Learning to see young, gay men as a plentiful waste of time won't get my gay card revoked. I'm a lifetime member.

Seeing young, gay men as more than a tree with an enticing serpent in it has required that I delve into my inner world. I'm more than an **organ** grinder making music with a **gorilla**.

As I've perceived my own depth, I've been able to look for depth in others, gay and straight, young and old, alike.

As a senior, I've seen the passage of time on my face, not just on the planet. I've felt the ache in my bones that tires me more easily. I've sensed my mortality like a charcoal

smell that speaks to a fire that's smoldering and will eventually go out.

I've found reasons to make love that go beyond getting my rocks off. The evidence for my deeper view of reality doesn't only lie in the wrinkles on my face. I can feel it in my soul. A wrinkled, old soul is one that can laugh.

What difference does it make to me now that I was a foolish, young man with lads rather than ladies? I was foolish just the same.

I made love to men without knowing the meaning of loyalty. I sucked one guy while thinking about the next. The life-giving force within him wasn't the life-giving force I was looking for.

Now, in retrospect, it no longer seems "like a long, long while from May to December." Now, it seems like I went from early spring to late autumn in just a few days.

December is now stretched out before me day-to-day. It's all December to me now, a late autumn look at life that leaves little for me to see but the onset of winter for all of humanity, not just for myself.

Young people today identify with December in a way I couldn't at their age. My own gay community faced December in the month of May when most of my generation died of AIDS. The recent COVID pandemic has brought a "**December Song**" to everyone.

Time is objective in the world we share, but it's **subjective** in our world within. If you don't explore the subjectivity of time through song, you're missing one of the great topics musicians work with.

There were so many men I loved so badly. I was more curious than wise; more lustful than loyal. And so, what I learned about love was little I could apply to myself.

Global warming is real. The severity of extreme weather patterns is having a devastating effect on the world. And just spending more on presents at Christmas each year isn't going to change that.

Inner global weather **chaos** is just as real. This is something Kurt Weill couldn't have anticipated, even though he was Jew who escaped the Nazis and came to America in 1935. He knew chaos because he'd experienced it around him.

But like my parents, Weill couldn't talk about the chaos I had to witness within.

Those of us who've suffered mental illness learned about the lyrics to songs another way. We interpret words differently, personally, privately.

I find the lyrics to this song timelier and more magical than ever. But I'm relating to them in a whole other way.

Those in the **March** or **April** of their year can't ignore what I just said. They may pick up my words and only cursorily turn them around to inspect them. They may nod perfunctorily in agreement. They may even go on with the springtime of their year.

But they know the meaning of chaos in their own way. They experience it during school shootings. They experience it in their parent's fighting. They experience it in friends who are hooked on drugs. They may even know the chaos guilt mixed with fear causes on the inside and how that plays out in the world we share.

Today many people live out **November's** thanksgiving while engrossed in **March** madness. Time has become more relative than it was in the past.

A sense of vulnerability and mortality can arrive in **March** or **May**, while it still eludes others at Christmas.

Those with a criminal mind must think they're going to live forever. They have no sense of graduation from this school or the Handshake they may Be Forced to share with their Creator.

At the same time, some good people struggle with very old age, wishing to die, wondering why in the world they're still here.

Oh, it's a **very** "long while from **May** to **December**" if you don't take this metaphor to heart.

But if you have a sufficiently well enough developed imagination thanks to experience and self-reflection, you can even change your ways during in "the darling buds of **May**."
[Shakespeare]

Where You Lead, I Will Follow
Sung by Carol King
Composed by Carol King and Toni Stern
1970

Wanting you the way I do,
I only wanna be with you.
And I would go
to the ends of the Earth
'cause, darling
to me that's what you're worth.
Where you lead, I will follow
anywhere that you tell me to.
If you need, you need me to be with you
I will follow where you lead.
If you're out on the road
feeling lonely, and so cold,
all you have to do is call my name,
and I'll be there on the next train.
Where you lead, I will follow...
I always wanted a real home
with flowers on the windowsill.
But if you wanna live in New York City,
honey, you know I will.
(Yes, I will, yes, I will)
I never thought I could get satisfaction from just one man.
But if anyone can keep me happy, you're the one who can.
(I'm gonna follow where you lead.)

This Carol King song has already been reinterpreted for today from a love song to a vow of loyalty between women. I predict it will be further reinterpreted to describe the I/you relationship of **inner** child to **inner** parent. Singers will someday express their inner child's devotion to their inner parent.

Love is not enough. Loyalty is not enough. Without wisdom, good intentions disintegrate from rock-hard to sand to dust.

When I suffered from schizophrenia, I couldn't do a thing to help myself. I was untouchable. I was locked in a womb somewhere within waiting to be born. I was a living, walking, talking **fetus**.

But now I am touchable. Now I can other others. I know so because in touching them, I touch me. And in touching me, I'm touching a symbol Made by God.

I'm wise. I'm no longer a wise guy. I've used my knowledge wisely.

Socratic wisdom is a sort of humility: it simply means being aware of how little you really know; how uncertain your beliefs are; and how likely it is that many of them may turn out to be mistaken. [internet]

Plato's idea of wisdom was: "Become wise yourself, or if you are incapable of it, let yourself be guided by one who is truly wise." [internet]

Aristotle held: "It is evident that it's impossible to be practically wise without being good." [internet]

But Aeschylus, the playwright who was called the "father of tragedy" said, "Justice inclines her scales so that wisdom comes at the price of suffering." [internet]

Young people resonate with **tragedy** and **loss**. They appreciate both tragedy (pain) and loss (suffering) as purveyors of wisdom.

This is true for orthodox-Jewish youths, for rightwing Christian youths and fanatical Muslim youths.

I had to make my way out of the **department store/library** in my head. The **aisles** of commodities that turned into **stacks** of books I was stuck in were like a

labyrinth of thoughts that were keeping me from experiencing myself fully.

I entered the department store/library at the uppermost level, as though entering a **building** built on the side of the summit of a hill. Once inside, I made my way down escalators, elevators and staircases to the ground floor at the bottom of the hill. When I finally succeed in getting down to the mezzanine where I could see the crowd entering the building, I realized how close I was to getting through my stiff neck (stubbornness) and out the front door into my heart where the masses make their way in to where I'd been all along.

There, outside the **edifice** in my head, I found myself in a **rainbow**. I saw where I was through a tinted lens. I'd entered my emotional realm. I was outside the department store/library walking horizontally through the tip of a rainbow that had touched the ground. These are the seven emotional realms from red (rage) to violet (ecstasy). I was walking toward the ultraviolet plain, the landscape of my soul where the truth lies both in B&W and color.

Now I understand what it's like inside and out. Now I'm out of the closet in the corner of a room deciding which one of 90 degrees I'm going to take. Now I'm at a street corner deciding which way to cut across the intersection that's covered in wet paint.

Here outside myself inside, I'm free to roam through **Rome** like a specter, not a spectator. I'm free to reenter the **Temple Mount** (department store/library) like an apparent apparition.

This is **Mecca** where we emancipate ourself from ourself to be with God. Here, we turn into a soulful person.

But it isn't easy. We aren't born soulful. We're only born divine. And being allowed to enter Mecca literally because you're a Muslim isn't going to make you soulful.

It's all an inside job. And anyone can do it.

The words “**obsessive**” and “**compulsive**” become more meaningful when you know where you've been and where you're going.

Now that I've explored the meaning of words with more depth, I can see how my thoughts (head) and feelings (heart) have been trying to communicate with my beliefs (soul) to change my perception of the incredible, spiritual instrument I'm using that was uniquely Fitted for the biological instrument I was Given.

I can't tell you what you need to embrace or change about yourself. Only your conscience can do that. I'm not an orthodox-Jew who's going to rant-and-rave like other hyper-religious fanatics about how God Made you in a way that offends **him**.

You have to decide how you offend **yourself**. And you're going to have to find the courage to change in those ways that offend you and hold your ground in those ways that you may offend others, but not yourself.

If you want an abortion and it doesn't offend you to get one, get one. If want to suck cock and it doesn't offend you to do so, do it.

But if you've made a **promise** to another person and you want to break it, you'd better be prepared for amending yourself before God as your Witness before breaking your word. There's a price to pay for breaking any of the Ten Commandments.

Words are precious commodities used to construct spiritual concepts. If you break your word, you've Offended the Creator of all words.

This is evident in the seventh Commandment, “Thou shall not commit adultery.” This Commandment isn't about sex. It's about breaking promises. After murder (#6), there's nothing worse than breaking your word.

If you break your word, the Creator of all words Will
Take you on a trip to show you a truth about yourself that
you didn't know before. And that excursion may not be
pleasant.

So, don't for a New York minute (one second) think that
you're entitled to free lunches. There's no such thing. You're
going to pay for every meal you munch. Food isn't free. And
food-for-thought isn't, either.

The ways we pay for our thoughts is with feelings. The
ways we pay for our feelings is with beliefs. The way we pay
for beliefs that tie us down is with mini-trips to places that
leave us emotionally uncomfortable and even in pain.

If you're a psychopath who refuses to feel guilty about
not feeling guilty, you're going to do what you do and screw
guilt as Republican Jews and Christians have magnified so
"magnificently" on the world stage.

You're going to support men like Donald Trump who are
going to screw you over and leave you feeling like a fool.
You're going to make yourself a laughingstock before God
and man. You may even find yourself wondering why God
Would Trip up someone as "righteous" as you.

"Hang Mike Pence" will be words that will resonate in
you like they did in him. "How Could God Allow such a
thing?" you'll want to ask yourself.

If you're only stuck with obsessive thoughts and
compulsive feelings, you're one of the lucky ones. You've
been Given a nightmare in a department store/library.
You've gotten lost in a bad dream that resembles a
labyrinth, while others found their way out of that **edifice**.

Once you've made your way out into the **rainbow** in
your heart where you can feel all your feelings, including
guilt, then you can look back at your head (department store/
library) and heart (rainbow) and focus on living your life
from the **landscape** of your soul.

Where you lead, you will follow, anywhere that you tell
you to. If you need you to be with you,
you will follow where you lead.

Only you (and you alone)

Sung by the Platters

Composed by

Ande Rand and Buck Ram

1966

Only you can make all this world seem right.
Only you can make the darkness bright.
Only you and you alone can thrill me like you do,
and fill my heart with love for only you.
Oh, only you can do make all this change in me.
For it's true, you are my destiny.
When you hold my hand I understand
the magic that you do.
You're my dream come true, my one and only you.
Oh oh, only you can do make this change in me.
For it's true, you are my destiny...

Granted, I already spoke about the me/you of the “only you” relationship earlier on this book.

But there's more to the “**me**” and the “**you**” in myself than met my own eye.

This song is the bookend to Carol King's “Where You Lead, I Will Follow”. That was about the devotion of our inner child to our inner parent. “Only you” is a song of devotion from our inner **grandparent** to our inner **grandchild**. It's our **superego** in relationship to our **id**.

Our inner grandparent needs someone young and innocent to guide. Our inner grandparent needs someone to help and direct.

All **pet owners** are inner grandparents who've projected their inner grandchild onto the animal kingdom. All **nature lovers** are inner grandparents who wish to steward the natural world.

I'm the inner grandparent to the inner grandchild who resides in me.

I'm the inner **grandparent** to myself. And I'm the inner **grandchild** to myself.

So, when I sing the song, "Only you," it becomes a song from someone older, wiser and experienced in me to someone naïve, lovable and innocent.

This movement inward over my lifetime toward greater self-intimacy has now revealed that my inner grandparent is more skilled at dealing with my inner grandchild than my parents were in dealing with me. Thank God that now that my inner grandparent is alive and well and my parents are dead, I have no more competition over who's guiding me. The job finally falls to me to guide myself.

In the 5th Commandment, God Tells us to honor our father and mother. I imagine He Uses the word "honor" because He Knows that the day will come when we'll want to share our love with ourself rather than our parents.

I'm completely done with loving my father and mother. I know that because they're dead. Now I'm fully free to love myself while just honoring my parents' memory. I'm not tied to my mother's apron strings any longer.

I honor my parents by maintaining the ways in which they taught me to respect others, be kind, considerate and helpful to all.

But I don't have to deal with the nonsense they also promoted that was based on myriad ways in which they'd been literally tortured by Christians and figuratively mangled and turned into spiritual pretzels by a society that, in their day, couldn't find its ass with both hands tied behind itself. That's not my idea of holy communion. That's not my idea of being a slice from their loaf of bread.

It was at this point in my spiritual development that I realized the people around me, particularly my life-partner, are more precious than I previously knew. Will holds skills my inner grandparents (head and heart) don't have. He can guide my inner grandparents and grandchild in ways I can't.

This unifies my need for community in a way that young people today may need to learn about from seniors.

And yet, everything I'm describing is an outcome the young need to perceive from within if they're going to avoid most of the insanity my generation had to go through and that our parents had to go through even more horribly and painfully in the generation before us.

Don't Get Around Much Anymore

Sung by

Duke Ellington

Composed by

Duke Ellington and Bob Russell

1942

Missed the Saturday dance.
Heard they crowded the floor.
It's awfully different without you.
Don't get around much anymore.
Thought I'd visit the club.
Got as far as the door.
I couldn't bear it without you.
Don't get around much anymore.
Darling, I guess my mind's more at ease,
but nevertheless, why stir up memories?
Been invited on dates.
Might have gone, but what for?
I couldn't bear it without you.
Don't get around much anymore.

Although this song was composed ten years before I was born, it speaks to me. It's a song from my parents' generation that feels like something my grandparents would have sung to them.

I guess I've slowly gotten older and wiser as my grandparents' and parents' generation has slowly faded and disappeared from the world stage. Suddenly, I'm resonating with my grandparents' generation, even though my grandparents were all murdered by the Nazis.

How odd that God Would Have Denied me grandparents while Giving me such a sense of resonance with their generation. How odd that He Would Have Given me such an opening of my heart to the unkindness perpetrated on women

in the last century up till today, even though I have no interest in women sexually?

God Works in mysterious ways.

I never wanted to go to a “Saturday dance” if I had the opportunity to sit at home with arms and legs wrapped around my lover watching TV.

I never got “around much,” even when I went through periods when I got around a lot. I was always odd and different, even if I shrugged it off for a time to try to consider myself one of the boys.

“The boys in the **band**” (gay men) weren’t ever my boys. My boys were figuratively playing in **orchestras**. My boys were classically inclined. They had one foot in the past and one foot in the future. My boys weren’t at home in the here-and-now. My boys had that cockeyed look in their eye that used to be associated with **Jews**. Now it’s associated with **dorks**.

I’d been “invited on dates.” I “might have gone” until I thought about it, and then asked myself, “What for?”

I guess the reason I chose not to go was because I “couldn’t bear it without” someone I couldn’t visualize, let alone mention by name.

That someone was the “me” in myself. Now, I don’t the least bit care that I “don’t get around much anymore.”

I used to feel terribly alone. I used to think everyone was out having a good time with people they loved – everyone but me.

But I’m not lonely anymore. I’ve found my loved one inside. Now I have love to give from within rather than having to yearn for love to be given to me from without.

What’s more I’m more able to **receive** love. That’s what was especially hard for me to do in the past.

I thought I was too worthy to receive.

But now that I’ve lowered my opinion of me, I find I’m capable of receiving. Fancy that!

Green with Envy

When I think of **jealousy**, I think of wanting another man's body. I never considered my own body my dream body. So, I've always had a sexual type I was looking for to compensate for the body I've been Given.

In my early youth, that was a man who was taller, broader, longer, darker, deeper and wealthier than me. I was attracted to what I called "**masculine**" men. I guess I felt I was a son type and was looking for a man who thought he was a father type.

Over the years, my type turned into a man who was shorter, leaner, darker, shallower and poorer than me. I became attracted to what I considered to be "**feminine**" men. I guess I felt I was a father type and was looking for a man who thought he was a son type.

I'm not looking for either anymore. I now feel adequately paternal and wise, maternal and loving. And when I don't, Will takes on those roles for me.

I now wish to share both my traits of masculinity and femininity with the young and playful in abstract ways. I've moved through my fears (yellow) to spring green on the rainbow (the green closest to yellow).

I'm not offended if people are offended by my body. Chacun à son goût (French: to each his own.)

Over a lifetime, I've slowly become more comfortable in my own skin with the "me" in "it". I've become more attentive and attracted to my own body even if I'll never be physically attracted to myself as the **complete package**.

Previously there was a lot I looked at in my body that brought up embarrassment. I wasn't Given what I would have chosen if I'd been allowed to choose my body myself. I wasn't my type.

My **legs** are gorgeous; they're just not long enough.

My **chest** is hairy and handsome, just not broad enough.

My **belly** has always protruded somewhat, but now I have love-handles (more like knobs than handles).

I always wanted a washboard **stomach**, but no number of sit-ups have flattened my little potbelly sufficiently for me.

My facial **features** are fine, but adolescent acne did a number on my skin.

This isn't a roast. This is a bake-off.

Loving myself physically has been a great challenge.

But I've also come to peace with my container in a way I never could before. That's thanks to my contents. I've never been more pleased to be me in my life.

Embarrassment of our body is a feature Given to us to make the most of what we've got.

Getting through spring green (jealousy of other men's containers), drew me toward forest green, the green (covetous nature) that's mixed with blue (sorrow, disappointment and grief). Forest green describes my **envy** of other men's contents.

I have good reason to envy good men. I don't have many virtues. I'm kindhearted, considerate, thoughtful, selfless and empathetic.

But I'm also cheap, selfish and greedy. I'm easily distracted. Not alone that, but I'm proud of being so proud of myself to the point of being lazy. The more easily I can do things, the better.

The essence of my pride comes from my comfort in being gay. Loving men physically and spiritually is such an advantage when it comes to not killing them.

Thanks to my physical laziness, I found ways to make a living that used my brains rather than my brawn. I saved my body from wear-and-tear and made a lot more money in the process.

And thanks to my pride in being gay, I'm able to witness straight values with an outsider's eye.

Jealousy (spring green) and **envy** (forest green) are aspects of my nature that, together, create curiosity about why I'm me.

I'm going to have to be myself for a lifetime, so I might as well use my time to contemplate why I turned out the way I did, and what I can do being as I am.

I was Planted in a **garden** surrounded by a **grove** (family). I found myself in an **orchard** as a young man surrounded by other trees blossoming and blooming with tempting fruit. I aged in a **forest** where I got lost. And I came out into a **meadow** in old age that I've turned into a **nursery** of my own.

The next series of songs contemplate the emotional meaning of the color green (**covetousness**). If you'd like to get through your O.C.D. issues, I suggest you begin by facing your **embarrassment** of the body you got. You may be amazed how many thoughts about self-intimacy you've avoided not to have to face this first level of guilt.

Adam and Eve covered their genitals with fig leaves to express their embarrassment. You cover yours with figurative leaves.

Embarrassment feels funny in an awful sort of way.

But it isn't life-threatening or so physically painful that you'd even need to take an aspirin to overcome it.

Feeling embarrassed about what others have to look at when observing me isn't a problem anymore for me. I've become **modest**. I just do what I can to look my best at all times.

But I'm eventually going to die, and people will someday see me dead. Whatever they have to face today is still better than what they're going to have to look at when I'm lying cold and stiff in a coffin before they lower me into my grave.

If you'd like to get through your O.C.D. issues, I also suggest you face your **shame** at the character you've ended

up with. You may be amazed how many thoughts you've avoided not to have to feel shameful about the limited set of virtues you've amassed.

When Adam and Eve heard God Walking through "their" garden, they ran and hid from Him behind some trees. God Didn't Have To Make noise To Let them know He Was Coming. He Made noise to trigger their shame.

We're all trees hiding behind other trees. That's why we can't see the forest for the trees.

Shame feels funny in an awful sort of way.

But it isn't life-threatening or so physically painful that you'd even need to take an aspirin to overcome it.

As I moved through shame, I became **humble**. I can now acknowledge how many virtues I passed up, and how I'm stuck with those few good qualities I've got.

When you realize that embarrassment of your body has made you modest and shame of your character has made you humble, you'll begin to feel the third aspect of guilt: **humiliation** before the Lord. You'll begin to see how patient He'S Been with you as you are.

Adam humiliated himself before God by accusing Him of causing him to eat the forbidden fruit by Having Given him "that woman".

God Didn't Humiliate Adam. Adam humiliated himself.

And Eve did the same when she hid behind the facts by blaming the serpent and not taking responsibility for her actions herself.

If you only see yourself as a **patient** in a hospital setting, you can't claim you've done everything needed just by listening to your Doctor. **Literal** obedience is defiance **concealed**.

If you only see yourself as a **student** in a school setting, you can't claim you've done everything you need just by listening to your Teacher to learn. Graduating with a Ph.D. in "me" won't open you to your heart.

You've also got to see yourself as a **tree** in a nursery setting who's learning gratitude to our Gardener for all that He Does To Teach us why He Planted wandering Jews; trumpet vines; Venus fly traps; cuckoo flower; and pussytoes – in addition to trees.

Ironically, humiliating yourself can lead to greater appreciation of the Doctor/Teacher/Gardener Who'S Led you to **grace**.

Grace in the common vernacular is “mental health”. When you pray for the grace of God, you're really praying for mental health. You're praying to our Gardener for adequate sunlight (wisdom) and water (love).

When you can finally see how patiently God, our Sculptor, Has Carved you day-by-day like clay through experiences that have been completely out of your control, all you can do now is choose how to consciously respond to them in the future.

You could become a lot more loyal to life as a clinic/classroom/nursery/art project with you as its patient/pupil/sprout/masterpiece if you chose to achieve greater grace.

She Was Too Good to Me

Composed and Sung by

Chet Baker

1974

S/he was too good to me.
How can I get along now.
So close s/he stood to me.
Everything seems so wrong now.
S/he would have brought me the sun,
making me smile.
That was her fun.
When I was mean to her,
s/he never said go away now.
I was a king to her.
Who's gonna make me gay now?
It's only natural
I'm so blue.
S/he was too good to be true.

This is a song about self-envy. This is what green **sounds** like.

The “**s/he**” in me is a combination of what my father and mother contributed to my body. My father lies in my head. My mother lies in my heart. And I lie alone in my soul trying to make sense of the thoughts in my head and the feelings in my heart.

My soul is like a prison, a closet, or a corner I'm facing. It's a small place I'm stuck in until I learn how to operate myself well enough to get out of myself on excursions to learn more about me.

I'm a physical mix of my parents, but I'm spiritually responsible for what they produced. It's as if God Took the chromosomes from each of my parents, Put them in a cup (womb), Mixed them with a spoon (His Will) and Produced the body I'm now living with. I'm the “me” in “it” that I have

to learn how to operate biologically, psychologically and spiritually.

When I was a toddler, I was a king to me. When I was a child, I was gay in every way.

But when I hit puberty, I turned blue. The s/he in me had been too good to be true.

I look back with nostalgia at all I had in early childhood that I later thought I was missing. I'm not missing anything anymore. The infant, toddler, child, adolescent, young adult, mature adult, middle-aged man and senior citizen are all in "it" together.

But I'd projected the **she** in me onto my mother and came away looking like a foolish Jew who couldn't get past his mommy issues.

I'd projected the **he** in me onto my father and came away looking like a foolish fag who couldn't get past his daddy issues.

Every time I do something stupid that my **mother** would do, Will has to remind me that my mother is dead. I seem to need to be jerked back to reality. I figuratively forget she's dead. I don't need to neurotically try to please her.

I don't have to be like her anymore. I don't have to do what she says anymore. I can honor her memory by reminding myself what she said and did, and then choose to do what I want to do.

Every time I do something stupid my **father** would do, I have to remind myself that my father is dead because Will never met him. Will can't help me in that respect.

I don't have to be like my father, either. I don't have to recreate the love/hate relationship I had with my dad. I can honor his memory by reminding myself I'm wiser than he ever was, and kinder, too.

It's possible to be a good person and discover that you're better and worse than your parents. You're better and worse than your friends. You're better and worse than strangers. You're better and worse than you once were.

The only man and woman left in my life is my inner s/he. The he in me lies in my head. The she in me lies in my heart.

“**S/he**” is a contemporary, third-person pronoun for the greatest parts of me. The one who lives in my conscience that I’m turning into a soul isn’t he or she. It’s more like an “It” that can relate to them (he and she), as well as to “it,” my body. **It** can also relate to God.

The spark of life makes it possible for me to relate to God and to others. That’s why I’m an “It”. I’m a holy machine in a biological machine. I’m an It in an it. I’m divinely Inspired.

I am the organ grinder who’s been describing to you the gorilla in my pants that I needed to train. My father and mother aren’t around to do that for me. That’s my job. And I’m going to do my job soulfully. I’m also going to do it faithfully.

Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)

Composed by

Don Mclean, Elysa Sunshine and Vinny St. Martin

Sung by

Don McLean

1971

Starry, starry night,
paint your palette blue and gray.
Look out on a summer's day
with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Shadows on the hills.
Sketch the trees and the daffodils.
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
in colors on the snowy, linen land.
Now, I understand what you tried to say to me,
and how you suffered for your sanity,
and how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen; they did not know how.
Perhaps they'll listen now.
Starry, starry night,
flaming flowers that brightly blaze,
swirling clouds in violet haze,
reflect in Vincent's eyes of China blue.
Colors changing hue.
Morning fields of amber grain,
weathered faces lined in pain
are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.
Now, I understand, what you tried to say to me...
For they could not love you,
but still your love was true.
And when no hope was left inside
on that starry, starry night
you took your life as lovers often do.
But I could have told you, Vincent,

this world was never meant for one
as beautiful as you.
Starry, starry night,
portraits hung in empty halls,
frameless heads on nameless walls
with eyes that watch the world and can't forget,
like the strangers that you've met.
The ragged men in ragged clothes,
the silver thorn of bloody rose
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.
Now, I think I know what you tried to say to me...
They would not listen; they're not listening still.
Perhaps they never will.

Words have powers that go beyond feelings. Words force you to cry inside over matters that can't even be put into words.

When your soul (Muslim) conspires against your head (Jew) and heart (Christian), but it can't tell you why, you have to ask God for Help. You have to be Inspired.

Call Him Allah. Call Him Jesus. Call Him Adonai. What difference does it make what you call Him, so long as He Leads you to answers you can use to make peace with yourself. You don't want to die **insane**.

If you think you're going to project your thoughts onto Jews, your feelings onto Christians and your beliefs onto Muslims, you're going to go crazy. Take it from an expert who did.

The power of words goes right to our soul. Words express a truth about our beliefs that leaves us **verklempt** (Yiddish: choked up).

There's no guarantee you're going to learn how to plummet the depth of all words. You're going to leave here with the spiritual vocabulary you've amassed in the time you were allotted.

You may only plummet the depths of sounds or rhythms. You may feel lost inside from sad songs whose lyrics don't carry beliefs you can relate to or talk about.

You may never learn to speak above a whisper to yourself. You may lack the vocabulary to tell yourself what's going on inside of you. **Speak**-no-evil may not be able to tell **see**-no-evil or **hear**-no-evil what it would like to say.

A song like "Vincent" was composed with lyrics that whisper like whimpers into your pillow.

The lyrics to this song toll louder than any church bell or adhan (Muslim call to prayer). "Subhana Rabbiyal A'ala" (Glory be to my Lord, the Most High). "Allah Akbar" (God Is the Greatest) because God Has Taught me to plummet the depth of His Words with loyalty to the life He Has Given me.

To be able to speak loud enough inside for God To Hear us, we need to develop our voice. This development of communicative strength is achieved through song and dance. It's expressed in art. It's shaped with sculpture. It's plummeted through science. It's recorded in history. And it's received by giving charity.

But developing your voice isn't done through faith in your faith alone. There's no one faith in God that raises your voice high enough to reach His Ears.

If someone thinks I **can't** speak loud enough to converse with God because I'm American or Jewish or gay, s/he's blind, deaf and dumb. Helen Keller could see, hear and speak more clearly than s/he can.

My mother and many of her European friends looked down on Americans, and I bought into their prejudice. I tried to conceal my nationality by lying about it when I lived abroad; by learning foreign languages to conceal my mother tongue; and by pursuing European cultural values.

Granted, those experiences gave me additional ways of perceiving reality.

But until I realized I'm not ashamed of my nationality, my religion or my sexual identity, I created labels for others to keep them in little boxes in a **tansu chest** (mobile cabinet) in my clever, little mind.

I became dafka (defiant). I refused to forgive because I couldn't tell people what they'd done to me. Now I can.

I now know that psychiatric labels enhance my identity. They don't diminish it. Only I diminish my identity with bad behavior.

Telling people quietly what was done to me enhances my respect for me. Expressing myself soulfully increases my self-dignity.

Vincent Van Gogh only sold two paintings in his whole life, and those were bought by his brother out of pity. Vincent eventually committed suicide. I like to think I know how he felt. I think he, too, must have wanted to kill God.

Vincent Van Gogh certainly produced more awe and wonder at the mystery of his being than any hyper-religious person I've ever met.

Those who think I can't pray as well as they can because I'm gay, Jewish and American have put me in their **mobile cabinetry** (tabernacle) where I can't hurt their fragile ego. Keeping me there is their way of proving to themselves that they don't want to kill God. Good luck with that! We can all see how they behave toward us, and how they really feel about Him.

The Clapping Song

Composed by

Kay Werner, Lincoln Chase and Sue Werner

Sung by

Shirley Ellis

1965

My mother told me
if I was goody
that she would buy me
a rubber dolly.
My aunty told her
I kissed a soldier.
Now she won't buy me
a rubber dolly.

Three-six-nine, the goose drank wine.

The monkey chew tobacco on the streetcar line.

The line broke, the monkey got choked.

And they all went to Heaven in a little rowboat.

This song is the equivalent to abstract expressionism in the art world. It's got a rhythm that overtakes the melody and lyrics. The meaning and feeling are less important than the visceral sensation this song creates.

This song suggests that our sensations may matter more than our thoughts and feelings. It suggests that abstract art is something we have to experience with our genitals, not our eyes.

Anyone with obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings knows that the melody and lyrics of **our** song-for-the-world can get in our way if we don't master our sensations. Another way to state this is that the organ grinder's music is less important than his gorilla dancing to it.

Here are my interpretations of the lyrics of this song.

“Now she won’t buy me a **rubber dolly**.”

My mother made promises she broke. She punished me for doing things that weren’t intrinsically wrong or bad. They were really only behaviors that embarrassed and shamed her, such as kissing a **soldier**.

But my relatives colluded with her to keep me from getting the rewards I felt I was due.

$3 + 6 + 9 = 18$.

18 (**chai**) is the number that signifies **life** in Hebrew.

There are 631 **mitzvot** (Hebrew: good deeds) in Torah. There are 365 negative **mitzvot**, things you should avoid doing, which corresponds to the number of days in the year. There are 248 positive **mitzvot**, which corresponds to the number of organs (functions) in the human body.

“The **goose** drank wine.”

The goose in question is the same goose that laid the **golden egg**. She drank consecrated wine which caused her to let go of her inhibitions. That’s when she stopped honking and started whining in this song.

“The **monkey** chew **tobacco** on the streetcar line.”

The man in the monkey suit who goes to work by public transportation is a slave to the system. He chews tobacco to forget the chains that bind him.

“The line broke.”

The system broke down.

“The monkey got choked.”

Everybody dies. And then the **goose**, the **monkey** and everyone else have to make their way to “Heaven in a little **rowboat**” (instead of a streetcar) to see what reward or punishment they’re going to get for their actions.

Heaven supposedly lies above us. A rowboat shouldn't be able to get anyone up above the clouds. Rowing to Heaven is a futile way to get there.

But people do the best they can without a seat on a **plane** to fly them up out of this world to the world to come... If you find yourself in a rowboat to Heaven, you're going wherever it is you think you're going the wrong way.

With regard to the tempo of this song, the rhythm of a song can sometimes usurp the meaning found in its lyrics and melody.

The art of Japanese drumming, known as kumi-daiko, can create a visceral response that's profoundly moving, too.

"The Clapping Song" creates a childlike rhythm you can feel. It creates a way of accessing the aspect of communication called rhythm that isn't produced in melody or lyrics.

You may not always appreciate the rhythm of a song if it's in your mother tongue. So, a song like this may help you to step out of your habitual relationship to the rhythm of the English language that any child can remember as having a magical effect on him or her.

Coffee in a Cardboard Cup

Sung by Mandy Patikin

Composed by

Fred Ebb and John Kander

1989

The trouble with the world today it seems to me
is coffee in a cardboard cup.
The trouble with the affluent society
is coffee in a cardboard cup.
No one's ever casual and nonchalant.
No one wastes a minute in a restaurant.
No one wants a waitress passing pleasantries,
like "hiya miss, hiya sir.
May I take your order please?"
The trouble with the world today it's plain to see
is ev'rything is hurry up.
It's rush it through.
Don't be slow.
B.L.T. on rye to go,
and coffee.
I think she said coffee.
I know she said coffee in a cardboard cup.
The trouble with the helter-skelter life we lead
is coffee in a cardboard cup.
The trouble psychologists have all agreed
is coffee in a cardboard cup.
Tell me what could possibly be drearier
than seaboard from the Belnord cafeteria.
Seems to me a gentleman would much prefer
an afternoon!
"How you been?
Would you like the special, sir?"
The trouble with the world is plain to see
is ev'rything is hurry up.
There's ready whip, instant tea, minute rice and my oh me.

There's coffee.
I think she said coffee.
I know she said coffee in a cardboard cup.
The trouble with the world today
beyond a doubt
is coffee in a cardboard cup
The trouble is the way we like to take things out
like coffee in a cardboard cup.
No one knows the meaning of utopia
is dining at your corner cornucopia.
Seems to me we wouldn't be such nervous wrecks
with "Hello there! Be right back.
Would you care for separate checks?"
The trouble with the world today it's plain to see
is ev'rything is hurry up.
It's all become Looney Tunes
with sugar packs and plastic spoons
and coffee,
I think she said coffee.
I know she said coffee.
I'm sure she said coffee.
She must have said coffee in a cardboard cup.
Hurry up!

Now that we have Instacart, Doordash, Uber and Lift, the idea of rushing around for a cup of coffee in a cardboard cup seems ludicrous. This song is completely lost in the past in terms of its literal meaning, but its rhythm signals something completely contemporary and understood by us all.

The rhythm of this song is like a hand in your back that pushes you through today's culture, this time in which we live. Purely from a rhythmical perspective, it's a song about contemporary life in America.

When Will and I have sex, I come away physically and emotionally spent. I often lie there afterwards breathing

heavily as my heartbeat comes back down to normal. I often find me saying to myself, “Thank God, I can still get it up without any help.”

But then I start to think about what I’m thinking about, and I have to wonder who I’m telling to thank God. I’m not a Catholic. I don’t believe in a Heaven full of saints who answer prayers and act like intermediaries between God and man.

I believe that there are seven paths to God, chronologically appearing in His Story as indigenism, Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and, lastly, Islam.

So, when I say, “Thank God”, I believe that I’m probably telling Adonai To Thank the other six aspects of Himself. I wish all of them To Know how grateful I am for their interventions in my life.

In this way I see God using the hub-and-spoke metaphor with the generic name for Him (God) at the center of the wheel with seven spokes around it.

If I’m Made in His Image, then I have Him to thank for the invention of the wheel which changed the course of history. I don’t have reason to be as terrified of spiders as I am. And people who personify other arms of His Seven Arms are in the same mystery as I am.

If you see yourself as two machines in one, then slow **both** of them down. There’s nowhere you’ve got to be.

Be here now. Now is the greatest time to be in all of history. Now is magical.

California Dreamin'

Sung by
The Mamas and The Papas
Composed by
John and Michelle Phillips
1965

All the leaves are brown (all the leaves are brown)
and the sky is gray (and the sky is gray).
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)
on a winter's day (on a winter's day).
I'd be safe and warm (I'd be safe and warm)
if I was in L.A. (if I was in L.A.).
California dreamin' (California dreamin')
on such a winter's day.
Stopped into a church
I passed along the way.
Well, I got down on my knees (got down on my knees)
and I pretend to pray (I pretend to pray).
You know the preacher like the cold
(preacher like the cold),
he knows I'm gonna stay (knows I'm gonna stay).
California dreamin' (California dreamin')
on such a winter's day.
All the leaves are brown (all the leaves are brown)...
If I didn't tell her (if I didn't tell her),
I could leave today (I could leave today).
California dreamin' (California dreamin')...

God Created California, not just Texas, Mississippi and Tennessee. God Created Israel and Iran. He Created India, the North and South poles and the seven seas.

Now that winter in California is practically extinct because of global warming, it's time to wonder what this song was really all about.

The singer states that if he didn't tell her, he could leave today. What secret could he hold that he feels the need to relay? Could the preacher have known he's not really pretending to pray? Does the young man really believe in God? Will he have to be more honest with himself?

The secret isn't revealed in this song. The secret is exposed. We all have secrets we're keeping from ourself. That's why we're all green with envy at what others know that we don't. Knowledge leads to many wonderful things besides money, power and prestige. This is what a California dreamer knows inside.

It's no secret anymore that our country is the most hyper-religious country in the world after Israel and the Muslim nations.

Yet with all this faith, we're afraid to tell ourself our secrets because we don't want to look arrogant, hateful and bitter like so many other people who keep their secrets a secret.

Many "true" believers are lying to themselves while claiming to espouse the truth. They're in love with their name for God alone, but they hate everyone who appeals to Him using other names. They can't question God's Desire for many names. That, too, they believe is something that should be kept a secret.

When all is said and done, we should all wonder if we don't all hate God! If there isn't a thing we have to go through that He Hasn't Signed Off on, then, surely the source of our self-loathing points back at Him.

Our Doctor May Be Healing us. Our Teacher May Be Teaching us. And our Gardener May Be Planting more and more trees in this garden – all with good reason.

But it sure looks more like He Isn't Doing His Job in Carving us into a chef-d'oeuvre.

It sure looks like He'S Behaving more like a deadbeat dad, wayward son and an unholy ghost than a good leader.

When you start dreaming in California, especially in a place as liberal as San Francisco, your mind might go to places you wouldn't believe. You might tell yourself secrets you didn't know you were keeping from yourself.

And yet, look at how much more peaceful, inclusive, supportive and responsible we are in California than the rest of the nation. Look at the moral giants we send to Washington!

Those who refuse to talk about what they see inside themselves are the same people who refuse to plummet the depth of the words of scripture with figurative interpretations. They mindlessly insist on the one interpretation they were given because they don't want to look like hypocrites.

And yet, they couldn't be behaving more like hypocrites.

They believe all unconventional uses of words must be drown in **blood**. Nothing less will do to keep their trains-of-thought only on one track going back and forth to one, and only one, station. The idea of many God-loving **destinations** along the way to their own personal **destiny** is too unpleasant a thought for them to entertain.

Does Your Mother Know

Sung by

ABBA

Composed by

Benny Andersson, Bjoern Ulvaeus and Aleksej Kortnev

1979

You're so hot, teasing me.
So, you're blue,
but I can't take a chance on a chick like you.
That's something I couldn't do.
There's that look in your eyes.
I can read in your face
that your feelings are driving you wild.
Ah, but gurl, you're only a child.
Well, I can dance with you, honey, if you think it's funny.
Does your mother know that you're out?
And I can chat with you, baby, flirt a little maybe.
Does your mother know that you're out?
Take it easy (take it easy)
Better slow down, gurl
That's no way to go.
Does your mother know?
Take it easy. (take it easy)
Try to cool it, gurl.
Take it nice and slow.
Does your mother know?
I can see what you want,
but you seem pretty young
to be searching for that kind of fun.
So maybe I'm not the one.
Now you're so cute; I like your style.
And I know what you mean
when you give me a flash of that smile. (smile)
But gurl, you're only a child.
Well, I can dance with you, honey, if you think it's funny...

Take it easy (take it easy)
Better slow down, gurl...
Well, I can dance with you, honey, if you think it's funny...

Men who consider themselves more experienced in sex than women have been holding their carnal knowledge over the heads of women since time immemorial. On this level, this song is no different than many others.

But the man who's really telling a "girl" that he's looking for a woman is relaying a novel message that put this song on the charts. Womanhood became something valuable to mature men in the 1980's. The sexual **revolution** was behind us. The sexual **evolution** had begun.

The ensuing AIDS crisis only confirmed for those of us who lost loved ones that the road to maturity includes sex, but it isn't defined by sex.

Sadly, those today who are obsessed with sex are the hyper-religious. They stick their nose in other people's crotch to see if they're pregnant or engaging in sodomy. The idea of keeping your nose out of other people's private affairs is a level of maturity they can't seem to envision, let alone achieve.

Gay men, on the other hand, learned the hard way that sex for the sake of distraction will turn a gurl into a princess, but she'll die long before she becomes a queen with blue blood coursing through her veins. We lost so many princesses to AIDS whose mothers didn't blink an eye.

Today we know better. Your royal title doesn't depend on whether your mother is alive or dead. It doesn't even depend on whether she loves you. It depends on your **maturity**.

The same can be said of boys who are frogs who think kissing many princesses will turn them into a prince. What turns a man into a prince is by becoming a prince of a guy through doing good deeds.

If you treat people with such joy that they pray to God that you'll be Given the opportunity to mature into the king or queen you have the potential to be – that will produce powerful prayers.

That's the kind of **magic** that takes wisdom, love and loyalty to achieve. Why wouldn't we want everyone to learn to pray better?

The Great Gig in the Sky

Sung by
Pink Floyd
Composed by
Rick Wright
1973

And I am not frightened of dying.
Any time will do; I don't mind.
Why should I be frightened of dying?
There's no reason for it; you've gotta go sometime.
If you can hear this whispering, you are dying.

Nobody with a clean conscience should be afraid of **death**. But most people are afraid of **dying** because, so often, dying includes pain and suffering. And that, nobody wants.

Pain and **suffering** are punishments of the body that the “we” in us has to endure. We're all two people in one. We're one person engaged with the outer world and another in a relationship with ourself. Only God Can Join us To Be in both our worlds at once.

Although people like me who've suffered from mental illness have gone through pain and suffering without having done anything we can associate with a crime, I now thank God for the punishments I went through because the rewards I've been Given since have been so great.

I now thank God for the mission I've been Led to as a **writer** for others and a **righter** of myself.

Our parents claimed to punish us after we broke their rules, but in many ways, they also punished us without justifiable reasons. Just them being themselves and we being who we were at the time seemed like a match made in Hell at times. We felt punished just for **being**, not for having **done** anything wrong.

Once you think about what you think about and then think about how you feel about what you just told yourself,

you may conclude that the punishment often comes before the crime to alert you to avoid **other** crimes.

Putting thoughts into words often leads to a feeling I didn't anticipate. That feeling leads me to question my thinking, which may lead to a different conclusion than the one I held previously.

Writing down my thoughts in my imagination leaves a written record in my mind. Not only can these sentences lead to unexpected feelings. They can later be used by my mind in the dream state to explore previous conclusions I'd come to that I'd concretized into beliefs.

As I transcend my beliefs by changing my mind and transforming my heart, my spiritual operating system becomes more complex. It becomes capable of handling a wider variety of challenges. And I become a smarter person who has a better attitude about life.

Bluer By Me

Although many people sadden and even disappoint me, I'm no expert on grief. Sorrow and disappointment are tints of blue I'm familiar with, but the midnight blue of grief is one I've never passed through, not even with the death of my parents.

If **sorrow** is sky blue, **disappointment** cerulean and **grief** midnight blue, I suppose I'm most familiar with cerulean (disappointment).

I cry easily at other people's grief. But I just don't have a grief of my own.

I denied my familiarity with disappointment as a teenage and young man. I denied the fact that my inability to make friends was mostly my problem, not theirs. I denied the fact that I gave up my professional career in ballet because I wasn't good enough to get the roles I wanted. And I denied the fact that I didn't find my first long-term lover until I was 36 years old because I wasn't ready for one.

What's more I denied that I was extremely sensitive to rejection. When people reject me, whether through unkind words and deeds or silence, I get infuriated. That's my Achilles heel. I may have made peace with three attempts to kill myself, but when people reject me, it reminds me what I did to myself. That brings up my rage.

What I can't deny is the tremendous alienation, separation and loneliness I've been subjected to in life. I had to conclude I was anti-social, that nobody liked me because there was something about my personality that I was missing. If my credit card isn't immediately approved of by a machine, I feel rejection rising.

With time, I was able to admit that these feelings weren't limited to me alone. Most people feel the way I do.

With time, I began to see how I could contribute to society in my own special way, even if I couldn't be who I dreamt of being. My struggle in life would always be in

being myself, as disappointing as that struggle might, at times, be.

It was only then that I realized I'm not anti-social. I'm very social, provided I'm surrounded by people who don't look at me as competition.

But for some reason God Has Brought some pretty horrible people into my life – and many of them were related to me. Even friends for years looked very different when I took a closer look at them over time.

If I hadn't denied how blue I was as a young man, I'd have looked more deeply into the causes of my mental illness instead of worrying about what other people thought of me. I would have looked more rigorously at the negative effects of my upbringing instead of trying to put my divorced parents on separate pedestals after they tore their marriage vows to shreds as they split up our family.

I would have chosen my friends more carefully. I would have looked at their virtues rather than their material success or good looks.

I now see that time spent alone is spent with a wonderful guy who I really enjoy being with. Quality time spent with me makes it possible to enjoy quality time with others. Laughing alone with myself is a preview to good times with others.

But for most of my life, I was bluer by me than blue by you.

Blue By You
Sung by
Roy Orbison
Composed by
Joe Melson and Roy Orbison
1963

I feel so bad. I got a worried mind.
I'm so lonesome all the time
since I left my baby behind
on Blue Bayou.
Saving nickels, saving dimes,
working 'til the sun don't shine.
Looking forward to happier times
on Blue Bayou.
I'm going back someday
come what may
to Blue Bayou.
Where the folks are fun
and the world is mine
on Blue Bayou.
Where those fishing boats
with their sails afloat
if I could only see
that familiar sunrise
through sleepy eyes
how happy I'd be.
Gonna see my baby again.
Gonna be with some of my friends.
Maybe I'll feel better again
on Blue Bayou...

A **bayou** is a marshy outlet on a lake or river. A bayou is shallow water. In the emotional sense, a bayou is disappointment in **others** that doesn't reach the depth of disappointment in **oneself**.

We all seek distractions with others to avoid the challenge of our own reality. We're so terribly alone within ourself that we sometimes need denial to keep that truth at bay. The way we make our way from beginning to end is with denial of the profound universal truth: we're all alone **together**.

Disappointment with others (cerulean) can reach a level of blue that's almost midnight blue in tint (grief). If you're a good person at heart and you don't want to blame others for your disappointment in them, you may attempt to deny the depth of the blue that surrounds you.

Democrats seek **empathy** to improve the lives of others because they're aware of this truth. Republicans seek **sympathy** to improve their own lives while sending "thoughts and prayers" to those in pain and suffering. Seek empathy, not sympathy.

Conservativism is the result of religion. **Progressivism** is the result of spirituality. Religion is dying. Spirituality is coming alive. Take the best from both and do what you can to graduate this school with the highest g.p.a. possible. Without honors you can confer upon yourself, you're nothing.

We should all question why God Created religion before spirituality. Those of us who are spiritually inclined have a responsibility to our forefathers to look more deeply into our roots in religion. My previous books answer the complex questions in moving out of religion to spirituality from all seven perspectives.

This book has focused on excessive thoughts (obsessions) that create illogical mental problems and twisted feelings (compulsions) that create irrational emotional problem. Together, they produce unwanted behaviors that alert us to the need to look at our spiritual operating system holistically.

This book has focused on linguistic imagery to develop your conscience like a muscle in order to grow healthy and strong. By acknowledging the depth of your feelings, your conscience become a better guide. You can both approve and disapprove of yourself. You come to understand what we mean when we talk about “**mental health**.”

I find that self-intimacy is best achieved using words that I imagine writing down because those words are so profoundly important to me. This leaves me with a paper trail for my mind when it goes on automatic pilot that then cleans up the mess I’ve made inside.

The way I get out my head through my heart and into my conscience to turn myself into a more soulful person is by introducing words in **bold** into my mind, where they act like medicine.

By doing this, I’ve developed unique interpretations of words based on childhood experiences that have colored my opinions. These words have changed my mind and transformed the way I feel. They’ve even influenced all the other words in me making me a more **faithful** person.

I can now see that I’m shady in some ways. There are corners in me that are unilluminated. Examining the words I tell myself **in** loud reveals how unsophisticated my operating system was before. By improving myself like a technical instrument that’s reprogrammable, I can now do what I do better than I could before.

Bad experiences over a lifetime woke me up to my spiritual operating system, thus allowing me to use words in new ways that now make it possible for me to break through my **wrath** (anger mixed with vengeance at having to be alone with me).

I was more like the **green** Grapes of Wrath [John Steinbeck] than like juicy, **red** apples hanging down temptingly from a forbidden tree.

The truth about what kind of forbidden fruit I was didn't make me happier. In fact, in many ways, it's made me more unhappy about who I was.

But I'm not seeking **happiness** any longer. I'm seeking **truth**. There's a satisfaction in achieving a truthful relationship with myself that surpasses any previous illusions I had about what would make me happy.

I don't strive to die happy any longer. I strive to die awakened to as much of the truth as I can possibly bear. For me, that can only be done by being **gay**, not **happy**. Being gay brings **joy** into my life, something happiness can't do.

I'm now glad that I've had to suffer O.C.D. rather than suffer being a racist, homophobe, misogynist and anti-Semite. I'm grateful to God that **I** made **me** suffer more than **others** made **me** suffer. In retrospect, O.C.D. seems less of a punishment than what many others have to go through.

I pity the **unevolved**. I feel sorry for killers, thieves and liars. I regret I can't help anyone who's in denial. I wish I could.

But it's an inside job. Either you do the work, or you don't.

In retrospect, I'm now **glad** my parents divorced. That helped me separate my feelings for the two of them. They were human beings, not gods. Expecting them to behave like gods was my mistake.

I'm now **glad** I didn't make close friends growing up. I can now look back on how vivid my imagination has become and how poetic I am. I've always been an introvert who learns more from myself than anyone else.

I'm now **glad** I suffered mental illness. Suffering alienation from myself has led me to wisdom. Wisdom has led me to love. And love has led me to self-loyalty.

I'm **glad** my previous partnership blew up in my face. He and I were going down the wrong road together. Maybe we'll be able to discuss the matter and laugh about it after life. There's so much to accomplish in one lifetime that it's

hard to stop and review what you've been through. Surely, God Is Going To Recycle what we've experienced in a useful way.

I'm not yet stuck **underground** in a coffin, a closet for the dead. (I don't need more information to get me out of myself.) I'm not stuck submerged beneath the **sea** in a coffin. (I don't need my temper to get me out of myself.) And I'm not stuck floating through thin **air** in a coffin. (I Don't need religious faith to get out of myself.)

I'm not stuck on **land, sea or sky**. I'm not stuck in a **coffin, a closet or a corner**.

I can't imagine how humiliated Muslims must feel promoting violence against Jews after what Christians did to us in the last century.

Russian violence against Ukrainians (who now have a Jewish president) is just more evidence that Christians haven't learned their lesson, either.

Republican violence against women is proof that rightwing "wisdom" based on Hebrew scripture is a way of acting **out**, not acting **fairly**.

Neo-Nazi and redneck violence against gays is further evidence that young men are more like organ grinders with out-of-control gorillas, despite the light color of their skin.

I'm so glad my conscience has improved my inner vision. Now I'm open to **inspiration** and **revelation**. Now my life is moving toward the **sublime**.

The humiliation God Has Put me through has been for my sake. I know this to be true because I've recovered from the ways I humiliated myself with O.C.D. that I can introduce words with new meanings that lead to more enlightened ways of believing and behaving.

As the result of raising my conclusions to higher levels of awareness by extending metaphors, I've been able to more clearly see how my wants (–) and desires (+) had been set in stone. In bringing them to consciousness. I was able to

reflect on my behavior to seek a greater truth about myself. I'm a **really** good guy.

I can proudly say that I was a racist, homophobe, misogynist and anti-Semite unto my inner self. I didn't perpetrate hatred against others, only against me.

I didn't want to hurt anyone other than me. So, in not giving in to an inner reality that was unjust, unfair and undemocratic, I hurt myself, instead.

But I'm not naïve. I know that not all other people are struggling in the same ways I am. There are truly hurtful, unkind and unrepentant people out there. That's just the way it is in this hospital/school/nursery. I can't allow myself to get upset about that. Getting upset only hurts me more.

I now see some of my opinions as more corrupt and suspicious than I could previously imagine. This has freed me to admire a few people who have demonstrated the kind of **courage** I've seen in myself in trying to be helpful to all others.

I'm mindful that the color of my skin; my attraction to men; my gender; my Jewish roots; my nationality; and my struggle with mental illness – has put me in the same frying pan as everyone else. When I see others jump out of this frying pan into the fire, it saddens me. I know they're headed for harsh lessons that I've already dealt with.

I'm grateful to God that my problems have been more psychological than sociological. I've suffered mortification more at my own hands than at the hands of others. This has made my life smooth by comparison to what I see happening in the news.

I'm glad I got to be blue by **me** and not by **you**. The Blue Bayou isn't a place I want to go back to.

Blowin' in the Wind
Sung and Composed by
Bob Dylan
1963

How many roads must a man walk down
before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
before s/he sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist
before it is washed to the sea?
And how many years can some people exist
before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
and pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend...
Yes, and how many times must a man look up
before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows
that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend...

Words get **longer**. Words get **wider**. Words get stretched
in every direction making them **deeper** and more profound
the more you overcome your fear of using them on yourself.

For this we have to thank music. Lyrics conform to
melody like dew covers the earth in the early morn. Lyrics
lie like a film over songs in ways that force us to rise and fall
with meanings we wouldn't normally form.

Bob Dylan was a master of words, perhaps because he came out of a Jewish tradition that has used words in scores of languages in addition to our own. Perhaps it's because he converted to Christianity. Who can say.

Although not all Jews speak Hebrew, all Jews use words that our people have been lengthening, widening and **stretching** for thousands of years so we can go back to the words of our scripture to understand them with the depth God Intended when He First Gave them to us.

Moses was a master of **metaphor**. His main metaphor is man as a tree of knowledge with a talking serpent in it. What happened in the beginning of the world for Moses is no different than what happened to the world according to Darwin. One description is **poetic**. The other is **prosaic**. They complement one another.

Jesus was God's First Symbol of holy **symbolism** in the flesh. He was a rabbi whose body became the first, conscious container for his Father's Love, the greatest contents any of us can strive to fill ourself with. Self-love is the key.

Jesus brought the rainbow in the story of "Noah and the Ark" down to Earth. Jesus was the first rainbow in the flesh who could speak about himself colorfully. He came from his heart, not his head. He loved the animal instincts in his **cargo deck**.

The Prophet Muhammad was an emissary of **simile**. He brought a poem from God down to Earth that's like the Rosetta Stone. Its 114 chapters are similes for words Given to us by God that illuminate us to the depth of all words in all languages. With the help of the Archangel Gabriel who inscribed instructions in his heart, Muhammad was able to get out of his heart and into his soul.

The answers we seek are blowin' in the wind because we all associate the invisible hand of the wind with the spirit of God.

The sadness in being human lies in our misunderstanding of our interconnectedness with each other through the King of all kings.

The more we focus on the shallowness we perceive in a **thought**, the more obsessive we become in our habits.

The more we focus on the shallowness we perceive in a **feeling**, the more compulsive we become about our hatred of ourself.

I can't enter your head or heart to reveal the bayou (marsh) you're bogged down in. I can only point you in the direction of deeper water where you can find your meaning of self-love. I can only point you in the direction of terra firma where you can look inside with poetic regard to observe the amazing machine you're in.

This will teach you more about the Wind.

Longer Boats
Sung by Cat Stevens
Composed by
Yusuf Islam
1970

Longer boats are coming to win us.
They're coming to win us. They're coming to win us.
Longer boats are coming to win us.
Hold on to the shore.
They'll be taking the key from the door.
Longer boats are coming to win us...
I don't want no God on my lawn.
Just a flower I can help along.
'Cause the soul of nobody knows
how a flower grows, oh,
how a flower grows.
Longer boats are coming to win us...
Mary dropped her pants by the sand,
and let a parson come and take her hand.
But the soul of nobody knows
where the parson goes.
Where does the parson go?
Longer boats are coming to win us...

Longer, bigger boats lie deeper in the water than **shorter**, smaller boats. Longer boats carry more cargo. Longer boats is a symbol that can be compared and contrasted to similar symbols.

Longer boats are boats, not surf boards, in the same way that highways are roads where before there were only dirt paths.

Metaphors lead to **symbols** which lead to **similes** in the same way that the main metaphor of Torah leads to the symbols of bread and wine in the Gospels that were used to describe the body and blood of Jesus.

Together, metaphors and symbols lead to similes such as the 114 chapters of the Quran which can be interpreted as analyses of God.

Cat Stevens wrote this song about **hope**. Instead of using the typical biblical analogy of hope as a **rainbow**, he's used a simile instead: Hope is like a longer boat.

It's no coincidence from a linguistic perspective that Cat Stevens as a young man of Christian origin would have been attracted to Islam. Now it makes more sense.

Islam doesn't promote anti-Semitism. Jews and Arabs are both Semites.

Yusuf Islam (Cat Stevens) converted to Islam, but no one can convert to Semitism. You have to be born a Semite. Arab Muslims, like Jews, are Semites. Therefore, Muslims who are Semites shouldn't be labeled anti-Semites. That would be an expression of self-hatred, not Jew hatred.

I was an anti-Semite, too. I hated myself for the way God Made me. I just didn't do anything hurtful or violent to upset Semites. I kept my struggle to myself.

Most **Sunni** Muslims are Semites. Most **Sharia** Muslims are Aryans. Therefore, when we speak about anti-Semitism, we can better understand the tension between Iran and Israel as an Aryan struggle, similar to that of the Nazis with the Jews. The Iranians are anti-Semites, and the Sunnis in the Middle East know what it feels like to be threatened by anti-Semites. It makes you feel like a Jew.

The **swastika** is a cross that points in every direction, clockwise or counterclockwise.

Although European Christians are also Aryans and were terrible anti-Semites in the past, Christianity is, ironically, a Semitic faith because Jesus was a Semite. Since Mohammad was also a Semite, the anti-Semitism expressed by Iran and neo-Nazis the world over is a fools' paradise. Islam is also a Semitic faith.

The **cross** we're all crucified on is called reality. That cross leads us to the universality of love regardless which way you go. If you don't see yourself as crucified by your search for truth in every direction, you'll make your life more difficult than it has to be.

The Iranian government is controlled by spiritually sick Muslims who are anti-Semites.

The Republican Party is a religious cult that's forcing good Christians to do terrible things in the name of Jesus. They, too, are turning into anti-Semites.

Anti-Semites in the Democratic Party are now being forced to look more deeply into their political views on Israel. I wouldn't point fingers only at the right.

The contemporary world we live in is even forcing atheists to rethink their "philosophy" of life.

Those who bring longer boats "will be taking the key from the door." They'll add spiritual meaning to the words of Adonai/Jesus/Allah that'll take us to linguistic places we've never been to before.

Aryans and Semites can live together in peace if they return to their scripture for guidance. Aryans and Semites can live together in peace if they use words in new ways to appreciate their own, individual struggle with God.

Describing (Mother) Mary as "dropping her pants by the sand and letting a parson come and take her hand" is a simile. It describes the lust of every woman as **like** the lust of every man.

We should assume that a good parson will go to the same Place as a good nun, and all good men will go to the same Place as all good women. It's how you get There and what your journey looks like morally that matters.

What's good for ugly **ducklings** (Jews) will eventually be good for **swans** (Christians). What's good for swans will eventually be good for **cranes** (Muslims). If not, everyone's

goose will be cooked. It won't matter if you're a **dame** or a **gander**. All our **goslings** will suffer.

If you want to appreciate the Muslim, linguistic ability to use God's 114 Similes in miraculous ways, you're going to have to fully understand and respect His Symbols and Metaphors. You're going to have to recognize that we were all Given words to help humanity out of the bondage of animalism.

This is why I use religious language to promote spirituality. This is why I have a bone to pick with the hyper-religious in all the Abrahamic faiths who insist on outdated interpretations of their scripture that are exclusive and hateful.

If you use the garden **metaphor** to describe God's Plans, you're using Torah to make your point. If you use **symbols** such as bread and wine to describe His Plans, you're using the Gospels to make your point. And if you use any **similes** to accentuate God's Intentions, you're using the Quran to make your point.

We're all using words in ways we don't realize are connecting us to God. So, if we're using words to denounce other people's scripture, we're only going to hurt ourself in the long run.

The more we learn about the suffering of those with O.C.D., the more we can all overcome our obsessive and compulsive need to hurt anyone.

Longer boats are coming to win us. They're rowing ashore in every consecutive generation. There's **hope**.

Toddlers learn to speak, and then, as **children**, question the way words are used to oppress them. **Adolescents** reject old answers that don't offer them solutions to their problems. And **young adults** conspire against the forces in place to reshape society in new ways that are more encompassing of new interpretations of words.

This is the way the world turns.

Spiritual linguistics is a language equivalent to computer languages that program machines. Perhaps I should name my gorilla “Python,” the main, coding language for around 80% of developers. That would alert my readers to the fact that my **gorilla** is a euphemistic term for my **serpent**.

My Funny Valentine

Sung by

Ella Fitzgerald

Composed by

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

1937

Behold the way our fine feathered friend,
his virtue doth parade.

Thou knowest not, my dim-witted friend
the picture thou hast made.

Thy vacant brow and thy tousled hair
conceal thy good intent.

Thou noble upright truthful, sincere,
and slightly dopey gent.

You're my funny valentine,
sweet, comic valentine.

You make me smile with my heart.

Your looks are laughable, un-photographable,
yet, you're my favorite work of art.

Is your figure less than Greek?

Is your mouth a little weak?

When you open it to speak, are you smart?

But, don't change a hair for me,
not if you care for me.

Stay little valentine, stay!

Each day is Valentine's Day

Is your figure less than Greek?...

When you can look in the mirror with embarrassment at
not having been Given a perfect body, you'll face a third of
your guilt with **modesty**.

When you can look at your past with shame at having
told a very imperfect story perfectly, you'll face a third of
your guilt with **humility**.

And when you can admit to having wanted to kill God for the humiliation you've projected onto Him that you've unwittingly perpetrated against yourself, you'll face a third of your guilt with **grace**.

If you know embarrassment, shame and humiliation, you know that life is a school and you're here to learn about yourself.

You already know for a fact that you'll **graduate**.

You probably even suspect that there are myriad **classes** to take, **majors** to hold and **degrees** to be earned.

You know you must come to believe in yourself because you've been proving to yourself since you were **enrolled** in this academy on Earth that you hope to become the kind of person God Would Like To Have by His Side.

So, your destiny depends on you.

Each day is Valentine's Day if you're sending love notes to yourself commending you for your pursuit of the greatest love the world has ever known: your own.

Tapestry
Composed and sung by
Carole King
1971

My life has been a tapestry of rich and royal hue,
an everlasting vision of the ever-changing view,
a wond'rous woven magic in bits of blue and gold,
a tapestry to feel and see; impossible to hold.
Once amid the soft, silver sadness in the sky,
there came a man of fortune,
a drifter passing by.
He wore a torn and tattered cloth around his leathered hide
and a coat of many colors, yellow, green, on either side.
He moved with some uncertainty as if he didn't know
just what he was there for, or where he ought to go.
Once he reached for something golden hanging from a tree,
and his hand came down empty.
Soon within my tapestry along the rutted road,
he sat down on a river rock and turned into a toad.
It seemed that he had fallen into someone's wicked spell,
and I wept to see him suffer though I didn't know him well.
As I watched in sorrow, there suddenly appeared
A Figure gray and ghostly beneath a flowing beard.
In times of deepest darkness
I've seen Him Dressed in black.
Now my tapestry's unraveling.
He'S Come To Take me back...

By the end of this song, the “man of fortune” could be interpreted as Jesus (God). His inner wealth is renown. As a Jew, Carole King couldn't have known him well.

But as a good student in this school, she was surely open-minded to who he was and what this rabbi went through to impart his wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

His **coat** of many colors was the rainbow of hope. His “torn and tattered **cloth**” was yellow (fear) and green (covetousness of himself) on either side.

What Jesus reached for from a tree was something that could no longer have been there. Eve had already picked it. That’s why “his hand came down empty.”

Although Carole King may not speak Hebrew, she touched upon a truth about Jesus thanks to the depth of words in her spiritual vocabulary that probably come from her Jewish roots.

By the end of the song, the “Figure gray and ghostly beneath a flowing beard” could be interpreted as God “Dressed in black” Who’S Come to take her back.

What difference does it make if Jews interpret the words of Jesus in the Gospels. Wasn’t he a Jew? Weren’t his disciples Jews?

In churches, I’ve heard Jesus described as the son of man. I understand that Christians believe Jesus to be the son of God, but why the son of man?

A gay friend of mine who’s a recovering Baptist explained it to me as follows:

Jesus was called both the “son of man” and the “Son of God”.

Jesus, the son of **man**, presented his Jewish lineage through his mother.

Jesus, the Son of **God** was his divine nature through his Father, not through Joseph.

Scripture mentions that God Gave His Only “Begotten Son” to the world. This was so that humanity wouldn’t have to perish in self-hatred and denial of our divine roots.

The reason Jesus is called the Son of **God** is because of his Divine nature as part of the Trinity.

The reason he's called the son of **man** is to show that God Became man to suffer as we do to appreciate our divine association with God, our Father. A Divine Being Couldn't Possibly Show us what it means to overcome being a self-hating human being unless He Became one of us.

I can't see why God Couldn't Know what it's like to be a man if He's God. And I can't see why He Can't Impart His Knowledge to us without Taking human form.

The very definition of God means that He Knows everything and Can Do everything. If God Knows everything, He Feels everything. He Wouldn't Need To Be human to know what it feels like to be one of us.

If God Feels everything, He Knows what To Do To Teach us not to repeat behaviors that are self-hating.

That said, I understand how difficult it is for man to perceive the difficulty in being human without God's Guidance. Whether or not Jesus existed, and whether or not he's a part of the Trinity, we need to struggle with the concept of love to appreciate ourself.

My explanation of Jesus, **son of man**, is different.

In Hebrew, the words "son" (**ben**) and "man" (**adam**) are combined to create a third meaning. This is an expression you'd have to understand as a speaker of Hebrew. By translating these words literally as "son" of a "man," we miss the depth of the intention of fluent speakers of Hebrew.

A **ben-adam** in Hebrew is a **gentleman**.

By recommending that Christians behave like Jesus, the church is asking its parishioners to behave like ladies and gentlemen. They want them to emulate Jesus's actions.

I don't see Jesus as the son of man. I see him as the epitome of a gentleman.

It isn't up to the Church to dictate how men must behave like gentlemen and how women must behave like ladies.

That's going too far. Courtesy, gallantry, gentility, civility and good manners can't be dictated by any institution of faith. It must evolve out of each and every culture, sub-culture, family tribe and individual.

Holding a door open for a lady is a sign of a **gentleman**. Holding the door open for a gay man to get him to go back in the closet is the sign of a **cad**.

When people look at Jesus as One of Three Aspects of God, they see Him Dressed in black (death). They see Him as Coming To Take of us all back to where we came from.

What difference does it make if God Comes Using one name or another? We're all going to die. The name we choose to use to describe God won't matter at the end. God Is God.

If a Jewish woman like Carole King can weave a tale about the depth of God's Love for His Creation, then the **tapestry** she's woven with her thoughts in one direction and feelings in the other will unravel at the end of her life, as it does for us all. There's nothing we create that will last forever.

But her tapestry is a useful model of what we can all use to create meaning out of life using the forces within us. It makes what we're weaving within us to keep us warm all the more important.

Whether a **needle** is a word you associate with **weaving**; a sharp object that's **injected** into your arm; something **found** in a haystack; or the **eye** of which is used to describe how to get a camel into Heaven – depends on the depth of your imagination and your familiarity with how you've used words up until now.

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Sung by

The Platters

Composed by

Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach

1958

They asked me how I knew

my true love was true.

I, of course, replied,

“Something here inside cannot be denied.”

They said, “Someday you’ll find all who love are blind.”

When your heart’s on fire,

you must realize, smoke gets in your eyes.

So, I chaffed them, and I gaily laughed

to think they could doubt my love.

Yet today my love has flown away.

I am without my love.

Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide.

So, I smile and say,

“When a lovely flame dies,

smoke gets in your eyes.

Smoke gets in your eyes.”

Smoke in this song is used as an excuse to cry. Men didn’t let anyone see them cry in the 1950’s. They had to show they were strong. So that meant they had to come up with reasons for why tears came to their eyes. Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach are playfully suggesting that smoke is the cause of their tears.

Therefore, the question arises what **smoke** could stand for today that would augment the original interpretation of this song.

We all know that where there’s **smoke**, there’s **fire**. Therefore, smoke is one of the attributes of fire. There are seven. Here are the seven attributes of fire along with the

spiritual interpretations I've given them which I believe are universal:

1. Illumination	Wisdom	Judaism
2. Warmth	Love	Christianity
3. Burn	Loyalty	Islam
4. Mystery	My Story	Hinduism
5. Sound	Calling (Mission)	Buddhism
6. Smell	Intuition	Taoism
7. Smoke	Prayer	Indigenism

The first attribute of fire (illumination} describes **wisdom**. Our ability to know ourself intellectually is like a light we shine onto ourself in darkness. This is what I describe as thinking about what you're thinking about.

The second attribute of fire (warmth) describes **love**. Our ability to not only know ourself but cast a glow of warmth onto ourself is an emotional experience that mirrors the warmth of a fire. This is what I associate with self-commendation.

The third attribute is burn. The pain fire can cause is equivalent to **loyalty** through self-sacrifice. We've all vulnerable in this way. We're all able to reproach ourself for bad behavior by giving of ourself to others in new and better ways.

The fourth attribute is the **mystery** in every flame, which reflects the mystery in "my story". Each of us looks in the fire and sees something uniquely personal.

This makes fire indescribably enigmatic because it's so difficult to find universal words to describe what fire truly is. There's no other symbol (container) that holds a mystery similar to the mystery of fire.

The fifth attribute of fire is the crackle of a flame; whispers that can increase in volume to the roar of a conflagration.

The **sound** of fire is equivalent to the Call to help God in attaining His Goals for humanity, but especially in helping Him Help us augment our own humanity. This makes our **self-sacrifice** meaningful to others as a model for others to emulate.

This calling is so universal that it doesn't even require knowledge of one God Who Created it all.

Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists don't need to believe in one God, yet their philosophies of life are a Calling to strive to reach His Realm whether or not they anticipate literally finding Him There.

The Book of Leviticus is called **Vayikra** in Hebrew, which means "**they were called**". It's the third of the Five Books of Moses. This is the book that can be interpreted in one of two ways, looking back on the two books before it, or looking forward to the two books that come after it.

In this way, we, Jews, are Called to remember our past and Called to give thought to our future. In this way, our ancestors learned how to go from sacrificing **animals** to **self-sacrifice**, and from self-sacrifice to **martyrdom** (sacrifice for God's Sake).

Every mission in life is a Calling. Every mission is a response to a Call that we perceive coming to us from deep, down within.

The sixth attribute of fire is the **smell** of a fire that's gone out. You can visit a place and not know that there was a fire there unless you smell the evidence for it. The smell of smoke defies the evidence brought to us by our eyes and ears. This **sixth sense** is **intuition**.

The smell of a fire that's gone out reminds us that we're all going to be extinguished in the end. This is a conclusion that we don't have to see or hear to recognize as true.

Recognition of our mortality augments our intuition over time. It teaches us to use our **nose**, not just our eyes and ears to gather evidence from the outer world that we can apply to our inner world.

Smoke, the seventh attribute of fire, corresponds to **prayer**. We all figuratively emit a strange substance while worshipping our Creator. We **smoke**. Sometimes, we even **fume**.

Our first prayer comes at birth with the wail to God to save us from the horrific experience of entering this world.

Smoke teaches us to see through our view of the spiritual realm with greater accuracy. An example of this is in using a capital letter in our mind's eye with the pronoun "You" so we don't confuse God with an aspect of ourself.

Smoke is literally used as a religious ritual to bring prayers up out of this world to God's Realm. This is an ancient belief that goes back to indigenism that's still used in Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Catholicism and the Eastern Orthodox church. Prayer transforms thoughts, feelings and beliefs into messages that then rise through the air (spirit) to God's Realm.

So, when Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach (a Jewish-American and a Danish-American) sang about smoke getting in their eyes, they were describing an awareness of a transformation of their words in the fire within them. As their prayers went up to God, that left a trail so thick that it was like smoke getting in their eyes.

This, the 31st book I've written, is yet another way in which I've responded to the Call of the fire within me that

inspires me to describe the life force in each one of us that was figuratively ignited when we were born.

This book is about my **burning bush** experience, my Call to go back to the scene of my crime.

Volume 2, A Cross-Eyed Bear, will be about my **smoke**, the way that I **pray**.

Now that you've gone through my fire with me, you're almost ready to go up with me and my smoke to God's Heavenly Realm.

An unborn fetus may have a heartbeat, but it doesn't yet burn with a figurative **flame**. The **flame of life** is ignited in the newborn with its first wail, its Call to God for help. This is its first prayer. Its cry to God for Help corresponds to the sound of the fire within it that's **ignited** at **birth**. It's equivalent to the sound of a match been struck against the striking strip.

Life doesn't begin with a heartbeat. Life begins with prayer.

This is why we call a baby born dead as "**stillborn**".

The cry of the infant at birth is comparable to the **chick** that's made its way out of an **egg**.

Although a vegetarian is someone who doesn't eat meat, an egg isn't officially meat. An egg doesn't become a living animal until the chick breaks out of its shell. That's a chick's "call" to God. This is why vegetarians shouldn't eat chicken, but they can still eat the meat in a shell (balut: fertilized, developing, egg embryo).

Just as most vegetarians don't understand the spiritual difference between an egg and a chick, Republicans don't understand the difference between a **fetus** and **baby**. They don't understand the difference between a heartbeat and a prayer. This difference isn't literally described in any one scripture. It's a conclusion anyone could come to who uses wisdom, love and loyalty to life to determine their actions.

Spiritual life has been described to those in the West as a **tree** of knowledge with forbidden fruit. Over time, our tree turns into a burning **bush** that speaks to us. That **bush** corresponds to our **conscience** which is figuratively on fire with moral yearning.

It's only when you become a Moses unto yourself that you stop along your journey to contemplate the meaning of the fire within you, just as Moses stopped for the eternally Burning Bush that Spoke to him and Revealed that It was a symbol of God.

Knowing the difference between your burning bush (**conscience**) and **God** can only be accomplished by constantly questioning this eternal flame within you.

Finding your mission will lead you to God, just as Moses was Led to make his way to Israel with 600,000 witnesses (Israelites) to his journey.

With a mission, your life will derive a meaning that'll reveal more truth about you as you endeavor to help others on their journey. This is what it means in the Gospels when it says, "Give, and you shall receive." [Luke 6:38]

But everyone today is **cynical**. Everyone has been **burned**. Everyone is wary of words because we all know how many meanings God Has Given each and every one of them.

Therefore, we have to develop an appreciation of our own smoke to learn how to pray effectively. When **your** "Smoke gets in **your** eyes," you become no different than our indigenist ancestors in your ability to strive to reach up to God with prayer. If they could do it with how little they knew at the time, you can do it, too.

Black Throughout

The last section of this book is dedicated to orthodox-Jews, rightwing Christians and fanatical Muslims. I know they'd rather not hear from "sick perverts" like me who'd rather screw a man up the ass than screw him over financially or kill him. The fact that I was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic is enough evidence for them that I'm out of mind.

So, I won't comment in great depth to the lyrics of the following songs. I'll let them speak more for themselves.

But if the hyper-religious would read this book, they'd discover that black is the color of guilt, not death. Death is the color of light with all its amazing tints and hues. They'd discover the invisible magnificence of the **ultraviolet** realm.

They'd finally see the blackness in their own heart, and they'd repent for the ways they behave.

The first time I tried to kill myself, it was a **neo-Nazi** in me who tried to exterminate a **Jew**.

The second time, it was a **homophobe** in me who tried to kill a **gay**.

And the third time, it was an ignorant **man** who tried to kill an innocent **woman**.

Thanks to the grace of God, the **gorilla** in me wasn't a **racist**. My lust for all men saved me. There isn't a man on Earth I don't find a little bit attractive.

I created this last section so the hyper-religious could plummet the depth of the giants of songwriting and musical composition of the last century to open themselves up to more of the spiritual process than they're presently able to perceive.

We're all black (facing death) inside and we're all black (guilt ridden) to varying degrees on the outside. Just pointing fingers at people like me isn't going to turn anyone white

(pure). Everyone has a smattering of white (innocence) on the inside like stars in the night sky even if they're not **White** (Aryan) on the outside.

The only way to shine light into us is with words and charitable deeds. Communication with those you perceive as your enemies will illuminate you to the guilt that consumes you when you mix hate with God's Words.

Can't Help Falling in Love

Sung by

Elvis Presley

Composed by

George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore

1961

Wise men say only fools rush in,
but I can't help falling in love with you.
Shall I stay?
Would it be a sin
if I can't help falling in love with you?
Like a river flows surely to the sea,
darling, so it goes.
Some things are meant to be.
Take my hand.
Take my whole life, too,
for I can't help falling in love with you.
Like a river flows...

Since "wise men say only fools rush in," why is the political right and the institutions of exclusive faith in only one name for God always having to double down and then rush out?

"Some things are meant to be" now even if they weren't meant to be this way in the past. If science can bring humanity into a more comfortable future, why can't religion do the same?

The problem in evolving the human spirit is one of hyper-straight-religious men being afraid to "take my hand." They're afraid that if they took "my whole life, too," God Would Punish them for agreeing with me.

Where Do I Begin

Sung by

Andy Williams

Composed by

Carl Sigman and Francis Lai

1971

Where do I begin
to tell the story of how great a love can be?
The sweet love story that is older than the sea.
The simple truth about the love s/he brings to me.
Where do I start?
With her first hello
s/he gave new meaning to this empty world of mine.
There'd never be another love, another time.
S/he came into my life and made the living fine.
S/he fills my heart.
S/he fills my heart with very special things,
with angels' songs, with wild imaginings.
S/he fills my soul with so much love
that anywhere I go I'm never lonely.
with her around, who could be lonely?
I reach for her hand; it's always there.
How long does it last?
Can love be measured by the hours in a day?
I have no answers now but this much I can say.
I know I'll need her 'til the stars all burn away.
And s/he'll be there.
How long does it last?...

The **s/he** in you will only become apparent when the
S/He in God becomes apparent to you.

Mamas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys

Composed and sung by

Ed Bruce

1978

Cowboys ain't easy to love, and they're harder to hold.
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold.
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis,
and each night begins a new day.
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young,
he'll prob'ly just ride away.
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys.
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks.
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such.
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
'cos they'll never stay home and they're always alone
even with someone they love.
Cowboys like smokey, old, pool rooms
and clear, mountain mornings,
little, warm puppies and children and girls of the night.
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
sometimes won't know how to take him.
He ain't wrong, he's just different
but his pride won't let him
do things to make you think he's right.
Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys...

Don't behave like a sentimental cowboy who's nostalgic
for the good 'ol days if you were born in the 21st Century.
Don't sell fantasies instead of reality. We ain't buying
escapist views no longer.

Everyone should seek an inclusive relationship with
God. You're not the only cowboy (spirit) on a horse (body)
who's riding into the sunset (death).

Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word

Sung by

Elton John

Composed by

Elton John and Bernard Taupin

1976

What I got to do to make you love me?
What I got to do to make you care?
What do I do when lightning strikes me?
And I wake to find that you're not there?
What I got to do to make you want me?
What I got to do to be heard?
What do I say when it's all over, babe?
Sorry seems to be the hardest word.
It's sad, so sad.
It's a sad, sad situation,
and it's getting more and more absurd.
It's sad, so sad.
Why can't we talk it over?
Oh, it seems to me
that sorry seems to be the hardest word.
What do I do to make you want me?...
What have I got to do?
What have I got to do
when sorry seems to be the hardest word?

If two English, gay men (one Protestant and one Jewish)
can write a song about a feeling that every faith on Earth
promotes (sorrow), doesn't it stand to reason that all gay men
can feel all the feelings you can feel?

Dark Side of the Moon

Sung by

Pink Floyd

Composed by

George Roger Waters and Richard William Wright

1973

Us (us, us, us, us) and them (them, them, them, them)
and after all we're only ordinary men.

Me and you (you, you, you),

God Only Knows

it's not what we would choose (choose, choose) to do
(to do, to do).

Forward he cried from the rear and the front rank died.

And the general sat, and the lines on the map
moved from side to side.

Black (black, black, black) and blue (blue, blue),
and who knows which is which and who is who?

Up (up, up, up, up) and down (down, down, down, down)
and in the end it's only round 'n round
(round, round, round).

"Haven't you heard it's a battle of words?"
the poster bearer cried.

"Listen son," said the man with the gun.

"There's room for you inside.

I mean, they're not gonna kill ya,
so if you give 'em a quick short, sharp, shock
they won't do it again. Dig it?

I mean he gets off lightly,

'cause I would've given him a thrashing.

I only hit him once! It was only a difference of opinion.

But really,

I mean good manners don't cost nothing do they, eh?"

Down (down, down, down, down)

and out (out, out, out, out),

It can't be helped that there's a lot of it about.

With (with, with, with), without,
and who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?
Out of the way.
It's a busy day.
I've got things on my mind.
For the want of the price of tea and a slice,
the old man died.

The fight isn't a fight for those of us who are spiritual.
It's a **struggle**. The hyper-religious will lose the fight simply
because they're itching for a fight. They're **wrathful**.

Your heart is like the sun. Your soul is like the Earth and
"The Dark Side of the Moon" is like your mind. And your
mind, like the moon, is really dark on both sides.

God May **Love** everybody, but He Certain Doesn't Have
good reason To **Like** everyone.

Comes Love (Nothing Can Be Done)

Sung by

Sarah Vaughn

Composed by

Charles Tobias, Lew Brown and Sammy Stept

1957

Comes a rainstorm, put rubbers on your feet.

Comes a snowstorm, you can get a little heat.

Comes love, nothing can be done.

Comes a fire, then you know just what to do.

Blow a tire, you can buy another shoe.

Comes love nothing can be done.

Don't try hiding cause there isn't any use.

You'll start sliding when your heart turns on the juice.

Comes a headache, you can lose it in a day.

Comes a toothache, see your dentist right away.

Comes love nothing can be done.

Comes a heat wave, you can hurry to the shore.

Comes a summons, you can hide behind the door.

Comes love, nothing can be done.

Comes the measles, you can quarantine the room.

Comes a mouse, you can chase him with a broom.

Comes love, nothing can be done.

That's all brother if you've ever been in love.

That's all sister. You know what I'm thinking of.

Comes a nightmare, you can always stay awake.

Comes depression, you might get another break.

Comes love, nothing can be done.

With enough wisdom and loyalty to life, you can come to know **love** and relinquish **hate**. What else do you have to fill your time with? Making money? Celebrating? Escaping reality? You can do it all while learning about your love for yourself.

Song For the Asking
Composed and Sung by
Paul Simon
1970

Here is my song for the Asking.
Ask me and I'll play.
So sweetly, I'll make You Smile.
This is my tune for the Taking.
Take it, Don't Turn away.
I've been waiting all my life.
Thinking it over, I've been sad.
Thinking it over, I'd be more than glad
to change my ways for the Asking.
Ask me and I'll play
all the love that I hold inside.

I recommend you don't wait To Be Asked. God Would Probably Prefer if you were proactive about offering all the love you "hold inside."

Because I didn't wait to be Asked, I was able to overcome my relief that my mother was finally deceased. I was able to face the terror she'd instilled in me with her rage, even though her rage wasn't intentionally directed at me. It was meant for Nazis. But when you hate Nazis, neo-Nazis, rednecks and Republicans, you end up hating something about yourself.

Because I didn't wait to be Asked, I can now grieve the death of my mother. I feel the loss. Despite what some people think, I'm human. I'm good. And I'm getting better.

I don't hate people who hate themselves. That would be self-defeating. I feel sorry for them.

Previous Books

I recommend you read **A Cross-Eyed Bear** (A cross I'd bear) next. That's the sequel to this book. Then I'd say go back to my other books in the reverse order I wrote them. Numbers 20-30 are presently available in their entirety free of charge at my website.

30. **The Ugliest Ducking**

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

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