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 the monkey he employs to entertain the crowd.

Those of us who suffer O.C.D. [Obsessive Compulsive Disorder] know that our urges are a force so powerful that they're more like a gorilla that's controlling us than a monkey entertaining us. It's terrifying, not amusing.

If an organ grinder had been given a baby gorilla, he wouldn't realize what he was going to have to deal with later on. He wouldn't realize that he's going to end up making music with a massive gorilla, not a cute, little monkey.

When interpreted with sexual inuendo, an organ grinder is a man who masturbates. And the gorilla is the inner beast associated with his 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 penis [baby gorilla] in order to recreate the yearning for pleasure that my body had unconsciously triggered in me.

Those who object to me talking about masturbation are the same people who object to me talking about GOD.

The idea of using words to create figurative interpretations of sensitive topics goes against their religion. Their religion tells them to take their scripture literally. So, they generalize that edict to all areas of their life.

The linguistic technique I'm going to present to you will 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 for you or to you. You can then decide for yourself how you wish to proceed.

With greater self-awareness, you'll be able to feed, befriend and train the gorilla you've been given. And you'll be able to learn how to love all the other amazing creatures GOD gave you that are 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've failed at so many, many things. 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 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. Maybe that's obsessive, but that's the way I am.

It's been difficult for me to find the opening to new experiences. 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've done 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. You may make it through to 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 will 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 the linguistic imagery we used in the last century.

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 enough about your wellbeing,
becoming great can 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 most of the time, 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 most to do now is break society's grip on me, which includes many of my mother's rules and regs. 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 JEWISH 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. But he came out of a superstitious, authoritarian and mean European world where JEWS were considered **evil**.

My mom was also a European JEW. But she was a German JEW with modern, Western ideas while my father was an Eastern European JEW from Lithuania. When my mom realized what she'd gotten herself into by marrying a man whose cultural roots were so different from her own,

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.

Thos who've been raised without religion have learned not to take this world quite so literally. We've learned to think outside the box. The box is TORAH, the New Testament and the Quran. 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. That confused me as a youngster. 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, I'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 mysteriously attractive, or I labeled it: horrific.

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

I became more intense, not less, over time. I had to search for power from within to perceive my truth. I saw myself as Fay Wray [a damsel in distress] locked in King Kong's clutches. That big gorilla carried me to the top of my tower to power [penis]. My empire lay below. We were both in a state of extreme angst. The horror movie I lived through was worth the price of admission. I'm so glad I can see through 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.

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 to slave for the Nazis in Dachau Concentration Camp.

I've also looked 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 because her identity card stated that she was a JEW.

I'm a gay JEW. I'm a fugitive running from neo-Nazis on the left who are anti-Zionists and from old-fashioned Nazis on the right who hate faggots.

My gorilla is the animalification of my urges. My urges are made up of wants [–] and desires [+].

O.C.D. is a psychological tool that's trying to control my urge for both vengeance and uniformity. That makes O.C.D. potentially, enormously helpful. I find that 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. Almost nobody cares how they treat themself. Most people consider them their own worst enemy.

We live in a world where everyone is hurting himself to some degree, 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 reason why we hurt ourself.

Think of me as an Alex in Wonderland. Sometimes, I sound like the 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've lost my mind so many times that I'm always a little more doubtful about what I'm thinking when I find it. 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 rabbit at top speed. I'm like a gorilla. I'm like a hare. And I'm like a rabbit. 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 that, like animal instincts, affect the way we behave.

Preamble
The Seven Forces Within Me

I see myself as a spiritual machine that I'm learning to operate. 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 wished people would have treated me like a dog.]. I just knew deep down inside that being a human being wasn't an accurate enough depiction of the 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 d**evil** of a time every time I break down.

When I was a young, gay JEW in my thirties in the 1980'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 tackling 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 human traffic.

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 even seem to 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. The important figurative facts of life they neglected to tell me.

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 while driving. What more does a guy need?

Now that survival issues are behind me, 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.

Many straight men today are learning that the role of being a father is something they have to learn from women. It doesn't come naturally.

Thanks to my gay nature, I have a maternal desire to smother others. I've had to learn that the role of being a mother is something I've had to learn from men.

My paternal and maternal instincts in coming to guide my inner child have led me to greater tolerance, acceptance and admiration of GOD, despite my antipathy for organized religion as its being practiced today.

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 [head] and emotions [heart].

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 quite 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 themself truthfully, not ruthlessly.

Once I stopped using greed externally to satiate my hunger for survival, I freed myself to explore my reason for being greedy internally. This led to acquiring personal truths that are inspirational. They've produced outcomes that are miraculous. This makes me 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]. I'm no stranger to being mocked and ridiculed, even by me.

I'm a little bigger than life, figuratively speaking. I know it. And I like myself this way. If I don't put me down for the things I sometimes think, nobody else will.

Having inspired myself to strive for 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. You only know what you know. You don't know what you don't know. And if you think you do know what you don't know, you're insane.

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 behaviors 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 to describe 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 the lies I told myself when 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 to be completed. 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 inside, 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 [–] that figuratively come from our penis.
    5. Desires [+] that figuratively come from our penis.
    6. Intuition that figuratively comes from our soul.
    7. PRAYERS that figuratively come from our breastplate.
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 will be witnessed in real time.

Introduction
The Nursery in the Nursery

If you'd like to consider allowing me to be your spiritual IT guy to explain your inner operating system to you while you surreptitiously observe my equipment in action, you might first like to know more about the time I was involuntarily committed to Bellevue Mental Hospital in New York City. That came about a year after my first suicide attempt in Los Angeles.

I was studying ballet at American Ballet Theater school and Harkness Ballet School in Manhattan 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 Mental Hospital in Santa Monica, CA after I drove my car off a cliff in the Santa Monica mountains a year later. 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 at the age of 31, almost 40 years ago, and I've been off psychiatric medication since 2000, almost a quarter of a century.

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 themself nevertheless delights me because it helps me help my self. 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 dancing, gay 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 and a phony.

I don't just suffer from low self-esteem and worry. I suffer from being extremely heartfelt. I'm overly empathic of those who've been what I've been through; sympathetic of those who've been through traumas I haven't been through; and compassionate towards animals.

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 at what might happen next.

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. Most of my dread is over my well being. The wellbeing of others has never affected me that deeply.

The only person whose wellbeing is as great as my own is my partners. We're soulmates. I've never been closer to another human being, not even my mother.

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 actions 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 fingers 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 after the fact. I can't seem to control the gorilla within me.

Autonomy is always the culprit. I want to do as I please. I don't see what's best for one and all. And I can't seem to make me understand that. It's like my frontal cortex isn't developed enough to make me do what I want me to do. I'm Dr. Jekyll and the gorilla inside me is Mr. Hyde.

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 a 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 those in politics and business who try to use the government to achieve personal rewards.

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 care about themself, democracy or the wellbeing of the world. They've turned America into the land of MILK and money.

Although I'm a gay JEW, I'm just as alive as JESUS. And I'm here in my body. He isn't.

I wouldn't run for any political office based on my ability to breathe. I don't seek external power. I don't use my religion to put people down.

Be glad you're not malfunctioning as badly as some 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.

We're all locked up inside ourself, figuratively speaking. We're all a spirit in meat sack. On one hand, we wish to get out. On the other, we'd rather not.

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 spanking 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. I had to get used to it. I don't 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 in the world.

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 partner 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 through my books, even if I didn't succeed in becoming a world-class ballet dancer, which was my equivalent 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 being 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, 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 a senior citizen, I can now see that my thinking isn't as sharp as it used to be. I'm not able to pay close attention to some external challenges. My mind isn't as crisp and clear as it was at one time. I have moments when I obsess about the world around me and forget all about my world within.

But my heart has compensated for my fuzzy thinking by becoming much more open and receptive to my needs. 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. I no longer suffer delusions about 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 than me and have seriously hurt people, you're going to want to focus on the guilt-ridden thoughts in your head, even if you don't yet feel the guilt in your heart over 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 themself like a smart phone. They're just not machinical. They don't know how to upload new apps. into their operating system.

People can be irresponsible and mean. And I don't have to forgive them for that. 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 despairing 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 anti-Semites, anti-Zionists, racists, homophobes, misogynists, misandrists and xenophobes will probably never fathom.

And if you're American and see our country going down the drain as corrupt politicians 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 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 others on myself.

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 any of 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. Some will disagree because I'm a gay JEW. 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 a free lunch. And I'm delighted with what's on my plate.

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 guy with a man-size appetite for a connection to GOD.

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. I can see that they're afraid of me. They wish I'd 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 was naturally low, having grown up a gay JEW. I doubted myself without provocation. Therefore, I can now see that I was more in need my approval than anyone else's.

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 as I do.

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 figuratively real. You're probably one yourself. If not, you know that you once were.

The biggest obstacle in my life was low self-worth. It didn't matter how many things I did adequately. I didn't believe in myself to the degree that I believed I should. Maybe that's the very definition of a type "A" personality. I had to learn to live with myself as I am, not as I wanted 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 many of them aren't 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 anyone.

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 figurative zombies all around us.

This world is more like an insane asylum, and most of the patients are so deeply locked up inside themself 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] comes out of our testicles. That juice 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.

The secret to life doesn't lie in the body. It lies in the soul. The way to access the secret in you is through your conscience, not your penis. You can already see that most men are using their fruit juice as their guide.

Many still call gay men "fruits." Some of us are fruity. But straight people are nutty. If you're interested in the secret to life, perhaps you should consider that GOD made us somewhat differently than HE made you.

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. They labeled him a prophet, not a poet.

MOSES described semen as words spoken by a serpent hanging down from a TREE that bore two fruits. Those fruits are forbidden until puberty when the juice in our 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 my serpent speak.

The man was called ADAM [HEBREW: everyman]. He was the personification of wisdom. The woman was called CHAVA [HEBREW: life/Eve]. 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 is the main metaphor of MOSES. This 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 [soul] lies inside 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 has 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 sorrow, not anger. 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 the main metaphor of MOSES that all civilized human beings unconsciously 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 concept.

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 sane, 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 harder. 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.

When I dug 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 any and all to see. I'm 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 themself on their deathbed 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 my vision an attribute, not a failing. My inner eye is 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 that seems to be going nowhere; 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 themself. People who are compulsive tend to steal their reputation out from under themself. And people who don't see what they're doing to themself tend to magnify their lying and stealing externally to show themself what they're doing within.

But be prepared to have to listen to my personal opinions about liars, thieves, homophobes, anti-Zionists and terrorists, whether they're JEWISH, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist or indigenist. And be prepared for my distain 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, but I didn't know it.

There are great apes 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'll smell your way through this world. You won't have to depend on anyone else for truth, justice and the American way. You'll come to imbody 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 will wake you up to how destructive you can be.
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 problems inside you.
8. Freedom leads to good thoughts. Liberty leads to good feelings. Emancipation leads to good beliefs.
9. Sleep leads to healing dreams that come from GOD.
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 your 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 find good reasons to admire 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 heart.
    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. It's a metaphor for the spiritual operating system within man.
    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 guide over time. Your breastplate holds the life force in your 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 the 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.

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 thoughts and hear feelings varies from person to person.

Those of us 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. We 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.

If thoughts come from our head and feelings from our heart, then our beliefs come from that third place in inner space [our soul].

Therefore, I needed a more well-developed soul to determine whether the conflict or agreement between my thoughts and feelings was helping or hindering me.

Sadly, my soul was damaged by so much pain and suffering in life that I finally chose to simply watch 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 myself in both my two worlds.

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 themself 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 since turned into a gorilla. 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 become self-despising. I couldn't have been more disgusted by being me. This is what led me to contemplate suicide.

I didn't mind killing myself, but I really minded disgusting myself. I had insufficient hatred of others and too much hatred of myself.

Eventually, my conscience decided that it couldn't stand the conflict between the forces within me. I tried to kill myself to help myself. I tried to kill me to relieve the suffering I was going through. It was actually a well thought out solution to a problem I couldn't find a way to solve any other way.

I didn't find that the institutions of governance and the institutions of faith were made up of people who could talk about the basics I'm describing to you with this level of clarity. They were so busy covering their ass so as not to look guilty or afraid that they didn't know how to contemplate the degree of self-truth telling I'm bringing you now.

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 should be just one tool in your mental health toolbelt.

People with O.C.D. aren't alone in discovering conflicting forces within. We live in a society where so many people seem ready to sue us, shoot us or fleece us that the psychological and sociological ramifications of enemies around us and within us combine to create negativity throughout the planet.

The world now looks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which is a snapshot of THE TOWEL 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 or within us will 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, feelings and beliefs. We don't need to do anything when we see an obsessive thought or compulsive feeling other than recognize it as such. That will change our beliefs naturally.

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 created unpleasant outcomes that I now observe before they escape into words I say out loud or actions that will hurt me.

Now I 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'm dealing with 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 in 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 applied leeches on the body 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 feel figuratively obese.

Your desires [+] can be fed and your wants [–] can be starved. Then, the life force that figuratively 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.

That's advice for me that I project onto others by using the second person, singular, objective case pronoun [you] instead of the first person, singular, objective case pronoun [me].

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 should me give more reason to think about why this irritates me so.

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 [soul] rather than your heart. You may be surprised to find that the conclusions that are

running you were formulated a very long time ago, making your conscience in your breastplate a less reliable guide.

6. My political perspective is constantly in a state of challenge because I care so much about the wellbeing of others. Some care about dismantling the freedoms of gay people while others care about dismantling the freedom of JEWS.

Society tells us that we, the people, are the measure of all things, but those who vote don't include the needs of gays and JEWS. They vote along racial or religious lines.

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 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. 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 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** Muslims unleash on ISRAEL. Clearly, I need a greater, inner perspective on what constitutes 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.

I've finally decided that I want to grow old gracefully. But that can't happen unless I let GOD heal me by increasing my 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 my external ugliness in more virtuous 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 perpetrating against myself. The more I face my weaknesses and bad behaviors, the more I assist the world in defeating the enemies of freedom, liberty and emancipation. This move peace of mind toward world peace.

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 it's my time to 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 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 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. Your fame in HIS eyes may be greater than you think.

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 1st COMMANDMENT from the other four on the first tablet, and the 6th 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'm especially wary of feeling effeminate.

I love to follow rules and be law-abiding, but I can't stand having to fill out forms or follow directions, whether by following directions in the car or by following a recipe.

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 effeminacy.

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 soul. That will make it possible to increase the FLAME in your conscience until it's hot enough to include GOD consciousness. Your thoughts, feelings and beliefs are all yearning to work toward your greatest interest.

But your 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 themself.

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 the operation of their head, heart and soul as best they can to produce romantic 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've been 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. But I'm touching the you inside of you rather than through 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 a 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 literacy. This 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 the 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 should relate to others.

This spiritual process makes you soulful. If you're lonely, seek a soulmate. Seek someone who you can share your curriculum with in the school of life. Share your belief in our TEACHER.

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're 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.

TORAH began with a story that included a snake. But there are so many ways in which we relate to the animal kingdom. The more you acknowledge the animal instincts within you, the more you'll be able to master them rather than become a victim to them.

The fruits of good and **evil** in THE CREATION STORY are the source of the fruit juice [words] that emanate out of your serpent that so beguiles your feelings, which then scramble your thinking, which then alerts you to the mess you've made inside.

Obsessive/compulsive behaviors set off alarm bells calling you to help yourself. But you must first wander through the labyrinth within to orient yourself to your 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 [soul] so that his conscience can better guide him.

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. 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 and help others do so, too.

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. If what I tell myself is grammatically accurate, I then ask the TEACHER whether my idea is worth acting on. This separates prayer from PRAYER.

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 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 themself more easily from their heart. Women who are more in touch with their masculine side express themself 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 [man] to the worm in every apple [woman], the operating forces [+/-] within males and females are the same. But 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. They're just homophobes who are obsessed with their own anus. We may be fruits, but they're nuts.

Anal sex is nothing more than vaginal sex with twist. If one side of a woman is good, the other side isn't **evil**. The same is true of men. This isn't a behavior that's **evil**.

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 as you open your mind.

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 may be 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 in accepting yourself.
18. Being quirky is a challenge in accepting 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 more 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. Dreams connect us to GOD in a mysterious way.

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.

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 discovering what we find appealing. Their sexual orientation or choice of gender assignment 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.

The political right is 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 political left is obsessed with denouncing ISRAEL. They're afraid there really is A GOD. They're afraid of religion, but don't know enough about spirituality, the combination of psychology and religion.

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 themself 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 gay life.

They want to get out of this world to be with GOD 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, especially if their lessons are coming from a gay JEW. The Republican Party has been usurped by Christian nationalists.

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

That said, the Democrats are no better. They see ISRAEL as the perpetrators, not the gays. The Democratic Party has shown the JEWS to the door. Their tent is no longer big enough for people of color and the JEWS. The Democratic Party has been usurped by Muslims.

This is never going to work because the homophobia of Muslims is going to clash with the values of the Democratic Party that gave us civil rights and marriage equality.

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 isn't a guise to deflect their disdain in having been born. Their urge to protect new life is intellectually logical and emotionally rational.

There is a SPARK in every human being that comes from GOD. This is your SPIRIT. As your SPIRIT grows, you become a more righteous human being.

Democratic sympathy for Muslims isn't without reason. Most Muslims yearn to live as well as we do in the United States. But the situation in ISRAEL must improve, and the Palestinians are only making things worse by working with the Iranians to destroy the JEWISH STATE.

Sometimes, I'd love to see the world get blown to smithereens. But I know that logically that wouldn't change my relationship to GOD in my JEWISH head. I know that rationally that wouldn't change my relationship to GOD in my Christian heart. I know that reasonably that wouldn't change my relationship to GOD in my Muslim soul.

So, I must look at the situation around me and within me sensibly from my genitals. They urge me to do what I want [-] and desire [+]. Without their input, there's no hope.

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

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

And the JEWS and Muslims in the Middle East need to reflect on their destructive beliefs. They emanate out of fears and resentments they're not willing to face.

This world isn't safe for gay JEWS. Until I can walk down any street anywhere in the world and don't have to worry about being killed because I'm gay and JEWISH, the problems of the world are only going to get worse.

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.

Just because you're the member of a faith or political party 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.

Turn Rome, that one religious location, into a verb, [roam] and you've opened yourself to much more to explore. If all roads lead to Rome, then one of the roads to Rome will lead to roam elsewhere.

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 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've written 30 books 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 are 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. Becoming soulful isn't as easy as it looks.
   A. Mercy and forgiveness are the result of justice.
   B. Injustice is the cause of the lessons we're forced to face.

Prologue
Harvey Honey

Think of San Franciscan Harvey Milk as the wise, gay RABBI who taught the LGBTQIA community to come out of the closet. He also advocated that we burn our closet, so we can't go back in it if we're intimidated by great apes whose knuckles are scraping on the ground. That is 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. You can, instead, see your conscience as your closet. You can control your thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] from your conscience [breastplate].

Think of the gay closet created in the 1960's sexual revolution as the conscience that guides you. Your closet incapsulates your own BURNING BUSH. You're a TREE of knowledge with a BURNING BUSH in it. That FIRE is in your closet [HEBREW: ARON]. Coming out of the closet will make you a more just human being.

The closet metaphor comes from TORAH where the ark Noah built; the basket baby Moses was in; and the tabernacle the ISRAELITES carried GOD through the desert is called an ARON.

The Republicans have painted us into a corner with homophobia, 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 gay world with wet paint signs everywhere.

The Democrats have painted us into a corner with anti-Zionism, but there's no need for us to wait for their paint to dry, either. Between the extremist JEWS, Christians and Muslims, you can see that the problem isn't ISRAEL. The problem are gay JEWS, gay Christians and gay Muslims

who are coming out of their closet to expose ancient hateful interpretations of all three Abrahamic scriptures.

You may be in a corner facing away from reality. Turn around. Look around. You don't have to stay where you are. Gay people will guide you out of the corner.

Step away from what your parents and society did to you to make you so compliant. 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 both, you can move forward freely. You don't have to worry about what the people who hate you will say.

You can explain to the frightened and hateful what they're doing that's ruining everyone's 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]. In fact, you're going to need even more. You're going to need EGGS.

EGGS are spiritual secrets that come out of scripture that confine you. Our religious and political leaders don't know how to operate themselves any better.

First came Harvey MILK. Think of me as Harvey HONEY. You can become a Harvey EGG. You can come out of your shell; out of your closet. You can become the voice of your BURNING BUSH that speaks for GOD in your own inimitable way.

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 adherence to societal norms.

The secret to good and **evil** figuratively emanates out of the mouth of our serpent. Therefore, we're going to have to figuratively separate the juice of each of our fruits [+/-], so we can account for our own obsessions [-] and compulsions [-].

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.

You're not stuck in an ark [ARON] with animals. You're not stuck in a basket [ARON] crying your eyes out over abandonment. You're not stuck carrying GOD to ISRAEL in a tabernacle [ARON]. And you're not stuck in a closet [ARON] with a FIRE within it. You can come out.

We now live in a slightly more respectful, kinder age in which gay people can marry, even though the hyper-religious are itching to take this right away from us.

We've blown away two walls of the closet metaphor. There's no closet to come out of any longer. We're all stuck in corners.

Straight people can now see that we're the same as them in some ways and way ahead of them in many others. That should terrify those who are still homophobes.

They're just going to have to get used to life in the 21st Century with gays, JEWS and other Americans who annoy the hell out of them because we're intolerant of the intolerant.

There are many names for GOD, but I'm only interested in learning about the best in all of GOD'S names. Give me JESUS. He died to end intolerance.

Give me THE ARCHANGEL Gabriel who figures prominently in JUDAISM, Christianity and Islam. He led Daniel out of the lion's den. He told Mary that she would bear GOD'S son. And he took MUHAMMAD out of his heart into his soul.

You can keep atheism. I'm sick and tired of it. I find it completely soulless.

Gay people aren't stuck in a corner that resembles two sides of a closet. It's some straight people who are. We can see gun control, pollution and global warming as wet paint. We're willing to walk through it for the sake of future generations. We don't have to see the results of our work to know that we work for GOD. We have faith in what we're doing.

There are those who aren't waiting patiently for the paint to dry. They've aligned themselves with homophobic Muslims who are anti-Zionists, as well. They'll destroy everything civilization has accomplished.

As GOD is our WITNESS, we're going to try to get everyone out of the corner the hyper-religious and atheists have gotten us into!

JESUS was the first JEW to get the ancient ISRAELIS out of the closet that MOSES got them into. That closet was their head.

The JEWS, with the help of MOSES [who was led by GOD] had 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. They learned that HONEY [wisdom] is sweeter than sugar [looking good].

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 mythology]. 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 to our soul.

You don't have to be a member of any faith to come from your head, heart or soul anymore. The monopolies that the religious world once thought they had, are over. They've all been exposed as hypocrites.

I'm Harvey HONEY. I'm offering you EGGS – secrets to knowing and loving yourself from the inside out. You can break through your shell with the self-knowledge I'm giving you.

I've described the operating system of the machine you're in, using metaphors, symbols and similes in ways that are being unconsciously combined in the modern age. But I'm just a spiritual grease monkey. Your vehicle is yours to go where you please. What you do with this information to make sense of the contemporary world we live in is for you to decide.

No matter what your racial, cultural or religious heritage, you're going to need MILK, HONEY and EGGS if you believe GOD is everyone's WITNESS.

The civilized world already recognizes our gay right to 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? What good will peace in ISRAEL achieve if the orthodox JEWS continue to oppose marriage equality? There isn't a single country in the Middle East that has marriage equality. They're all run by straight men who are killing straight men, women and children while gay men would much rather make love.

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

Turning the world into lands of MILK, HONEY and EGGS isn't going to be easy. But it will happen. And if you're not here to see it happen, at least you'll know that you helped make it so.

Every student of life must face a final exam. That final can come ten minutes from now, or that test can stretch out over the course of years. You never know.

What matters is how well you're prepared for every question on your exam. And there are many classes and levels of tests to be taken if you hope to be prepared for your final before you graduate.

Whether or not you see yourself as a student of you, you're in a very complex, spiritual machine 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 machine 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. Don't bother to tell us what you do in there with GOD. That's your business.

If you want to have a public relationship with GOD, I strongly recommend you have it in a religious institution

that's inclusive. If they don't invite gays, JEWS, Muslims and Blacks to pray with them, they're still in a closet, not yet in a corner. They're still spiritually unborn chicks in an EGG.

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 is a rainbow in your dark heart. 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, 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 needed knowledge about life.

Cynicism is especially endemic to the gay community. Not every queen will admit she's just a princess until her mother dies. And not every princess will admit that she's kissed more frogs than Kermit in her search for Prince Charming.

Outline of the Prologue

1. There's milk and honey in the external world.
   And there's a land of MILK and HONEY within you.
   There's also Harvey MILK and Harvey HONEY, the personification of love and wisdom.
2. The closet metaphor: A tight space comes from the concept of each of us in an EGG. Each of us is stuck in an ark, basket, tabernacle and closet revealed metaphorically in TORAH.
3. The corner metaphor: Nothing inhibits you from getting out of the corner but wet paint. Turn around. Step forward.
4. The semen symbol: Separate the good and **evil** within you. Your two fruits produce a juice that mixes the two. You're not nuts.
5. MOSES took the ancient ISRAELITES on a journey into their head with HONEY.
6. JESUS took the ancient ISRAELIS on a journey from their head into their heart with MILK.
7. MUHAMMAD took the Middle Eastern indigenists on a journey from their heart into their soul with EGGS.
8. Harvey MILK took us all on a journey up from the serpent [or worm] between our legs into our heart, head and soul.
   A. He called it coming out of the closet [ARON].
9. Harvey HONEY is extending that journey out of your corner into a room called reality made up of an inner and an outer world.
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 a public relationship with GOD, have it in a religious institution 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 five Holocaust survivors. Being gay and American-born on top of the challenge to love 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 into 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.

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. This is 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 themself.

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 d**evil** 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 d**evil** 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 incapsulates 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 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 of 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 to keep others from having him…

Judas didn’t do what he did for the gelt. 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’ 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 spiritual 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 be tempted to give yourself a thumb ring, marry the wo/man of your dreams and, like me, hopefully get to enjoy a partner 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.

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

The hunger for money [power] isn't as powerful as the hunger for HONEY [wisdom]. So, I had to start by separating the hunger in my belly for food from the hunger between my legs for sex.

I only need MILK [love] and HONEY [wisdom] to come to know and love myself. And I don't have to go to ISRAEL to get it. I'm a busy little bee who delivers HONEY to my door.

As for MILK [love], I've got plenty of my own. I only need help to perceive what I've already done for me. Love without wisdom left me with bad memories of what I did for others that compromised me.

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. THE CREATION STORY in GENESIS is equivalent to a song.
5. Religion promotes literal interpretations of scripture.
6. Spirituality promotes figurative interpretations of scripture that reveal our inner operating system.
7. The need for food and sex will separate your belly from what's happening below your waist.
8. 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.
9. Food and sex can lead to cynicism and scorn of your potential to achieve self-love.

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:	Worry, Anxiety, **Agony**
Yellow:	**Fear Horror Panic**
Green:	**Jealousy & Envy** [**Coveting**]
Blue:	**Sorrow, Disappointment, Grief**
Indigo:	**Madness, Magic, My Story**
Violet:	**Orgasm, Ecstasy, 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 spill over into consciousness.

Eventually, you'll begin to wish for a different container [body] or different contents [personality]. You'll become **jealous** 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 being me.

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.

This is the first secret to the closet metaphor. The ark [ARON] is first shell of every chick in an EGG. When we see our animal instincts as projected onto the natural world, we're challenged to question our behaviors for insight into who we are and how GOD made us in HIS image. This makes the promise of hope in the **rainbow** real.

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** is **black**. When you mix **guilt** with each of the emotional colors, beginning with **rage** 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**.
5. The closet that Harvey Milk told us to come out of holds metaphoric meaning in TORAH. The four levels of the closet metaphor hold **secrets** to the peace of mind we're all searching for.

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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 THE LORD because I'm gay. They quote LEVITICUS 18 and 20 as proof of that.

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 TESTAMENT, so I could read my thoughts and feelings from the left. Then I read the HEBREW TESTAMENT from the right to perceive how it changed my beliefs, bringing me a faith I didn't have before.

The more you move toward inclusion, love and harmony from within, the more you'll find yourself at the center 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 that 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, 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 me. 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 is going to do next. HE is unfathomable in HIS ways.

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 must say that I find all people odd and frustrating at times.

I'm not the collective type. I don't work well with others. I'm an individualist. Think of me as the sort of animal that's a loner. I don't travel in herds, flocks, droves or packs.

I think there's an expectation from most others that introverts need to become extroverts. That isn't possible. And I'm tired of trying.

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 lonely **heart**. Because I could only look at the world through my head, I had no idea how powerfully my feelings affected 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 that give me the freedom to be myself.

I've softened as the result of seeing my own nature, not just by improving my moral vision of others by clarifying their nature. I have the instincts of those animals that exhibit introverted behavior by avoiding social interactions and seeking solitude, which serves as a survival mechanism. Examples of introverted animals include the snow leopard [calculating cat], koala [loveable teddy bear], and sloth [**living** lethargy].

In recognizing my physical, intellectual and emotional instincts, I've come to see the spiritual forces that engage us all. This has revealed more of the truth to me as reflected in Mother Nature.

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 choppy 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 to get in touch with my **guilt** at how I'd treated myself previously. This made it possible for me to take small steps down from the boat of intellectualism that was keeping me afloat into the emotional waters within me.

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.

Loss is real. I know loss intimately. I'm preparing for more losses as I move nearer to my demise. I learned what it means to use my conscience to control the thoughts in my head, feelings in my **heart** and beliefs in my SOUL by studying the world faiths. I learned more about GOD through HIS many names. This led me out of my upper body into my lower body to explore my navel, genitals and anus as spiritual chakras of power, as well.

Hinduism taught me to contemplate my navel. I now see the knot in my belly as the boundary where my mother ends and I begin.

Buddhism taught me to meditate on my genitals, the wants [-] and desires [+] that JUDAISM describes as a talking serpent in a TREE.

Taoism taught me to acknowledge the yin [inner world] and yang [outer world] that produces the paradoxes between my two worlds that inspire me to balance my two worlds.

I can now handle the feeling of being alone with GOD through any and all of HIS names and the challenges I'm given. That inner strength is called faith.

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. I copy her virtues and reject her vices.

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, queer and peculiar. 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 [ARON]. 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." I call it spirituality.

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** from time to time. I may be **worried**, **anxious** and in **agony** 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 am.

My home in the **rainbow**, my base, lies in **fear** [**yellow**]. I suppose that's because I'm a member of three minorities: JEWS, **gays** and the disabled. I go back to **fear** 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.

I can move down into the **sadness**, **regret**, **remorse**, **disappointment** and **grief** in having to be human 24/7 for a **life**time.

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**.

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** [**green**] what another person has is the first step in reproducing that beauty of skill in yourself.

The hope you have in the **rainbow** that arches between your nipples through your Adam's APPLE has a pot of **gold** at both ends.

The love in your **heart** and **loyalty** in your **SOUL** are advances in the human operating system that awakened us to Christianity and Islam.

These two world faiths are larger than all the others, but they've been fighting one another [and the **JEWS**] since their inception. We've all internalized that fight. It exists in us as a fight between our thoughts, feelings and beliefs. And until we make peace with ourself, there'll be no peace on Earth.

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 my 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, 1950'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 and peculiar, not just queer.

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 Democrats from Republicans with her hand like MOSES parted the Red Sea with his staff.

A yenta in drag takes no prisoners. She drowns all charioteers and sends them screaming with **fear** and bitterness to their MAKER. Let HIM deal with them, she says. I'm sure HE has got just the place to put 'em.

Don't expect to find Hitler in Heaven. Don't expect to find Yassar Arafat in Paradise. People who **hate** people are the least lucky people in the world. They don't get rewarded.

"*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 more and more anti-Semitic "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 to 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, bubby.

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.

Getting an undisciplined SOUL to obey your conscience is even more difficult than suffering with a broken **heart**. Many cry over lost love. Who knew that a conscience, like a muscle, could be strengthened with better beliefs about JEWS? Turning into a homophobic anti-Zionist won't solve anything.

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 work on your SOUL. Believe in ISRAEL. 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. The Palestinians are the most bitter. They appeal to the bitterness in everyone. But the cost to Islam is **horrendous**. Only ISRAEL can save the Muslims from themselves.

You meet new people, and within minutes they'll give you all the reasons why they're bitter. Would that they could listen to themself 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 developing the beliefs in your SOUL and give that power to your conscience to guide.

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 did the same thing with **gays** and JEWS using concentration camps and ovens.

The secret lies in the coming out process. **Gays** have only come out of the ARON in the sexual sense. When you come out of your ark [ARON] to become a Noah unto yourself; when you come out of your basket [ARON] to become a MOSES unto yourself; and when you come out of your tabernacle [ARON] to become a child of GOD - you'll know what I mean. There's more than one closet [ARON].

JESUS may have been a **gay** JEW. But 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 peace on Earth because we're inclined to suffer self-denial.

But every Republican is obsessed with eternal peace. Those of both political parties will steal some of the truth out from under you.

I'm willing to move through my **fear** of victimhood. I'm willing to move through my attraction to martyrdom. My relationship to myself before **GOD** only changes as I become aware of my character defects and appeal to the God within me to help me correct them.

New ideas don't hurt people. People hurt people.

New ideas are like guns. You aim a new idea at people and it **terrifies** them. You shoot them with a new idea and they feel as though you've tried to kill them.

People who have no new and better ideas want to carry guns instead. People who have no new ideas open their legs easily instead.

Keep your gun in a safe place in house. Open your mind instead and bring it with you everywhere you go.

Wrath [one of the seven deadly sins] is composed of **rage**, **agony**, **horror** and **coveting** all mixed together to create an ungodly **brown** that produces a lust for **vengeance**.

I mixed all my colors together to see what I'd get. I got a lust for **vengeance**. That's just what every 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 it 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 from eating myself up inside with cancer;

breaking my **heart** with a **heart** attack; or blowing my brains out with a stroke - doesn't appeal to me, either.

If you feel the urge to punish me for feeling **vindictive** against myself or 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 brought you into this world 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 given myself the noble prize for peace. 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. And I believe in me.

GOD said, "**Vengeance** is MINE" specifically in DEUTERONOMY 32:35, but HE expanded upon that idea in 100 Bible verses. That's because HE wanted us to face our urge to **retaliate** internally against ourself.

To treat yourself lovingly requires wisdom. This is the greatest MILK man produces. JEWS don't kill JEWS. JEWS support and protect one another. GOD 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 me 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, disabled, 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 imagination that makes me SOULful

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 sanitoriums 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 our thoughts. The melody corresponds to our feelings. The combination of lyrics and melody through the magic of rhythm in our urges [wants and desires] 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**.

The culture war is fought with singers on their fronts. Their beliefs are entwined with their body through song.

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 show you what you have the potential to glean from those songs today.

I figure the best place to straighten out 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 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.

If you're an atheist, you have a lot to learn. You have a lot of chipping away to do of your shell. You're just a chick who has no idea of the four ARONOT [closets] that you're going to have to go through.

But if you're a Muslim who thinks you can destroy ISRAEL and get back to **life** as normal, you're sicker than a paranoid schizophrenic. That tower to power you're hoping to build has JEWISH blueprints. You can't yet imagine the mess you're making without the help of the JEWS.

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 homophobes and anti-Zionists are doing.

In our **gay** pursuit, I'm also 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 to make a **brown** [**vindictive**] mess? 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 **JEWISH LAND**; the melody to the Christian seven seas; and the rhythm to Muslim thin air that holds the potential to fly like bird into **GOD'S** arms.

All that's around us is within us. Music is everywhere. Music is made with magic. And it's with this magic that I'm going to help you 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. It's a little late to claim that PRAYER isn't a DANCE.

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 that take us to the bottom of our ocean of emotions are inky **black**, cold and under enormous pressure.

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're a spirit [FIRE] in a body on a journey. We breathe air like a fire breathes to survive. How long do you think you can go without admitting that you're a TREE planted in a garden with a BURNING BUSH within it?

That BURNING BUSH lies in your breastplate. That's where a voice emerges that's different from all the other voices inside you.

If you think you can ignore the teaches of a **gay** JEW, you're a homophobe and anti-Zionist. You're bent on defying reality.

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 head, **heart** and SOUL to get them to obey your conscience. It is, after all, your destiny you're moving toward, not mine.

"You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog"
Composed by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
Sung by
Elvis Presley
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.

A rabbiT is a rabbi with odd-looking T. A woman is a man with an odd-looking body. If you can't use your imagination to seek the T, you don't care enough about the world the way it is today.

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** and **JEWISH** perspective. No grown man dreams of catching rodents to copulate with.

RABBIS aren't rodents. Women aren't rats. **Gay** men aren't fluffy guinea pigs you can call a pet anymore. The world has changed. Keep up!

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 sick men and women dream of catching instead of a rabbiT is a rabbi. JESUS was a RABBI who told it like it was. The T he brought was turned into a cross. They crucified him for being truthful. If you think that today's JEWS will let anyone crucify us the way the Christians did in the 20th Century with the Holocaust and the Muslims are doing to ISRAEL today, they're not high-classed enough for us.

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. You might like to learn how to make more HONEY than money because you can't take your money with you.

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, euphemisms 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 by looking at yourself with an open mind. Beneath the cloak of assumptions that 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 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. Christians 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 like me, 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 rabbiTs had nothing to do with hound dogs [American servicemen] who cleaned up the mess Europe made for itself.

The end of the Second World War brought American culture to Europe in a more spiritual way. European, JEWISH immigration to America after the War took JEWISH ideas back to Europe packaged in a new container: American art, music and dance. What the Europeans couldn't stand about the European JEWS, they ate up when served to them by American JEWS.

I'm the child of Holocaust survivors who came to the United States 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 rabbiTs and their bunnies, 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 inuendo 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, outside Muslim terrorist conversations. 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 Islam, as well.

That said, the United Nations is always trying to catch ISRAEL and make her pay in a way that I think is **hateful** and unfair.

We see 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 through intellectualism which is threatening JEWISH students and the existence of ISRAEL.

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 [effeminate].

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 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 d**evil**ishly encouraging grin.

Naturally, I got up quickly and left.

But I wish I could have 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. Even you know that it's not kosher to mix meat and milk.

I wanted to tell 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 a **hateful** RABBI might want to listen to my story.

Moshe went to his RABBI and asked him if a chicken cheeseburger is kosher. What's the answer? Is a chicken cheeseburger kosher, or isn't it?

Moshe's RABBI emphatically said, "No! A chicken cheeseburger is absolutely not kosher. If something doesn't look kosher, it's not kosher."

That TORAH study group isn't kosher. When JEWS **hate** JEWS because GOD told them to **hate** them, the problem lies with MOSES, not GOD. If you look at the eight reasons given in LEVITICUS 20 for a JEW to kill another JEW, you'd *platz* [Yiddish: burst into laughter]. They're all ridiculous reasons! LEVITICUS 20 should be either be cut out of

TORAH altogether, or it should be used as an example of the **rage** in MOSES that he couldn't contain.

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. That's not halal. That's something you'd want to cut out of your diet every day of the year, not just during Lent.

Being **gay** isn't a **life**style. I was made this way. Being hyper-religious is a **life**style. 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 don't go after rabbiTs or bunnies. GOD bred me like a German shepherd for another kind of hunt. I seek out hypocrites. And I don't care if they're JEWISH, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist, **gay**, straight or atheist.

To this day I **regret** the $10 I put in that RABBI'S *pishke* [Yiddish: donation box]. He owes me, big time!

But I'd never take his money. He'd have to pay me back by supporting the **LGBTQIA** 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 will turn into a Nazi. Even some indigenists know that much about themself.

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 of your **heart**.

"Lovin' Potion Number Nine"
Composed by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
Sung by
The Searchers
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 chics.
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 **gay** cop today is a great idea if you want to promote the concept of love, not war.

But 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. I, too, have one **gold**-capped tooth [on a molar in the back of my mouth where no one can see it]. Like her, I don't allow **hateful** idiots to repress my yearning for love.

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 a bitter **gay**. If you have a **bad** opinion of women and you're a man, you may not be a bitter, straight man. You may be **gay**. Rejecting our father or mother is often, but not always, related to our sexual impulse. You may find that your sexuality is wrapped up in your opinion about your parents.

The rightwing Christians want to convert us. Personally, I'd rather recruit. Like pork for RABBIS and 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.

I happen to think it's more about how nice a person is on the inside than the outside. I think a man with a beautiful SOUL is very attractive. I think the more attractive I make my inner world, the more I find myself attractive.

I used to by shy around others. When I discovered I was shy around myself, I did something about it. I started talking to myself. I started to develop a relationship with myself. Then, I began to like me more than before. One of the important reasons why sex with Will only gets better and better because my relationship with me gets better and better.

Some men are seeking a love that dare not speak its name. That may be the love of someone of their own gender. Or it may be their own love. Or it may be both. The love I couldn't attain was my own. Now that I have it, my sex **life** has worked out wonderfully.

Some are seeking GOD'S love.

But what if you're male and you want an intimate relationship with GOD that doesn't include sex?

How could GOD possibly be only male if HE created females? Men are so different from women. Surely GOD is both. GOD is a S/HE not a HE.

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 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 more than outlandish. It's outlaw-ish. It's rash and 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. It's as different as the world we **live** in contrasted to the world underwater.

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 may be 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 otherwise.

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, and 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 chics." 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.

I found that self-love is true love. I found that self-love has led me to true love. But it did so slowly because I grew up in a culture that didn't promote the magic and miracle of self-exploration.

"Only YOU [and YOU alone]"
Composed by
Ande Rand and Buck Ram
Sung by
The Platters
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 who seeks self-love.

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, then 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 that you really are your type. Perhaps you just can't yet imagine that you could be that attracted to someone as nice as you. Perhaps you can't yet believe you could develop feelings that intimate and tender for someone as sweet as 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 good man that's 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 themself. I didn't believe I could achieve a self-intimacy that was any greater than I saw around me.

But my DESTINY lay in my hands, not the hands of others. My DESTINY lay 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, not just to my conscience. My head and **heart** are free to do as they please if they don't want to believe in GOD.

The word DESTINATION comes from the word DESTINY. My final DESTINATION depends on what I do with the time I've got being here and 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 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 me with honesty, sincerity and authenticity if I can't proclaim that all love songs are songs of love for myself that I 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. 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 explained to my satisfaction. There's only one GOD. HE is THEY.

"So, Let's Rock"
Composed by
Bob Wills
Sung by
Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys
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 guardian 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 guardian 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 guardian 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 guardians of a dog.

I can speak about our **gay**, 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 guardians with their dogs.

The word in HEBREW for "dog" is KELEV. It's a contraction of the words KMO HA LEV, which means "like the **heart**." If your head isn't in a relationship with your **heart** as like a guardian with a pet dog, you don't know the meaning of self-love. GOD gave us the dog to model man's relationship with himself.

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 us feel powerful.

Music that’s been sexualized is 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.

Rhythms come from our groin. Lyrics come from our head. Melodies come from our **heart**. Harmonies come from our **SOUL**.

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 **life**time.

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 to try to repeat it.

Rock and Roll changed the world, not just America. It not only unified the African-American **SOUL** with the European-American **SOUL**. It united feelings around the world.

Racism is especially an issue today in Africa where Black Muslims are being persecuted by other Black Muslims. If we could have civilized ourselves to see racism as **evil**, Muslims can do so, too. And maybe music could help.

"Bye, Bye Johnny"
Composed and sung 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 **heart**strings 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.

The 5th COMMANDMENT tells us to honor our parents, not to love them. I tried to love my parents. But as we all got older, I found myself wishing to be free from them.

Love isn't a feeling meant for children or parents. Love is a feeling meant for people we sleep with. Parents need to learn to honor their children. And children need to learn to do the same. Keep love out of family relationships. If you don't, you may end up recreating the relationship your parents had with one another. And you certainly don't want to love your spouse in all the ways your parents loved each other.

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 the 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 beliefs. Our final destination is unknown.

These beliefs are stations where we get on and off our trains of thought to explore our beliefs for their enduring qualities. Surely, anti-Semitism, anti-Zionism, racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry and xenophobia aren't the kinds of beliefs you want your trains of thought to make a stop.

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, perhaps even so cynical that we can see that we're bitterly **disappointed** in the way that some things have turned out. 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.

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 thought 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 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. There, trains from the outskirts of America move out across tracks throughout the land that converge at the **heart** of our country.

This analysis of a single image in this song turns that 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 around the **heart** of this structure correspond to staircase.

Instead of us traveling across a flat surface like a train, we're now moving up and down the 3D spiral surface of a tower.

This associates the American dream with a spiral staircase up to Heaven or down to 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 that our trains of thought move across.

But the spiral staircase model provides a more realistic view of intention in terms of the scriptural model where GOD and goodness lie 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 toward. I see the movement down as the direction the Republican Party is moving away from. I wish they could see that we're all in this tower of power together.

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 inner movement. We're able to become a nonjudgmental witness to our spiritual operating system. Then we can question where our thinking is taking us.

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.

I you followed my thinking by imagining these images in your mind, you've done all you need to do. You've created new pathways that your mind will be able to reuse to help you in any way you're motivated to do so. You don't have to do anything I'm telling you. All you have to do is visualize what I say. Your mind will do the rest.

When we see the journey-of-**life** metaphor as our spirit [FIRE] in our body on a journey, we can see ourselves as like in an automobile. Our head is in the driver's seat. Our **heart** is in the passenger seat. And our beliefs are in the back seat or the trunk.

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 everyone, you have to believe that you're an important part of human race. 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 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 simply ignorant, maybe even **sinister**. Ignorance is no excuse for anything. Whether you got this depth of education at home, at school or out in the world, you're responsible for acting in a civilized manner.

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** should 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 them, 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 religious extremists want is for us to become more powerful unless we subscribe to their name for GOD. 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 to confirm to their GOD.

They do that by insisting on using the God within them as the one name for GOD they permit. They discourage others from being considered equal members of their society unless they PRAY their way. Some believe that makes their religious leaders masters of morality and the moral decision makers for us all.

Don't let religious extremists 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 universal paths to GOD in addition to your own, the more miraculously your **life** may 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 begins by reminiscing, 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 conflicting light. It illuminates our prior experiences with new meaning we couldn't see at the time.

The singer begins by describing 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 to 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. Putting down [dunking] Lincoln is what some young people do by discounting freedom, liberty and emancipation. That cheapens our reason for being here.

I feel sorry for Lincoln Duncan now. At the time this song came out, I couldn't evoke such empathy for his folly. My idea of freedom was autonomy. My idea of liberty was free love. And my idea of emancipation was getting away from my family.

Lincoln Duncan 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 satisfied both a desire and a feeling he described as a "garden of delight."

He describes the way she held him as like a guardian with a dog. He "felt befriended," in a way that was unequal, yet **mysteriously** satisfying. The singer doesn't see how he was being religiously manipulated.

The irony lies in the outcome. Despite the manipulation, the young man came away from his experience with his preacher by thanking GOD for his fingers.

So, his relationship to himself and GOD was actually strengthened through his encounter with this female, Christian proselytizer, albeit despite her attempt to improve his relationship with his CREATOR through Christianity combined with sex.

Thanking GOD for our fingers is only one of many ways we come to appreciate the vehicle we've been given for this journey we're on. Falling in love with ourself is one of the unexpected miracles of falling in love with someone else. This isn't just a Christian outcome. This is true for everyone in every faith and philosophy.

The rite of baptism, "dunking" new believers in water, is an obvious and essential part of the Christian belief system. The composer has entitled his song ["Duncan"] after baptism, the religious rite of initiation into GOD consciousness.

Baptism is a submerging of the body into a whole other world beneath the world of land and sky we're familiar with. Baptism [faith in the God within] draws Christians into their **heart**. It teaches them to perceive their emotions as aspect of their spiritual operating system that they require in order to come to love GOD in their **heart** as well as know HIM in their head.

Therefore, the process of salvation for Lincoln Duncan isn't just in reading from the Bible or from having sex with

his preacher, something some priests who chose a vow of celibacy perpetrated against children.

The concept of salvation is being mixed with freedom. The preacher is associating freedom with sex to achieve GOD consciousness.

Personally, I don't approve of sex between the clergy and their congregation. I think sex should be kept out of religious business.

I believe every musician is a spiritual magician. The revelation of musicians is achieved through their fingers. The revelation of dancers is achieved through their toes. Aren't we all magicians who are discovering our magic through revelations with our body?

I see Lincoln Duncan describing his faith in GOD as it was revealed to him through his penis and the garden of delight sex brought him. He's saying that the serpent in his TREE humbled him like a dog until he felt befriended.

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 rhythm [genitals], lyrics [head], melody [**heart**] and harmony [SOUL].

What good is having a **heart** if you don't use it to love others with it? Just having a biological pump coursing blood through your system isn't enough. A world without a **heart** full of loving feelings would be amiss. Achieving a union between your genitals and **heart** produces a **mysterious** revelation that each of us must seek in our own unique way.

To condemn the **LGBTQIA** community for finding love through ourself is unwise. It goes against everything GOD is promoting us to do.

"In the Jungle the Mighty Jungle"
Composed by
Luigi Creatore, Hugo Peretti and George David Weiss
Sung by
The Tokens
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 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 descendants of those 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 peacefully. 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 our urges; the untamed 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]. The only difference between the serpent in our TREE and a lion is 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 about ourself. 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 must be stealthy. Moving stealthily is associated with the hunting practices of big and small cats alike. We, like antelope on the plain, must always be warry.

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 understand what the lion, the inner beast in us is hunting for.

Justice is what the awakened herbivore seeks. The carnivorous lion seeks blood.

The virtues of the villagers are the voices within you. They **live** in an urban jungle. They must be trained to overcome their **fear** of spilling blood to achieve justice. They must use lions to protect themselves.

Every nation has a **pride** of lions. Every nation moves stealthily to get its own needs met. They outcome of their efforts depends on what they seek. Those who seek **revenge** rather than justice must be the losers.

America must remain the **pride** of lions that protects the world from totalitarianism, autonomy and religious fanaticism. What horrors will our children and grandchildren have to face if they don't learn this lesson?

This song isn't a lullaby. It's a call to reality. The best we can do is assure our children that we won't fight future wars flippantly.

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 man's animal instincts to get what he wants. If we don't manage our inner nature, Mother Nature will surely destroy us.

The civilizing process is turning us from many distinct animal instincts into a lion [king of the jungle] that's in charge of our instincts.

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 characteristics of all our animal instincts and using them to promote justice.

If there's a way for us to close our eyes at night and get a good night's sleep, this, I believe, is the lullaby by which to do so.

"You Better Shop Around"
Composed by
Barry Gordy Jr and William Robinson Jr.
Sung by
The Miracles
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 on the loose preying on the unsuspecting. In this song, women are associated with big cats, and men as the prey that they're hunting. An unmarried woman is inferred to be like a domesticated housecat who tries to catch a man as though he's a bird or mouse. It implies that she's going to play with him before she eats him **alive**.

The previous song used the image of a lion in a jungle as a predator opposed to justice. This song uses the image of women as predators opposed to love. The concept of hunting isn't limited to only a single hunger.

The simile of women as like carnivores and men as like herbivores has been so deeply instilled in the minds of men throughout the ages that there's a pushback from some men nowadays against lesbians and outspoken straight women who may not view men as "catches" at all. All outspoken women disrupt men's image of them as sneaky and stealthy. The whole idea of manipulation, deception and duplicitousness has been brought out of the **dark** into the light.

This song was written by two men who quote their mother as warning them about women when it comes to love and marriage. That's outdated 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 how these male lyricists claimed to know how mothers feel about future daughters-in-law and how men must, therefore, be wary of women.

These lyrics reveal how culture played on the minds of men in those days to perceive themselves as victims of

women. No one could get away writing a song like that 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 with good reason, or she’s a rip-off.

By today’s more awakened 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 defiantly [DAFKA] 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 themself what possible virtues can be gleaned from romantic relationships. Even the value of having a family is put in question.

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 right away.

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 cautious?

I resented the divorce of my parents and what that put me through until I was old enough to see that their marriage was doomed from the start. The **disappointment** and **heart**ache caused by all my mismatches of love may have been, in part,

the result of what I witnessed in my own family in how my parents behaved toward one another.

Shopping around will show you what the market will bear, but it won't help you find a SOULmate unless you reflect on what you've learned from experience. A mother's advice in the 20th Century must be internalized through a filter in the 21st Century.

The cynicism of everyone in society today seems somewhat exaggerated to me. Single people need greater resolve not to settle for the standards some others are setting. But there are a lot of happy couples out there. We only hear about those in trouble.

Trying new ways of doing old things must be framed with hope and enshrined with wisdom. Without reflection on what you're looking for in yourself, romantic love will always be accused of being the problem.

"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.

Some would have you believe that compliance with the law is all you need to be a good citizen. Others don’t tell you that they have no intention of complying with the law. They disdain the laws of man.

The problem with extremists is that they don’t know how to do both. Their thoughts haven’t been sharpened by JUDAISM with wisdom. Their feelings haven’t been softened by Christianity with love. And their beliefs haven’t been augmented by Islam with **loyalty**. Therefore, they lean precariously like a building with a faulty foundation.

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. What did he do to offend White Christians? What have the **gays** done to hurt White Christians?

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. Religion is based on the cumulation of GOD’S virtues. What possible reason is there to **hate** Blacks and **gays** in the name of GOD?

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, as well.

Respecting authority is harder than it looks. Respecting GOD is impossible for some people. Finding ways to teach respect when people don't respect themself is the challenge.

Turning the serpent in your TREE into the lion [king] 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 to discover your nature. You might be surprised that you might be more like a badger than a sloth; a shark than a kissing gourami; and a sexual bonobo than a contemplative gorilla.

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 eaten. A lot of this process seems to be going on without our knowledge 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.

The **rainbow** of hope given to Noah that shines in the sky is no different from the **rainbow** of hope that shines in your chest from nipple to nipple. And the pots of **gold** at both ends of your **rainbow** will enrich you in ways you can't yet image.

If you've been properly educated in the spiritual operating process that includes the three Abrahamic faiths, you can move through each of the colors in your **heart** to learn about yourself as a student of **life** achieving emotional intelligence.

But very few of us have been taught how to use our feelings to achieve love, especially self-love. We all seem to

end up creating a **brown** mess inside that has to come out, one way or another.

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 produces spirituality, the concept of each of us having a FIRE burning inside of us that was lit by GOD. This is the universal characteristic that was first purported by the JEWS 3,400 years ago. This has become the foundation of civilization. And all the anti-Semites and anti-Zionists we've fought since then have had to succumb to our belief that there is A GOD behind all that we think, feel, believe, say and do.

JEWS don't ask anyone to convert to our faith. In fact, we prefer that people don't. But the advancement in the civilizing process that Christianity and then Islam have contributed to humanity cannot exist on their own. Without uniting with JUDAISM through spirituality, they turn into cruel, oppressive systems that enslave their followers.

This becomes easier to see when we use figurative speech to advance our understanding of the meaning of **life** collectively as a species combined with the meaning of **life** as an individual.

It's not just an urban jungle we have to deal with. There are plenty of piranhas in the business world who'll tear you apart bite by bite, leaving you underwater looking like a financial skeleton. And there are just as many vultures soaring overhead that will prey on you before you're even dead.

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 literally. Those who've aligned themselves with the hyper-religious JEWS are the Evangelical Christians who support the Republican religious cult.

On the left are contemporary JEWS, Protestants, Catholics and atheists who align themselves with the LGBTQIA movement. We take scripture figuratively.

And at the center, where the tension is greatest, lie the Independents who find themselves stretched thin what with abortion and transgender love having become the most divisive topics of the day.

Abortion makes no sense if you believe GOD lit a FIRE in all of us. This gives meaning to **life**. And transgender love makes all the sense in the world when you believe that sexual independence was a lesson from THE TEACHER that came before gender independence.

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 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 an oppressive past. Latinx [Brown Catholic] contribution to this struggle for freedom in America is crucial.

People of color include New World, Latinx Catholics, Africans, Middle Easterners and Asians. Their contributions to the spiritual unfolding of humanity are all vital.

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 see in yourself. 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 themself.

The one commonalty we share is the FIRE within us that was ignited when our father's sperm penetrated our mother's egg. Respecting that union is fundamental to many Christians, especially Catholics. It seems logical to follow their lead, provided they're given contraception, making it possible for them to enjoy sex for pleasure rather than reproduction.

As a **gay** JEW, I have nothing personal to gain from the topic of abortion. But as someone who **lived** through the AIDS epidemic, I can see how **gay** men today are so much more knowledgeable about STD issues.

Sex requires education, whether you're straight or **gay**. Those who refuse to be educated about sex are out of touch with the serpent in their TREE or worm in their APPLE. Those TREES that are blocking the light of other TREES cannot be allowed to overshadow the vast majority in the orchard of humanity.

As you recognize the individuality of your own inner gorilla, you'll become an organ grinder who plays a very different tune. You'll become less judgmental and defensive. This is a far better solution than using "dog whistles."

“Personality”
Composed by
Lloyd Price and Harold Logan
Sung by
Lloyd Price
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 if she was a Christian?

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 laws they defend with culture wars 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 eternal damnation isn’t sitting well with people who hold differing beliefs.

This real issue has been distorted, suppressed and ignored. The real issue is whether to question the criticism women are presenting about men or to defend it.

I vote for questioning the issue. When Will questions me, I listen carefully to his criticism. What I’ve discovered is that

he often brings up an issue which seems very natural and easy for him that I struggle with. But in struggling with the issue, I find myself discovering much more about me that I didn't know before.

The struggle becomes the reward. The issue often goes into the backseat as less important. Coming to know myself more deeply becomes an ongoing quest that his criticisms of me instigate.

In this way, I use my boyfriend's discomfort in my company as a way of exploring my identity rather than just a way of acquiescing to his demands. This makes our relationship dynamic and fluid. And it relieves me of the feeling that I'm constantly being forced to change my behavior to make him happy.

Those who tell the rest of us that we have to avoid doing what we're doing because it goes against their religion are using the Palestinian playbook. The Palestinians have had 80 years to make peace with ISRAEL, and they still insist that they're not getting what they want because we won't give in.

You can't negotiate with people who have proved that they only want to kill you. The Iranian government, Hezbollah, Hamas, Muslim Brotherhood, ISIS and Houthis in Yemen are all using the same playbook as the Palestinians. It isn't working.

Surely GOD is judging the conscience of each and every one of us individually. If **life** is a school with one TEACHER, then the majority doesn't rule. THE TEACHER rules. The students are enrolled to learn, not teach. And everybody is going to get the lessons they need to achieve the positive outcome THE TEACHER is seeking for future pupils in this school.

I don't think I'm going to go 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 try to stop people from gambling by using the reasoning that it goes against my idea of GOD consciousness. That didn't work with Prohibition. It isn't working with marriage equality that religious fanatics are trying to repeal. And it isn't going to work with JEWS having a nation of our own in the Middle East.

If you want to take your chances on luck, good luck. But there is no word for luck in HEBREW. "Mazal" is an ancient Assyrian word that was incorporated into HEBREW after we lost ten of our twelve TRIBES to the Assyrians more than 2,500 years ago. It means "stars." It refers to astrology.

I've got a much better system than gambling. It's called faith. And it begins with faith in myself and works its way from there through faith in some people up to faith in GOD. You might like to try it instead of gambling on the outcomes of your **life**.

I use the God within me that I call ADONAI [YHVH] to help teach me when my conscience comes up with a question it can't answer. In this way, my conscience is the guide of my head, **heart** and SOUL, but ADONAI assists my conscience when I'm in need of better answers than the ones I've used up till now.

If anything can be said about women in relationship to this song, it's that some people today think women have too much personality. They'd like women to express themselves less. They'd like them out of positions of power in the workforce and back in the kitchen. And because women are still paid less in the workforce, I assume these men would like to see them barefoot, too. They'd like the world to be run by men the way it was in the past. Every woman with personality brings us further from that happening.

I'm not only opposed to men running the world. I'm opposed to straight people running the world without the

input of **gays**. And I'm opposed to Christians and Muslims running the world without the input of JEWS.

If we don't control religious **life**styles that insist we all **live** by their rules, they'll destroy the very fabric of civilized society. At the present time, religious extremists are using freedom to destroy our freedoms. We must differentiate between autonomy and freedom.

These "traditional," religious, **life**style choices were oppressive in the past, and they're becoming more oppressive by the day. We need contemporary, **life**style choices that place the responsibility of the individual on the individual, not on radical interpretation of GOD'S words.

I consider LEVITICUS 18 and 20 from TORAH radical. The very idea that JEWS should kill other JEWS because GOD said so relies too heavily on the words of MOSES.

MOSES was a man with faults. He wasn't perfect. He had severe **anger** issues. As a **gay** JEW I don't trust him enough to follow his lead when he purported that GOD told him which JEWS to kill when. That aspect of TORAH doesn't sit well with me. If we could end the slavery promoted in LEVITICUS 25, we can end the JEW killing promoted in LEVITICUS 20.

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 themself, the better off we'll all be, provided we use GOD to help us develop our conscience as our guide.

If **life** is a school and GOD is our TEACHER, then our TEACHER wouldn't have needed to create other classrooms to advance HIS curriculum unless the students who best convey HIS teachings aren't perfect. That means that we all

need to go from classroom to classroom to learn as much as we can from each of HIS lectures in this school.

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. They yearn for what we have. It's their imams and clerics who oppress them, not JEWS and Christians.

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 some men feel like victims of women perpetrators who leave them feeling 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 to blame for that.

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 for his problems with women. Surely, it would be equally refreshing if **gay** men did so, too.

"Speak Softly Love"
Composed by
Lawrence Kuisk and Nino Rota
Sung by
Andy Williams
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 a yearning for 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 s.o.n. The exasperation some Christians must feel in being subjected to terrible injustices by other Christians must leave them yearning for son shine.

"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 just describes existing. To know and keep a vow of love to GOD gives **life** greater meaning than just existing until the experience stops.

These 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 as well, a man who was, by all accounts, very attractive.

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. In that sense, the JEWISH TEMPLE was very different from the indigenist temples.

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 themself for answers to the meaning of **life**.

Consuming JESUS symbolically, one very special JEW, is very different than consuming men, women and children literally. We know that the Nazis made lamps out of JEWISH skin and soap out of their fat. But whether they ate their captors is questionable. I believe it's very possible that they did. The level of dehumanization the Nazis succumbed to suggests to me that they turned into cannibals to imbue themselves of something the JEWS had that they hungered for: humanity.

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** 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 to love, not just be moved, by a song.

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. 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. We all have a need to advance as students in this school. We all have a need to believe that **life** doesn't end with death, that we can earn a place in an after**life** thanks to how we've behaved here.

Granted, I changed the word “girl” to “gurl” to include **gay** and **trans**gender women. 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 my generation has changed over time should give the younger generation pause at what might happen to them if they aren’t more careful. They have such an accurate record of our time in this world. Surely, they should be able to avoid some of our mistakes.

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.

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.

Seek peace of mind. This is what everyone wants anyway. With it, you’ll contribute to peace on Earth.

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 if you can. If you’re in the military, I can’t advise you other than to suggest that ISRAEL is described in TORAH as the light unto

the nations. The goals of ISRAEL to achieve peace in the Middle East supersede all the rhetoric you hear on the left about protecting the underdogs.

Protecting the deserving is a much better goal than protecting the underdog. If people don't want to help themself, you must use your spiritual skills to help them want to.

My goal is to achieve marriage equality in ISRAEL. I feel that that will increase ISRAEL'S light.

Then watch, wait and see. With more light unto themselves, the ISRAELIS will become an even greater light unto the nations. [Isaiah 42:6, 49:6, 52:10, 60:3, John 8:12, Acts 13:47, 26:23]

Patience is the key. Rome was built day-by-day. ISRAEL is being built century by century.

"No Importa La Distancia"
Composed by
Alan Menken and David Zippel
Sung by
Ricky Martin
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 lograse 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 **life**time.
*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.

Why couldn't this 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. Does anal sex remove all hope of connection with GOD?

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 LGBTQIA community. We are the missing link. Spirituality, not religion, is my key.

Without determination to know and love our MAKER, some would say we're nothing. The wisdom found in JUDAISM and the **loyalty** to GOD found in Islam are just 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 and answers they don't understand. 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 themself 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.

The time within you is always in the present, even though your thoughts are often in the future while your feelings are often in the past.

The space within you is always here, even though your thoughts are often in a place you can't envision while your feelings are in a place you've been.

The here and now within us is obfuscated by our thoughts and feelings. Only your beliefs are here and now. And only your conscience can guide your thoughts, feelings and beliefs.

Tear yourself out of there and then. Don't wait to be born again. Birth yourself by spiritual cesarian. You'll die if you don't come out.

These are the EGGS [secrets] I've been telling you about that you need to combine with the MILK [love] and HONEY [wisdom] you've already been introduced to. These are the secrets in being human that you must strive for if you want to please GOD.

This secret is wrapped up in the closet [ARON] metaphor. It will be revealed through the struggle in the 21st Century with further inclusion of Islam in with the Judeo-Christian peaceful world we've achieved in the United States.

All the world is watching us. And most of them have nothing supportive to add. We, as Americans, are on our own. Only the ISRAELIS look to us encouragingly. As we impart our knowledge of MILK [love] and HONEY [wisdom] to Muslim Americans, they'll hatch their EGGS [secrets] with us. We're all like chickens.

The citizens of the United States of America are like sheep [Christians], bees [JEWS] and birds [Muslims]. We produce something like MILK [love], HONEY [wisdom] and EGGS [secrets]. This is why GOD loves and guides us with lessons that are more precious than any other classroom on Earth. We're creating JEWISH freedom, Christian liberty and Muslim emancipation. We're creating miracles!

Think of this journey 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 virtually a PRAYER.

"¿Donde Estas Yolanda?"
Composed by
Manuel Jiménez Fernandez
Sung by
Orlando Contreras, and then Pink Martini

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 men'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 before 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**. This is the spirit in man.

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 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 [Sabbath] 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 SHABBAT 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 have a tendency to become **vindictive** and cruel. If they understood the purpose of time as viewed from their **dark heart**, they'd learn to see why they're often 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 and 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 will transform our species over time. This will 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 have to learn to share.

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 [problems 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. It only creates suffering in my world.

As I overcome this problem with greater awareness, I contribute to peace and freedom everywhere around me. I do 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"
Composed by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman
Sung by
Bobby Darrin
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 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. Adam didn't do that.

Every man is an abomination to GOD by design. He's a man having a sexual and sensual relationship with a part of himself, while most men project their feelings onto women to satisfy them.

This creates the attraction we call "heterosexuality." This is why straight men love 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 become 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 with 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 once was. And many traditional values are just an excuse to behave **hatefully**.

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 our **heart**, 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 then making women pay for the Eve in every Steve.

It's taken us more than half 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**"*
Composed by
Desmond Child, Luis Escolar and Robert Rosa
Sung by
Ricky Martin
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 conclusion is logical, rational, reasonable and sensible.

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 throughout 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 [thankfully]. We're helping ourself [appreciatively]. And GOD is helping us all [gratefully]. 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 has 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 that has changed in some ways. Abel represents the **heart** that has grown in some ways. 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 to others.

But to **live** in peace as a mature adult among others in this world, you must struggle with your thoughts until your **heart** can convince your head that you'll never be happy knowing you dominate yourself. When your mind realizes that it has conquered your feelings and rules over your passions with an iron fist, it's disturbing.

*"Hay que luchar un **corazón** para ganar."* [You have a **heart** for winning.] Therefore, use your **heart** to win your struggle within your head. Don't drag yourself through **life**

in a stalemate between your thoughts and feelings. 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** with 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 for having been given the gift of **life**.

In struggling to love my **life**, I struggle for justice for all.

But when I don't struggle – when I fight others to make them do what I believe everyone should do – I turn myself into a neo-Nazi. Therefore, I now spend more time being and less time doing.

"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 GOD'S wisdom. JESUS showed his disciples the way to self-love. MUHAMMAD showed his disciples the way to self-**loyalty**.

But each of us has to find these virtues in his own way. This will require learning about the strangers' ways.

What makes every **living** thing divine is the SPARK of **life** within it. Your blood line to MOSES, 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** [EGGS] they were given. This makes us all cocks and hens who don't fully understand why we're couped up together with one another.

Each generation of JEWS, Christians and Muslims has a duty to GOD 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 or 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, not just the loss of the other person.

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. You're a lot for you to deal with.

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 you, and you'll experience your lost, loved ones as eternally by your side. You'll feel their presence, as well as GOD'S. This is the way through **grief** to greater 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 best answer. The answer lies in teaching people to feel more deeply about creating **life**. If some women have to go through multiple abortions to learn that lesson, that's a pity. But how many wars have men gone through to learn to stop killing?

Men and women can come together sexually without killing by using contraception. In doing so, they'll learn to love themself **proudly**.

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 the greatest crime of murder. Not fully knowing the feeling of **sorrow**, **regret**, **disappointment** and **grief** is the crime that causes that 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 it, you won't know the full meaning of loss [death]. Therefore, GOD knows more about loss than any of us.

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. The Christians began to move out of their head and into their **heart**.

But things changed even more dramatically once there were three Abrahamic faiths. The Muslims moved out of their **heart** into their SOUL.

We now **live** in a world where everyone has full access to their head, **heart** and SOUL. Now we need to teach people to unite these forces within themself by making their conscience their guide.

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 GOD, our TEACHER.

This turns you from a patient in a hospital setting learning how to heal with the help of A DOCTOR into a student in a school setting learning how to think, feel and believe with the help of A TEACHER.

Only the best students in this school will apply these two metaphors to the third metaphor of **life** as a garden with A GARDENER in which we're all 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. That's best achieved by PRAYING to GOD, THE TEACHER, to give you lessons in **life** that will relieve you of your character defects. That will make your curriculum all about you. How much better can it get when everything you learn teaches you about yourself?

Don't expect your PRAYERS to be answered in the way you're hoping for if you don't have enough faith in GOD to PRAY for the lessons you need, not the rewards you want.

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 with you? This we describe as SOULfulness. This is what matters to those who believe that GOD is their WITNESS and not their tormentor.

Pronouns can be even more important than the proper nouns for GOD when it comes to PRAYING. People don't know enough about how they operate to PRAY successfully. If you can't yet discern between HIM and "him," your PRAYERS may turn into curses about that will describe your unconscious urge to kill GOD.

The 3rd COMMANDMENT [Thou shall not take THE LORD'S name in vain] makes more sense when you can read your own thoughts in your imagination to see them being formulated by your mind with the capital letters required to

separate you and those who claim to be your enemies from GOD.

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: a way to come to know and love yourself.

We all have to leave our material achievements behind when we die. Therefore, get your priorities in order. Struggle to become as rich as humanly possible from the inside out.

But struggle to do so within with a formal, inner education. If you didn't get that in school, and you're **angry** about it, then work to improve the public school system.

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. Your urges are like domesticated animals. They must be trained.

The serpent in your TREE will create rivalry with your **heart** [Eve] that will \ 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 solve many **mysteries** about yourself. You must come out of yourself like a chick from an egg.

In the end, there's only **my story** [**mystery**] and HIS story [history].

Hopefully, you'll find the intersection of those two for you. The only thing I can guarantee you is that that crossroad will be unique to you.

"Me Voy a Pinar Del Rio"
Composed by
Nestor Pinelo
Sung by
Celia Cruz
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, soroa flowers and light,
soroa 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 - metaphors, symbols and similes - to explain the meaning of scripture.

What religious leaders do **wrong** is taking their scripture only 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 the TREES. 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.

Scriptural readings that force us to conform to one interpretation only turn all GOD'S poems into the equivalent of electrified fences. This is why the maniacal, ultra-religious are obsessed with the destruction of ISRAEL.

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 think about the **darkness** within us, regardless of the color of our skin. Even the Earth is wrapped in **darkness** 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: **fear** of what's inside of us.

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 that needed to be exterminated.

In the Islamic world, for many 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 many 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 have turned **gay** and **trans**gender men into the JEW du jour. Now they think 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 or out.

Hyper-religious believers are anti-Zionists and/or homophobes. Homophobia is a big sticking point when it comes to people who have a reasonable relationship with themself and GOD. If you find a homophobe, you'll discover that you've found a racist, misogynist, misandrist and xenophobe, too. 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 and Whites that has turned all hyper-religious believers into a nebulous mass of **gray**, Confederate soldiers without a uniform that the rest of us find appalling. They make us **blue**.

Race relations in the U.S. have always amounted to a **fear** of the **darkness** 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 are defenseless.

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 because of man's projection of his 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**. But HIS regret is about what's happened to us, not HIM.

Imagine there's a **rainbow** shining in your chest between your **heart** and SOUL. This **rainbow** rises up as far as your Adam's APPLE. [Women have an Adam's APPLE, too. It's just much smaller. We should call it Eve's APPLE.] This is a better rendition of what the emotional and spiritual 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.

The highway from your **heart** to your SOUL arches above the FLAME in your breastplate. This was described by MOSES as a BURNING BUSH. Today, we call it our conscience.

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 **guilt**. We're all **guilty** of crying at birth.

If Christianity had known this much about love, it probably would have proclaimed that JESUS was born laughing. This would have intrigued more of the ancient JEWS 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 serenity and tranquility is compelling. It's moved me to become elated about being **alive**.

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 feelings in **blue**.

I now think I'd have a better time in Nirvana than Heaven. Who wants to be **blue**?

The Hindu god, Krishna, is described as **blue**. Perhaps the only way to explain the God within us is **sorrowfully**. Perhaps the struggle to go from simian to human being to

ANGEL disclosed has beckoned us all down to the **blue** realm of the **rainbow**. We're all so far from perfect.

Modern human beings are too experienced and sophisticated to be moved by misery. 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 spiritual "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.

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"
Composed by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
Sung by
The Coasters
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. Authority figures, whether internal or external, are annoying.

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.

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 an inner voice, rather than our biological mother, wife or our female boss.

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'll become peace loving, free from inner strife and, therefore, capable of pursuing truth and the joy of **life** 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 forever for me to realize that color could be spread from light areas of my **life** to all others.

It took a **life**time 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 passion paint [**heart**].

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.

To become an artist of **life** and citizen of the world, I found the courage to sketch **guilt** [**black**] onto purity [**white**] and then fill it in with feelings [seven colors].

I use my penis like a brush; my **heart** like a palette; and my **SOUL** like a canvas. Therefore, I consider myself in the throes of making a masterpiece.

Without producing a tour de force in my imagination, I'm going to be of no inspiration to anyone. I'm going to go down the spiral staircase like water flushing down a toilet. I'm going to rid myself of a **brown** mess that I wasn't willing to contemplate.

"Get Happy/Happy Days"
Composed by
Milton Ager, Harold Arlen, Ted Koehler & Jack Yeller
Sung by
Barbara Streisand and Judy Garland
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 PROMISED 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.

The tension between rising [+] and falling [–] lies within each one of us. Heaven [+] and Hell [–] are figurative struggles for moral movement within us. 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 within us, one in our **heart** [optimism] and the other in our SOUL [pessimism].

The cacophony we often experience inside would be like these two singers being out of sync with one another or off-key. At times, this is unavoidable in ourself since we're learning the meaning of singing to ourself as a means to self-fulfillment.

Making our way to THE PROMISED LAND is a euphemism for making it to Heaven [Paradise]. The conflict between Christianity and Islam is exacerbated by the conflicts within Christianity [Protestants, Catholics and Orthodox Christians] and within Islam [Sunnis and Shiites]. As JUDAISM becomes more powerful as the leader of the Abrahamic faiths, the song being sung in the heart and SOUL of everyone will become evident.

"Stay"
Composed by
Cedric Allen Williams
Sung by
Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs
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.

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 may feel lonely at times.

In that sense, sensuality and sexuality aren't experiences that begin at puberty. They begin at birth and develop over a **life**time. Children are sensuously easily aroused. 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 sex on children. We recognize the importance of moving at the speed of GOD and puberty, not man. Damaging children's sexual boundaries is, nevertheless, a **sad**, but common, occurrence.

The boundary between childhood and adulthood was laid out 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.

MOSES never stated what the fruit growing from the TREE of knowledge was. Temptation is a topic that's different for each one of us.

But the fruit that tempted Eve certainly wasn't an apple. The apple tree was cultivated in Central-Asia and then slowly made its way west to Europe.

JEWS have been studying TORAH like a poem for 3,400 years. This has not only brought TORAH to **life**. It's created two other Abrahamic scriptures, The New Testament and the Quran. Taking TORAH only literally turns JUDAISM into a prosaic faith with little to offer. It removes the poet from the JEW.

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 slave owners for their human chattel. White Americans looked at African-Americans as possession, belongings, assets and goods. So, they treated them like things.

People who are raised to think of themself 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 themself isn't easy.

But people who treat others as chattel are even more damaged. The laws in TORAH that deal with property management include the ownership of slaves. [LEVITICUS 25:44] The ancient JEWS were slave owners, just as other ancient peoples around the world.

Overcoming the slave mentality was achieved in JUDAISM by having been enslaved four times in our history. We've denounced slavery and ignore this passage in the Book of LEVITICUS.

It's time to do the same with LEVITICUS 20 in which GOD commands JEWS to kill homosexuals, adulterers, disobedient children, believers of other faiths, the superstitious, the incestuous and those who engage in bestiality. It also states that straight couples who have sex when the woman is menstruating should be cut off from society.

When you interpret TORAH as a poem, it's easy to apply these laws to ourself figuratively. In a civilized society, however, it's impossible to take such laws literally.

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. [Matthew 7:12] Just imagine if you let them do to you what your ancestors did to them.

Just imagine if we allowed black people, women and **gays** to treat white men the way white men treated black people, women and **gays** in the past. What would this world look like if the tables were turned?

I **envy** Black men the power they've amassed through the concept of SOUL brothers, particularly because orthodox JEWS and **gay** JEWS need to come together to feel as maligned as Black people. The concept of all of us being siblings brought together by GOD requires us to understand the civilizing process as a spiritual process that begins internally as a unification of our thoughts [head], feelings [**heart**] and beliefs [SOUL] that we manage individually in our conscience.

The more I discover about the meaning in having been created a JEW, the more sensitized I become when I'm around JEWS. The more I discover the meaning of having been created **gay**, the more sensitized I become when I'm around **gays**. My individual curriculum in the school of **life** has become so much easier now that I understand that we all share the same TEACHER.

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'm also a spirit in a thing, but I, too, treated me like a thing I wanted to throw away. I attempted suicide three times.

GOD told us not to eat from THE TREE of knowledge. Now each of us has to decide for ourself what to do or not do. The ball lies in our court.

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 force in you. The lust

[desire] to be filled with another man's semen is an equally profound temptation 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 against society in some other way. 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.

The issue of boundaries is clear. Incest, sex with children and sex with married individuals is forbidden. It doesn't take rocket science to see why.

But hyper-religious JEWS, Christians and Muslims **hate** the **L**G**B**T**Q**I**A** community. That's a **life**style choice. That's not the way religious people were made. They were taught to be their institution of faith to be **hateful**.

The hyper-religious are actually repeating what our American forefathers did to Black people. They see us as their property because they see their interpretation of their scripture as the only interpretation that GOD validates. 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.

Many 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. Treating **gays** and JEWS the way they do is meant to intimidate Muslim women to make them obedient.

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. But I also believe that not all of our rewards and punishments will come in our **life**time.

But I don't believe in reincarnation. I believe in just desserts. How you endeavor to live your life is being observed by GOD.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS are a guideline for every civilized society. But we, JEWS, don't impose our guidelines on the world. We teach others what happens when they don't follow the examples we set.

Christian nationalism today strives to make America a religious state in which the orthodox JEWS who are aiding and abetting them are trying to contain Islamic extremism.

The situation for the JEWS today is, once again, becoming intolerable. We must work with everyone to protect us from Muslim terrorists who are rabid anti-Zionists. But as a **gay** JEW, I must protect myself against homophobes as well.

Everyone knows the difference between a beef cheeseburger and a chicken cheeseburger. A chicken cheeseburger isn't kosher because it doesn't look kosher. If you're behaving like a chicken cheeseburger, we're going to ask, "Where's the beef?" We're not going to let you get away with it.

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 tightening 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. So, I've become my own SOUL brother.

I've created three relationships that are so meaningful to me that I wear four rings on my right hand to symbolize how deeply my head, **heart**, SOUL and conscience are engaging my **life** with GOD through people.

The first ring is on my thumb. It symbolizes my relationship with me as a child, the thumb I sucked.

The second ring is on my index finger. It symbolizes my relationship with Will, my SOULmate who's pointed me in the right direction. That ring is my way of reminding me of the MILK [love] I have inside.

The third ring is on my fourth finger. It symbolizes my relationship with myself as my rendition of marriage equality. That ring reminds me of the HONEY I have inside.

And the fourth ring is on my pinky. It symbolizes my relationship with GOD. It also corresponds to the 10th COMMANDMENT. Everything I **covet** is a reminder of a lesson THE TEACHER is giving me.

This fourth ring reminds me of the four ARONOT [closets], the EGGS [**secrets**] that I hold inside. As I break through the shell of these four **secrets**, the closet metaphor becomes more and more vital to my ever-growing faith.

These four fingers are like brothers to one another. These four fingers are working together with my six other fingers, but each of these four holds a special function that works in harmony with all the rest to produce the words you see on this page. This is how THE TEN COMMANDMENTS are being applied by me to everything I think and do.

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 themself.

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 prepare and serve in your own way.

"Father and Son"
Composed by
Yusuf Islam [Cat Stevens]
Sung by
Cat Stevens
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 before meeting his MAKER. This struggle begins in the outer world, but it makes its way inside us all, whether we acknowledge it as such, or not. It deepens over a **life**time, and it deepens from one generation to the next.

The father/son relationship is always being more and more internalized. This is why we can see that fathers today love their sons more than fathers did in the past. This is 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.

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, "ALLAH said so," then I'm not interested. ELOHIM/THE FATHER/ ALLAH 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 religious fundamentalists or Muslim terrorists. We're not even afraid of the **hate** perpetrated by atheists.

Just because Congressional leaders cough and the media 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.

For this reason, sane, younger people ought to learn from the older generation what not to do. I don't recommend accepting or admiring all older people. But I feel the same way about some younger people. Some of them are anti-Semites, anti-Zionists, racists, homophobes, misogynists, misandrists and xenophobes.

But because the younger generation is less racist, homophobic, misogynistic, misandristic and xenophobic for the most part, they may erroneously assume they aren't anti-Semitic or anti-Zionistic, 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 worldwide.

Would you like to **live** in a Muslim country? Would a Palestinian nation help the Islamic world, given how homophobic so many Muslims still are? Islam hasn't yet arrived in the 21st Century. It's still a hundred years behind Christianity and a millennia behind JUDAISM.

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 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.

Peace will mean that the hyper-religious everywhere will have to acknowledge that their beliefs are a **life**style 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 the laws set down by civilized societies. 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"
Composed by
Nino Rota and arranged by Henry Mancini
Sung by
Andy Williams
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 love in this country has left our nation reeling with cynicism that has split our country in two. Moving forward will require dealing with cynicism, scorn and derision in others' behavior that your TEACHER has left you with to examine how deeply you've **disappointed y**ourself. Only your grades will be going on your report card.

Therefore, the irritation you may feel over others' behavior is like a rash. Certain people may rub you the **wrong** way. That's understandable. But there's a cream for that. Its working ingredient is indifference. Indifference helps reduce inflammation and itching. It soothes irritation by creating a barrier, and promotes healing by protecting the skin – the front line between you and the world around you.

The more you care about you rubbing yourself the **wrong** way, the less you'll care about others doing it. The more you manage the boundary between you and yourself, the better your boundary will become between you and others.

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"
Composed by
Artie Glenn
Sung by
Elvis Presley
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 that changed much today?

If you only go to an institution of religion 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.

Granted, in 1951, diversity, inclusion and tolerance weren't highly sought after with GOD as their WITNESS anywhere, but especially not in the South.

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 **life**style.

Many orthodox JEWISH politicians, rightwing Christian politicians and Muslim politicians here and abroad represent religious beliefs that exclude all the **LGBTQIA** community because they haven't been schooled on spirituality. That's the one thing they can all agree on.

Pluralism is best represented today by **gays** the world over. If people are open to the **LGBTQIA** community and ISRAEL, they're opposed to exclusivity, radicalism and

violence. You don't have to have been born a **gay** JEW to see that much of reality.

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.

People who cry upset me. I think laughter is the best medicine. I want to feel *verklempt* [Yiddish: overjoyed, happy]. I want to be choked up with tears of excitement over GOD being in my **life**. I'm a sensitive person. I know what I want. And I have a strong feeling that GOD wants me to have the peace of mind I seek.

“My Little Town”
Composed by
Paul Simon
Sung by
Paul Simon and Garfunkel
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 they're 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.

There's nothing **wrong** with bonsais. The size of your TREE is determined by self-knowledge. I like little people.

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 for 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, some people feel more connected by broadband, although drugs are still a uniting force for others. I'm waiting for the day when people will be more excited about spiritual broadband than just WiFi.

Although drugs don't unite people the way they did when I was a young adult, there are many other things about contemporary **life** that have 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 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, whether or not you're being paid.

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. Acknowledgment and appreciation have gone out the window. Compliments are seen as tools of manipulation. Encouragement is perceived as bright-siding.

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 just 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 what they want and **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 want to make time for.

The pace of **life** today is much faster, probably, in part, because we're all trying to keep up with machines. We created them, but now we're competing against them.

There was 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 themself to be loved. A woman's

devotion to her man under any and all circumstances was considered sacrosanct. It was seen as GOD'S will.

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 being told to have sex only with contraception. They love their independence more than **life**.

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.

People are in the mood for change that'll bring them a sense of safety, security and success in both their worlds. People have moved toward the extremes of the political spectrum.

As a **gay** JEW, I see anti-Zionists to my left and homophobes to my right. I'm an Independent who stays as close to the center of the political spectrum as I can. What difference does it make to me which direction the bullet will come from?

"September Song"
Composed by
Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson
Sung by
Walter Huston
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. 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 an honorary, **life**time member.

Seeing young, **gay** men as more than a TREE with an enticing serpent hanging down from it has required that I delve into my inner world.

When I was a young organ grinder, every young man was my monkey. Today, I'm more an organ grinder making music with a gorilla. I've grown up. Even the monkeys have grown up.

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 see the passage of time on my face, not just on the planet. I feel the ache in my bones that tires me more easily. I sense my mortality like a charcoal smell that speaks to a FIRE that's smoldering and will eventually go out.

But I've found reasons to make love to my SOULmate that go beyond getting my rocks off. The wrinkles on my face mirror the wrinkles in my SOUL. A wrinkled, old SOUL is one that can make me 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. As I spread my legs for them, they gave me the **life**-giving force within them that they had no use for.

Penetrating another person isn't only done with your penis. It can be done with your **heart** and SOUL.

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 a matter of days.

December now stretches 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 those who don't get lucky.

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 that composers 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 me.

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 a 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 witnessed within.

Those of us who suffer with mental illness learn about the lyrics to songs our own way. We interpret words differently, personally, privately.

I find the lyrics to this song timelier and more magical than ever. But I relate 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 go on with the springtime of their year without giving it a second thought.

But they, too, know the meaning of chaos, just in their own way. They experience it during school shootings. They experience it in their parents 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 they have to share.

ISRAEL knows the chaos of 80 years of war without end. And the anti-Zionism is only growing. It's got to stop. If Christians could learn to give up anti-Semitism, Muslims can be taught to give up anti-Zionism. Even homophobes are learning to accept the LGBTQIA community as a tribe created by GOD. The world is slowly becoming safer for **gay**, Zionist JEWS.

Today, many people **live** out November's thanksgiving while engrossed in March **madness**. Time has become more fluid than it was in the past.

A sense of vulnerability and mortality can arrive in March or May, while it still eludes some at Christmas. JESUS was a student in this school. He was enrolled at Christmas, and he graduated on Good Friday. His grades are used to create standards of behavior that will civilize the whole world. Yet, look at how many of his admirers behave.

The prophet MUHAMMAD was also a student in this school. The ARCHANGEL Gabriel was his instructor. Yet look at how his admirers behave.

Everyone likes to blame the JEWS for turning this planet into a school with one TEACHER. Did it ever occur to you that THE TEACHER turned us into HIS students?

Those with a criminal mind must think they're going to **live** forever. They have no sense of graduation from this academy or the handshake they may be forced to share with THE TEACHER.

At the same time, some good people struggle with pain in very old age, wishing to die, wondering why in the world they're still here. What can pain teach us that we haven't already learned from suffering?

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 "the darling buds of May." [Shakespeare]

"Where you lead, I will follow"
Composed by Carol King and Toni Stern
Sung by Carol King
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 man to a vow of **loyalty** between women. I predict it will be further reinterpreted to describe the I/you relationship of inner parent to inner child. Singers will someday express their inner parents' **devotion** to their inner child.

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'm touchable. Now I'm a chick that's come out of its shell. I'm not questioning who came first, the chicken or the egg. I know that THE CHICKEN came first. But THE CHICKEN produced an EGG, and I've come out of that EGG.

My inner parents raised me. They were **devoted** to me. And they still are. My biological parents did what they could in the time that they had to impress upon me what they knew.

But I took over their job long ago. I honored my inner parents in a way that my biological parents never could honor me. I'm **devoted** to my inner child because of that. I thank GOD that HE guided my inner parents in guiding me. To this I attribute all my luck.

I'm wise. I'm no longer a wise guy. I've used my knowledge wisely. I love myself wisely. And I use my **loyalty** to my inner parents wisely.

I'm the child JESUS talked about. He emphasized the need for adults to have a childlike humility and faith. He welcomed children, encouraging them to come to him. He highlighted their value in GOD'S eyes. I did that. You can do it, too.

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]

I know what I know. I don’t know what I don’t know. But what I know that I know I know, I know because I suffered to learn it.

Young people resonate with tragedy and loss. They appreciate both tragedy [pain] and loss [suffering] as purveyors of wisdom.

This is also true for orthodox JEWISH youths, for rightwing Christian youths and fanatical Muslim youths.

Young people are fascinated by knowledge, both internal and external. They still believe in magic. They still see something magical about **life**, even if that magic only happens to come during sex.

Therefore, young people are more able to grasp abstract thinking. Their mind is subtle, soft and fluid. They can shape new ideas to fit them personally.

I had to make my way out of the department store in my head. The aisles of commodities had to be turned into stacks of books. I had to turn my head from a chain store for commodities into a library for books. I was stuck in a labyrinth of material thoughts that were keeping me from experiencing myself fully. I needed to discover abstract ideas that would make me critical of my thinking without disabling me.

Nobody told me the importance of figurative speech in becoming a master of inductive and deductive reasoning. They didn’t explain the spiritual difference to me between metaphors, symbols and similes. I was lost in a library without having learned how to read.

I entered the variety store 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 got to the mezzanine where I could see the crowd entering the building, it was then that I realized I was in a library, not a store. I could see how close I was to getting through my stiff neck [stubbornness] and out the front door at the bottom of the hill into my **heart** where the masses make their way in to where I'd been busy studying myself fruitlessly.

There, outside the edifice in my head, I found myself in a **rainbow** light on the left side of my chest. I saw where I was as though through a tinted lens. I'd entered my emotional realm.

But when my **heart** got broken, that **rainbow** light turned into a bridge. I went up and over that bridge to an ULTRAVIOLET meadow where the truth lay both in **B&W** and color. I'd made my way into my SOUL.

Now I can fully see what it's like inside of me. Now I find myself at street corners in both my worlds deciding which way to get across the intersection. Now I reside in my conscience, THE BURNING BUSH within my TREE of knowledge. I **live** in a **blue** FLAME. I can turn down the heat to **red**, or I can turn it up to ULTRAVIOLET. Either way, I'm always in PRAYER. The God within me guides me.

Now I'm free to roam through Rome like a specter, not a spectator. I'm free to reenter THE TEMPLE Mount [library] like an apparent apparition.

I go to Mecca in my SOUL often. There I emancipate myself from myself to be with GOD/ALLAH. Here, I'm the SOULful person I always wanted to be.

But it wasn't easy. I wasn't born SOULful. I was only born divine.

Being allowed to literally enter Mecca because you're a Muslim isn't going to make you SOULful. You can walk

around The **Black** Stone. You can look down at THE FOUNDATION ROCK on THE TEMPLE Mount in JERUSALEM.

None of that matters. What matters is that your roots wrap themselves around THE ROCK of us all.

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 vehicle 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 a religious extremist who's going to rant-and-rave about how GOD made me in a way that offends HIM.

I had to decide how I offend myself. And I had to find the courage to change in those ways that offended me and hold my ground in those ways that I may offend others, so I can PRAY about it.

If you want an abortion, and it doesn't offend you to get one, get one. If you want to suck cock and it doesn't offend you to do so, do it. If you like going in the back door when the front steps are being painted, have a nice day.

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 7th 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**.

You're going to support men who 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.

If you're just stuck with obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings, you're one of the lucky ones. You've been given a nightmare in a store that's turning into a library. You've gotten lost in a **bad** dream that resembles a labyrinth, while others found their way out of that game people play.

Once you've made your way down into your **heart** where you can feel all your feelings, including **guilt**, then you can come out of your **heart** to **live** your **life** from the landscape of your SOUL. But you can only do so with hope. And hope is the flag that the LGBTQIA community is

flying. If you don't wave our flag, you have no hope of achieving hope. So, if you think you can get out of the four closets GOD has created for you without hope, consider yourself well on your way to an unpleasant outcome.

"Only you [and you alone]"
Composed by
Ande Rand and Buck Ram
Sung by the Platters
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.
Oh oh, only you can make this change in me.
For it's true, you are my destiny…

Granted, I already spoke about the I/**YOU** in the "Only **YOU**" relationship within me 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 parents to our inner child.

"Only you" can be interpreted as a song of **devotion** from our inner grandparents to our inner parents. That's our superego in relationship to our ego. "Where you lead, I will follow" is about the relationship of our ego to our id.

Our inner grandparents didn't die and disappear. Our inner grandparents help to direct our inner parents.

All pet guardians are inner parents who've projected their inner child onto the animal kingdom. All nature lovers are inner parents who wish to steward the natural world.

But I'm the inner grandparents to my inner parents. This is why I'm capable of describing inner reality in such detail.

It's my superego that directs my ego, and my ego that directs my id. These layers of authority mirror authority figures in the external world. The more you gain control over your inner authority, the less crap you'll have to take from outer authority.

But your response in the outer world must be done respectfully. If it's only a reaction to the lawlessness inside of you, it'll produce **rage**, violence, pain and suffering.

This is why the Palestinians are going through what they're going through. This is why there is no hope of peace in the Middle East. Muslims must evolve. Christians did it. JEWS did it. Muslims must do it, too.

So, when I sing the song, "Only you," it becomes a song from someone old, wise and experienced in me to someone young, lovable and wise in me. I've put my hope in me. I sing to myself. I laud my lawfulness. I appreciate my growth.

This movement inward over my **life**time toward greater self-intimacy has now revealed that my inner grandparents are more skilled at dealing with my inner parents than my inner child. This is how I've achieved the discipline needed to negotiate this complex world.

Thank GOD that now that my inner grandparents are **alive** and well, as well as my inner parents, I have inner voices that can debate issues I'm facing in my outer world.

The word RABBI means "many." A RABBI is someone who can look at a problem from many perspectives. You can do so, too, if you have an inner family of voices in your conscience [grandparents, parents and child] who can help you make good decisions. The whole point of there being a God inside you is to teach you to help yourself. He doesn't need spiritual cripples who are dependent on Him for every move they make.

In the 5th COMMANDMENT, GOD told us to honor our father and mother. I think HE used the word "honor" because

HE knew that the day would come when we'd want to share our love with ourself rather than our parents.

I've completed my class on loving my father and mother because they're deceased. Now I'm fully free to love myself while just honoring my parents' memory. I'm not tied to my mother's apron strings [umbilical cord] any longer.

I honor my parents by maintaining the ways in which they taught me to respect others by being 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.

I needed my inner grandparents to discipline my inner parents, so that my inner parents could better discipline me. I couldn't ask that of my biological family. That ship had sailed.

It was at that point in my spiritual development that I realized that the people around me, particularly my **life**-partner, are more precious than I previously knew. Will holds skills my inner parents [head and **heart**] didn't have. My inner grandparents hold skills my inner parents now need to change. He can guide me, but I have to use my inner grandparents to guide my inner parents.

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"
Composed by
Duke Ellington and Bob Russell
Sung by
Duke Ellington
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 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 my love. I hear the snide voice of the cynic in me when I say that self-love has served me. And I close an eye to what he says. That's what was especially hard for me to do in the past.

I thought I was too worthy to receive my love. But now that I've raised and lowered my opinion of me so many

times, I find I'm capable of receiving something from me that I always truly wanted. Fancy that! And the only one who got in the way of me receiving it was the cynic inside.

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 was a son type who was looking for a man who saw himself as a father type.

As I aged, my type changed to the son type. And I turned into the father time.

But when I got old, my type turned into the boyfriend I ended up with. I turned into the grandfather type. And I was attracted to the father type. GOD granted my wish of a SOULmate by giving me what I needed. I've only had to modify my wants to meet my needs.

Will turned out to be a dad type, not the father type. The American dad, so different from the father I grew up with and is still seen everywhere else in the world, was my secret dream come true. We do things together. He shows me stuff I never would have explored without him. He opens the world around me to me in a way my father and previous boyfriends couldn't do.

I'm enjoying a repeat of my youth with a dad. And I can't tell you what a joy it is to have a dad instead of a father. The kid in me is elated. The parents within me are finally at peace. And the grandparents within me are busier than ever enjoying the blessings of an inner family.

I now share my traits of masculinity and femininity with the young and playful in abstract ways. I've moved through my fears 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.] My body isn't something I wish anyone to covet.

Over a **life**time, 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-knobs [rather 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.

Hair has receded from my head into my ears.

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 **covetous** nature that describes my **envy** of other men's contents.

I have good reason to **envy** good guys. I don't have many virtues. I'm kind**hearted**, considerate, thoughtful, selfless and empathetic. But I'm also cheap, selfish and greedy. I'm easily distracted. Not only that, but I'm **proud** of being so **proud** of myself to the point of being lazy. The more easily I can get things done, the better. I'm not nearly as curious as some people think I should be.

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 **life**time, 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 the 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 has 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 our DOCTOR. Literal obedience is often 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 flowers; 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 experiences 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 a 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 died many decades ago. I don't have to be like my father, either. I don't have to recreate the love/**hate** relationship I had with him. 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 a "them" that can relate to he and she, as well as to "it," my body. Only together can we 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 "I" in an "it." I'm a spirit that resembles a fire in a biological machine.

I'm the organ grinder who's been describing 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 should ask GOD for help. You need to be inspired.

ISRAEL isn't the one to blame for what you think, feel and believe. Look deeper for the culprit. GOD works in **mysterious** ways to unite us against our will.

What difference does it make what you call GOD, so long as HE leads you to answers you can use to make peace with yourself. You don't want to die demented.

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 drive yourself crazy. Take it from someone who did.

The power of words goes down to our SOUL. Words express a truth about our beliefs that leaves us verklempt.

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. Your monkeys may let you down. You need to learn about the fourth monkey: smell-no-**evil**. You need to learn about your sixth sense: intuition.

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]. 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 earned with a charitable disposition.

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 can diminish my identity. And I do so with **bad** behavior.

Telling people 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 themself 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 the 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. And 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, which revealed her **secrets**. That's when the four closets become personally meaningful to those who wish to achieve a spiritual outlook on eternal **life**.

"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. He reveals the simian side of himself. The organ grinder he keeps hidden inside.

"The line broke."

The religious streetcar system is unreliable. The religious system of today is broken. The Abrahamic faiths are scrambling to adapt their dogmas to the modern age. And they're making a mess of it. Anti-Zionism, racism,

homophobia and misogyny are still difficult for religious hypocrites to account for.

"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 the **wrong** way. You're crossing the River Styx.

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 step out of your habitual relationship to the rhythm of the English language that children know has a magical effect on them.

"Coffee in a Cardboard Cup"
Composed by
Fred Ebb and John Kander
Sung by Mandy Patikin
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.

We **live** in a disposable society. If your cup runneth over, throw it out and get a bigger one. We're not going to sit around listening to you *kvetch* [Yiddish: complain] about how you're feeling.

If your cup runneth over, and you don't want to get a bigger one, get a saucer, instead. Give to others all that lands in your saucer. But keep for yourself all that's in your cup.

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.

We're not waiting around any longer for people to get with the PROGRAM. Either you learn about **life** from the point of view of a student in a school, or you cross your fingers when it becomes time to take your tests.

When Will and I have sex, I come away physically and emotionally spent, but spiritually elated. I often lie there afterwards breathing heavily as my **heart**beat comes back down to normal. I often find me saying to myself, "Thank you, GOD. You've given me the best reward I could have ever hoped for. What better proof is there of YOUR existence than the experience of heaven on Earth."

I believe that there are seven paths to GOD, chronologically appearing in HIS story as indigenism, Hinduism, JUDAISM, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and, lastly, Islam.

I believe that ELOHIM, THE FATHER and ALLAH are the Abrahamic names for GOD. I believe that each of us has a God within us. For the JEWS, that's ADONAI. For the Christians, that's JESUS. And for the Muslims, that's ALLAH.

What pity that the Muslims have only one name for GOD instead of two. How in the world do they differentiate between ALLAH and ALLAH, the GOD of us all and the God within them?

So, when I say, "Thank GOD", I believe that I'm telling HIM to thank the other six aspects of HIMSELF, as well. I have no problem in GOD having many names. I have no problem with many names for the God within people, either. 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 at the center of the wheel [GOD] 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 [thieves] as I am. Those who build webs to catch my money are going to pay for their deeds with flesh and blood. They're going to raise their view of themself to a higher form of **living** creature, or they're going to go through lessons that will bring loss into their **life**. People who personify other arms of GOD'S seven arms are in the same **mystery** as I am.

If you see yourself as in a flesh machine given to you to discover who you are and who GOD would like you to be, take a good look around inside yourself. Don't just stare at yourself in the mirror. The **secrets** you're seeking lies within you. The clues to those **secrets** lie around you.

Be here now. Now is the greatest time to be in all of history. Now is magical. Now is miraculous. Now is always new.

"California Dreamin'"
Composed by
John and Michelle Phillips
Sung by
The Mamas and The Papas
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 has practically turned into a fantasy because of global warming, it's time to wonder what this song was really all about. It's surely not about the weather.

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 that the young man is really pretending to PRAY? Does the young man question the existence of GOD, or does he question GOD? Will he have to be more honest with himself to become more sincere, authentic and genuine? Is he false, fake and phony?

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 s/he knows.

It's no secret anymore that our country is the most religious country in the world after ISRAEL. The Christianity found in Europe and the Islam found in the Muslim nations aren't nearly as real as the struggle we're in with GOD in the United States.

I'm not **afraid** of messengers with **bad** news. It doesn't matter to me if the **bad** news is about them or me. **Bad** news is good news if you're curious about improving your curriculum.

Do you really think I learned what I learned without THE TEACHER'S help? What I know, I know I know because I learned what I didn't know by making mistakes. I've corrected a huge number of mistakes. You don't get this good a batting average without swinging and watching the ball pass you by a lot of the time.

Yet with all our faith, we, Americans, are **afraid** to tell ourself our **secrets** because we don't want to look arrogant, **hateful** and bitter like so many other people around the world who keep their **secrets** a secret from themselves racially, religiously and nationally. They're **living** a lie, while we're struggling to **live** our truth. This is why I think GOD loves the United States and ISRAEL so much.

Many "true" believers are lying to themself while claiming to espouse the truth. They're in love with their

name for the God within them. They **hate** everyone who appeals to HIM using other names. They can't question GOD'S desire for many names. That, they believe is something that should stop.

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 many of 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 anyone, least of all from you.

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! They want to help everyone. Well, almost everyone – everyone except the ISRAELIS. They refuse to face GOD'S chosen. They insist that they don't need to read THE HEBREW TESTAMENT, the Bible and the Quran to run the world.

But look at those in **red** states. They refuse to read anything but the Bible. And when they read THE HEBREW TESTAMENT which is more than half of their Bible, they only look for the **secrets** they want to find.

JESUS came out of his JEWISH head and into his **heart**. But he left it after his followers ruined their relationship with him. So, he moved to his breastplate.

GOD sent ARCHANGEL Gabriel into the **heart** of Muhammad. But Muslims ruined their relationship with him. So, he moved into his breastplate, too.

The JEWS have always remained on track. We may have been forced out of our head, through our stiff neck. But we've always wound up in our breastplate. With JESUS in the **heart** of Christians and ARCHANGEL Gabriel in the **heart** of Muslims, where else would we go?

Our breastplate is where we should all PRAY to GOD. ADONAI, JESUS and ALLAH all lie in our breastplate. The God within us is one. The GOD around us is one. The fight over ISRAEL is ridiculous! You might as well fight over opening or closing a window in which there is no glass.

Those who refuse to talk about what they see inside themself 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 a hypocrite. They don't want to appear false, fake or phony. All they can do is stare their phone all day. Yet, they don't want to appear phony.

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.

It's time for Californians to stop dreamin'. It's time to stop taking drugs. It's time to stop **hating** ISRAEL. It's time to stop **hating** Republicans. Archie Bunker once told us that they tipped the nation and all the fruits and nuts rolled to California.

That's not true. All the fruits rolled to California. All the nuts are still on the East Coast.

Get it together, people! Fruits [Democrats] and nuts [Republicans] both come from TREES.

“Does Your Mother Know”
Composed by
Benny Andersson, Bjoern Ulvaeus and Aleksej Kortnev
Sung by
ABBA
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 only by sex. There's more to love than 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. They stick their nose in other people's crotch to see whether their genitals match their outward appearance. 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.

The problem with good people is that they don't want to learn from **bad** people. They think good people are good because they see **life** as a school and GOD as their TEACHER. But they see those students who are **bad** as out on the quad learning nothing.

Do you really think THE TEACHER would only teach those who come to class? Don't be absurd. THE TEACHER is teaching the **bad** as well as the good.

What the good need to learn from the **bad** is indifference. Indifference is vital once you vote on the opinion of the God within you. If there are three Gods within you [ADONAI, JESUS and ALLAH, then you're going to have to vote for two against one. What makes America so great, again and again, is that we always vote for ADONAI and JESUS against ALLAH. GOD willing, we'll continue to do so until Muslims get with the PROGRAM and see the big PICTURE.

In order to vote against God, you've got to be indifferent. **Hating** God will only hurt you. Indifference to the God in your breastplate that's leading you astray is the only morally righteous way to feel.

Gay men 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 designation 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 outcomes.

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? Who doesn't know that you won't learn how to PRAY in a synagogue, church or Mosque? You'd do better if you went to a **gay** club if you wanted to learn to

PRAY the **gay** way. At least we won't turn you away for trying to become all that you can be.

"The Great Gig in the Sky"
Composed by
Rick Wright
Sung by
Pink Floyd
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 in both our worlds at once. Only HE can see our effort to grow our SOUL.

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. 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 told yourself, you may conclude that the punishment often comes before the crime to alert you to avoid even bigger crimes.

Putting my thoughts into words often leads to a feeling I didn't anticipate. That feeling leads me to question my entire operating system, which may lead to a different conclusion than the one I previously held.

Writing down my thoughts in my imagination leaves a written record in my mind. I do this by talking to myself. Not only can these figurative verdicts lead to unexpected feelings. They can later be used by my mind in the dream state to explore previous judgments I'd come to that I'd concretized into beliefs.

I can't possibly keep track of all that I tell myself. This is the job of the God within me. He discusses my sentencing of myself with GOD, and THEY decide on dreams that will elucidate my relationship with me if I choose to take my dreams to **heart**.

As I transcend my beliefs by changing my mind and transforming my **heart**, my spiritual operating system becomes more complex and sophisticated. It becomes capable of handling a wider variety of challenges. And I become a smarter person who has a better attitude about **life**.

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 **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 joy. Joy is a mixture of happiness and **sadness**. But I just don't have enough **blue** of my own to have a lot to give away. My cup is still filling up with **blue**. It isn't running over.

This is disconcerting because I'm always **worried** about loss. With loss comes **grief**. And I don't want to have to **grieve** over deep losses. I **worry** over the loss of money. I **worry** over the loss of unneeded water pouring out of my sink. I **worry** about the loss of gum around my teeth. But I haven't lost anyone so dear to me that I felt loss so deeply that my cup filled with **blue** and poured over the edge with **grief**.

That's the level of loss I **worry** about. That's the level of loss I'll do anything in my power to avoid.

GOD has me over a barrel. HE's leading me with **fear**. I couldn't be more of A GOD-**fearing** person. I know HE knows and HE knows I know what I **fear** the most. So, I do everything in my power to make HIM happy.

I denied my familiarity with **disappointment** as a teenager 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. If the toilet doesn't flush, I consider it a personal afront to my being.

With time, I was able to admit that these feelings weren't limited to me alone. I now think 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.

I used to think I was shy. I wasn't. I thought I was wary and timid of others, but I was really shy of myself. I had to learn to overcome my inhibition of coming to know me.

For some reason **GOD** brought some pretty **horrible** people into my **life** – and many of them were even related to me by blood. Even friends for years looked very different when I took a closer look at them over time.

If I hadn't denied how **cerulean** 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 by splitting 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 **blue**r by me than **blue** by you.

"**Blue** By You"
Composed by
Joe Melson and Roy Orbison
Sung by
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 **darkness** 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 of yourself. Then you'll be better able to judge just how much sympathy others deserve.

Conservativism is the result of religion. Progressivism is the result of spirituality. Religion and spirituality are merging. 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, your grades will mean little to you.

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 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 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 becomes a better guide. You can both approve and disapprove of yourself. You come to understand what we mean when we talk about "mental health" as mindfulness.

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 **SOUL**ful 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, **GOD**-**fearing** 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 **life**time 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 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 genuine relationship with myself that surpasses any previous illusions I had about what would satisfy me.

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 striving to be truly **gay**. Being **gay** means coming out of the closet [ARON]. And this has required me becoming a RABBI who's been able to lead me through the other three closets [ARONOT] in TORAH.

I now bring joy into my **life**, something happiness can't do. I bring me peace of mind through mindfulness. I open my mind to allow myself to experience all seven of the forces within me. I'm not just a deep thinker.

I'm now glad that I've had to suffer O.C.D. rather than suffer being an anti-Semite, anti-Zionist, racist, homophobe, misogynist, misandrist and xenophobe. 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, cheaters, thieves and liars. I **regret** I can't help anyone who's in denial of why they're here and not THERE. 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 became and

how poetic I've become. 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 self-love. And love has led me to self-**loyalty** and **devotion** to **life** as a gift from GOD.

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 **life**time that it's hard to stop and review what you've been through. Surely, GOD is going to recycle what we experienced in a useful way.

I'm not yet stuck underground in a coffin, a closet for the dead. I'm not stuck submerged beneath the sea in a water closet. And I'm not stuck floating through thin air in a coffin like a flying saucer.

I'm not stuck on land, sea or sky. I'm a spirit in motion with emotion. I move in many ways.

I can't imagine how humiliated awakened Muslims must feel having promoted violence against JEWS and ISRAEL 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 fully learned their lesson, either. When will they unite JESUS? They're still bent on pulling him apart limb from limb like a TREE.

Republican violence against **trans**gender people is proof that rightwing "wisdom" based on HEBREW scripture in a way to act out, not act fairly.

Neo-Nazi and redneck violence will finally be focused where it needs to be: Iran. Ending the neo-Nazi Valhalla in Teheran will end the problems in the rest of the Middle East. Anti-Zionism will die, just as anti-Semitism died in Germany in the last century.

Young men are more like organ grinders with out-of-control gorillas, despite the color of their skin. Grinding your organ is no way to treat yourself lovingly.

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 [what Christians call the **rapture**].

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 introduced me to words with new meanings that led 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 my urges 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 an anti-Semite, anti-Zionist, racist, homophobe, misogynist, misandrist and xenophobe 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 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. Indifference is sometimes what's called for!

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.

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 – have 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 been through.

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"
Composed and sung 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? That answer is blowin' in the wind.

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 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.

I'll always support JESUS. It's Christians I've had problems with.

JESUS brought the **rainbow** in the story of "Noah and the Ark" down to Earth. He personified it. JESUS was the first **rainbow** in the flesh who could speak about himself colorfully rather than in terms that were merely **B&W**. He came from his **heart**, not his head. He loved the animal instincts in his cargo deck. He led them off his ark [ARON] two-by-two.

Baby MOSES cried for himself in the basket [ARON]. JESUS cried for others on the cross. JESUS was the symbol of what the ISRAELITES were carrying in the tabernacle. It's ridiculous to think of them as carrying GOD. At best they were carrying symbols that described a BURNING BUSH [ADONAI], the God within them.

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 reason to seek 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 that you're in.

This will teach you more about THE WIND.

"Longer Boats"
Composed by
Yusuf Islam [Cat Stevens]
Sung by Cat Stevens
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 boats are bigger. Bigger boats lie deeper in the water than shorter, smaller boats. Longer, bigger boats carry more cargo. Longer, bigger boats are a symbol that can be compared and contrasted to similar symbols.

Longer boats are boats, not surfboards, 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 CHRIST.

Together, metaphors and symbols led to similes such as the 114 chapters of the Quran which are analyses of GOD'S intentions if you're a master of figurative speech.

Cat Stevens wrote this song to describe hope. Instead of using the typical biblical analogy of hope as a **rainbow**, he used a simile instead: Hope is like a longer boat.

Cat Stevens was a young man of Christian origin who was attracted to Islam. He wanted to express a message that wasn't fully understood at the time, but was very attractive to him. Now his message makes more sense.

Islam doesn't promote anti-Semitism. JEWS and Arabs are both Semites. The conflict between Sunnis [Semites] and Shiites [Aryans] is partially based on race. The exception is Pakistan where the Sunnis are Indo-Aryan.

Yusuf Islam [Cat Stevens] converted to Islam, but no one can convert to Semitism. You have to be born a Semite because it's a racial descriptor. Arab Muslims, like JEWS, are Semites. Therefore, Sunnis Muslims who are Semites shouldn't be labeled anti-Semites. For them, that would be an expression of self-**hatred**, not JEW **hatred**.

Iranians aren't Semites. They're Indo-Aryans. Many Iranians are anti-Semites. They're also anti-Zionists, just as many Arabs are anti-Zionists, although that's changing

The war of Islam against JUDAISM is, in part, a war of words. When Muslims discover that they're fighting a war that has anti-Semitic roots in which Muslims are killing Muslims along racial lines, they'll extricate themselves from anti-Semitism and, hopefully, anti-Zionism. They'll see the folly in their way from a linguistic perspective. They'll see that the connection between JEWS and Muslims goes back to Ishmael and Isaac who were half-brothers. They'll seek a new meaning to the word "Abrahamic."

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. Now 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 Nazi swastika, also known as the "Hakenkreuz" in German, was adopted by the Nazi Party in Germany during the 20th Century, particularly under Adolf Hitler's regime. The Nazi swastika is a tilted version of the traditional Indo-Aryan swastika, rotated 45 degrees, with the arms pointing clockwise. It was used as the emblem of the Nazi Party and became associated with their ideology of Aryan supremacy and anti-Semitism. The swastika has been associated with Indo-Aryan culture for thousands of years. It is believed to represent the movement of the sun and is linked to ancient Indo-European traditions. [internet]

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 MUHAMMAD was also a Semite, the anti-Semitism expressed by Iran and neo-Nazis the world over today is, in part, a war of race, just as it was in the 20th Century.

All three of the Abrahamic faiths are Semitic. MOSES, JESUS and MUHAMMAD were Semites. Caucasians, Aryans and White people are racial terms that once held geographic distinctions. Therefore, today's belief in one GOD requires humanity to overcome racial prejudices. If you look at the wars around the world today, you'll see that many of the hostilities run along racial lines.

The cross we're all crucified on is called reality. That cross leads us to the universality of love and forgiveness regardless of where you live, the physical distinctions of your vehicle and the name for GOD that you prefer. If you

don't see yourself as crucified by your search for truth, you'll make your **life** more difficult than it needs to be.

The Iranian government is controlled by spiritually sick Aryan Shiites who are anti-Semites. They threaten ISRAEL and the Arab world. They must be removed from power.

The Semitic Sunnis of the Arab world who are presently opposed to ISRAEL will soon find themselves in a race war between Aryan and Semite Muslims with Aryan Sunnis in Pakistan in the middle trying to broker understanding in their own faith.

The race war of the 20th Century between Christians left gays and JEWS in the middle. We were terribly exposed and vulnerable to Christian ideology that now looks pathetic in retrospect. It could have easily been avoided if Christians had lived the love CHRIST professed.

The race war of the 21st Century between Muslims is leaving gays and JEWS in the Middle East exposed to Islamic ideology that looks equally absurd. It can be stopped if Muslims would live the **loyalty** MUHAMMAD professed.

The contemporary world we **live** in is even forcing atheists to rethink their "philosophy" of **life**. The intelligence behind our problems indicates that there's a method behind our **madness** that most can't see.

Those who bring longer boats "will be taking the key from the door." They'll add spiritual meaning to the words of GOD that will take us to linguistic places we've never been to before. The key they'll bring will unlock the self-**hatred** that consumes humanity at this time in HIS story.

Aryans and Semites, Sunnis and Shiites, and Blacks and Whites can **live** together in peace if they return to their scripture for guidance. They can **live** together in peace if they use words in new ways to appreciate their own, individual struggle with GOD. But this will require melding their prejudice against **gays** and JEWS into a wise, loving and **loyal** appreciation of the lessons THE TEACHER is giving them.

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're all nude, naked and transparent before our CREATOR. We're all eager to drop our pants when we're attracted to something or someone that tempts us in a very special way.

Some are tempted by sex. Some are tempted by GOD. Some are tempted by both. And some of those who are tempted by both are members of the **LGBTQIA** community. That's what a key looks like today. Keys come in color.

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]. And what's good for cranes will be good for **cuckoos**. 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, new 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 three of the Abrahamic faiths who employ outdated interpretations of their scripture that are prejudiced and **hateful**.

If you use the garden metaphor that man is a TREE to describe GOD'S plans, you're using TORAH to make your point. If you use CHRIST'S symbols of bread [body] and

wine [spirit] to describe HIS plans, you're using the Gospels to make your point. And if you use similes to analyze GOD'S intentions, you're using the Quran to make your point.

We're all using language in ways we don't realize are connecting us to GOD. So, if you're using words to denounce other people's scripture with **hateful** interpretations, you're only going to hurt yourself in the long run.

The more we learn about the suffering of those with O.C.D., the more we can 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. The key they bring is words. As we learn to use words in more creative, colorful ways, we expand our thinking. We become mindful.

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 in maturing. And young adults conspire against the forces in place to reshape society in new ways that will use mind-expanding interpretations of words.

This is the way the world turns. This is the way the world has always turned. But the process is slow. And the gays and the JEWS are always made the victims. Stop it.

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 serpent will crush your serpent, just as MOSES' serpent ate up the serpents of the magicians of Pharaoh. My words are better than your words. My words are like keys.

"My Funny Valentine"
Composed by
Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart
Sung by
Ella Fitzgerald
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 the 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 others that you've unwittingly perpetrated against yourself because it was really intended for HIM, 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 has come to take me back…

By the end of the song, the "man of fortune" who turned into a toad might have been visited by GOD, THE FATHER who's often depicted as having a "flowing beard."

The "coat of many colors" was like the **rainbow** of hope in fabric that Jacob gave Joseph in GENESIS. The "torn and

tattered cloth" was **yellow** [**fear**] and **green** [**covetous**] on either side.

What the drifter 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 fluently, she touched upon a truth about words thanks to the depth of her spiritual vocabulary that surely comes from her JEWISH roots.

By the end of the song, the "FIGURE **gray** and ghostly beneath a flowing beard" "dressed in **black**" who's come to take her back is surely death personified.

We're all going to die. We can all see our **life** as like a tapestry made of "a wond'rous woven magic" that's "impossible to hold."

Wearing **life** like a garment is a simile. When Muslims learn to use similes to appreciate the words of MOSES and JESUS, they'll give up their anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism. They'll even give up their homophobia. They can't **hate** a gay man or a lesbian and love themselves. They're spirits in bodies on journeys, too.

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 HIM, 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 question that answer. I think it's canned. I think it's preserved in a way that removes the delight in everything JESUS did.

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 anything. HE wouldn't need to be human to know what it feels like to be one of us. 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 help. I think the New Testament presents GOD in a different light to bring us a different message. I think we need to struggle with the concept of love [MILK] and wisdom [HONEY] separately to appreciate how GOD made us in HIS image.

My linguistic explanation of JESUS, "son of man," is therefore quite different to my friend's and to the canned Christian explanation.

In HEBREW, the words "son" [BEN] and "man" [ADAM] when combined, create a third meaning. This is an expression you'd have to be a speaker of HEBREW to know. By translating these words literally as "son of man," we miss

the depth of the intention of fluent speakers of HEBREW, like JESUS. A "ben-Adam" in HEBREW is a "gentleman."

By recommending that Christians behave like JESUS, the church is really asking its parishioners to behave like ladies and gentlemen. They want them to emulate JESUS' actions.

I don't see JESUS as the son of man. I see him as the epitome of a gentleman.

But I don't believe it's up to the Church to dictate how men must behave to be gentlemen and how women must behave to be ladies. That's going too far. Courtesy, gallantry, gentility, civility and good manners can't be dictated by any institution of faith or gender. 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.

GOD comes to us using different names bringing different messages. If you don't study HIS names, you don't get some of HIS messages.

We're all going to die. The name we choose to use to describe GOD will matter by the end.

GOD is ELOHIM.
GOD is THE FATHER.
GOD is ALLAH.
GOD is GOD.

But if you don't know the difference between a metaphor, a symbol and a simile, you don't know THE GOD I'm talking about. You're missing keys to some of the locks.

Carole King is a JEWISH composer who wove a song about a tapestry. Her thoughts went in one direction and her feelings went in the other. Her tapestry is **life**, and it will unravel by the end, 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 do with lyrics [thoughts] and melody [feelings] to create

meaning out of our **life** using the forces within us. It makes what we're weaving within us in our SOUL to keep us warm when we leave our body so much more important.

Whether a needle is a word you associate with sewing; 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 use words to make meaning of your being.

"SMOKE Gets in Your Eyes"
Composed by
Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach
Sung by
The Platters
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. 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 literally the cause of their tears.

Today, the question arises what SMOKE could stand for 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 believe GOD has given them that we're expected to combine:

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** achieved through self-sacrifice. We're all vulnerable in this way. We're all able to reproach ourself for **bad** behavior by giving of ourself to others in ways that sacrifice our **loyalty** to ourself.

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 the one GOD who created it all. When you can hear the call to help others, you can develop your hearing to hear the echo in helping yourself.

Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists don't need to believe in one GOD, yet their philosophies of **life** are callings 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 world within.

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 came 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 capital letters in our mind's eye with the pronoun "YOU" so we don't confuse GOD with an aspect of ourself [you] when we pray.

Rewriting the word "prayer" in a different font [PRAYER] makes it possible to better differentiate between communication with man and communication with GOD.

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. They produced a song with two messages, one for man and one for GOD.

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, so different from the way I was taught to pray in synagogues.

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.

JEWS believe that an unborn fetus may have a **heart**beat, but it doesn't yet burn with a figurative FLAME. They believe that the SPARK of **life** is ignited into a FLAME when the newborn cries out with its first wail and takes its first breath. This the RABBIS believe is their first call to GOD for help. This is a newborn's first PRAYER. Its cry to GOD for help corresponds to the sound of the FIRE within it that bursts into FLAME at birth with air. It's equivalent to the sound of a match being struck against the striking strip.

Therefore, JEWS believe that **life** doesn't begin with a **heart**beat. **Life** begins with a breath. 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. An infant's mother's womb is like a shell. Coming down the birth canal is equivalent to chipping your way through a shell.

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. This is why vegetarians shouldn't eat chicken, but they can still eat the meat in a shell [balut: fertilized, developing, egg embryo].

Most vegetarians don't understand the spiritual difference between an egg and a chick. Most Christians believe there is no difference between an egg and a chick, a fetus and baby. They don't differentiate between a SPARK and a FLAME. They don't differentiate between a **heart**beat and a PRAYER.

This is why they oppose abortion. I have no problem with their interpretation of **life**. My problem is with their sluggishness in promoting contraception in order to avoid creating **life**. Many Christians even oppose medications to keep **gay** men from spreading AIDS. These religious positions are unwise, unloving and disloyalty to **life** as well as to GOD. They're prejudiced and **hateful**. I oppose their feelings, not their beliefs.

Spiritual **life** has been described 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 from GOD. He called that symbol YHVH. ADONAI, the God within JEWS, is an acronym for YHVH.

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 deeply **dark** [cynical]. Everyone has been burned to a crisp. 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.

The last section of this book is dedicated to orthodox JEWS, rightwing Christians and Muslim terrorists. I know that some of them would rather not hear from "sick perverts" like me who'd rather screw a man up the ass than screw with his thinking, screw him over financially or kill him. The fact that I was diagnosed 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 in the Abrahamic faiths would read this book, they'd discover that **black** is the color of **guilt**, not death. Death is the color of white light with all its amazing hidden tints and hues. They'd discover the invisible magnificence of the ULTRAVIOLET realm of the **rainbow** given to us by GOD to teach us the meaning of hope.

They'd finally see the **blackness** in their own **heart**, and they'd repent for the ways they behave, especially the ways they've treated themself.

The first time I tried to kill myself, it was like a neo-Nazi in me was trying to exterminate a JEW. The second time, it was like a homophobe in me who was trying to kill a **gay** man. And the third time, it was like an ignorant man was trying to kill an innocent wo/man.

Thanks to the grace of GOD, the gorilla in me wasn't a racist. He actually likes chimpanzees, bonobos, monkeys and even orangutans. 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 of this book 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** [**guilt** ridden] inside and we're all **black** [facing death] 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.

By extension, Semites are **brown** on the outside, but we're all **brown** on the inside. We've all mixed all our colors together to make a mess. We all have a lot of cleaning up to do.

The only way to shine **light** into any of 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"
Composed by
George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore
Sung by
Elvis Presley
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 do the politicians and the institutions of faith only believe in one name for GOD? They can't seem to agree to allow each of us to have a God within us guiding us unless He has the name they use. Could it all boil down to their **hatred** of **gays** and JEWS?

"Some things are meant to be" today 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? Why is religion always the last to learn?

The problem in evolving the human spirit lies in hyper-straight, religious men who are **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"
Composed by
Carl Sigman and Francis Lai
Sung by
Andy Williams
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"
Composed by
Elton John and Bernard Taupin
Sung by
Elton John
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”
Composed by
George Roger Waters and Richard William Wright
Sung by
Pink Floyd
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**. They're **vindictive**.

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]"
Composed by
Charles Tobias, Lew Brown and Sammy Stept
Sung by
Sarah Vaughn
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 your latest win? 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 parents were deceased. I was able to face the terror they'd instilled in me with their **rage**, even though their **rage** wasn't intentionally directed at me. It was meant for Nazis. But when you **hate** Nazis, neo-Nazis, Republicans or Democrats, you end up **hating** something about yourself. You end up **hating** a **gay** man and/or a JEW.

Because I didn't wait to be asked, I can now **grieve** the death of my parents. 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 themself. That would be self-defeating. I feel sorry for them.

Previous Books

I recommend you read A Cross-Eyed Bear next [A cross I'd bear]. That's the sequel to this book. Then I'd say go back to read my other books in the reverse order I wrote them. They're all presently available in their entirety free of charge at my website.

30. The Ugliest Duckling
    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