Chicken Salad for the Soul

A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

by
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Chicken *Soup* for the Soul
began in 1993 with a simple idea:
that people could help each other
by sharing stories about their lives.
Jack Canfield and Mark Victor Hansen
wanted it to soothe and provide comfort,
just like their grandmothers' cooking.
They published more than 250 books,
which have become the best-selling
trade paperback book series of all time.

This book has no relation to theirs.
Their books were ***inter***personal.
This book is ***intra***personal.

My story has no beginning, middle or end.
I won't be coaxing myself off a ledge,
or discovering true love by the last page.
Nor will I try to make ***you*** love ***me***.
Loving myself is its own reward.
My story goes nowhere.
There's no climax.
It's more like a walk in the park.

If Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David could create
180 episodes about ***nothing***,
I can write a book
about going ***nowhere***,
just to convey the thrill
of where I started from in contrast to where I'm at now.

When I think of ***Chicken Broth***,
I think of Christians who love life,
without the bit [penis] and pieces [testicles]
Jesus offered of Himself.
Their idea of Christ's body doesn't include His genitals.
Isn't the whole point in being God and man
to set a universal standard
with His whole body and blood
that we should live up to?

When I think of ***Chicken Soup***,
I think of Muslims who respect all of Jesus.
But they cook everything about Him in one pot.
It all tastes the same.

And when I think of ***Chicken Stew***,
I think of Jews
who think Jesus was a Jew who said things
that most people then weren't ready to hear.
They, too, cook His words in one pot.
The Jews simply don't add holy water.

I live in the age of ***Chicken Salad***.
I want to make up my own mind
about what to believe
and how to make my love of myself come true.
Nobody's interested in me opening canned dreams,
heating them up and dishing them out.
I'm interested in ***contributing***,
not ***serving***.
I'm a gourmet ***and*** gourmand.
I seek quality ***and*** quantity.
I have a ***vision*** for tomorrow,
but I'm not interested in giving up
my ***fantasies*** and ***dreams*** to get there.
I'm interested in discussing them.

Table of Contents

1. Chicken Soup for ***My*** Soul 1
2. Sex and Suicide 14
3. Like Jesus 16
4. Brain Farts 20
5. Office Hours 21
6. Who I Was 26
7. Last Night's Dream 27
8. Trying Something New 29
9. A Side 31
10. A Most Peculiar Man 33
11. How I Love Myself 38
12. How I Love My Life 43
13. The Way to a Man's Heart 45
14. Patriarchal Consumption 53
15. Retirement Has No Bells or Whistles 57
16. "You've Got a Friend" 63
17. Going Against the Wind 66
18. Getting It 68
19. Housekeeping 70
20. $I^y + I^z = 1^y + 1^z$ 73
21. How to Forgive 75
22. Forgiving Jesus 79
23. Forgiving Adonai and Archangel Gabriel 81
24. Pyramids and Inverted Pyramids 84
25. Danishes and Donuts 86
26. Paranormal Psychology 87
27. Aging Awkwardly 89
28. Simon Says 92
29. Crying My Eyes Out 95
30. Loneliness Is Still My Achille's Heal 96
31. Where Humiliation Lies 99
32. Pillowcases 101
33. Lyrics 102

34. God's Love 104
35. Our Big Yellow Chair 106
36. Who Doesn't Want to Scream? 107
37. Days of the Week 110
38. Chicken Scrawl 113
39. Rimming 117
40. Setting Unreasonable Goals 123
41. Setting Outrageous Expectations 124
42. Mrs. Ed 125
43. Black Glue 127
44. White Glue 130
45. Spreading Legs 134
46. My Literary Lobotomy 137
47. Thanking the Dead 142
48. Venting 146
49. Spiritually Sick 148
50. "Bury Me in my Overalls" 151
51. Touching Myself 153

Previous Books

Chicken Soup for *My* Soul

I couldn't offer my soul chicken soup because my ***soul*** had no ***conscience*** to guide it. I couldn't begin to try to spoon feed nourishing, hot liquids into my conscience until it became obvious to One and all that the conscience instilled in me by my parents was on its last leg. It was about to die from severe neglect and malnutrition.

By the time I tried to feed my conscience chicken soup, it was too late. I'd already tried to kill myself ***three*** times! The first time I should have killed my ***father*** instead of ***me***. I swallowed a whole bottle [100] of aspirins with a full glass of vodka. What a naïve fool my father had been. He knew nothing about how this world works…

My father was a Lithuanian-Jew from a very rich family. He was the youngest of eight children. [spoiled] He came to America on vacation in the 1930's on his family's money, but then went back to Europe to "protect" them when things turned ugly. He survived Dachau concentration camp. His family went up in smoke in Auschwitz.

That man terrified me as he beat me when I was a child. P.T.S.D. made him volatile, rageful and vindictive. He didn't rumble or grumble. He exploded without warning like a volcano. His face would turn red and then his head would burst, shattering any peace of mind within him as Russian swear words poured out of his lips, words I can repeat to this day.

I turned into my father. Three times I blew my top. Three times I tried to kill myself. And each time, when it was over, I had no idea why I'd done what I'd done.

The second time I tried to kill myself I should have killed my ***mother***. I drove the car she gave me over a 200-foot cliff. Because I wasn't wearing my seatbelt, I flipped into the back seat as the car rolled over and over down the embankment. The engine slammed into the steering wheel which would have crushed me if I'd been properly strapped in. And

because I'd filled the gas tank completely, there was no oxygen to cause the explosion I'd hoped for. I wanted her car to describe my feelings for her. I wanted it to go up in smoke.

My mother was a Jew born in Munich, Germany. Her father was a German Christian. Her mother was an Austrian Jew. My mother thought the Nazis would never come after her because of her German birth and citizenship, which took precedence [in her mind] over her religion. She thought that being German on her father's side would compensate for being Jewish on her mother's side. You've heard of "Queen for a Day." My mother was ***fool*** for a day.

My mother's naïve and foolish view of life bled into me. Because of her, I thought I could be gay and not Jewish. I thought I could hide one "perversion" inside another. My mother's P.T.S.D. made it impossible for me to be present and accounted for. She was lost in ***thought***. She was lost in ***loss***. And I grew up just like her. I think about nothing other than being gay, Jewish and American.

The third time I tried to kill myself, I should have killed my ***sister***. I picked a huge mushroom from my neighbor's lawn and made it into an omelet. Sadly, I didn't even get a cramp or a bellyache from what should have been ***her*** last supper. In fact, once I'd sprinkled some salt and pepper on that omelet, it tasted pretty good.

My sister hated having been born after me. She hated how well I did in school. But most of all, she hated the close-knit mother/daughter relationship I'd built with our mom. The two of us pushed my sister out of a love triangle. It was always two against one. My sister hated being alone and in bad company when she was in our presence. She once punched a hole in my bedroom door. What she'd really wanted to do was punch a hole in my face.

After my parents divorced, my sister was molested by one of our mom's boyfriends. My sister blamed our mother and me for not having seen the pervert in our midst. But the

whole world had been perverted by the world the Nazis left behind. How do you tell one pervert from another when the Nazis set the standard of perversion by killing as many gays and Jews as they could?

My sister later married a Jewish lawyer who embezzled from her. Again, she felt that she'd been dealt a bad hand. Again, she blamed our mother and me for her marriage exploding like our father's head shot bubbling flames out of the hole in his head.

Each time I survived suicide, I felt cursed, not blessed. I concluded that God was a Sadist Who was getting a thrill out of torturing me. But ***I*** could see that my family were sicker than me. We were like the Cascade Volcanic Arc from California through Oregon and Washington up to British Columbia, a range of volcanic peaks created by subduction underground. I was like Mt. St. Helen. I was the one who gave away the dormant intentions in the rest of my family. Our Jewish plate is under a Christian and Muslim squeeze that's forcing Judaism deeper down into the ground of our experiences.

In my late twenties, I finally got through the melodrama of inner earthquakes and volcanic explosions. But the conscience my family had formed and shape in me couldn't survive. It died a gruesome death, leaving me with a head filled with hot and cold running thoughts, a badly broken heart and no soul to speak of.

And yet, I can honestly say that I'm now content with the way things turned out. These acts of God have brought psychological stability into my life, although I'm no fool. I always anticipate the "big one." Life is a school we all graduate.

Both my parents are dead. My sister didn't like her husband stealing from her, but she didn't mind stealing my inheritance out from under me. She and I aren't on speaking terms anymore. Who wants to feel your family's hands groping in your pockets? That's creepy.

My conscience seemed perfectly normal when I was a kid growing up. Granted, I stole a candy from the corner store when I was about four years old. But when my mother saw me sucking on something, and I told her what it was and where I got it, she marched me back to the store to apologize. Of course, she paid for what I'd taken, while I paid for it by having to do the walk of shame for more than fifty years thinking I'm a thief. I still take my hands out of my pockets when I walk out of stores to show shopkeepers that I haven't taken anything of theirs without paying for it.

As a boy entering puberty in the 1960's, I was terrified of getting beaten up by bullies at school. So, I kept my head down and made it from K through 12 without too many unpleasant incidents. There was that one time when I came home from junior high and was only about two doors from our apartment building when three big, high school kids tried to provoke a fight. I got the feeling that their football team had lost at the high school nearby, so they needed a small scapegoat to let their anger out on. But a neighbor came to her door, told them to get lost, and they did, laughing weirdly as they ran away.

I couldn't even look that woman in the eyes after she liberated me from what I thought were the jaws of death. I rushed into our building, went to my room and lay down on my bed. It felt like I'd gone through something in ***outer*** space that mirrored a vacuum I'd been trying to avoid all my life in ***inner*** space. I was suddenly sucked further into the inner world I'd avoided all my life. I found myself floating inside like a chick in a shell; a fetus in a womb; and an astronaut in outer space.

I was having an ***out***-of-body experience, but it was an ***in***-my-body experience of a vacuum that was real and terrifying. There was nowhere I could go to escape it.

That emptiness was worse than the explosions my family exhibited. They exploded outwardly. I explode inwardly.

Life is a school, and my inner world is a lesson from The Teacher on how and how not to conduct my life.

They say the ***world*** is crazy. But I was twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions where I was diagnosed "paranoid schizophrenic." I ***know*** I'm crazy in a way that nobody else is.

My trauma defines me. My ***Mr. Hyde*** attacked me, and my ***Dr. Jekyll*** will never be the same. I had to do what I could to turn the stranger inside of me into a friend. That became the mission I've been given in life. Facing my insanity every day of my life is what I'm here to do.

What I didn't fear [losing my conscience] had already happened. Turning into a psychopath who doesn't feel guilt wasn't directly caused by me having tried to kill myself. I had an antisocial personality disorder that had never been explained to me. I didn't realize that I couldn't trust my family or the conscience they'd instilled in me. I had to start over and create a conscience from scratch. I couldn't trust anybody. I had to introduce ***my*** Mr. Hyde to ***my*** Dr. Jekyll over and over again. I had to turn the perpetrator and victim in me into friends. That's what it has meant to me to learn to love myself.

Not having a conscience to guide ***me*** didn't mean that I didn't judge ***others***, especially family and close friends. Not having a conscience turned me into the horniest person on the planet. I sexualized everything and everyone.

I saw my penis as the gun God gave me. And I saw goodlooking, young men as targets. I dreamed of shooting them in bed using love as my secret weapon. Every orgasm in my youth was a shot in the dark. Sex had nothing to do with spirituality. I associated sex with marksmanship training to improve my accuracy and skill.

Sex without a conscience guiding my penis and anus allowed me to avoid having to think about righteous behavior altogether. I didn't feel guilty about masturbating or having sex with men. But I also didn't feel guilty about

anything. Today, I don't feel guilty about sex with my boyfriend, Will. But I do feel guilty about many other things.

As a young man enjoying a vibrant, gay, sex life, I didn't question whether driving my vehicle [body] without guilt was reckless. When I saw someone with whom I wanted to take off my clothes, I simple figuratively unbuckled my seatbelt to let him know that I was driving unsafely on the roads of life and wouldn't mind getting into an "accident" with him. When I look back now, most of the hook ups I had were like car accidents, two vehicles that wrapped themselves around each other, backing up traffic on the highway of life for many a mile. It felt like my body had to be towed to a repair shop after sex. It felt like the person inside me was hospitalized after every encounter.

I had no problem blaming others for ***their*** character defects. But I refused to blame my penis for having a mind of its own. The conscience my parents had created in me certainly wasn't evolved enough to blame my family for the way I'd turned out. I blamed God and many a man for what I needed to do to find a little comfort in this world.

My conscience had caught the equivalent of a very bad cold. It started to fill with phlegm. Breathing easy became more and more difficult. I felt congested and achy all over by the time I reached my mid-twenties. I couldn't swallow the truth about being a psychopath because of fear of reprisal from "***them***."

Then my conscience worsened into a hacking cough that shook my head with the equivalent of earthquakes that created tidal waves in my heart. I slowly turned into a giant penis with a big mouth. I felt I had no arms or legs. The head of my penis thought for the rest of me. That's what it meant to me to be without a soul seeking a connection to God.

I saw how I sawed away at myself during masturbation. I saw how I used my anus like a knife sharpener to grind other men's penises down. Sex was my way of extending the

Second World War to achieve a new ending in which the gays and Jews would win the War the second time.

I didn't want to turn my penis from a sword into a plowshare. I wanted to wage war with it. Sex was my way of producing and protecting the Israel within me, despite being surrounded by straight, Muslim madmen who wanted to kill every gay and Jew on the planet.

My nose, that trusty appendage that I'd always stuck in other people's business with "helpful" intent, turned red and swollen from sticking it in dirty places where it didn't belong. On occasion, I even heard a ringing in my ears that sounded like a church bell tolling.

And my eyes – my poor eyes. They'd fill with tears for no reason I could fathom. I was a mess. It felt like my head and chest were in a fishbowl. And every fish [Christian] in that bowl was staring straight into my eyes. It all came down to a conscience that was no longer willing to even pretend to be my guide. It no longer felt it had the authority, need or interest to remain in charge of anything happening below my waist.

I'd traded my conscience in to make my penis and anus my guides. I felt I had no option but to let the two of them decide what they wanted based on the pain and pleasure principle. I had no other principles to rely on. The voice of my penis was louder than all the other voices within me. It knew what it wanted, and it rose to every occasion without embarrassment or shame. The voice of my anus agreed.

Only on rare occasions did I feel I was being screwed over by sex partners in a way I didn't find pleasant. Only then did my anus disagree with my penis. Only then was I left with the feeling that gay men were a pain in the ass.

My conscience was mortified over the most minor of things. I couldn't walk down the street eating a banana while my parents' conscience was still guiding me. I couldn't smile at a man who smiled at me without imagining him wanting

me. I couldn't touch a man with kind regard. My fingers only knew how to grope.

The conscience my parents had shaped for me lay weak and incapacitated, like I felt after those three boys wanted to beat me up. The conscience that had been handed to me in childhood was sick and dying. I was suffocating inside. I had to be realistic about my need to breathe morally free. I was spiritually choking to death. My family had been smothering me.

Without a conscience to guide me, you would have thought all hell would break lose. In fact, nothing of the sort happened. As it turned out, my penis was perfectly capable of guiding me. Out of its mouth came a liquid mixture of good [+] and evil [-] that I began to recognize as my signature style. I was fine just the way I was: a gay, Jewish, American pervert.

I'd been told never to trust the serpent in my tree. I'd been told that it knew too much about those two fruits beneath it. People said that my serpent would beguile my head [Adam] and heart [Eve].

How did ***they*** know so much about ***my*** penis and the juice [semen] from the fruits [testicles] that hang down from my gnarly tree? ***They*** should be forbidden from touching me! ***They*** should be forbidden from even talking about what goes on between the two boughs and the hollow in my trunk. It's my tree. It's my serpent. My knowledge about me is ***mine***, not ***theirs***.

Life can sometimes be a sticky business, like cum that's squirted out onto bedsheets. You can't believe what others tell you is going to happen. ***They*** know nothing about ***you***. What tea leaves are ***they*** reading? The T we talk about in the gay community is far stronger and sweeter than anything ***they*** are serving. Who even cares whether the price of tea in China goes up or down when there are so many millions of gorgeous penises and anuses in China and elsewhere? My penis wanted to enjoy them all.

My head was firmly and tightly screwed onto my stiff neck thanks to sex. And my heart was beating in my chest, not hanging precariously from my sleeve, also thanks to sex. I felt better than I had in years once my penis was in charge and not the conscience I'd been given by my straight, Jewish, European parents.

My head and heart worked better when my penis was in charge. I didn't need a soul. Thoughts and feelings were enough for me. I didn't need to get mixed up with religious beliefs.

If I wanted to develop a conscience and call it my guide, I first had to let my penis run the show. I desperately needed bad experiences to shape my outlook on life. I had to get out of denial by thinking my head was making my decisions. I had to watch as my wants [-] got what they yearned for. I had to watch the show clear eyed.

Granted, there are assholes out there who think everything revolves around them. But I never bought into believing assholes. I never let my anus run my show. I was ***suicidal***, not ***crazy***! What comes out of my ass is disgusting, even though what I allowed into it sexually felt sublime! I was never a people ***pleaser***. I was a people ***appeaser***.

People ***pleasers*** love to make people happy. I had no intention of pleasing anyone. I had no intention of helping others make this world a better place. I just wanted to ***appease***, not ***please***.

I thought ***I'd*** never find my head up my ass. My parents may have been Holocaust survivors, but I saw myself as forced to live in a world where ***autonomy*** took precedence over ***freedom***. It never occurred to me that that was precisely the world they'd escaped from.

In my forties, Larry, my boyfriend of 13 years, betrayed me by having sex with his former boyfriend, Jim. They both were HIV+ and moving toward full-blown AIDS. I loved Larry. I ***love*** him to this day. But I began not to ***like*** him.

I love me, too. But after I tried to kill myself three times, it was obvious that I didn't like me, either. The Mr. Hyde in me was obviously a part of me who would never go away. The Mr. Hyde in Larry leaked out by the end of our relationship.

It's one thing to try to kill yourself because you hate ***yourself***. It's quite another when someone behaves in a way that reveals ***they*** hate you. Suddenly it wasn't fun being gay anymore.

Larry and I had a child to think about! That ***child*** was our ***house***. I thought that by always working on home improvements, we were adequately channeling our passion for one another. It turns out that a ***house*** is not a ***home*** without a hot sex life emanating out of your bedroom.

Coincidentally, once our home improvements were completed, Larry got diagnosed with AIDS. Then he revealed his sexual alliance with Jim and told me he wanted to keep that love alive.

Their penises were obviously on the same page. I became nothing more than a bookmark. Because the end was near for both of them, they could finally screw each other without restraint. Screwing me ***over*** was not their concern.

From attempting suicide, I'd experienced masochism from the ***inside***. But Larry's adultery made me feel like a masochist from the ***outside***. That was a horrible, new experience for me. Life is a school, but this lesson from The Teacher [God] revealed more of the meaning of life than I'd experienced until then.

When Larry and I broke up, I walked away with enough money to buy myself an apartment in San Francisco. And since I got our business as well, I had an income for many years to come.

I was fifty years old at the time. Granted, that's about 120 in gay years. But I was still pleasing to the eye, and I had an apartment in the city that I'd paid for in cash. I only had to work an hour or two a day to enjoy my new, found,

single life in San Francisco. What was even more important was I had my health.

The English [Episcopalians] always talk about the luck of the Irish [Catholics]. Had I inherited the luck of the Irish from my parents? Was God trying to show me that He ***loved*** me, or had I just gotten ***lucky***?

I'd started out as the best little boy in the world. But along the way, I chose to kill myself rather than those around me. I became a perpetrator and victim all wrapped up in one.

I'd gotten hooked on alcohol and drugs, but inebriants didn't end up crucifying me. Mental illness was the cause of my denouement.

I got clean and sober in 1984 and I'm still clean and sober today. Sure, I'd gotten into a monogamous relationship with a Jewish man that only lasted 13 years. But we'd travelled the world, and I was able to semi-retire at 45. I ended up fully retiring at 59.

I love Will, the Catholic convert boyfriend I have now who's 12 years younger than me. I met him when I was 57. We've been together for 12 years. Our relationship is monogamous. We're both HIV-. Our sex life is passionate and fulfilling.

Now, at the age of 69, I sit at home in the company of the most fascinating man I've ever met [myself] writing books about sex and spirituality. I don't have to worry whether my books will sell or not. I already have inner fame and outer fortune. I must be blessed! Who gets this lucky?

This book is about bringing my Jewish conscience back from the dead. I've named him Lazarus. Although my penis ran the show for a very long time, it was never a good enough guide until it settled on Will. My conscience had based all its prior decisions on pain ***and*** pleasure, not good ***or*** evil.

Good [+] and evil [-] are like green fruits that will ripen into right [++] and wrong [--]. And when those fruits are really soft and sweet and ready to eaten, they reveal the sublime taste of better [+++] and worse [---].

This book is about how I created a conscience by myself for myself. My conscience has helped me develop a God-loving soul. And that's quite a feat, considering what some people think the chances are for "perverts" after we're dead and buried.

If ever I thought there was anyone who had the right to make his penis his guide, I'd thought it would be a Jew whose parents had been persecuted by Christians. If ever I thought there was anyone who had the right to be spoiled, it was a fruit like me.

My paternal, half-brother and half-sister had survived the War hidden in Catholic orphanages in Lithuania that our family secured with bribes. My father had been a slave in a Nazi concentration camp. So, I'm the son of a slave and the sibling of orphans who'd lost their mother to Nazis. My mother had been thrown out of school for being Jewish. She ran from the Nazis as a fugitive, living in the forest and on farms.

But I was also the product of a broken home. I grew up with a father on the East coast I rarely got to see because I lived with my mother and sister on the West coast. I felt like the lone wolf they talk about on the news. I saw myself as like the nerd, dork and dufus Jerry Lewis made fun of.

I never got into trouble, but when I graduated high school, I became a ballet dancer. That's the kind of profession for a nice, Jewish boy with straight A's, and a scholarship to UCLA that should have made my ***mother*** commit suicide…

She wasn't at all happy about my choice of careers, but she didn't try to stop me. I didn't tell my father that I got accepted into Inbal, a Yemenite dance company in Israel. I'd been a protégé of their star dancer who'd moved to L.A. I lasted two weeks in that dance company, and then got a job with Bat-Dor, a modern ballet company in Tel Aviv.

Fast forward to today: My boyfriend, Will, is San Francisco sourdough, not dry, Jewish rye. Who don't know that sourdough is the best White bread in the world? What's more, he's got a sweet, butter pickle, not a kosher dill. You don't know what you're gonna like 'til ya try it.

Will works as the secretary in a Catholic church where more than 60% of the parishioners are gay. He brings home the bacon that he spreads across the top of my Jewish brisket.

Forget chicken soup for the soul. Try chicken salad for the soul. If you're already drooling because you want what I have, you should be…

Sex and Suicide

By attempting to kill myself, I "accomplished" two things. [1] I inflicted ***pain*** on myself. And [2] I inflicted ***suffering*** on my parents and sister. And we all know that pain and suffering are the only two sticks that will motivate a jackass to move.

I thought about trying to kill myself a fourth time when Larry betrayed me, but I realized that that would only have expedited his affair with Jim. Neither of them would have suffered if I'd died.

I'm glad it all happened the way it did. If I'd killed myself, and Jim had moved in with Larry in ***my*** house, I would have been posthumously outraged! Fortunately, Jim died shortly after Larry and I broke up. Larry died seven years later with another boyfriend to cry at his funeral. God works in mysterious ways.

I had no idea I'd left childhood for adolescence with serious misgivings about the way my parents had treated me. I knew the Nazis had put them through hell, but my parents had been so deeply traumatized that they had no idea what they were getting themselves into by bringing me into this world.

I was totally unprepared for life on planet Earth when I moved out of my mother's house. I'd had no father to speak of. He didn't even pay child support until he married for the third time when I was in my teens and his third wife, Mary, insisted he put ***her*** money where ***his*** mouth was. Then he paraded around playing father again. Naturally, I took him for every penny I could.

It should have been no surprise to anyone, least of all me, that I'd end up with such low self-esteem that drugs, alcohol, mental institutions and suicide were the only reasonable answers for the day and age in which I lived.

The sexual revolution of the 60's turned out to be my ticket to insanity. I didn't die of AIDS because very few men

wanted to sleep with me. I couldn't hide what a mess I was inside. Thanks to mental illness, I'm alive today.

Granted, my parents had been empty cups trying to fill my empty cup. But the collateral damage to society, let alone to me, cannot be overlooked. Suffice it to say, it wasn't easy being gay and Jewish in the 20th Century.

Life is a school, but graduating with honors is harder than it looks. I've been through the school of hard knocks. I've gone to spiritual night school to matriculate on my own. I've graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in loving someone with AIDS. I've graduated with a master's degree in self-love. And I've graduated with a Ph.D. in wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

Now, I write books about God, The Teacher, in this school. There's only One Teacher. You may have a T.A. named Adonai, Jesus or the Archangel Gabriel. But if you're still fighting over whether gays and/or Jews have the right to live in peace everywhere in this one-room schoolhouse, you're crazier than I ever was.

Like Jesus

Jesus was tempted by Satan in three ways. But Satan surely was the voice of Jesus' penis. I was tempted by ***my*** penis, too. My little, circumcised, Jewish penis was a snake in the grass that couldn't be trusted. I had to do as he pleased until I could speak loyally on his behalf.

The serpent in my tree knew all about the good [+] and evil [-] fruits hanging below it. ***He*** told my heart [Eve] that she could become like God. And he wasn't wrong about that. ***She*** told my head [Adam], and ***he*** agreed. I've become more like God as I've found ways to unite my head [thoughts] and heart [feelings].

But I had to learn on my own how to separate the juice [semen] of each fruit [testicle]. I had to learn to discern good [+] from evil [-] from the inside out. And that could only be accomplished with experiences that I contemplated for meaning.

Food for thought is nutritious if it teaches you what not to do the next time. If you don't filter the fruit juice emanating out of the mouth of the serpent in your tree, you're only going to make the same mistakes in various, new ways. The secret is to shut down the fruit juice production of your left [-] fruit and ramp up production of fruit juice from your right [+] fruit.

I am a tree of knowledge. The more self-knowledge I attain, the taller I grow. The Wisdom of Solomon, a book of scripture written in the first century BC, says of God, "To know You is perfect righteousness, and to know Your power is the root of immortality."

I'd say that to know ***me*** is perfect righteousness, and to know ***my*** power is the root of immortality. I believe this is what the serpent in the tree of knowledge was telling Eve. To become more like God, I had to make appreciating ***me*** my mission in life.

I want good things for ***everybody***, but my penis would have stopped at nothing to get everything it wanted for ***itself***. I had to create a conscience to stop it. What else but a conscience would or could?

My navel was just a scar on my belly to remind me I was born of woman. My anus is the hollow in my tree where darkness beckons me to explore. Not even my head and heart have the power to stop a penis like mine!

Once I turned my stones [testicles] into bread just as Satan had tempted Jesus to do, I realized that I'm in a body that's a unique gift from God. My body is ***like*** bread, and my spirit is ***like*** wine. I'm more than a mosaic puzzle. I'm a holy symbol from God. I'm a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. That's what it means to be a living symbol brought into the world by our Creator.

Once I jumped from that pinnacle in my soul to relive the Fall of everyman, just as Jesus was tempted to do, I could see how much goodwill I had inside me for all of humanity. I wasn't evil [-] incarnate. I wasn't living in defiance of God's will.

And once I worshipped the tempter [my penis] in return for the self-knowledge to know God's will for me, just as Jesus had been tempted to do, the serpent in my tree turned into my best friend.

Making him my best bud turned out to be a match made in Heaven. Out of the mouth of the serpent in me now cum mellifluous words that are good [+].

What else can I say? Brotherhood begins within. Brotherhood begins with sex. If you try to avoid sex with yourself, and you're a man, you'd better be careful that you don't end up hating the serpent in your tree. If you do hate yourself for loving the feeling of making love to yourself, you'll try to dismember every man on the planet who defies you. That's no way to prove that you know how to behave like a brother.

Granted when I was a young man, my penis wasn't as interested in penetration as my ass was in being penetrated. And what a sweet ass I had in those days! But Larry and I couldn't enjoy anal sex because of the fear of death during those deadly days of AIDS. There weren't enough condoms I could wrap around my penis to stop me from thinking I was playing Russian roulette.

Before AIDS, my love of being shot with the ammunition [semen] of other men's guns [penises] was a delightful way to cum close to death [orgasm] without literally dying. It was thrilling to be a bottom when I was a young man.

But as I aged, I became more interested in shooting than being shot. I became more interested in penetrating than being penetrated. I became more interested in giving the life-affirming message from my serpent to other men rather than receiving it.

Life is a dream, but we all sleep through much of it. We have to be woken up as gently as possible. We have to give up our ***fantasies*** to find the strength to follow our ***dreams***.

Life is a school, but some don't come to class each day having done their homework. They sit at the back of the room with the bozos instead of making their way to the front of the class to get closer to The Teacher.

Some don't raise their hand with good questions in an effort to participate in class discussions. And when test day comes, and each of us is assessed individually, many aren't happy with their grades.

If life is viewed as a school, then each of us was enrolled at birth and we'll graduate upon death. The ecstasy of orgasm is a slice of Heaven brought down to Earth to remind us why we're here.

Every night, I have office hours with The Teacher. He asks me questions my penis can't answer. He helps me make up for all the time I've wasted on pain and pleasure. He

makes me use my head to push heavy ideas uphill like Sisyphus pushed a rock.

God is my Teacher; I am His pupil. He is my Rock; I am His tree. I wrap my roots only around Him. I can be both gay and Jewish. I can love both my penis and anus. I can even love my navel, the only proof on my body that every man comes out of woman, and not the other way around. Moses got it wrong right from the start. [Genesis 2;22-24] The serpent in ***your*** tree can confirm what I'm saying. The question is whether you have the strength to listen to it.

Brain Farts

When you push an abstract idea through your spiritual operating system, that idea comes out the other end smelling pretty putrid. But, at least then, you don't have to act on bad thoughts that pollute your head with gaseous ideas that should have gone out the other way. Once a thought comes out your ass as a fart, you can move on, clear the air and forget all about what you thought about doing, but didn't.

I began adult life as a ballet dancer. Learning how to ***think*** poetically was the result of learning how to ***move*** poetically. Dance is like sculpting air. Dance is a combination of poetry in motion and emotion. Knowing how to use my body as a carving knife saved my life. If I hadn't had an art to guide me, I would have turned into the living dead. I call my conscience "Lazarus" because dance, not Jesus, brought me back to life.

Growing up, I'd been instructed by my parents in how ***not*** to feel anything. So, when my head wasn't ***thinking*** and my heart wasn't ***feeling***, I had no need of a conscience to weigh my thoughts against my feelings to make sound decisions about what to do. Why bother having a scale in your breastplate if you've got nothing heavy enough from your head and heart to weigh on it?

Just because I could hold down a job didn't mean I was mentally well. Just because I could attract men for one-night stands didn't mean I was emotionally ready for a committed relationship with myself. And just because I could act as if I cared about others didn't mean I had a conscience guiding me. I was a head, heart and a holey soul without anything weighing them down. But I got busted for it because there is a God!

Office Hours

Life is a school. I am my major. I'll graduate when I die. I'll do whatever I was trained to do with my transcript once I have a summary of all my report cards to determine what my life was for. Until then, I go to class every day, like clockwork. Class is in session 24/7.

But almost every night between 3:00 and 6:00 am, I have office hours with The Teacher. By day I commune with one of His T.A.'s. Sometimes that's Adonai. Sometimes it's Jesus. And sometimes it's Archangel Gabriel, the angel God sent to Muhammad to inscribe the Quran in his heart. Every night before the dawn – while darkest – The Teacher comes to me to prepare me for my next day's lessons. Thank God, He gave me Tutors to help me.

These office hours have changed over the years. They used to feel almost painful. I felt mentally constipated. Thinking gave me cramps in my head. But I've strengthened my guts over time. Now I boast having a smooth move every night when I get up out of bed in the morning.

Naturally, I'd rather sleep in, as I used to. But if I've got to be awakened, there's no longer any need for me to toss and turn in defiance of having to spend quality time with myself before God or one of His Emissaries. It's far more pleasant to know that I'm working with our Teacher on doing something good that'll not only change my life for the better but will change life for us all. I now see myself as a part of the big picture. I'm not a critic of those trying to put the pieces of the jigsaw together.

Self-contemplation emanates out of my navel, just as my urges and impulses cum from my penis. My feelings emanate out of my heart which is under my left nipple. And my beliefs reside in my soul, which is located under my right nipple. Out of my anus figuratively come the paradoxes of life described by Lao-Tsu, the master of the Tao.

The Tao is the way. The way is the highway of life, the backbone from head to hip. The highway goes in both directions if you want to create as much good as possible. I look at issues by going both ways. If it's good for the gays, it's good for the Jews, and vice versa.

My body is a killing machine. Food goes in one end and comes out the other with as many of the life-giving properties removed from it as I can muster. Inserting the life-giving substance from a man [semen] in my anus is a paradoxical behavior.

A penis in a vagina produces ***life***. A penis in an anus produces ***pleasure***. A man's G-spot is as sensitive and pleasurable as a woman's.

I'm not interested in producing more human life on Earth. I'm pleasure oriented. I like giving pleasure and receiving it. If you care more about making life than living it, leave me alone. I'm not hurting you. Your interpretation of God is sexless and without a pleasure principle. This is why you're so prejudiced and hateful.

The hyper-religious world is opposed to having sex for pleasure. But just because they want to live in a world without sexual pleasure doesn't mean that I do. I can believe in A God Who wants us to enjoy pleasure. I can be gay and still be beloved by God. The presumption that God hates anal intercourse is a rumor [Leviticus 18 and 20]. It's time that rumor is put to rest.

Anal sex represents paradox, a world that can go in two directions at once, inwardly and outwardly. Life is like poem. Taking your scripture literally has been done to death. It's time we look at our beliefs in new ways through new eyes. All seven of the world's faiths worry about anal sex for pleasure. This sexual practice has nothing to do with faith in God. It has to do with a history of guilt that mankind has concretized in the anus.

Office hours with The Teacher begin every night by me turning inward to push the thoughts in my head down

through my stiff neck. It's about swallowing concepts and conclusions to digest them. This breaks them down into opinions that are manageable in size that I can then push through my colon until they come out every morning as bright, new ideas. This is what it means to have developed a vivid imagination. This is why they call new views food-for-thought.

I'm the product of a 1950's early childhood in America. I was a spiritual toddler who wanted to grow up to become a ***real*** man. But I was a hero worshipper, as well. Who knew I could go from villain to hero? Who knew I could become my own heroic top who bottoms myself just using my imagination? Nobody was more surprised by the way I turned out to be a symbol from God than me. Nobody told me that the elixir of life [semen] I was seeking was already in me.

I can allow concepts from the outer world in because I can chew on them. I can let new viewpoints slip down into the fire in my belly where I incinerate them with critical thinking skills that get to the personal reason why those opinions were brought to me in the first place.

The Teacher is teaching me how to learn about myself with Him and His Heavenly Entourage as my Guides. My conscience doesn't have to do it alone anymore. I'm soulful.

This creates a Fellini-esque world that relies on magic and mystery to be meaningful. Now I love the uncertainty of life. I can never guess what I'm going to learn about myself next, or why.

Knowledge is ***cool***, but self-knowledge is ***awesome***! It's not the pursuit of knowledge but the pursuit of me that I'm seeking. This is better than learning about the things others talk about. Most conversation are about ***making*** money or ***saving*** money. I'm interested in making ***honey*** to enjoy the land of ***milk*** [love] and ***honey*** [wisdom] within me.

I don't learn the way others do. I can't bow my head to allow people to pour knowledge into the hole in my head as

though my head were a tureen and knowledge were hot, chicken soup. I'm afraid of anyone doing that to me after how my parents trained me like a dog to obey them. Two master's degrees, one in education with a concentration in curriculum and instruction and one in English with a concentration in linguistics didn't give me the ***wisdom*** I was seeking. My higher education only proved I could stay in school till the bitter end in becoming a "master" in their system.

I was a teacher for 10 years, but I can't promote a formal education anymore. I'm a teacher for those who profess to seek the meaning of life. There's more to life than academia. We need millions of experts in the sciences to increase our physical comforts and extend life. But we need billions of amateurs in the arts who are seeking a unique poetic meaning of their life.

Once I got a ***higher*** education, I realized I needed a ***deeper*** education. I needed something they weren't offering in school. I needed a school that was bigger than a university. I need the school of life to teach me what I needed to know that would make me proud to graduate becoming all that I could be.

I'm a disappointment to me. I'm also a disappointment to many others. I don't care. To make omelets, you have to break eggs.

Office hours with The Teacher are a preview to class time with my peers. While in class, there's usually one or two pupils lecturing me about their opinions. I take all opinions under advisement except those that hurt the gays and/or the Jews. Israel has been forced into war with her neighbors for almost 80 years. I've run out of patience with anti-Zionist Muslims. Gays have been forced into war with hyper-religious people since the beginning of time. I've run out of patience with homophobic, straight people.

I'm neither modest, nor humble. I don't want what ***they*** have. I want what ***I*** have. And to ***earn*** what I have, I've had

to be willing to ***learn*** about myself. My identity is gay, Jewish and American. My identity is the key to my mission.

But learning may be harder for me than for most, having gone insane, I glean as much as I can from office hours with The Teacher at night in addition to a whole day of lessons with others. Nobody else talks like this. Nobody I know is in love with self-guided learning as much as I am.

I don't toss and turn anymore when God comes to me at night. With His help, external concepts and conclusions are then broken down into opinions that I can swallow. Many of my own opinions are bitter, sour or tasteless. Improving the taste of my opinions of others requires improving my opinion of me. I learn new things about myself each day. Self-ignorance doesn't frighten me anymore.

I love me more this way. There isn't a recipe for being me that I have to follow. There isn't a pattern or formula others can give me. I'm becoming the way I am because I'm in a partnership with God. I hear the angels sing when I walk into a room. That's what puts a smile on my face when I meet new people. I certainly don't smile because of the anxious looks on their faces.

Who I Was

I was a social outcast. Think of me as having an acne-filled face and an overweight body within. Think of me as not only having ugly features on the inside, but missing limbs including the worst of all possible physical disabilities – a small penis.

That's what it felt like having to be me. On the outside, I was a combination of features and faults, just like every other boy who wanted to grow up to become a man. But on the inside, I was a Frankenstein monster who I worried would terrify the villagers.

I was a love addict like Frankenstein's monster. I just wanted people to cherish me as I was. I wanted to marry the handsomest man in the world. I wanted a life of romance. I wanted love and devotion. I wanted to have my dream and a dreamy guy to live out life with me and only me.

But deep down inside I felt like a frog, and I thought everybody could see how I felt about myself without having to croak. Until I finally got up the nerve to kiss myself, I remained a cold-blooded reptile at heart. I held a deep yearning inside to turn into a prince, but I spent most of my life secretly looking for another frog who'd done the same.

There are billions of frogs out there. And there are billions of frogs who'd love to be in a lasting relationship with a prince or princess. But there are very few princes who've moved through their own cynicism to do so. If you aren't a frog that's kissed yourself, fallen in love with yourself and declared that your loyalty and devotion will always be first, and foremost, to yourself, you'll never meet another [wo]man who thinks as you do.

Last Night's Dream

Last night I dreamt I was flying. I've had many dreams in which I fly. What I find the most thrilling about them is when I'm flying over mountainous terrain and the earth suddenly falls off, leaving a cliff with a crevice below that I can simply look down upon without falling into it. A dream such as this is a sign from God that I'm getting stronger spiritually.

When flying over big cities in my dreams, I now have to fly especially high because people on the ground are trying to shoot me down. They hate me being able to do something they can't. They want to watch me fall like Icarus. They want to ridicule every Jew who gets too close to the Son.

Some people suffer from ***wing*** envy, not ***penis*** envy. They wish they could do what I can do, but they've received no instruction on how to do so. They can't even tell me how to digest food-for-thought, but they'll swear on the Bible that ***I'm*** full of you-know-what!

My ability to fly spiritually is innate. I was born this way. My first orgasm was like wings emerging from my back. I love to spread my wings and fly.

As a teenager I yearned to fly higher. As a young man I spread my legs in bed with men. We were like swans making love. Intellectually, they'll never be able to bring me down. But emotionally, I've had to learn how to land. I've had to learn how to plant my feet on the ground.

In truth, I suffer from jealousy. I wish I was taller with smooth skin, thin legs and a longer penis. Many of the men I went to bed with I wasn't much attracted to. I really wanted to look like them, so I could attract the men I was really interested in sleeping with.

Wishing to have what other men were blessed with was a curse at first. There was no end to the life-giving semen in their penises that I hoped would give me what I thought I

was missing. Over time, I began to realize the difference between ***jealousy*** and ***lust***.

I don't want to have any other man's body. I'm too old to fantasize about worshipping Adonises. I now dream of figuratively filling men with the life-giving elixir within me.

Lust led me to ***love***. Love led me to ***drink***. Drink led me to seek spirituality over liquid ***spirits***. And spirituality led me to my dream of having sex with ***God***.

Trying Something New

I finally realized that the way for me to embrace lust and give up jealousy was to go from a bottom to a top. So, I looked for a hungry bottom who didn't need a big penis to make him happy. I looked for a guy who needed someone who wanted the elixir of life pumped into him regularly; a cum that was potent enough to satisfy him in wonderous ways. In exchange, I then learned from him how to ***give*** rather than ***take***.

That became the beginning of the great adventure Will and I enjoy. He taught me how to give. He opened my Jewish heart to loving myself. The more I learn to love ***me***, the more I like ***him***.

It's not a miracle. In fact, what we've done is pretty commonplace. If you're Christian, once you can ***love*** Jesus, you can learn to ***like*** more Jews. Once you can ***love*** yourself for ***liking*** us, there's no end to the love you'll then tap into in loving more of yourself.

When I was young, I got screwed over by some of my tricks. They left me with a souvenir inside that did nothing to make me feel good about myself. They only taught me to dream about finding a boyfriend who could help me.

It's not like there's a paucity of good men out there. The problem was that I was trying to solve my problem from the outside in, rather than from the inside out. When ***I*** turned out to be the guy who could help me, I was ***shocked!*** I presumed help had to come from the outside in.

I attempted to kill myself literally. But people are doing so figuratively day-after-day over a lifetime. And some of them are succeeding in ways that make getting old gruesome, painful and very unappealing.

One of my friends is obese. She was repeatedly raped by her father as a girl. She's spent a lifetime struggling to love herself. She uses food as a weapon the way I used my anus as a weapon. We both filled ourself with much more than we

needed. There are others who seek self-help through alcohol, drugs, gambling or work.

"I thank You, God for helping me help myself. I had to give up giving up on me. There's so much bitterness in this world. But there was even more bitterness in me. I couldn't do it alone. I needed Your help."

Now I consider every person I meet a good book brought to me by our Teacher; a book intended for me to peruse. I don't have to judge every book only by its cover anymore. Nor do I have to read dirty magazines who are walking around on two legs.

Now I look for the mystery in me that I can discover by reading every ***book*** and ***pamphlet*** brought to me. Everyone is an opportunity for me to learn a little more about myself.

A Side

A new Kinsey study shows that only 35% of gay men like to engage in anal sex. In 2001, 31% of gay men engaged in anal sex with an expectation of that rising to 42% by 2023. More recent studies suggest that participation remains high with 39% of women and 45% of men engaging in anal sex. [Internet]

Most gay men are ***sides***, not ***tops*** or ***bottoms***. They like intimacy, touching and cuming without anal penetration. I think that's crazy! What's the point of cuming ***with*** a gay man when you could be cuming ***in*** one or have one cum in ***you***?...

My preferences with regard to sex are opinions I feel strongly about... I don't see the point in having sex with women without vaginal intercourse, either. If straight prudes feel strongly about their opinions on sex, why shouldn't I?

How do gay men expect to make an inner baby with their boyfriend?... How does the top expect to figuratively create a little boy who'll grow up to love him like a father? How does the bottom expect to create a little girl who'll grow up to love him like a mother?

My father wanted a son. My mother wanted a daughter. They both got their wishes. The fact that my mother was happier with me than my father isn't my fault. My father should have asked God why He gave him a gay son. My father claimed to believe in God. They just weren't on speaking terms. That's not true about me.

If you're a bottom and your boyfriend doesn't infuse the necessary life-giving semen to produce a child in you, the two of you may grow old without an inner child to share your relationship with… There's no need for any couple to be childless in the psychological sense. I say be creative. Produce inner children in both of you!...

What's the point of gay sex if it isn't to make babies figuratively? I just don't understand today's generation!... I know I shouldn't judge, but when it comes to sex, it's the head of my penis, not the head on my shoulders, that does my thinking for me…

Because of the dark age I grew up in, I couldn't talk about sex the way I can today. I screwed myself over for a lifetime. I ingested my own cum unconsciously and ultimately succeeded in making my own baby. My inner child now loves me like no other person on the planet. I'm the inner parent to the greatest kid that's ever not been born. And it was God Who made it all possible. Without His curious obsession with diversity, there wouldn't be people like me in this world in the first place.

I'm not the first man to figuratively bear a child. Men do it all the time. I think professional sportsmen and soldiers all go through P.T.S.D. until they penetrate themself so deeply with a desire to heal that they have an inner child who participates with them in achieving their goals.

I don't think the science of psychology is advanced enough to talk about this because they haven't addressed the combination of sex and spirituality. They insist on keeping God out of their mind when studying the human condition.

I think that's unhealthy. Most people believe in God. Most people believe in the concept of an inner child. Most people like sex. And most people yearn for a more spiritual lifestyle that will balance the pressure of daily living.

A Most Peculiar Man

Paul Simon wrote a song called, "A Most Peculiar Man." It's about a loner who kills himself. It's a sad song that suggests we should feel sorry for peculiar people in the hopes that they then won't feel so lonely, neglected, rejected, abandoned, betrayed and ignored. Perhaps Simon was implying that people wouldn't try so hard to kill themself if we treated them a little nicer.

I like to think that song was written about me and was sung for me. And yet, nobody ever came along to relieve me of my loneliness or tried to compliment me for my peculiarity. My feelings of abandonment continued well into middle age when Larry betrayed me by having Jim give him something I didn't have [a big penis]. The two of them were already physically sick. I think they both knew they were both going to die in middle age.

But I couldn't see it from their point of view. I saw Larry as selfish. But I was selfish in a whole other way. Looking death in the face must have changed things for him and Jim immensely.

Becoming a writer to right myself by learning how to edit what I think and say wasn't my idea. It was an idea from God that made its way through my spiritual system without me paying much attention to it at first. It was food-for-thought that suddenly popped out of me that I didn't even know had been inside me all along.

I ***loved*** my parents, but I didn't ***like*** them. I loved my siblings, but I didn't like them, either. I loved Larry, but I didn't end up liking him. I loved myself, but after trying to kill myself three times, I couldn't honestly say that I liked me without doing things in the external world to prove that I was worthy of a high opinion of myself.

I don't believe Larry and Jim died with high opinions of themselves. I pity them for that reason. I do hope to die with

a high opinion of myself. I seem to like me more each day thanks to improvements in the way I treat others and myself.

I'm always worried that I'll die of a broken heart like my father or having lost my mind like my mother. I worry about taking their roads to the bitter end. But maybe that's important in changing my future. I hope so.

I'm ignored by literary agents and publishers, but, at last, I can't see it from their side. They only want to publish a book that will make them money. No one is interested in having a like affair with others and a love affair with themself. That goes against everything Hollywood stands for.

I haven't bothered to self-publish any more of my books, and I've taken all my previous books out of circulation on Amazon. Nothing I've written is presently available anywhere except on my website.

There are conspiracies I can see floating around in the world. But I know that the only way for me to break through them is by breaking through the conspiracy theories I'm withholding from myself with denial.

Moving further ***into*** my closet to come ***out*** of the closet with greater truth about the meaning of my life is now my highest priority. The world will have to turn without me pushing in some ways and pulling in other ways. I can't change others. I can only change me.

I can now see that my parents hid the pain and suffering they went through as Jews in Europe during the Second World War. I can see that my siblings did the same.

On the other hand, how could they reveal the horrors they experienced? They must have suppressed much of it just to maintain their sanity. I now believe that we all suffer P.T.S.D. to varying degrees. But after 2,000 years of hatred from Christians and 1,400 years of hatred from Muslims, Jews must persevere in exploring ourselves as a tribe created by God with good reason, despite the horrible conditions in this world.

Preservation as a tribe isn't enough. We must become curious to know why God created each of us in His image as described in Genesis, and why He created others in other images of Himself, as well.

I loved my parents. But I also hated them. They were good to me, but they also crippled me. I honored them as it says to do in the 5th Commandment, but I also dishonored them by doing as I pleased.

I'm not going to apologize for who I am. I'm a gay, Jewish American. My parents weren't gay or born American. We only had our Jewishness in common.

My identity is determined by my sexuality, my religion and my nationality. All three characteristics are vital to me being honest [head], sincere [heart] and authentic [soul].

The conspiracy I can now see clearly is how I've avoided this truth. I tried to fit in by pretending I'm like others. I'm not. I'm unique. I'm different. I'm peculiar. And I'm not ashamed of any of any of it anymore.

Some people express their differences with clothes, hair styles and tattoos. Others choose a career to single themself out as special. Some make babies to carve a human being in their image. And some choose a relationship with God to glorify their presence.

This world doesn't do much to help people like me achieve acceptance. Personally, I think everything is about sex and beauty. Climaxes should be sweet and salacious. But having the same warm body in my bed every night, farting and snoring, will always be my idea of a romantic night in.

I don't need candles to make love to my boyfriend. I don't need romantic music. I just need hard-core lust that grows year after year after year. I need to feel that each time is better than the first time. I need to feel that the next time will be better than the last time. I need it hot! I need it deep. I need to make one figurative baby with him after another. And I need it all to happen with God watching us.

I'm a most peculiar man. I tried to kill myself three times, but God just seems to insist that I continue on my journey of self-discovery.

I didn't make me this way. ***God*** made me this way. ***He*** made me gay. ***He*** made me Jewish. ***He*** made me American.

I'm ***odd*** on the inside and as ***oval*** as an egg with a chick inside it on the outside. I'm not square. I have a lot to say about growing up in America at a time when being ***cool*** became synonymous with becoming ***cold***. I'm emotionally hot in some ways and emotionally cold in other ways. If you threaten me, I freeze up inside. If you befriend me, I warm up inside. My inner thermostat couldn't be any easier to describe than that.

I'm content with who I am and how things have turned out because I run hot and cold on the inside to stay this cool on the outside. If you don't like gays or Jews or Americans, you can engorge your penis, cut it off and shove it up your ass. Screw yourself! I'm not concealing my identity any longer. I'm out of the closet, and I have no intention of going back in it. You'll have to kill me if you don't like me. I'm not going to kill myself for anybody's sake anymore.

If you don't like the way God made ***me***, I completely understand because I'm sure you don't like the way He made ***you***, either. Get over yourself, and you'll probably find me a hell of a lot more attractive! Life's too short to waste your time resisting reality.

Reality, for the most part, is going to remain a mystery for us all. The Civil War was a war to prove to our Jewish ***forefathers*** in this country that having slaves was a bad idea to begin with, even if God allowed for it in the Book of Leviticus.

The sexual revolution of the '60's was a war to prove to ***modern*** Jews then that gay life is grand even if God said He abhorred it 3,400 years ago in Leviticus. For some strange reason, everyone feels the need to prove their righteousness to the Jews. The Christians are now divided between those

who want to prove us right and those who want to prove us wrong. This only muddles and mystifies ignorant Muslims.

Reality doesn't usually go the way you want it to. Reality has a mind of its own because reality is a reflection of God's will. If you don't like the way things look, change ***yourself***. Be all that ***you*** can be. Do all that ***you*** can do. And by all means, talk about it openly and fearlessly.

Defying your reality will only make you miserable. Plan for the worst. Hope for something better without expectation of how that will turn out. And compare and contrast one to the other on a daily basis.

Fortunately, there's so much more to reality than just what people talk about. There are animals, plants, places and things. There's land, sea and sky. And there's faith. You don't have to believe in the nonsensical dogmas of organized religion. You can still believe in God. You'll find God in your breastplate where you're developing your conscience. Keep Him out of your head, heart and soul. Use your thoughts, feelings and beliefs to carve out a conscience between your two nipples, below your Adam's apple.

You don't have to go to an institution of faith to find Him there. You'll find them focused on standing in synagogues, kneeling in churches and prostrate on the floor in mosques. You can combine all three positions in your imagination. Save exercise for the gym.

I love reality. I particularly love getting through ***pain*** and ***suffering*** to appreciate the ***guilt*** that comes of self-ignorance. Every time I become a little wiser to my previous intentions, I fall more deeply in love with ***hope***. And hope, as we all know, rejuvenates ***faith***.

How I Love Myself

There's no one way to love myself with faith in myself and God. I have a head full of thoughts that are often in conflict with my heart full of feelings. I have a soul that holds beliefs that are in conflict with some of my thoughts and feelings. So, I try to weigh my thoughts against my feelings to come to the best possible decisions in my conscience about how to behave. This helps me transcend the beliefs I hold in my soul.

But that's not always how I act because my penis, like a thumb, is always pressing on the scale. My urges emanate out of my testicles. My desires are positive [+]. They cum from my right testicle. My wants are negative [-]. They cum from my left testicle. The combination of the two requires evidence from outcomes in the external world to help me learn how to be more sensible.

I also have a navel that contemplates having been born of woman, just like every other human being on the planet. Man isn't [x + y], and woman isn't [x + x]. We all got an x or a y chromosome from our father that gave us our gender. But what we got from our mother wasn't an x. I call it z. Men are a mysterious combination of [y + z]. Women are a mysterious combination of [x + z]. Solving for our z factor will bring up feelings that there are conspiracies running us. God made us this way, half man, half woman. If you don't want to learn about the feminine side of yourself, you're going to cause suffering.

Everyone knows that women are more intuitive, peace-loving and cooperative than men. If you don't explore your z factor, the x or y side of you is going to dominate your personality, and you're going to become difficult to live with.

We need ***science*** to advance our ability to achieve ***physical*** comforts. But we also need ***religion*** to advance our ability to achieve ***spiritual*** comforts. If you insist on

behaving in antiquated ways over what it means to be a man or a woman, you're facing the past. You're going forward backwards. You're not looking at where you're going, but where you've been. You're going into the future the wrong way. What's more you're going too slowly.

Men are heroic when they reveal the feminine side of themself. Women are heroic when they reveal the combination of both sides of themself. But we're all heroic when we become more than a bust of ourself. When we come down from our head, heart and soul to our navel, where we can contemplate the mystery and miracle of coming out of a woman, we see the first wound we received in life. This became the first scar on our body. When you know this much about yourself, you discover how much you have in common with everyone else. You stop hating gays and Jews. You stop the conspiracies that claim we deserve to be treated less admirably than you.

Below my waist, I have a penis with urges [+] and impulses [–] that have a mind of their own. Out of the mouth of that penis cums the juice in my fruits. And beneath them lies an anus that doubles down by wanting to have it both ways.

The anus is a door that opens in two directions. Religion tells you to use that door only one way. Modernity and the urges that emanate out of your genitals call to you to explore the forbidden. Nothing is more forbidden than your anus. This is the dark corridor that every linguistic, nationalistic and religious group of people on the planet are afraid of.

The orthodox Jews are terrified of anal intercourse because they fear it will lead to sex in synagogues. The Christians and Muslims are no less primitive. They think all hell will break loose if God finds out they're using the back door to enter, not just to leave, the building.

Loving myself requires acknowledging ***all*** the forces within me. I'm not just one voice. I'm many voices. But the

more I learn to recognize and honor each of them, the more pride I develop in being me with myself before God.

My inner world is turning into an aristocracy. There are many voices in me, but they all serve One King. My outer world is turning into a democracy. We all get a voice in the outcomes of the world we share. But I'm not going to allow the world of superstitious, religious terrorists to impede me.

Israel is real. The Muslims must give up their claim to our land. Gay love is real. The religious world must give up their claim of heterosexual superiority. And America is real. The land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] now emanates out of San Francisco, not Jerusalem, Rome or Mecca anymore. This is the apex on Earth. There isn't any place closer to Heaven than here.

The rainbow of emotional colors in my heart describes the range from rage [***red***]; agony [***orange***]; fear [***yellow***]; jealous and envy [***green***]; and grief [***blue***]; to majesty through mystery [***indigo***]; and ecstasy [***violet***]. This is why the LGBTQIA+ [***lavender***] community uses the rainbow as our flag. This is why our hopes spring eternal despite what people do to us and say about us.

My Catholic boyfriend isn't easy to ***love***. But I ***like*** him immensely. He's good for me. He challenges me to become a better gay, Jewish American. He gives to me in myriad ways that I could never give to myself. He's a match made in Heaven. The Teacher gave me an amazing study partner. My grades have improved so much since we joined forces.

The problems of being in a couple with Will are small. The rewards in being in a couple with Will are great. Therefore, we stay together like parakeets on a perch. Our sex life has become a great joy to me. The more I discover how much he likes me, the more passionately I discover how much I like him.

But I don't use the word "love" to describe my relationship to anyone other than me and God. I honored my father and mother by not killing them. [5th Commandment] I

honored my sister by not killing her. [charity] And I honored my first boyfriend by not letting him kill me. [vengeance]

I'm learning everything I need to know about honor from God. And because of that, I've made my way through the Ten Commandments to Christ's Two. I now love myself, and I share all the love I can spare with God.

Ultimately, nobody's grades are going on my report card except my own. When I worry that someone's grades are making their way onto my report card, I seek justice, not vengeance. I use the power and experience of the Jewish people in conjunction with my gay thrust on life to beseech The Teacher to help me help myself improve my grades. I'm not waiting for old rabbis with smelly anuses in Jerusalem to clean up my act. I don't brown nose anybody. And I certainly don't rim the religious in politics to make them seem squeaky clean.

The more I use my boyfriend to come to better know me, the more useful he is to me. But he has his own assignments, spot quizzes and tests. He'll graduate with his own degree. And his degree won't be in being me.

I have terrible memories of my school days growing up. And I'm making magnificent memories of the sex mixed with spirituality I'm enjoying with my boyfriend today.

God is my Teacher in this school for fools. That's why I'm a confirmed believer in God. I know He has no problem with my sexuality. You wouldn't insist that your guests enter your house using your front door and leave using the back door. Why wouldn't you look at your body as your domicile. Why wouldn't you see your body as a combination of vehicle and home like a R.V.? [recreational vehicle]

I feel that my grades have been improving steadily since I got my head out of my ass. I feel that existential loneliness has dissipated into something I'd now describe as: ***solitude***. I wouldn't exactly call what I enjoy: ***happiness***. I'd call it: the ***pride*** that comes in learning how to make ***learning*** fun.

My life is bittersweet. I find ***joy***, the combination of happiness and sorrow, to be the outcome of all those experiences I take to heart. I don't want to pretend to be happy. I want to express the joy I glean from living life like a successful student in a school.

How I Love My Life

Search for Mr. Right for as long as you live. You'll never be disappointed because that search will, over time, become internalized. Whether or not you come to love Jesus, you can always actualize the search for Him by loving you.

Liberate yourself by liberating the world. ***Give*** in order to ***receive***. The more you invest in the spiritual wellbeing of everyone, the more you'll receive a portion of the capital gains of this world as bestowed upon each and every one of us by God.

Love your youth forever. You won't be able to literally remain young most of your life, but the more you invest in your body to keep it in good shape, the more you'll feel young as you grow old. That will keep the child in you alive and well. That will make parenthood an internal experience that will earn you dividends every day of your life.

Love your body regardless of its imperfections. It doesn't matter how you feel about ***it***. Your feelings can change even if your body can't. Whether you hate the size of your penis, hips, chest, belly, arms, nose etc., you can learn to change your relationship to them. You are, after all, a ***you*** in an **it** [a spirit in a vehicle]. As your relationship to your ***spirit*** changes, so will your relationship to your ***body***.

Your body is a gift given purposefully to you for a limited period of time depending on a timing none of us can fathom or predict. Your body is going to change over time. You can already see that in retrospect. So, you should be able to predict that your body will disappoint you down the line.

Other people have disappointed you in the past. There's no reason to believe that your body won't do so, too. Plan accordingly. Pain is real, but suffering is also real. Emotional suffering is actually physically painful. Most people don't tell you that. You may be masking emotionally caused ***pain*** by calling it ***suffering***. They're one and the same.

Celebrate your inexorable move toward death as a graduation from the greatest school we know of in the universe. Enrollment here is a privilege that will be enhanced with joy in dying slowly and meaningfully day-by-day.

The meaning of life is to give life meaning. I've just given you the greatest reason to live. If you just want to play games while you're here, you'll discover that the games you play with others will, over time, turn into lessons from The Teacher that you'll find very challenging.

Seek inspiration every minute of every day regardless what you're doing. There's no point in simply existing. Live life to its fullest by witnessing it from within. As soon as you lose yourself in the external world, you lose a little meaningfulness. Your life becomes a little less valuable.

School is always in session on the inside, regardless of what's going on on the outside. Therefore, love yourself conditionally, unconditionally. Seek wisdom. Seek loyalty to The One Who gave you life by investing yourself in both your worlds. The betterment of the next generation depends on how deep you go into your closet.

Lastly, love yourself and no one else but God. The joy you'll receive from others will only augment the love you've attained from being you.

The Way to a Man's Heart

The way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach. That's just nonsense. My boyfriend is a great cook and a terrific baker. But it's not what he concocts in the kitchen that appeals to me enough to keep his warm body in my bed.

The way to a man's heart isn't through his penis. That's just nonsense, too. What my boyfriend does for me in the bedroom is amazing! But that's not how he wormed his way into my heart.

Every man has a roving eye. How many men can maintain their vow of monogamy with their partner, whether male or female? If it were just a matter of satisfying the needs of their penis, men wouldn't look elsewhere for someone to capture their heart.

By now, I hope you realize that most men are as greasy as chicken soup. Their head, heart and soul have turned into a boiled concoction of concepts and conclusions that have been thrown into a pot and simmered on low heat for decades. When you take a sip of their soup, you realize that everything tastes the same. Most of it has the texture and sogginess that comes from mindless agreements with the lowest common denominator they were cooked in by their religious institution. Consequently, they're manipulative and scheming with themself inside, often without even knowing it. They can't trust another living soul even if they claim to have a conscience that guides them.

This is one of the conspiracies you've got to uncover in yourself to discover about everyone. We're coming out of many millennia of religious dogma into a modern world that needs to adjust our thinking about how God made us.

God is teaching us to do more from within than throw all our thoughts, feelings and beliefs into a pot full of holy water and then boil ourselves over our lifetime. I don't want chicken soup in my soul. I'd much rather serve myself a

chicken salad sandwich on Jewish rye with a dill pickle on the side. Maybe even a side of coleslaw…

The way to a man's ***heart*** is definitely ***not*** through his stomach, even though that adage has practically risen to the height of the Golden Rule. The way to a man's ***soul*** is through his stomach. Soul food isn't just for Black people anymore.

Is it any wonder that if you give a man a gun without requiring him to pass a test and maintain a license to ensure he's mentally and emotionally capable of using it responsibly, he's going to pull the trigger at the least little provocation? Men confuse their penis with big, black guns that they yearn for to make up for what they got between their legs. They yearn to hold something in their hands that will make them feel more powerful. They yearn to pierce this world with what they hold deep down where the Son don't shine.

The truth is that the way to a man's ***heart*** is through his ***funny bone***. A man who can't get people to laugh at his jokes isn't going to believe that they care about him. He isn't going to trust anyone, not even himself. Everyone wants to be a Jewish comedian. Every man wants to prove to the world that he's a good sport, even if he has a bent wrist that makes him look like a gurly girl when he throws a ball.

Men secretly wish everyone would laugh ***with*** them. They don't want to be made fun of, chided, ribbed, ridiculed or taunted. That makes them feel excluded, peculiar and weird. They want to be relieved of the pressure of thinking they're hopelessly damaged, sick, twisted and different from their fellow man.

Men especially want other ***men*** to laugh with them. They don't want to be humiliated. Humiliation is God's department. That's what our Gardener does to men who can't laugh at themself or at where He planted them to take root and grow.

God was described by Moses as a gardener. Metaphorically speaking, God created a garden called Eden and planted us in it like trees. But God is a Gardener and a Comedian. Then He told us that we could eat from any tree except the tree of knowledge. Each of us is ***that*** tree! Each of us feels forbidden unto ourself.

It was a ***joke***! If you have no sense of humor, you're going to take the words of Moses ***too*** seriously. Wake up and smell the coffee, bacon and the cinnamon rolls that are baking in the oven. It's not what you literally avoid eating that matters so much as what you figuratively avoid biting into, chewing on, swallowing and digesting. What figuratively comes out of you is what matters!

If you don't have a conscience guiding your head, heart and soul, you won't ***respond*** to stimuli. You'll ***react*** to it.

If you're a normal man with an average-sized funny bone, you'd love for people to laugh at the jokes you make about yourself. If you think your life is amusing, and you try to describe your predicaments to others, the least people can do is laugh at your comments to make you feel a bit more human and humane.

I'm reminded of the British, prominent chef and food critic who later become known to a wider audience as a television and radio personality: Clement Freud, the grandson of Sigmund Freud. He told jokes as a Jewish, standup comedian in which his delivery was even funnier than his punch lines.

Clement Freud had an unusual ***affect*** which produced an unusual ***effect***. He spoke in a monotonous voice, as though he was in a catatonic state with no ability to appreciate his own existential circumstances because he was so deeply submerged in them. He appeared to have no sense of humor at all. It was as if he couldn't hear or reflect on what he was saying. Here is one of his jokes:

"My uncle owned a glass factory. He fell in. He made a spectacle of himself."

I've written 23 books before this one. They were all comic books if you ask me. They were all amusing because they described how deep a stupor I was in until I learned more about how God had made me in one of His myriad images.

I made a spectacle of myself in my youth by not understanding more about the nature of reality. My parents had been so traumatized by their understanding of reality that ***I*** was crippled because ***they***'d been crippled.

Recent studies by the Hebrew University of Jerusalem have shown that the children of Holocaust survivors were at a far greater risk of developing schizophrenia, the diagnosis I was given at Bellevue Hospital in New York in 1976.

Don't make a spectacle of yourself! Don't fall into your life. Walk in slowly one step at a time. Life is like a glass factory. You won't be able to see what you're doing unless you reach one of your own edges where distortion becomes quite real.

You must learn about the nature of the glass around you within you. You must look courageously through it. You've got to be told that there's something invisible between you and the world. Everyone is in their own bubble. But those who don't suffer from schizophrenia and other severe forms of mental illness don't understand this separation between them and others because "normal" people refuse to talk about this aspect of reality.

People make a spectacle of themself because they don't see that they're as fragile as glass. They laugh at others who shatter. But it isn't so funny when it happens to you.

There are, in my opinion, serious problems with the perception of reality in the 21st Century that we're not using the 20th Century to recognize and correct.

Hitler was a Catholic, but Christians would like to think that Jesus [perhaps the first openly gay Jew] would forgive even Hitler. Many Christians I've met expect to meet Hitler in Heaven. They believe God forgives us for everything.

And Muslims expect to meet all the martyrs who killed gays and Jews in Paradise.

I've got news for both of them. God ***loves*** everybody, but He doesn't ***like*** everybody. Do you? Hell is filled with people God doesn't like. It's got nothing to do with His love for His creation.

Life is a school, but if you think that those of us who are busting our balls to get good grades expect everyone to get the rewards we anticipate after life, you're crazier than I was… There are consequences in life for bad behavior. If you don't expect there to be consequences for bad behavior after life, you're not thinking clearly.

There may not be literal places called "Heaven" and "Hell," but pedophiles, homophobes and Jew killers won't be with the rest of us. That includes some Catholic priests, Nazis, anti-Zionists who've devoted themselves to the destruction of the State of Israel, and, of course, thieves. God knows how to slice His pie. Don't worry about doing it for Him. Just work on your own grades and keep your nose clean.

There will be many rich people in Heaven. But there will be many more in Hell. It's got nothing to do with money, and everything to do with honey. I'm a billionaire. If you compared me to Elon Musk, you'd see how wealthy I am and how impoverished he is.

Reality will teach Muslims that gays and Jews have as much right to live as everyone else. The rainbow God sent Noah was first described in Torah. But the hope He brought the world is as much for gays and Jews as for you and your loved ones.

I've got even worse news for you. There are many names for God. You don't get to choose the names people decide to use for God. The only thing you get to do is tell them that doing things in God's name had better be in everybody's best interest, or they're going to find themselves with lessons in life or afterwards that will be very unpleasant.

If you're getting splashed with other people's hot chicken soup, get out of their way. Chicken salad sandwiches are so much more enticing. The Israelites took 40 years in the desert searching for a good chicken salad sandwich... Get thee to a deli!...

What happened as the result of my feelings of literary failure is that my humor got shriller and sharper over the years. When you have to explain that your jokes are hysterically funny, you lose your audience. When you have to tell people that their cynicism is so thick that they can't make their way through their own darkness, you don't get the laughs you were hoping for. Your jokes become instructive, not entertaining. You no longer feel funny until others can see what a spectacle they've made of themselves. You may even feel like the joke's been on you. You may worry that you've turned into a shard, a sliver, a splinter or a fragment of who you could have been.

That feeling is called: ***humiliation***. That's not something any one person is doing to you. That's God's lesson plan for ***your*** curriculum alone that you can learn to laugh about if you're adequately educated about the meaning of life. That's when you become humorous on an existential level of awakening that's personal, profound and intimate.

Clearly, if the joke's on ***all*** of us, then everybody ought to be laughing. But we're not. A lot of people are getting meaner and less patient by the day. Meanwhile, I'm giggling inside because so many are missing the punch lines.

I laugh at well-educated, middleclass parents who won't wear a mask or get a vaccine and who defy their local board of education by ignoring national health standards for their kids – while their kids are fine with following new rules to keep everybody safe. I think that's going to lead to a poetic justice that will leave a lot of people doubled over in a belly laugh that will be very painful when the younger generation looks back on this pandemic.

Today's gay community gets to look back on our epidemic [AIDS] before everyone's pandemic [COVID]. We saw how many straight people thought God was killing us because we enjoy anal sex. Now we get to see how God is killing everyone just for breathing publicly. I find that amusing. As a student in this school who's gotten pretty lucky so far, I like watching my ignorant classmates scratch their head in wonder.

I think this world is wonderful! I find everything fascinating. I question my Tutor every few minutes about something. But I see most students looking up at the sky with a blank stare, scratching their head, trying to figure out what they're missed.

I think it's hysterical that homeless people are getting vaccinated because they don't want to die, while well-to-do naysayers are walking around without a care in the world about whether they're going to get COVID. If that's not a ***sick*** joke, what is?

Many people strut around fearlessly before their Maker reassuring one another that they're one of the best and finest. They do nothing for their trans neighbor, yet they have a magnificent opinion of themself. They're not the least bit afraid of meeting God [Adonai, Jesus or the Archangel Gabriel] in Person, while people who truly care for others are doing their utmost to stay alive as long as possible. That's a joke, right?

The way to a man's heart is through his funny bone. If you can make him laugh at his worries, failures and losses, you've proved the adage that laughter is the best medicine.

People don't need a pill to deal with mental health crises. What they need is a cast to hold their broken funny bone in place until it heals... If doctors of the soul would focus their attention on sex and spirituality, they'd learn more about the nature of heartache. They'd make their way down from their head, heart and soul to their funny bone, from which all the world's problems arise.

So put your left hand on your hip like Mae West with your funny bone sticking out and put your right hand in your front pocket. And then look in the mirror and laugh at what you're revealing and concealing about yourself.

Patriarchal Consumption

Most people are patriarchal, traditional, conservative and intimidated by life because they want to grow up to be big and strong like daddy. Well, if your daddy was small and weak, what then?

Sadly, people who are like me may still want to grow up big and strong like ***other*** people's daddies. And if you're gay, you may even look for a man who's virile, manly, tall, dark and handsome to substitute for your father who was a disappointment in many ways. You may create a dream of replacing your father with a guy who'll not only protect you from this terrifying world. He'll also hug you, hold you and infuse the life-giving force within himself into you.

I supposed some straight guys are just as disappointed in their mother and wish to infuse the life-giving force within themself into a woman who they believe won't fail them like their mother did. And I suppose the definition of a bisexual is someone who had two messed up parents, not one.

Perhaps you've noticed that when you get really scared and guilt ridden you involuntarily swallow hard. Swallowing your saliva is a poetic way of telling yourself through body language that you yearn for your own semen, the life-giving force within ***you***. You don't want your father's semen. You don't want your mother's milk. You want something to quench a thirst that can't be put into words.

Growing up from a boy who looked around for models of courage in others - into a man who's looking for it in himself is about finding ways to figuratively infuse yourself with things that make you feel alive, virile and manly.

Most men choose money, power and prestige to do so. They chase the almighty dollar, a job with status and a trophy wife to help them prove they can be a dad to another little boy, one who they hope will turn out like them. And they usually get what they're seeking, albeit at a terrible cost to

their heart and soul, to say nothing of what it does to ruin family dynamics and the environment.

Most Americans are car crazy. If they put the kind of attention they give to their car into themself, they'd do a lot better. Filling yourself up with food is like filling your car up with gas. Changing your clothes is like changing your oil. And washing your body is like washing your car.

Think about how much fun you could have with your body if you treated it like an automobile. Having someone inside you in bed could be like a joy ride around town or out in the country.

Men don't mind looking under their hood if they've been taught a thing or two about psychological mechanics. But few want to deal with their muffler. This is why so many men backfire.

In sports, the holes men obsess over getting the ball into would be associated with sex if men were more imaginative and playful. The secret to making a homerun doesn't just depend on your bat. It depends on keeping your eye on the meaning of having two balls, one internal and one external.

Most straight men don't want to play ball with gay men because gay men remind straight men more about the meaning of balls than they care to think about. That's a pity. That limits the options for success in competitive men because they don't want to engage the bat, the club or the racket to move the ball a great distance; over the net; or in the hole.

The same is true about weapons. The same is true about the political body. Old people shouldn't be running games, corporations, governments or armies. They're just too sexually and spiritually inhibited. We need younger people running the world because there are fewer homophobes in the younger generation.

Becoming a ***man*** in the sexual/spiritual sense of the word means that you're not only proud of what you've produced

around you, but also what you've achieved within. Get real! You have the hope you have thanks to the gays and Jews who model what hope means to be hated more than all others.

Christians and Muslims are competing over God's attention. Meanwhile, the gays and the Jews are just trying to survive in a world of giants who'd crush us if they could.

There's a part of a man who's a woman. There's a part of a man who's a child. There's even a part of a man who's a devil and an angel in disguise. You're a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. Don't hide from your own truth. You're virtuous and angelic in many wonderful ways. But you have fantasies about living happily ever after that will lead you to feelings of betrayal and tears.

Once you learn about all the parts of your spiritual operating system, the stand-up comedy begins. I call this exploration of reality "my daily routine." I never know from one day to the next what my curriculum in the school of life will look like. The Teacher is constantly bringing me new ideas to ponder old conspiracies that I have to pierce with my penis or funny bone.

I don't have a sword between my legs. I have a penis. It has no sharp edge and it isn't serrated. I have to use my penis to turn other penises into plowshares. I can only do that figuratively. But that's the agenda God has given me.

I'm ***like*** a tree in a garden. And I'm ***like*** a car with a magnificent joy stick. The God I believe in is ***like*** a gardener. And He's is ***like*** a grease monkey. If God is just a burning bush that speaks to you, a man nailed to a cross or a rock you walk in circles around – I've got bad news for you.

You need more than metaphors from Moses. You need more than holy symbols from Jesus. You need similes from the Prophet Muhammad. God isn't a Gardener. God is ***like*** a gardener. God isn't a Grease Monkey or a Medical Practitioner. God is ***like*** a mechanic and ***like*** a doctor.

God is ***like*** an elephant, and you're ***like*** a blind man. You may think He's ***like*** a fan when you touch His Ear. You may think He's ***like*** a wall when you touch His Side or ***like*** a rope when you touch His tail. But when you touch His Penis, you'll agree with all the other blind men in this world that God is much more ***like*** the serpent in the Creation Story than you first thought.

There's no such thing as Satan, an angel who turned his back on God. God is everywhere. If you turn away from Him, you'll find yourself facing Him any way you look. God allows evil [-] to promote goodness [+]. If you're not willing to fight for what you believe to be right [+], you won't learn the difference between good [+] and evil [-], right [++] and wrong [--] and better [+++] and worse [---].

[+] has no meaning without [-].

Stop fighting the difference between being a boy or a man. Stop fighting the difference between being male or female. Stop fighting the difference between being a Jew or a gentile. It all boils doing to chicken soup for the soul or a chicken salad sandwich.

Retirement Has No Bells or Whistles

When I was a small child, my mother told me what to do. Life was one long schedule of activities, and she was in charge of them all. Even playing, as every child does, was hard work interrupted only by my mother's agenda, which also fell into the category of work.

When I was a little older and went to school, my teacher told me what to do. Recess and lunch were brief times set aside to play. School was made up of a day filled with learning lessons, and my teacher was in charge of all of them until I came home in the afternoon. Then my mother resumed her job until the next morning when I went back to school to obey the school bell again.

When I got older, I had many teachers. They stayed in their classroom, and I traveled around the school to get to them. And each of my teachers spent an hour of my life each day telling me what to do to ***know*** more and ***do*** more using a regiment separated by even more bells. That was about the time when I began to rebel against my parents and society generally.

My mother was a ***nymphomaniac***. My father was a ***tyrant***. Growing up in a broken home, it was impossible to compare them side by side to see how sick and twisted they both were.

But on his deathbed with little oxygen making its way into his bad heart, my father pulled out his penis and pointed at me in a threatening manner. That's when I realized that I'd been threatened by patriarchal consequences for not obeying men all my life. Him flashing me before meeting his Maker only made the way the patriarchy deals with reality all the more obvious.

And while on a dementia ward in old age, my mother told me a couple of years before she died that it was too bad

there was such a great difference in our ages. She thought we would make a wonderful couple.

My mother was sexually attracted to me. All my life I wondered why I found it so creepy when she hugged and kissed me. I never liked it. When I was old and grey, I realized how unattracted I was to my mother.

In the greater scheme of things and while looking back with sorrow rather than rage, I'd now say that my father used threats of ***murder*** and my mother used threats of ***suicide*** to get me to follow their leads. He was my archetypical ***patriarch***, and she was my archetypical ***matriarch***. And I was the dumb fool caught between them.

My parents were ***damaged*** by the Nazis, but they were also ***sickened*** by family dynamics that continue to this day. Jews, Blacks, gays and Latinx were historically ***damaged*** by Whites worldwide. You can see the difference in that ***damage*** when comparing us to those from Southeast Asia and the Far East. But the ***sickening*** effect of family dynamics is also real and pervasive in societies everywhere.

Muslims have had a sour stomach over gays and Jews for 1,400 years. Their heartburn has reached a level of bubbling feelings in their belly that make what comes out of their mouth reek with bad breath. It's time they change their spiritual diet.

I couldn't shame my parents when they were alive. They were too ***damaged*** by the Nazis to get close enough to touch them where they were broken. I didn't have the heart to tell them they'd been deeply ***sickened*** first by their family upbringing and then further ***damaged*** by White Christians.

I can't say exactly how badly ***sickened*** they were firsthand. I never met any of my grandparents, uncles or aunts. They were all murdered before I was born. But I can see the effects of my parents' family dynamics better now in old age than I could before.

It's only now that I can face my raw feelings about my father and mother that I can associate it with personal

information about how the upbringing of others in the early decades of the 20th Century shaped them. It's only now, after two world wars, that I can review my own sexual and spiritual growth from childhood through puberty into adulthood. I couldn't fully do that while my parents were still alive. It might have taken too great a toll on them. I now see that I had to remain psychologically arrested for their sake while they were still living.

I honored my parents by loving them like a child all the days of their lives. Now I no longer need to do so. Now I can just honor them for what they taught me that was right [+] and unlearn the rest of what they modeled that I can now see was wrong [-]. I don't have to claim to love them anymore. I've grown up and they've died, thank God!

I'm ***thankful*** to my parents; ***appreciative*** of myself; and ***grateful*** to God. But I reserve my ***love*** for me. And although I have greater feelings for my boyfriend than any other person in the world. Neither of us wants to go down the slippery slope of romantic love as presented to the world by Hollywood, Bollywood and Nollywood.

We prefer the sexual intimacy that leads to liking one another. It's easy to love people. It's hard to like 'em. I reserve love for the stranger within me.

Liking my Mr. Hyde wasn't easy for my Dr. Jekyll. The doctor thought he knew everything he needed to know about himself. But he couldn't see the monster within him.

Three suicide attempts not only exposed Mr. Hyde. They exposed my stinking thinking about a lot of things. My fantasy of finding a prince was ridiculous. My fantasy of Larry and I living together in marital bliss built upon straight marriage values was absurd. And my fantasy of being loved by the world for being gay and Jewish was preposterous.

Nobody loves me. I had to do all the hard work of loving myself. Now I know that God loves me and I love. My boyfriend likes me. And the world couldn't care less if live or die. That's reality. That's my truth.

I felt so unsafe around my parents while needing them desperately to address an existential loneliness and angst I once thought only they could fill. As a child, I wasn't given the tools I needed to deal with life after Hitler. I was psychologically crippled into thinking that spiritual issues can only be solved by family. Today I know that there are some issues that can only be solved ***without*** family.

If you want to develop spiritually, you're going to have to develop sexually. You're going to have to come out of the closet. In Hebrew, the word "closet" is used to describe the ***ark*** Noah built; the ***basket*** Moses' mother made to carry him down the Nile; and the ***tabernacle*** the Israelites constructed to carry God from Egypt to Israel.

Today's closet is a metaphor that Harvey Milk, the gay Jew, told the LGBTQIA+ community in San Francisco to come out of. I'm the gay Jew who has expanded the closet metaphor from Torah. Yet, the gay community of today has usurped the pink triangle by denouncing the yellow triangle created by the Nazis. That's very unwise. Do gay people in this country really think that Muslims in the Middle East are going to honor and respect them? They can't even honor and respect Jews! Wake up. Until there's marriage equality in Israel, there's no chance of peace in the Middle East. Israel is the shining light that leads the way.

Once I left home in late adolescence and got a job in the "real" world, there were bells telling me when to start and when to stop. But if I wanted whistles, I had to wait for the weekend to get them.

As a young man, I sought ***freedom*** from chains I couldn't see. I sought ***liberty*** from someone I didn't yet know. And I yearned for ***emancipation*** from a totalitarian system of governance within me that I had no idea then I was subjecting myself to.

My life was scheduled from the day I was born until the day I retired. But now that I'm old [69] and have nowhere to

be, I can tell you that I'm not even in a hurry to walk from one room in my apartment to another. In fact, I force myself to move as slowly as possible to overcome the urge to do anything in a hurry anymore. That's because there's still a voice inside me that insists I have to save ***time*** the way I had to save ***money*** my whole life.

As it turned out, I'm psychologically slow by nature. Schizophrenics create time for ourselves. I move out of my inner world where time moves individually for me as God wants me to experience it to the outer world where time moves collectively as people have agreed to it, whether or not they believe in God.

I'd say that I'm figuratively about 20 minutes behind everybody else and about 20 years ahead of them. I'm a little ***tardy***. Those who take the short bus to school may, in some way, run even slower than me. But all the rest are rushing around like chicks without a head.

On the other hand, I'm 25 years ahead of my generation, 50 years ahead of their children and 75 years ahead of youngsters today. So, time is relative, and my relationship to others reflects my inner sense of timing.

I don't compare myself to you. I don't contrast myself to you. Now that I'm an old cock with an old cock, I can do a lot more with ***it*** than I could before. I only compare and contrast myself to who I was the day before.

When I swear because I lose my keys, forget my mask or misplace my phone, I contradict the voice inside that berates me for getting upset over nothing. It's ***not*** nothing! It's a sign of a loss so great that I have to struggle to put ***it*** in words.

Although there are people in this world who are suffering problems much greater than mine, I celebrate my "champagne problems" with whispered curses under my breath and by brushing away the few crocodile tears I still shed. I never thought ***it*** could get this hard! But I never thought ***it*** could be so worthwhile!

Gratefully, I'm not on a schedule anymore. I've got nowhere to be. Nobody's waiting for me. I'm alone and in good company. There are no bells. And even though there are no whistles either, I look in the mirror while dancing in my garage, and I smile at myself! I love what I look like that the mirror can't see. [I look strong.] I love how I move. [I move gracefully.] I love how I feel. [I feel good about myself.] And I'm not about to ruin this relationship by getting back on anyone's schedule.

I'm in Hawaii [paradise], figuratively speaking. Will painted our garage walls tropical green and put pictures of Hawaii up to remind me of our vacations there. All I have to do is pull out the car, turn on my music and dance. There are mirrors on three walls and a rubber mat on the cement floor. I'm in seventh heaven in my dance studio with an audience of One. All I have to do to escape my body is to dive further down into it.

I'm not going to be in this vehicle on the journey of my life forever. My body is suffering from wear-and-tear that can't be corrected. And the American Psychiatric Association has nothing in the way of sex and spirituality to offer. I'm learning more from Will who's introduced me to pop culture to better understand young people.

I write for young people. I write for the young man in me who needed me when I was his age. I write to fill the hole in my donut. I write for God.

I finally admitted to myself that I'm not immortal. This timed experiment is going to come to an end. If I haven't figured out the meaning of my life by the end, I'll be bitter. The end will be bitter. And I'll leave here very disappointed in myself when I get There, wherever That is.

“You’ve Got a Friend”
by
Carol King

[from Adonai, Jesus or Archangel Gabriel,
the Messenger from God within you,
to you]

When you’re down and troubled
and you need some lovin’ care
and nothin’, nothin’ is goin’ right
close your eyes and think of Me
and soon I will be there
to brighten up even your darkest night.
You just call out My name
and you know, wherever I am
I’ll come runnin’
to see you again.
Winter, spring, summer or fall
all you have to do is call
and I’ll be there.
You’ve got a Friend.
If the sky above you
grows dark and full of clouds,
and that old north wind begins to blow,
keep your head together
and call My name out loud.
Soon you’ll hear Me knockin’ at your door.
You just call out My name
and you know, wherever I am
I’ll come runnin’, runnin’, yeah, yeah
to see you again.
Winter, spring, summer or fall
all you have to do is call
and I’ll be there, yes, I will.

Now, ain't it good to know that you've got a Friend
when people can be so cold?
They'll hurt you, yes, and desert you,
and take your soul if you let them.
Oh, but don't you let them.
You just call out My name
and you know, wherever I am
I'll come runnin', runnin', yeah, yeah
to see you again.
Winter, spring, summer or fall
all you have to do is call,
and I'll be there, yes, I will.
You've got a Friend.
You've got a Friend.
Ain't it good to know you've got a Friend.
Ain't it good to know, ain't it good to know.
Ain't it good to know
you've got a Friend.
Oh, yeah, now, you've got a Friend
yeah baby, you've got a Friend
oh, yeah, you've got a Friend.

Carol King, the king of soul probably had no idea she was singing from the viewpoint of Jesus. Our female, Jewish "King" sang from the heart of the Jewish Prince of peace, and nobody even knew it. All it takes is a few capitalizations and the secret is out: every Jew has the potential to sing with every other.

When I moved to Israel at the age of 18 to dance professionally with Bat-Dor, a modern ballet company, I couldn't get away from my mother and sister fast enough. I couldn't get away from America fast enough. I just didn't realize that I was also running away from me.

A dear friend from L.A. sent me the lyrics to Carol King's "You've Got a Friend" about six months later, and I

burst into tears reading it. I didn't yet know the meaning of the word ***homesick***.

I was ***homesick*** because I was sick ***of*** home and sick ***for*** Home at 18 living alone in Israel. I was surrounded by my people, the Jewish people. I'd gotten my dream job at the age of 18. I was dancing professionally. But I was alone and all on my own for the first time in my life. Not a single person could tell me anymore what to do. Carol King touched me in a place that no other person on the planet could reach me, even in Israel.

I didn't know that I had a friend in Carol King up until then. I'd never heard of her before 1971. And it's only recently that I've been able to say that I have a Friend in Jesus. Jesus is just another name for the God within us. Jews believe in Adonai, the name God revealed to Moses at the Burning Bush. Muslims believe in the Messenger [Archangel Gabriel] who came to Muhammad to inspire him to write the Quran.

I'm not going to fight with anyone over names for God's Messengers. I fought all God's names in my previous books. If you're looking for the outcome of that fight, there's a list of my books at the end of this one.

Straight people in the Abrahamic faiths don't realize our Teacher sent different Tutors to reveal different aspects of His curriculum. As someone designated a pervert by Judaism, Christianity and Islam, I now know that ***I*** need my approve. My approval isn't something I need other people to approve of ***for*** me or ***with*** me.

If you're interested in why God chose the Jews to represent His wisdom, read on. If you're interested in why He chose the Christians to represent His love, I can tell you that. And if you'd like to know why He chose the Muslims to uphold His loyalty before all of humanity, not just to Muslims, I've got that answer, too.

Going Against the Wind

When I lived in Holland from the age of 20-23, I worked at a bank where I got the opportunity to buy a home at a very low mortgage rate. So, I bought a houseboat! But I didn't live on one of those houseboats you see on the canals of Amsterdam. My houseboat was 60 feet long, and it was located on the Schinkle by het Amsterdamse Bos, a lake just outside Amsterdam on the way to Amstelveen. Scores of houseboats are docked there. My boat was on a choice spot at the end of a pier with a view of a forest. On one occasion, I was sitting in my living room listening to Mozart while a family of ducks paddled by my window. My life on my houseboat felt like a dream surrounded by sleep.

There's so much I could tell you about ***Woonboot*** [Dutch: houseboat] ***Dafka*** [Hebrew: ornery]. On cool, summer, late afternoons after work, I'd open a beer and sit out on my front deck, like the captain of my own schooner, surveying the whole world as though I was out at sea. I'd smell the cool air mixed with pine needles and beer. I inhaled centuries of the Low Lands with each breath. I was at the top of the world.

What motivated me to bring up this image is the concept of going against the wind. It was a 30-minute bicycle ride from my houseboat to my job on the Frederiksplein. But it seemed the wind was always at my back going to work. I'd get there in no time.

It was coming home that was difficult. The last bit of roadway past the Olympich Stadion where there were far fewer buildings, I often had to get off my bike and walk against the powerful Dutch wind that has made her windmills so famous.

I've been going against the wind all my life. How do you describe the wind to someone who's blind? It's a force of nature no one who has eyes can even see. Some people are going with it, and some people are going against it. And you

can immediately tell upon meeting them, which way the wind is blowing, in their face or at their back.

I can now say that I'm grateful to God for the parents He gave me. I'm an amazing combination of masculine and feminine characteristics. I've got my mother's distain of humanity and my father's love of God. I've pursued the wisdom the Jews have got in their head; the love Christians have in their heart; and the loyalty to God Muslims hold in their soul. Together, my thoughts, feelings and beliefs have humbled me to become a vehicle of God's grace that I can share with others.

Getting It

What I had a hard time ***getting*** growing up was how deeply emotional, caring and beautiful a person I was. As a young adult, I had a hard time in gay bars because I didn't want to let other men know that I was coming to them from my heart, not my penis. I could fall in love with a man in an instant.

Besides, my mother didn't bring me up to talk from my penis in public. Consequently, I was shy and afraid to speak to men I found attractive. I thought they'd ridicule me if they knew how soft and wet I was.

Once I realized that if I came from my heart with sincerity, the rest was in the other guy's court. He could come to me from his penis if he found me physically good looking. He could come from his heart if he truly found me an interesting person to explore. Or he could simply ridicule me if he came from the hole on the right side of his chest where his soul was supposed to be.

Gay men who behaved like assholes made me feel ashamed of myself for figuratively exposing my feelings to them. Once I realized how to determine where gay men were coming from, I felt more secure in gay society.

I can handle straight and gay assholes now because I know what an emotional, caring and beautiful person I am. I can tell people to "have a nice day" in a way that lets them know I'm looking for a penis that's connected to a head, heart and soul. I'm interested in assholes in the literal sense, not figuratively speaking.

People who behave like assholes don't realize how bad they smell at both ends. Their words stink to high heaven. But now it's so easy to cover my nose and walk around them. I'm not here to wipe anybody's ass or clean up their discourse.

I'm interested in learning about life through the serendipitous lessons The Teacher brings me day-by-day.

Now that I ***get it***, I really can get on with it. My good fortune rests on how I come to class prepared each day having done my homework from the day before, and how I question the God within me by day [my Tutor] and listen to The Teacher during my office hours with Him at night. All the rest is commentary.

Housekeeping

My best friend is 38 years old. He lives in Minneapolis, but I'm his housekeeper, and I live in San Francisco. He calls me when his inner abode is a mess. And I drop everything, run right over, dust the skeletons in his closet and pull back the rug where he sweeps God-awful assumptions about his life under it. I put his opinions away where they belong. And I mop up after he leaves the water running and floods his inner abode with tears.

He's the gay son of a Baptist preacher. He was spiritually orphaned by parents who abandoned him when they discovered his sexuality. His parents think an LGBTQIA+ education should only include Sodom and Gomorrah in the Old Testament. He's had a hard time embracing reality without shooting God in The Foot for what He's done to him by making him gay.

I once told him that I wasn't his daddy; I wasn't going to replace his father. I wasn't his lascivious, gay uncle; he doesn't have to worry about me trying to get in his pants. I conveyed to him that I was more like his grandpa, a gentle, old soul who just has his best interests at heart. But I state that best by describing myself as his ***spiritual housekeeper***.

Don't think of me in one of those French maid outfits with a garter belt around one leg and a feather duster in one hand. I'm not ***made*** like that kind of ***maid***.

And don't get me wrong about my friend's ability to handle himself. He's a great guy who literally keeps his house immaculate. He comes from German background, just like me. So, you can practically eat off his floors.

But when it comes to his inner dwelling, he appreciates help in cleaning up after his thoughts mess up his feelings which then meddle with his beliefs. He's still too young to run his inner household all by himself. But he's ***learning*** from me how to organize his thoughts, systematize his feelings and structure his beliefs. You should have seen how

he lived a dozen years ago when we met. You could hardly get in and out of his inner abode without stepping on some crazy conclusion lying around where it didn't belong. His life was sexually and spiritually disheveled.

The reason he trusts me is because I'm pragmatic. I don't try to change reality to protect the ***innocent***, and I don't mind calling out the ***guilty*** for their beliefs about gays and/or Jews.

There are plenty of people who hate gays and Jews in the modern age. And they're all complaining vociferously about us. They seem to think we're abominable, untrustworthy animals who only appear to look like human beings. They seem to think God has given them permission to kill us. Just imagine being gay and Jewish in Iran. Just imagine the trouble Iran is going to cause the civilized world when their hatred starts to spread beyond gays and Jews. Muslims in neighboring countries will finally wake up to the monster in their midst.

If the rainbow shining in your heart can't associate your feelings with the seven colors of the rainbow, you're emotionally colorblind. That will cause you to ignore all sorts of messages coming to you about reality that you don't want to see, leaving you in a world that's only Black and White. The gays and the Jews will have to teach you to look at people as more than skin deep. We'll have to explain spiritual color to those who are figuratively colorblind.

My friend turned ***burnt-orange*** with agony when his parents threw him out of the house at the age of 16 for being gay. He was ***yellow*** with fear at having to go out into the world to make it on his own as a teenager in Texas. He's often ***red*** with rage at how many Christian sects continue to treat him. And he's ***blue*** with sadness at never having had parents who could love and accept him for who he is. Thanks to me, he's now filled more with ***indigo***, the majesty in the mystery of life as it reveals itself to him through every single thing he does.

Who isn't ***forest green*** with jealousy over other men's lovely, long penis, and ***spring green*** with envy at those men who can achieve worldly success thanks to opportunities that others aren't given?

Black and White thinking is two-dimensional [flat and unimaginative]. If you can't think in color with dreams in 3D that inspire you, you aren't evolving. You're seriously behind the times. You don't just need a housekeeper to straighten up inside you. You need an IT Administrator from the school of life to upgrade your whole operating system.

$$\mathbf{I^y + I^z = 1^y + 1^z}$$

"**I**" is the me inside **it**. **It** is my body. **I** am inside **it**. I'm a combination of a man [y] and a woman [z]. The more I learn about them, the more I can conclude about me.

Becoming whole, I describe using the number "**1**". The **me** that interacts with the world around me [$\mathbf{1^y}$] has an effect on the **me** that I have to interact with within me [$\mathbf{1^z}$]. And the combination of the two is slowly making me whole [**I** = **1**]. **I** am at **1** with God.

When I was growing up, I venerated my mother and reviled my father in an effort to protect her from him. When I got older and had sufficiently compared and contrasted my parents to other people's parents, I realized that I didn't have to take sides. My parents' lessons in the school of life weren't mine. Their grades weren't going on my report card.

Now I can see myself as a combination of good [+] and evil [-] that I spiritually inherited from both of them. I'm their spiritual legacy. But they both had strengths and weaknesses. I've come to love their strengths without loathing their weaknesses.

I can't change me. But after first learning to ***tolerate*** and then ***accept*** me, I discovered I am the way I am with good reason. Now I ***admire*** me just the way I am. If I ***see*** something in me that I don't like, I ***say*** something. But then I go to God to ask Him why I am this way and whether He likes me this way.

I now know that I can't change me. I need permission from God to change my mind, transform my heart and transcend the beliefs I've held until now. Therefore, I ask God for lessons that will reveal what He likes about me and what He'd like me to change. He gives me opportunities to behave differently. I'm so inspired by what's happened as the result of trying out new ways of interfacing with others.

That doesn't mean that I'm always learning to like me ***more***. Sometimes, I see that I like me ***less***. But when I use

the image of me being the parent to my inner child, I feel guided by God and capable of guiding my inner son.

What's more, I can complement and console me in ways I'd never done before. I can humor me, and I can laugh lovingly with me. I'm a complex set of contradictions. I'm a combination of inner forces that create extremely complicated options.

I think of myself as having been created like a kitchen appliance. What I was made to do, I do very well. What I wasn't made to do well, I ask others to do for me or with me. This makes me feel better connected to the world we share.

I also feel that I'm participating in the creation of food-for-thought for the next generation that will feed the world in the future. I feel that I'm serving others in ways that will help Him serve them.

How to Forgive

Forgiving people is easy once you know ***how*** to do it. Take my father and mother, for instance. I couldn't forgive them for punishing me when I was little. I thought they had a lot of nerve teaching me with negative reinforcement which including corporal punishment. But because I needed them so badly to survive, I had no choice but to allow them to do to me whatever they felt they needed to do. But believe me, I never forgave them. I simply overlooked ***their*** previous, bad behavior.

When I got old enough to leave home and live on my own, I began to realize that I'd never really forgiven my parents for anything. In fact, I gathered more evidence over the early years as an adult to suggest that much of their negative reinforcement was a projection of behaviors that they should have punished ***themselves*** for, not ***me***.

They each had great expectations of me that they should have had of themself. I wasn't the great disappointment in their life. They were. If they'd done what they'd really dreamed of doing, they could have accepted me as I was. They wouldn't have needed to punish me for being so odd and out of step with the world. They could have supported me in discovering who I was going to become rather than ridicule me for not being more like them.

The topic of forgiveness never really came up in our family. You'd think that as Holocaust survivors, they would have had forgiveness on their mind 24/7. The older I got, the more I began to realize how difficult it was for me to forgive anybody. Granted, I could ***excuse*** the little things people did. But I couldn't ***forgive*** what others had put me through, and I certainly couldn't ***exonerate*** the huge things, like the Holocaust, that I hadn't personally witnessed.

Little did I know that ***excusing***, ***forgiving*** and ***exonerating*** others is a part of lessons from The Teacher that we're all going through, whether we can see that as part of

our curriculum, or not. God has a conscience. And He reveals it to each of us at His discretion. If you don't learn to ***excuse***, when to ***forgive*** and whether to ***exonerate***, prepare for something that may come next that you can't prepare for.

It was only as my parents got very old that I began to see that I'd nailed them to a cross. I'd crucified them for all the things they'd done in life that were wrong. I couldn't make the claim that my conscience could be ***my*** guide. But I thought my conscience was well enough developed to guide ***them***.

Fortunately, as I grew, my parents shrank. And as they shrank, the crosses I had them nailed to shrank with them. Now that my parents have been dead for years, I can see that I've grown enormously, especially after they died. They aren't nearly as large and imposing as they once were. And their crosses are tiny, too. I can look down on them to see them as quite small in the greater scheme of things.

I still have my parents on crosses to this day. But now they and their crosses are so small that I can laugh at their errors of judgment then. I'm less threatened and angry at them, especially now that I'm fascinated by my own strengths and weaknesses.

The Palestinians have been taught that the Jews stole their land. This is incorrect. The Christians and Muslims both stole Jewish land that they've been fighting over for 1,400 years. Now is the time to give us back all of our land. There are two million Muslims living with eight million Jews in Israel. Muslims on the West Bank could learn to accommodate their landlords. And Jewish landlords could learn how to accommodate their renters.

But God, in His infinite wisdom, is teaching us that we have to earn our rewards. So long as the orthodox Jews refuse to fight for Israel, while insisting on the right to hate gay Israelis, the suffering will continue in the Abrahamic faiths.

It will all end quickly, when the orthodox Jews put their life on the line. Once they commit to defying God by protecting gay Israelis, they'll see what fools they've made of themselves before God and man.

You can't represent God's wisdom if you don't challenge God in order to learn lessons He created just for you. You can't represent God's love if hate the people your relatives hate. And you can't claim loyalty to the One God Who created us all if you listen to martyrs who lost, who lose and who will continue to lose. You've got to find new ways to believe in God for the new age. You've got to give up hating gays and Jews regardless of what you religion has taught you.

The way I deal with people is without ***forgiveness***. I simply remind myself that I'm glad I'm not like them. "There, but for the grace of God, go I." My grades aren't going on their report card. My transcript is being created as I speak. I'm preparing for graduation from this school at all times. I don't need forgiveness to do that. I need the kind of resolve that comes from faith in myself.

I'm not concerned with anyone else's grades in the school of life. I can see how poorly most people are doing. When I see people behaving well, it brings tears to my eyes. I'm inspired by the goodness [+] I see in most people. But I'm resolved by the evil [-] I see in many others.

I have faith that The Teacher will see to it that the whole class learns from the mistakes everyone makes. I have faith that The Teacher will see to it that the whole class learns from the courage everyone exhibits. I'm Barry, not Atlas. I don't have to carry the world on my shoulders.

The Jews have been subjected to the ignorance of our classmates for thousands of years. Their mistakes have taught us lessons that turned us into the modern tribe we are today. Our country is one of the most charitable and powerful countries on Earth, even though we've only had it for a little over 70 years.

But we're far from perfect. We, too, are here to learn. We're all growing. And we're all getting the lessons we need. If you want to get "lucky," do what my Jewish realtor told me he does. He said, "The harder I work, the luckier I get."

I'm sure he didn't just mean "work" in the external sense. The word "***work***" also means "***worship***" in Hebrew. But in gay speech, we have the word "***werk***." It refers to inner work.

I'd say, "The harder I ***werk***, the luckier I get." When you feel this way about yourself, you don't have to worry about forgiving others. And I certainly have no intention of forgiving myself. I pray that The Teacher never forgives me for anything. I want to be punished for each and every little thing I do wrong with lessons that will ***exonerate*** me over time. I already know not to disobey The Ten Commandments. Now, it's just the little things I have to ***werk*** on.

Forgiving Jesus

Jews need to forgive Jesus. He recommended that the ancient Jews come out of their head and into their heart. In doing so, He turned the abstract rainbow God created in order to ask for forgiveness from mankind into a concrete rainbow in His own heart.

This rainbow from God lies in our heart and shines after inner storms. The greatest of the storms we've all been through was puberty, when we were forced to build a boat and bring all our animal instincts onboard with us until adolescence was over. Then the waters within [hormones] receded, and we could let our urges off our boat, two by two, onto dry land in a safe harbor: a place we chose to call our home. But that was really just a small reminder of a greater Home that we all hope to go back to.

Jesus was that rainbow in the flesh. He personified the rainbow that Moses had described up in the sky in the story of Noah. Jesus needs to be forgiven for that by those Jews who have a chip on their shoulder over how they were treated by ***Christians***, not ***Jesus***. Nobody expected Jesus to open our heart to love. Who knew that ***wisdom*** without ***love*** and ***loyalty*** to life amounts to a huge waste of time?

It's thanks to Jesus' message that we associate the seven colors of the rainbow with the seven feelings. They structure the lessons of the heart that Christianity is teaching the world through faith in the Prince of peace:

1. Red — Rage
2. Orange — Agony
3. Yellow — Fear
4. Green — Coveting
5. Blue — Sorrow
6. Indigo — Wonder [mystery or madness]
7. Violet — Ecstasy [orgasm]

Just the thought of Jews forgiving Jesus has taken 2,000 years to reach fruition. And there are still Jews today who refuse to let that one Jew off the hook [cross]. Needless to say, you can imagine what those Jews are now doing to gay Jews who are still being crucified for our love life.

Forgiving Jesus is a chore that the orthodox Jews don't want to have to undertake because they're so traumatized by life that they can't think ***straight***, let alone ***gay***. But many other people can't be bothered to do so, either.

There's no need to forgive Jesus for having a penis. He also had an anus. There's no need to forgive Him for being human, unless you can't forgive anyone else for the "sin" of being a man.

I had no problem forgiving Jesus for the way His Father made Him. I have no need to forgive God for the way He made me [paranoid schizophrenic]. And I have no reason to forgive myself for my crimes against my humanity in having tried to kill myself three times. I was my own perpetrator and victim. I had to turn myself into a total ***stranger*** to get to know me as a potential ***friend***.

But I've done that ***werk***. I was a ***sadist*** like my father. I was a ***masochist*** like my mother. I slowly turned into someone I could see as like a ***dominant*** man and a ***submissive*** woman. But today I'm either ***assertive*** or ***compliant***.

I'm still the person I always was. I still take some people's behavior extremely personally while things others do don't affect me emotionally in the least.

But now I'm more like a pendulum that's swinging a little less from side to side. One day, I'll stop swinging entirely. But I won't blame myself or God when that day comes. I'm a spirit in a vehicle on a wonderous journey, but all good things must come to an end. The mystery will continue. And my answers will be my contribution to the hope in the mystery of life.

Forgiving Adonai and Archangel Gabriel

Forgive Moses for having had a Burning Bush experience. ***Elohim*** introduced Moses to ***Adonai*** at the Burning Bush. He gave Moses a personal God in anticipation of Moses sharing Adonai with the Israelites. When Moses came down from Mt. Sinai, he was enraged to see that the Israelites had reverted to idol worshippers. In his anger, he had the masterminds behind the Golden Calf murdered [with the exception of his brother, Aaron]. Moses set a very bad precedence in commanding Jews to kill Jews.

Moses, the main character, was described by Moses, the author of his tale. We can't blame the character. We must blame the author for not condemning his main character. Everything in Torah must be questioned with an open mind that's in pursuit of wisdom. Moses, the character, didn't behave wisely on many occasions. Moses, the author, must therefore be questioned about his encounters with God.

If you don't have a sense of God within, nothing will stop you from worshipping ***money*** rather than ***honey***. You'll eat yourself sick on food rather than fill yourself with nutritious food-for-thought. Without a God within, you can't love yourself in the presence of a Judge Who'll critique your behavior. You won't be allowed to know yourself in the biblical sense of the word. You'll forever focus on the world around you, a fugitive from your world within.

Look around you. How many people do you see who are wise, self-loving and loyal to life? Most people are in a race to get to the finish line. They're not meandering through the lessons of life to learn how to live like a human being who's been given the greatest of all gifts: life. They're kvetching [Yiddish: complaining] about something, and it's rarely their relationship to themself.

The Jews claim to seek ***wisdom***. The Christians claim to seek ***love***. And the Muslims claim to seek ***loyalty*** to God. But none of them want to embrace what the others embrace. The

Christians and Muslims loathe the God within the Jews [***Adonai***]. The Jews and Muslims loathe the God within the Christians [***Jesus***]. The Jews and Christians loathe the God within the Muslims [***Archangel Gabriel***].

These Messengers were sent from the God of us all. But people aren't willing to entertain the possibility that God could have more than one Messenger. I may be paranoid and schizophrenic, but I'm not an idiot. You can call me "crazy." But you can't call me "stupid." I'm not in a stupor.

Is it any wonder that God had to anticipate this outcome by creating gay men who could see through the Abrahamic edifice. We've constructed scaffolding on the outside of all three stories. We're looking in at your dripping hypocritical behavior through your windows. You're ***simple*** fools, ***hateful*** fools and **disloyal** fools. You don't deserve us. Yet we're here to help you because it's God's will.

We don't want to corrupt your children. We don't want to destroy your faith in God. We don't want to kidnap the most handsome men in your tribe. We don't want to literally infuse you with the life-giving force we hold inside. These conclusions are the result of your paranoias.

Your conspiracy theories are evidence of how sick and perverted ***you*** are. You're sexually and spiritually out of touch with reality. If the orthodox Jews would just turn the other cheek to allow marriage equality in Israel, Christian and Muslim hypocrites would see how they've followed the orthodox Jews into a spiritual ***nightmare***. They could all turn around and follow their ***dreams***, instead.

The West Bank of Israel must be reserved as a school. All those who don't want to learn about God are welcome to leave. All those who see that life is a school with One Teacher are encouraged to come to class on the West Bank of Israel to study with gay students of life on the meaning of life.

This is the industry Israel should reserve for the West Bank. Just as Los Angeles is the home of Hollywood and

San Francisco is the home of political foresight, the West Bank must become the home of the school of Abrahamic faiths in their effort to be united by wisdom, love and loyalty. Jerusalem, Rome and Mecca will be enriched by what will be produced on the West Bank. This is the dream I see God awaiting men making from their conscience, not their head, heart or soul.

Pyramids and Inverted Pyramids

Moses created Torah like a pyramid. It stood all on its own.



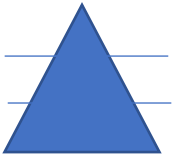
Jesus created the Gospels like an isosceles trapezoid. He even put Torah above His own words.



That gave the Prophet Muhammad the opportunity to add his isosceles trapezoid below His.



What religion in the Western world looks like today is one huge pyramid. And it's all precariously topped off with something the Jews have believed for 3,400 years.



In the Far East, religion looks very different. Almost 3,800 years ago, God came to the Hindus and gave them an isosceles trapezoid of their own.



Under that, the Buddhists added their own isosceles trapezoid. That included all the dogma about reincarnation without any of the gods.



And then the Taoists added their little pyramid of paradox onto the bottom of it.





The West is one big pyramid constructed over millennia pointing ***up*** to God. The East is one big pyramid constructed over millennia pointing ***down*** to the Earth.

Together the world looks like a Star of David, two abstract pyramids pointed in opposite directions interlocking today with a modern faith in One God that fastens the east to the west together in an embrace that humanity must learn to recreate in every encounter with another human being.



If you wish to understand yourself as the product of a father who looked ***up*** for signs from God and a mother who looked ***down*** to the earth for matters of family unity, then you're one of the billions of personifications of the Star of David. You're a child of God who was given two triangles, two arrows pointing in opposite directions.

This makes you a mystery in the making. This makes you a participant in a great tale that's being told on the stage we call: ***reality***. If you want a starring role, all you have to do is embrace wisdom [head]; love [heart]; and loyalty [soul]. And to do that, all you have to do is embrace separation [navel]; penetration [penis]; and paradox [anal sex]. Being an ambassador of goodwill is easier than you might think.

Danishes and Donuts

A danish is a sweet bread with a creamy or fruity surprise at the center. All human beings are born like a danish. That's why we look at babies and want to gobble them up... God makes each and every baby like sweetbread with good reason.

God wants us to compare danishes [young people] to donuts [old people]. What happens to children over time is that they eat up the surprise at the center of themself. A ***donut*** is nothing more than a ***danish*** with the center eaten away.

Adults then spend a lifetime trying to fill that hole inside themself, but they don't realize that they were the one who created that hole in the first place!

Do you think that ghosts go around eating the surprise filling in every danish? What's left after you've filled your belly with all the cream? At your center today is a donut. Donut holes aren't made by ghosts. People create the hole in their danish, and then they try to fill that hole with all sorts of extraneous things.

Aren't you glad that I've explained this to you?... Now you can stop trying to fill the hole inside you. Just leave it as is. Fill the hole inside you with food-for-thought. Become wise. That will make it possible for you to become loving, which will, in turn, make it possible for you to become loyal to life.

God likes danishes and donuts. Who doesn't?

Jesus was born in Bethlehem, which means "house of bread." He was born in a bakery. Turn your birthplace into a bakery. See yourself as a danish to donut from a bakery. Lighten up by sweetening yourself with your imagination.

Paranormal Psychology

My friend in Minneapolis believes in ghosts. And I don't disagree with him. Why would I? Why would I tell him that I can't go where he goes, when there's a place I can meet him halfway that we can share together? Paranormal psychology as a combination of sex and spirituality.

I think of ghosts as people who've eaten the creamy filling [baby fat] in their own danish and are now looking around for someone to take responsibility for the hole that's now there. It's the hole in their donut that's haunting them, not a dead person wishing to find peace.

People who believe in ghosts may be afraid of dying without having found their reason to live. Their worst nightmare may have been projected onto the paranormal world. In that world, vampires suck the life force out of the living. Ghosts haunt the living to frighten them into seeking a spiritual mission. And zombies turn human beings into the living dead to find a way to exist without having learned to live.

I've told my young friend that he's able to fly now that his parents pushed him out of the nest. I've told him that he's capable of moving through walls now that he can see all the walls people build around themselves that he can see through. He's no longer just a fly on the wall having to listen to them spew nonsense. He's a friendly ghost, like Casper, who can help others make a friend inside and even make a Friend of Jesus.

My friend has no desire to haunt anyone except homophobic Christians who believe in Satan. He can see the demons within them, and he wants to chase them away, leaving that person like a luscious donut with a hole at their center.

People are ***literally*** a hole with a mouth at one end and an anus at the other. And the more they yearn to fill that hole inside them, the less interested they become in learning

about themself as they truly are. Most people are obese inside, regardless of what their body literally looks like.

Reality is either a study of paranormal psychology, or life is sex mixed with spirituality. Reality requires an acceptance of the monster inside you. You may be a vampire, ghost, zombie or some other ugly ghoul that you don't want to have to face. But you can become a Dr. Jekyll unto you Mr. Hyde. You can heal yourself of your own inner perversity.

I'm sure you often feel like a ghost that people see right through by not acknowledging you. People walk through you as though you weren't there. They ignore you because they don't love ***themself***, not because they don't like ***you***. They don't have a clue who you are.

People will tell you that they don't believe in ghosts, but then they turn around and treat you like one. I'm sure our Teacher would love to know what you're going to do about that. Even my inquiring mind would like to know.

I always allow myself to get incensed, angry and insulted when people treat me like I'm not there. But then I remind myself that I ***am*** here. I'm here with The Teacher. And I try to let others know that I find being treated like a ghost funny. Letting them know how angry it makes me would only verify for them that ghosts exist. I want to prove just the opposite. And the best way I can do that is with light humor.

Aging Awkwardly

Aging gracefully is an art. But there ought to be art schools you can go to, to learn how to do so. It's a sad state of affairs, but there aren't any schools that are teaching this important subject. People suddenly find that they're old, and they don't know what to do about it. They've aged awkwardly, and they don't have anywhere to go or anyone to ask about how to fix that "problem."

It's awkward when you're old, and you don't know how to forgive your body for aging. It's awkward when you're old, and you've become ugly. It's awkward when you're old and sick, and you have to worry whether you're going to die. How can you forgive yourself for being ugly, old and sick if you never practiced the art of forgiving God for enrolling you in this school without your permission?

You may have watched your parents age. But I wonder whether they ever discussed aging gracefully with them. Because my parents divorced when I was six, I got to watch my parents grow old gracefully with new partners. I got to watch four parents age rather than two.

All four of them had to face existential loneliness, each in a different way. My father died without his wife by his side. She died with such severe dementia that she didn't remember that her husband was dead. My mother's husband died in my mother's arms when she was 90. My mother died at the age of 98 alone on a dementia ward at the Jewish Home early one Sunday morning before the sun had risen.

My father died of ***heart trouble*** in New York at the age of 84. He'd had two quadruple bypass surgeries in ten years, and there was nothing more that could be done for him. I was with him at the hospital the last week of his life. But I had a flight home to catch. I visited him that morning. I later learned that he died 15 minutes after I left. He died of a

broken heart - literally. My other three "parents" literally lost their mind.

Perhaps we all die the way we lived if we can look at ourself imaginatively. Perhaps ***cancer*** is a way of eating yourself up inside, and ***COVID***, a way of snuffing out the fire within you. Perhaps ***strokes*** are bombs people detonate in their head, and ***heart attacks*** are ways to let yourself know that you didn't love the one you were with.

Forgiving people for the way they lived and died is easy, provided they only hurt themself. It's when people hurt lots of other people that I can't forgive them. There should be a place to send people after life who I don't like... Let them go there when they leave here. I can't imagine what I'd say to them if I ran into them in Heaven, Paradise or Nirvana.

People kill gays and Jews because they don't like us. They want the world to know that they wish we'd go to Hell after they've murdered us. They don't want to imagine having to deal with us forever.

I've moved through embarrassment of my body. I've moved through shame of my character. But exoneration of a life badly lived isn't my problem anymore. I seek justice, not revenge. Vengeance isn't mine. And I don't want anything I haven't earned.

Unlike ***revenge*** which can be achieved in no time, ***justice*** takes a long time to actualize. When you've got to teach a student body who are constantly confusing justice with revenge, the lessons take longer and become more complex.

What I've earned about my life as a gay, Jewish American is not for you to say. I think we're all students in a school. I don't think you have access to The Teacher's roll book to look at my grades. I don't think you have the right to "graduate" me because you don't like the way I live my life. I don't think you have the right to intimidate me. If you do try to scare me, I must warn you that I have powerful prayers. Sitting in the front row in the school of life doesn't require money, property or prestige. It doesn't require a

handsome body or a pleasant personality. It takes wise thoughts, loving feelings for myself and a soul that's concerned about how I live my beliefs without hypocrisy.

Work on your grades until you're ready to ***werk*** on your grades. Worshipping The Teacher isn't the way to improve your grades. Granted, life is harder than it looks. But there's so much you can do to make a difference by helping others help themself.

Simon Says

Let's play Simon says. Below is a song about ***Jack*** and ***Jim***. Read the lyrics while doing what Simon says.

"Smackwater Jack"
by
Carol King

Now Smackwater Jack, he bought a shotgun
[Simon says ***hands on your penis*.]**
cause he was in the mood for a little confrontation.
He just let it all hang loose.
[Simon says ***squeeze your balls and then let go*.]**
He didn't think about the noose.
[Simon says
***draw a noose around your neck with your index finger*.]**
He couldn't take no more abuse,
so he shot down the congregation.
[Simon says
***stick your index fingers out*,**
***pull the triggers with your thumbs*,**
***while shooting in every direction*.]**

You can't talk to a man with a shotgun in his hand.
Shotgun!

Now Big Jim the chief stood for law and order.
[Simon says ***palms over your nipples*.]**
He called for the guard to come and surround the border.
{Simon says
hands on your waist
***while wagging your funny bones*.]**
Now from his bulldog mouth
[Simon says ***hands over your mouth*.]**
as he led the posse south

[Simon says ***point to your penis with one hand*.**]**
came the cry, "We got to ride to
clean up the streets for our wives and our daughters.

You can't talk to a man when he don't want to understand.
No, no, no, no, no, no

The account of the capture wasn't in the papers.
But you know, they hanged ole Smack right then
instead of later.
You know the people were quite pleased
[Simon says ***rub your stomach*.**]**
cause the outlaw had been seized.
And on the whole, it was a very good year
for the undertaker.
[Simon says ***point to the ground*.**]**
You know, you know, you can't talk to a man
with a shotgun in his hand -
shotgun in his hand
[Simon says
left hand on your penis
and the index finger of your right hand
***pointed up to the sky*.**]**

Smackwater Jack, yeah
Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun
Yeah, Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun
Smackwater Jack, yeah
Smackwater Jack, yeah

Talkin' about Smackwater Jack, yeah
Talkin' about Smackwater Jack, oh
Talkin' about Jack and his shotgun
Talkin' about Smack, talkin' about Jack
Smackwater Jack, yeah

May I suggest that you play this song in front of the mirror and dance to it naked. I'd also like you to consider exaggerating your facial expressions to make your opinion of the words coincide with Carol King's tone of voice.

Crying My Eyes Out

I cry easily and often. I wasn't always this way. I remember going years without crying. I guess I've changed. I've softened inside. I've ripened. I'm sweet inside now. I used to be hard and green, like a peach that needs more time on the tree or grapes that need more time on the vine.

I well up with tears easily and often. I often feel tender. When the ***guy*** gets the ***guy***, I ***cry***.

The reason for this is simple. I'm not lonely anymore. I have a boyfriend who sleeps only with me. When he isn't at work he spends his time in my company.

We sit together at night and watch Jeopardy. He looks at me when he gets a question right. He smiles because he knows he's smart, and he knows that I know he knows things I'll never know.

I used to count my losses. But over time, conscious awareness of my gains overcame my losses. And now I find myself crying because I've run out of ***losses*** to cry about. Now I can count my ***blessings***.

I'm in a ***like*** affair with my boyfriend, and boy, do I like it. He's the best friend I've ever had. It's mysteriously interesting to discover what you need in the way of ***self***-trust in order to feel you can trust another person.

My boyfriend is like the boy at school you always wanted to talk to. He's like the kid at camp you would have liked to go for a walk with in the woods. He's like the guy at the bar you were waiting to show up at 2:00 AM to take you home with him.

But he's here with me now. And so now I well up with tears a lot. Who wouldn't?

Loneliness Is Still My Achille's Heal

I was always afraid of loneliness, which is odd because I was almost always alone. I didn't want others to know how alone I was. That was also a sign of my loneliness.

I was terribly alone because I always ***felt*** lonely. It didn't matter where I was or how many people were around me. It didn't matter if they were family, friends or strangers. I still ***felt*** alone. Being by myself only exacerbated my loneliness. I was always looking for people to join up with because I couldn't go it alone.

I tried praying standing up with the Jews, kneeling with the Christians and prostrate down on the ground with the Muslims. And I ***still*** felt alone – only then I felt lonely before God.

From my exploration of prayer, I discovered that God liked me even though I felt alone and lonely. He taught me to be kind and considerate of others. Through loneliness, He taught me to be compassionate and caring. Whatever I do now, I do with awareness of other people's existential loneliness. I've experienced how loneliness is like a shovel that digs into your chest to remove flesh and bone that makes it possible for love to pour out of your heart into that hole on the right side of you. The goal is to turn that ***hole*** into a ***soul***.

A soul is nothing more than a space you make inside on your right side that's then available to contain your love for you with God as your Witness. I can finally say that I love me. And it was loneliness that made it possible.

Once I'd filled my soul where there'd previously been a hole, I found myself with a boyfriend on the side. And not just any boyfriend; a boyfriend I can truly trust.

Will sees my love for me. He sees how soulful I am. And he respects what I've accomplished doing for myself in managing schizophrenia for 69 years. He'd never hurt me. The only thing he could do to hurt me is die. That's my Achille's heal.

I've gotten out of my head. I've made my way through my stiff neck down to my heart. From there, I've continued down to my navel, where I've discovered that we were all born of woman. That's the first wound all of us received. That's what we ***literally*** all have in common.

From there, I went further down below my waist to my penis, where I discovered a friend for life. He and I have a profound bond. He tells me what he wants [–] and desires [+]. When he talks, I listen.

Beyond my dear friend lives an asshole who retains and expels whatever he wants. I've had to learn to appreciate him. He wasn't given to me without reason. Everyone has an anus. My boyfriend has the greatest ***anus*** in the whole world. That said, beware of ***assholes***.

Continue down even further, and you'll find yourself weak in the knees. By then, you know so much about yourself that you'll be amazed at what that tells you about everybody else.

But loneliness will always be my Achille's heal. I can now stand tall knowing that my boyfriend will always be by my side. If I lose him, I'd have to find a very good reason not to try to kill myself a fourth time. The fourth time would be in retaliation against God for taking Will from me.

I know that sounds awful, but I'm afraid the Dr. Jekyll in me wouldn't be powerful enough to convince the Mr. Hyde in me to make peace with The Teacher's curriculum for me, and not punish myself or others for the lessons of old age I'd have to face alone.

Living for me, myself and I with God is a soulful experience thanks to having a boyfriend who trusts me and whom I can trust. If he died, I'd suffer a loss that might be unbearable. I don't know if I could cope. I suppose I'd have to get past my Achille's heal by finding a way, with God's help, to become ***soleful***.

I'm not being flippant. Clearly, I'm not yet walking with my feet firmly planted on the ground. There's more I need

to do to come to know myself thoroughly. But every day I learn a little more about myself. I learn how to forgive the ***sadist*** who tried to kill me and the ***masochist*** who allowed it to happen. I learn how to move through my personal trauma with God by my side. This makes loneliness easier to bear, especially the loneliness of childhood when I didn't have the spiritual skills I have today to embrace me as a gay, Jewish American.

Where Humiliation Lies

Embarrassment of my body lies in my ***head***. ***Shame*** of my character lies in my ***heart***. But ***humiliation*** before The Lord lies beneath the blanket that conceals the rest of me when I'm naked in bed. There are sights and sounds down there that I don't want anybody else to see or hear. But that seems to make no difference to Him.

I've been buked. I've been disparaged and I've been warned. I've been told that I don't know what I'm talking about. And I'm sure on many levels of life, ***they*** are right.

But I know how different humiliation from The Lord looks like because I lost my mind. Needless to say, I found bits and pieces of it scattered throughout my past. But I'm now looking for the rest of it in the here and now. When you realize you lost your mind, you realize that mindfulness is more precious than anything else on Earth. Without it, you're a sexual and spiritual pauper.

I have a 96-year-old friend who's lost a bit of her mind – her short-term memory. She's got all the rest of it intact. She just can't remember what happened five minutes ago.

That doesn't deter us in the least from having a grand time every day on the phone and once a week in person. I've told her a million times that she's the richest woman on Earth. She's got a wealth that makes her body as beautiful as the Taj Mahal.

She's got hot and cold running feelings. [And she grew up in a shack in the countryside of Maine without hot and cold running water!] So being able to turn on the tap in her heart and produce hot compassion instantly and cold, tough love on demand is a luxury few people have attained. They may live in great neighborhoods with sought-after zip codes. They may be surrounded by well-manicured lawns and tree-lined sidewalks, but they have to go outside to pump the well to carry back a pail of feelings for anyone other than themself. And they can't be bothered to do it.

My 96-year-old friend has a skylight in her head that offers her a view of Heaven. And she sits in her room in the Catholic home for the aged staring up at the angels waiting for Jesus to bring her Home. How many people even have windows the size of castle slits in their inner abode? Most are locked in a dungeon without a fire or in a cell with a neon light and a metal mirror. They couldn't be more spiritually constrained.

I'm glad I lost my mind because I appreciate it more now than ever. I'm glad I cherish words because they're the keys to freedom. Everyday words unlock the meaning of scripture – whether you're a Jew, a Jain or a junkie. Your own words will teach you to plummet the depth of your soul to seek someone to love.

I found that someone ***inside*** me. God led me to me. I'd been a violent and vindictive stranger unto myself. But with words alone – well, words with copious servings of humiliation – I found a great guy inside who's amassing enough love to love himself for a lifetime. I've even been able to squeeze out a modicum of concern for others.

Be glad if people ***like*** you. It's not their ***love*** you should be seeking. It's your own. As God is my Witness, I tell you that perseverance will come slowly. But it will come.

Pillowcases

I have a friend who weighs about three times what I weigh. I texted her this note just the other day:

Just wanted to share with you that I recently learned that the Mandarin Chinese word for "pillowcase" refers to people who have little inside in the way of wisdom, love and meaningful experiences. It refers to the unevolved.

I thought that was interesting in light of the Western idea of filling the hole inside of us with substances rather than food-for-thought. In that sense, you did both. You're an example of a big pillow as well as a pillowcase that covers a whole lot inside it. Perhaps you always needed to show the world that there was a great deal inside of you that wasn't as apparent in many others. Perhaps you've actually had a method to your madness that you weren't poetically aware of.

It was while stuffing the pillows into the pillowcases of our garden furniture that I realized how comfortable ***I*** feel with ***your*** big body. Of course, it pains me deeply to see you sick so often, but having a big pillowcase is only a booby prize if you haven't got it well-stuffed spiritually. And that you certainly do!

Lyrics

The best way for me to remember lyrics is to put them to music. The words in my head used to slip through my fingers as I perused my mind for meaning to my experiences. It was only when I made my way down to my heart that I began to discover a melody that I could match with my madness. Then, it was easy to write lyrics to go with my tune. Words create meanings that, with the right melody, can tame the savage beast.

Life is a song. If you're walking down the street and there's no spring in your step, you're without rhythm. You've lost your own beat.

If you can't keep the beat given to you, you won't be able to hear the melody in your heart or harmony in your soul that will make your song meaningful. A man without a song is like a man without a penis. What good is a delivery device if you've produced nothing inside worth conveying.

The problem with most jobs is that people feel that their job forces them to keep the beat of a different drummer. They feel that work is destroying their song.

If you don't hum the Creation Story to yourself as you're working, especially the part where the serpent sings to Eve that she only needs to learn the difference between good [+] and evil [-] to become like God, you won't appreciate Adam's song of defiant joy at cuming alive. The Creation Story is a song whose lyrics describe Moses' first orgasm.

Sex will set you free, but only if you seek freedom ***with*** yourself, not ***from*** yourself. You need a ***job*** to ***survive***. But you need a ***song*** inside to ***live***.

Winston Churchill said, "Never give up on something that you can't go a day without thinking about. If you're going through hell, keep going."

I got through the hell they called "paranoid schizophrenia" at Bellevue Mental Hospital in New York in 1976. Sure, it took me almost 50 years. But I didn't just do

it for me. I knew that there was something special about me. I knew there was something I could do with my scars. I just didn't know what that might be at the time.

Adam and Eve were traumatized by the serpent in the Creation Story. This is what every penis will do when it starts to speak for the first time. They call it "***cuming***," but, at first, you feel like you're ***going***. It's only after many years of cuming that I began to realize that I was cuming with God. Cuming taught me to combine the lyrics, melody, harmony and rhythm of the forces within me to produce my own song.

Your job will give you ***money***. Your inner werk will give you ***honey*** [wisdom]. You need both because you have two worlds, a world around you and a world within. The sweetness you derive with your penis should make you more appealing to you. It's a magical tool that the institutions of religion are too spiritually damaged to talk about. They seem to think your penis is the delivery system of evil [-], not goodness [+]. And they got that impression by misunderstanding the metaphor of Moses in the beginning.

God's Love

God loves everybody. But He doesn't want to be surrounded in Heaven by people He doesn't like. He's reserved a place for those He doesn't care for.

How can you like people who kill other people for being gay or Jewish? How can you like people who cheat others; people who steal; lie; and are jealous or envious of anyone who has something they want?

All people are loveable. They're just not that likable. So, when you worry about what's going to happen to those who don't get caught and don't pay a price for what they're doing, remember how likeable you are. Remember that you believe you're the kind of person God would want around in Heaven near Him for eternity.

Discovering your disappointment in others is a preview to discovering the feelings of abandonment we all have to endure. Those are the feelings God felt when He discovered that He'd lost two amazingly important fruits from His private tree. This is the message from Moses.

Disappointment and abandonment are the feelings God's Son felt when He was betrayed, too. This is the message from Jesus via the Apostles. Your experiences aren't any different from any man's. So, take them more to heart.

Think of your encounters as lessons in life. Think of God as your Teacher. What you're going through each day are classroom events that will shape you personally. Expect to become ***cynical*** and ***suspicious***. Just don't let that lead to becoming ***scornful***. You have no reason to look down on others. Those of us who are gay and/or Jewish can tell you that it's possible to persevere and thrive despite the ignorance of your classmates.

Vengeance isn't necessary when you like yourself. Likeable people don't bite off their nose to spite their face. Their nose knows better. You need your nose to breathe free figuratively, just as you need it literally. Good people seek

justice from within. Once you hear bitterness in someone's voice, you know that they've crossed the line from ***justice*** to ***vengeance***. Angry people are mad. But they're not just mad at others. They're also mad at themself. Learning how to manage your thoughts, feelings and beliefs requires instruction on how to manage your wants [-] and desires [+], as well.

If you could be a fly on the wall in Hell, you'd see a lot of vindictive people down there. Teaching people using revenge will backfire. I wrote a book on Hinduism called, Playing god with God. It's really about vengeance.

Our Big Yellow Chair

Will and I went to Macy's to check out their furniture department. I wasn't planning on buying anything there. It was above my price range. I just wanted to have a look around. But once we were there, I sat in a big, yellow chair that changed the way I looked at life. It turned out not to be a ***chair***, but a ***recliner***. And that's when I discovered that reclining is my favorite pastime. I had to have that recliner. They had a matching sofa, so we got it, too.

We live in a one-bedroom condo, garden apartment in San Francisco, so there isn't much room in our living room for much beside these two pieces of furniture and a big TV. So, the question had to be asked, "Who gets to use the recliner, and when?"

Will is such a sweetheart that he doesn't want to take up a lot of space. He told me he's perfectly comfortable on the sofa. But that wouldn't have been comfortable for me. How can you recline when others have to sit up straight?

So, I sit in the big, yellow chair writing all day. And when he comes home at night, he gets to sit in it, and I sprawl out on the sofa with a micro-fleece blanket over me to watch him reclining. On weekends, I enjoy the recliner all morning, and he enjoys it from lunchtime through to end of day.

I find that it's not possible to recline in leisure unless others can recline, as well. I don't know what billionaires do, knowing that the people who work for them can't afford a recliner from Macy's while ***they're*** sitting around in chalets with their feet up. Inquiring souls want to know.

Who Doesn't Want to Scream?

My 96-year-old-gurlfriend told me that there's a woman down the hall from her who screams constantly. And my gurlfriend worries about her. She also asks me how the staff can allow that to go on and on without doing anything about it.

My gurlfriend is on a dementia ward, so I suppose it isn't surprising that people who have no idea how they got old and frail and weak might scream out in horror at what's become of themself. That said, my gurlfriend complains to me that the staff empty her garbage can without asking her permission. Who knew what the staff on a dementia ward have to deal with?

My friend goes off on a kick every now and then about there being no locks on the doors on her ward. What am I supposed to tell her? Clearly, God has brought this dilemma to me to improve my sense of humor. What else could it be? I can't tell her the truth, but I can't leave her in her misery either.

Things like this matter a great deal to me because I'm mostly interested in talking to my gurlfriend on a level of life that's concerned with how she got to be 96 in such good shape. We both love taking long walks and talking about the mystery of death and dying.

Now that I'm no longer young anymore, I've become very interested in learning how to avoid pain and suffering rather than go through them with the cavalier attitude I was able to muster in my youth. That's the secret my gurlfriend knows more about than me since she's 25 years older than me.

My gurlfriend tells me that when you live your life as though you're never going to die, you get old without the ability to age gracefully. She says that your body has to be strong enough to endure pain, and your mind, strong enough to endure suffering.

Having lost my mind, I can tell you that it's a lot like losing your cell phone, wallet or keys. It's a deeply arduous and onerous experience. Worry shoots through you like lightening. And from the thunder that comes out of your mouth after the lightening of angst has lit you sky high, you can surely appreciate this image as ***awful***, not ***awesome***. It's like God indirectly screaming at you to give more thought to what you're doing.

You don't want to lose anything valuable, least of all your mind, which is more valuable than even your eyes. If you don't become more and more mindful day-by-day, there's a good chance you may unconsciously try to hide what you're thinking from yourself.

My gurlfriend has hidden her rings from the staff because she says they just waltz into her room whenever they wish since there are no locks on the doors for the patients to lock them out. But now she can't remember where she's hidden her jewelry.

There are people who end up accusing others of being crazy, when, in fact, I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place in an effort to be nice to everyone. The ***rock*** is my head, and the ***hard place*** is, well, you already know all about my hard place.

My 96-year-old-gurlfriend seems to think that the woman down the hall is screaming because she's lonely for company. I told her that I think the woman is suffering from existential loneliness. She's screaming about an aspect of reality that nobody ever told her to anticipate. I think she's angry with herself about how her life looks near the end.

I think it's important to ask yourself how you're preparing for your death. That's a topic of conversation people should be discussing in detail when they answer the question, "How are you?"

"I'm preparing for death," you should say. That's a great ice breaker to the topic of how to die without existential loneliness.

The company most people are missing is their own. They're missing a part of themself that set sail without them. The person you see is at the end of a pier gesticulating wildly to a stranger to come back. But it's too late.

When you grow ***old*** without growing ***up***, you end up childish or infantile for the second time. And that usually means they have to put you back in diapers.

People who are that lonely can't be convinced they should stop screaming, especially since the real reason they're screaming makes all the sense in the world.

My gurlfriend and I may not have all the answers. But when I see how many people are screaming for ice cream when they're young, but then have to suffer through broccoli and spinach in old age, I think to myself that there must be a better way for all of us to get our daily dose of essential, spiritual vitamins and minerals.

Days of the Week

I don't need to state that there are seven days of the week. The reason for this is because Moses was the first to describe time using integrals of sevens. He said that God chose to do it this way, and everywhere in the world they now use the Jewish, creation calendar for telling time.

Here is a table that will describe what happened during the first seven days:

1.	Sunday:	Heavens and Earth/Day and Night
2.	Monday:	Sky
3.	Tuesday:	Land and Sea/Vegetation
4.	Wednesday:	Sun, Moon and Stars
5.	Thursday:	Animal Life
6.	Friday:	Mankind
7.	Saturday:	Rest

Here is a table that describes what happens from the heart that God symbolized through the rainbow He gave humanity to apologize for having killed everyone except Noah and his family. God actually wasn't apologizing. He was insinuating that we all die in childhood when we reach puberty. We're all flooded by our hormones. The rainbow of hope He gives us on occasion up in the sky is a reflection of a bridge from our heart to our soul, a rainbow with a pot of gold at both ends:

1.	Sunday:	R	Red	Rage
2.	Monday:	A	Orange	Agony
3.	Tuesday:	I	Yellow	Fear
4.	Wednesday:	N	Green	Coveting
5.	Thursday:	B	Blue	Grief
6.	Friday:	O	Indigo	Mystery
7.	Saturday:	W	Violet	Ecstasy

Here is a table that describes the seven paths to God that He gave humanity. Each path is different, yet each takes us to the same end:

1.	Sunday:	Christianity	Creation
2.	Monday:	Indigenism	Nature
3.	Tuesday:	Hinduism	Order
4.	Wednesday:	Buddhism	Desire
5.	Thursday:	Taoism	Paradox
6.	Friday:	Islam	Soulfulness
7.	Saturday:	Judaism	Rest

Sunday [Christianity] is the day when God decided to create. He started with the entire universe and made His way down to the last little detail from there. This is described in the color ***red***.

Monday [indigenism] is the day when God created nature. Mother Nature is a metaphor for the raw materials God used to create man. Nature reflects everything about God's designs without His intentions. This is described in the color ***orange***.

Tuesday [Hinduism] is the day when God created the gods who represent order. The order of creation is the key to recreating what God has made. This is described in the color ***yellow***.

Wednesday [Buddhism] is the day when God created the desire in us to know Him. The conflict between our individual wants [-] and our desire [+] to know our Creator produces an inner conflict that we see reflected in the world we share. This is described in the color ***green***.

Thursday [Taoism] is the day when God created paradox. Things are going to look 180 degrees different depending on which direction you come to them from. That's why the topic of anal sex is so important today. This is described in the color ***blue***.

Friday [Islam] is the day when God created the means for us to achieve a soul. If you don't have a soul, it's like going to a school that doesn't offer grades. You're going to complete your education without a transcript. And then, you won't have a clue where you're going when you graduate because you won't even have a record of what you've accomplished. This is described in the color ***indigo***.

Saturday [Judaism] is the day when God chose to rest. God created Saturdays to seek reflection on His creation. This spare time gives us time to contemplate our individual creation and its importance to the unfolding of His universal plan. Learning wisdom, love and loyalty are the keystones to our being. This is described in the color ***violet***.

All the issues of the modern world point to exclusion, separation and alienation from the unification process of God. Many people want to exclude the Jews, and many orthodox Jews want to exclude the LGBTQIA+ community.

As a spiritual scholar who's both Jewish and gay, I can only describe the world through my own experiences. I can't rely on a world that excludes me for being both Jewish and gay. I can't evolve if I'm suffering from neglect, rejection, abandonment and betrayal. I'm always thinking about what I'm missing rather than what I've got. This is why I believe God wants me to describe my spiritual position in words. I've achieved the ability to expose the hypocrisy on all sides.

Chicken Scrawl

If you could see the words you utter inside yourself, you might see what bad handwriting you have when trying to express right [+] from wrong [-]. Your words may not exit your brain as though you were typing them on a screen. The operating system you now have may be underdeveloped. You might be using the equivalent of a typewriter or even the Gutenberg printing press. Or worse, your words might be flowing out of a feather pen, staining the page.

Look at what comes out of your mouth in relationship to what you're thinking. Look at what comes out of your heart in relationship to what you're feeling. If you were to look at what you're doing with your life in relationship to what you believe to be true, right and divine, you might agree that what you look like externally is quite different from what God sees inside of you.

This inner view of you can be upgraded simply by improving your handwriting so you can figuratively communicate with yourself. You may find this kind of attention to detail tedious at first, but it's no different than learning your letters as a child when you combined them painstakingly into words on the page. Surely, you can make your way through your impatience to do the same thing today, figuratively.

It may well be that the sentences you form in your mind don't come out in a straight line because of the curvature of your inner world. The sentences you form inside may even hit a psychological wall you've built against some others. You may be running into an obstinate part of yourself when you express yourself to yourself alone.

There's a potential for a diary in everyone. To become your own good book requires taking your faith in yourself to the next level. But your inner page looks very different from the page of a book or a virtual page on a screen.

Learning to create an inner word processor that produces uniformly well-formed letters that you can combine in any combination to create words is only the beginning. Those letters have to be produced in straight lines that include punctation, paragraphs, footnotes, etc.

Unless your mind has produced an inner word processing apparatus that's as sophisticated as a computer, don't think of yourself as a ***good*** thinker. Don't believe yourself when you conclude that your critical thinking skills are adequate. You can't question what your words look like in your mind's eye unless you can watch your mind produce them. No one can edit you like you can. If you're still writing words by hand, and they look like chicken tracks inside you, you're still defiant, ornery and anti-Authoritarian.

Why bother to hold opinions about anything? Why bother to think at all?

That's actually an amazingly good question. The best I suggest is that your survival is paramount. You can't learn if people are threatening to kill you. Learning who you are and why God created you is crucial to dying with peace of mind.

Our inner operating system was formed by God biologically, but it's also being shaped by Him psychologically day-by-day. That input is beyond our ken. It comes out in dreams at night and is being fashioned by day through our experiences.

You need to create a communication network with Him, not just with yourself. There's no other way to seriously pray. In this way, when you align the forces within you, you'll achieve answers to your questions that will seem miraculously inspired.

It's one thing to be anti-***authoritarian***. It's quite another to be anti-***Authoritarian***. Anti-Authoritarians don't believe in God. They don't believe they were made in God's image, an image that can be revealed with ***effort*** if they want to make the ***effort***. They might like to read my book <u>The</u>

Buddha Within: Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian Who Yearns for Peace of Mind.

The inner world of an anti-Authoritarian looks like plastic flowers and plastic fruit. They think they were formed perfectly and life-like. But they don't smell. They don't ripen. They don't grow, and they certainly aren't edible.

You may be an anti-Authoritarian who's ready to give up being plastic to become real. Nobody wants to age or feel that they're rotting, not living and growing. But you must face the fact that you may not ever ripen if you don't put in the werk. Your pedals may never know the joy of opening in the morning. You may never experience the dew on your leaves weighing you down or the autumn rays that remind you that the end is always drawing nearer.

Anti-Authoritarians don't believe in death. They think they're going to live forever. Like plastic flowers, they never wilt. Like plastic fruit, they never rot. They only gather dust.

If you see yourself as no greater than dust, you'll never see yourself as anything more than dust. You'll go from dust to dust. All your accomplishments will look like a film over reality that, with one finger, anyone can draw a line through.

By the sweat of your brow, you will eat your food until you return to the ground, since from it you were taken; for dust you are and to dust you will return." [Genesis 3:19]

The inner handwriting of anti-Authoritarians looks like chicken scrawl. It's illegible. Those of us who cherish literacy use our mind to create an instrument that can turn our thoughts into visible words that reveal the errors in our thinking. We ***werk*** with The Teacher to improve our relationship with ourself by helping others help themself do the same.

The more you give, the more you'll receive. The more you receive, the greater you'll become. If your greatness doesn't interest you, you'll die mediocre. That'll be apparent by your cynicism, scorn and derision of living a sexual, spiritual life.

Becoming hopeful requires putting your hope in yourself. Your rainbow shines up from your heart over to your soul. If you can't see the promise of hope in your heart, no external promises or hope will ever suffice to prove to you that there is a God. There's a reason for your being. And there's werk to do every day without fail.

Rimming

I once suffered from a stomach and bowel ailment that turned out to have been caused by rimming. It happened a second time with Will who I wanted to prove my loyalty and devotion to.

My doctor told me that what I was doing was dangerous and ill-advised. So, I listened to her.

Following my doctor's advice hasn't been easy for me, especially in light of what I said before. I did it as an expression of my ***loyalty*** and ***devotion*** to him. How else can you prove to another person that they mean the world to you?

This rhetorical question is often required in politics. Some leaders insist that their followers figuratively get down on their knees and rim him to prove their loyalty and devotion while the whole world watches. That's politely called "support," but it's a very real aspect of "making political sausage." They say that rimming those whose egos have to be assuaged is necessary in politics. I say rimming is ill-advised in politics ***and*** the bedroom.

But there's another scenario in which rimming is common, and that's in the religious realm. Leaders in the Abrahamic, religious institutions insist that the laity prove their loyalty and devotion to their name for God by rimming Him on Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays.

I know this idea may come as a shock to you, but hear me out. If man was made in God's image, then God has an Anus, too. So, the question is whether licking His Anus is kosher and halal, or not.

Why stop there? If God has an Anus, then He surely has a Penis. Then the question of licking His Precum and swallowing His Semen become activities that the institutions of faith don't want to talk about, either. They don't want to take anything about their scripture ***figuratively*** because this is the sort of questioning that will eventually occur.

Therefore, they promote their scripture ***literally*** with an ignorant attitude about how to deal with sex spiritually.

Let's begin by looking at the evidence some of the leaders in the world's faith are doing now or were doing in the past. I think by starting there, that will help us determine whether we want to do as they tell us, or whether we'd rather abstain from rimming literally and figuratively as being unhealthful and unnecessary in proving our ***loyalty*** and ***devotion*** to anyone, including God.

Praying for love and money is a like rimming God. It's an exchange of what you want for what you believe He wants. It's one thing to learn ***humility***. Humility makes us more teachable. It's another to ***humiliate*** ourself. The masochist is us is willing to use humiliation to get what we want from ***God***. The sadist is willing to use humiliation to get what we want from ***others***.

Life appears to be so difficult because people aren't willing to reject both the sadist and masochist inside. Life gets much easier when you're willing to ***earn*** your rewards, not cheat [Commandment #7], steal [Commandment #8] and lie [Commandment #9] to get what you want [-]. Life will be much more gratifying and precious if you werk for what you want from within, rather than by getting what you want through ***immoral*** [internal] and ***unethical*** [external] means.

Becoming personally responsible for your behavior toward yourself, others and God require looking at the feelings of existential loneliness you experience.

Neglect, rejection, abandonment and betrayal are common ways to force gays and Jews to experience the existential loneliness you don't want to have to face. But as a survivor of severe mental illness, I did all that to me. I neglected to question my thoughts, rejected my feelings of loneliness, abandoned the beliefs I had in my potential to come to know and love myself and betrayed myself by trying to kill myself.

To this day, I have to stop myself when I feel friendless. I'm not one to join organizations. I'm not a belonger, and I don't have many friends. But I've learned one thing that's invaluable when it comes to spirituality. My feelings of loneliness are dispensed by The Teacher when I'm not focused on caring for myself.

Self-***ambivalence*** is the cause of self-***betrayal***. People who truly care about themself don't end up betraying themself. And they usually avoid getting betrayed by others.

Marrying Will wouldn't solve this problem. Marrying myself internally became my mission in life when I realized that I had to prove my love for ***me***. I now look at marriage as the linking, joining, connecting, uniting, bonding, binding and unifying of all the spiritually parts of myself. I see all the negativity in the world as lessons in bringing the meaning of a modern marriage to consciousness. This is why marriage equality worldwide is my external mission for everyone.

Israel is on the cusp of achieving marriage equality. The only ones stopping the Israelis from doing so are the Haredim [orthodox Jews]. They're stuck between following God's orders to kill all gay Jews and the humiliation of the civilized world in not keeping up with modernity.

The same holds true for extremist Christians and fanatical Muslims. None of the world's problems are about real estate or finances. They're the tail wagging the dog. Everything revolves around sex and spirituality.

I suppose the question boils down to whether you think of God as a man and whether you think He yearns for carnal relationships with His creations. The next question would naturally flow from there to whether God would want to top or bottom. And from there the questions of rimming and fellating Him wouldn't be far behind.

Because loyalty and devotion are practiced so duplicitously in the bedroom and in politics, we ought to ask ourselves whether this is happening between leaders of the

world faiths with their followers rather than a practice that emanates down from Above.

Iran is surely the worst theocracy in the world, but their problem with God goes well beyond their borders. Defeating the Iranian leaders won't solve the problems in the minds of true believers everywhere. Faith in God requires examination of sex and spirituality, regardless of the name you use for Him.

I think there's a lot of rimming going on figuratively in the institutions of faith. Catholic priests were caught literally molesting young boys because I think the whole Catholic Church has been abusing the world for millennia. But I don't believe this dangerous practice of rimming emanates down from God. I think this is the fault of man. This is what happens when you don't use your mind to critique your thinking.

That's not to say that the Protestants and Christian Orthodox have performed any more admirably. Christianity has done horrible things in the name of Christ.

We all know that the 17th Century philosopher, Baruch Spinoza, was excommunicated from Judaism for rejecting God as He was understood by dogmatic rabbis at the time.

"If we think that God is like us, an Agent who acts for the sake of ends and who, by issuing commands, makes known His expectations and punishes those who do not obey, we will be dominated by the passions of hope and fear: ***hope*** for eternal reward and ***fear*** of eternal punishment. This will, in turn, lead us toward submission to ecclesiastic authorities who claim to know what God wants. The resulting life is one of 'bondage' - psychological, moral, religious, social, and political enslavement - as opposed to the liberating life of reason." [Steven Nadler]

God doesn't need to evolve; man does. It's God's plan for man to evolve, mature, grow, progress, advance and develop. As man ages, so do his views on God.

God pretended to apologize in flooding the world. What He was doing was demonstrating the enormity of His plan in killing off the infant and child in us as we move into puberty. The rainbow bridge of hope He's given us unites our heart and soul instead. If you take the Hebraic story of Noah and the ark literally, you miss the magnificent message from God that includes coming out of all the closets within you into a world of faith in yourself and the One God Who created you.

But it's hard for us to change our mind, transform our feelings and transcend our beliefs. But circumstances beyond our control force us to mature when we don't choose to. Those who question their sexual, spiritual challenges mature of their own accord. They don't require harsh lessons from The Teacher. This accounts for what people call "luck."

Figuratively rimming God isn't the way I'd like to express my ***loyalty*** and ***devotion*** to Him. But it is what I see many true believers doing. The conclusion I've come to is that the religious world needs to clean up their act. As a gay Jewish American, it couldn't be more obvious to me how hypocritical many religious people are. They seem to think God hates gays, Jews and Americans. I can assure you, nothing is further from the truth.

Nobody needs to be stimulated by me. People need my ***love*** and ***attention***, not my ***stimulation***. I give my ***loyalty*** and ***devotion*** to humanity in wise and loving ways, without rimming anybody, literally or figuratively.

As for fellating God, I think the life-giving substance in Him is best described as a fire, not a liquid. God's Breath is used in Genesis to describe the life-giving Semen and Egg within each one of us. When people stop breathing, we tend to poetically believe that the Spirit within them then leaves their body like a flame being extinguished.

I like this interpretation of Jewish scripture. Here are the seven attributes of fire that I compare God's life-giving Semen and Egg to:

1. Illumination	Wisdom	Judaism
2. Warmth	Love	Christianity
3. Burn	Punishment	Islam
4. Mystery	Wonder	Hinduism
5. Sound	Mission	Buddhism
6. Smell	Intuition	Taoism
7. Smoke	Prayer	Indigenism

Man uses his semen in the best and worst of ways to make meaning out of his life. The more we infuse the attributes of our semen like fire to purify ourself, the more we'll come to understand how God's Semen purifies us.

This is an expression of faith that the institutions of religion aren't yet evolved enough to talk about. They treat their laity like children who haven't yet achieved the ability to reach orgasm. They don't see anyone as a mature adult. They treat those who believe in their name for God in juvenile ways. They treat those who believe in other names for God in childish ways. And they treat those who don't believe in God in infantile ways. Is it any wonder that the people of the Middle East, the home of all three of the Abrahamic faiths, are constantly at war with one another. Is it any wonder that indigenists have a terribly low opinion of everyone who believes in God.

The nations of the West are only slightly ahead of the nations in the Middle East. Although we've achieved marriage equality which allows gays to marry, the concept of marrying ourself to unify the disparate forces within us is woefully neglected.

Wherever there is domination by any one religion, gays and/or Jews always suffer. But we ***all*** suffer when the concept of marriage suffers. All humanity should be learning to link, join, connect, unite, bond, bind and unify themself from within. Only then will peace be achieved throughout.

Setting Unreasonable Goals

It's unreasonable to ask gay men to give up anal sex. But it ***is*** reasonable to require men to give up figuratively screwing one another over.

It's unreasonable to ask gay men to stop fellating one another. But it ***is*** reasonable to force men to stop figuratively stimulating the genitalia of one another through unsavory business practices, including tricks to force people into debt and advertisements that promise outcomes that are false, overblown or unrealistic.

It's unreasonable to think of gay men as degenerates for kissing one another when some straight men express their undying devotion to their father by kissing his ass to get what they can from him.

And, it's unreasonable to ask gay men not to raise children when you look at the monsters some straight couples have brought into this world.

Mystery turns into madness if you behave hypocritically. Hypocrisy is condoned when you take the law in your scripture literally. There are so many laws that have been discarded from Torah, including killing children for disobeying their parents; enslaving human beings; killing adulterers; and killing anyone who doesn't believe in our God.

If we could only accept gays for ***literally*** doing what so many others are doing ***figuratively***, people would not only become more tolerant. They'd become more insightful. You can't know God without ***insight***. But you can't become insightful without ***hindsight*** and ***foresight***.

If you're not interested in using your eyes to look at your ***behavior***; your ears to listen to your ***thoughts***; and your nose to figuratively smell the stench of what's emanating out from inside of you – then you're not going to graduate the school of life with the honors you think you deserve.

Setting Outrageous Expectations

It's outrageous to suggest there are separate standards for gays just because Moses said so. Moses was a homophobe. Jesus never set double standards, although others in the Gospels did. The Prophet Muhammad was a pedophile on top of being a homophobe.

Setting outrageous expectations of people today is common, but unwise. Who wants to go back to the way things were. All you have to do is look at history to see how much we've improved our understanding of ourselves over our ancestors. Going ***back*** to go ***forward*** isn't going to change things for the better. From here we have to continue further forward to make this world a place where everyone respects standards that apply to one and all.

The LGBTQIA+ community has been given the task of showing straights how to explore lust in ways that protect children from physical and psychological harm. But because there are so many immature, straight adults, the job is harder than it looks.

Mrs. Ed

Dedicated to Rachel Maddow. From all the Wilburs out there:

"Hello, I'm Mrs. Ed!"
A horse is a horse of course of course,
and no one can talk to a horse of course.
That is of course unless the horse
is the famous Mrs. Ed!
Go right to the source and ask the horse.
She'll give you the answer that you'll endorse.
She's always on a steady course.
Talk to Mrs. Ed!
People yakkity-yak a streak,
and waste your time of day,
but Mrs. Ed will never speak
unless she has something to say!
A horse is a horse of course of course
and this one'll talk 'til her voice is hoarse.
You've never heard of a talking horse?
Well, listen to this:
"I am Mrs. Ed!"

Some straight people have weird expectations of gays and lesbians. They think all superpowers are the same. If you read the lyrics above, but you couldn't imagine them sung in a high register, you've got unreasonable expectations about lesbians that you haven't overcome.

Some straight people still think gays and lesbians are inhuman just because we express our sexuality differently from them. They can't even imagine that we express our sexuality differently from one another. They watch us in wonder that we can communicate with everyone just like they do, even though we're so "queer."

Well, gay men are like Wilbur and lesbians are like Ms. or Mrs. Ed. We've got a secret that we share easily and openly with one another in the privacy of our "barn/architect office." But when riding around in public, we know how to zip it. If you're straight and could talk to women the way gay men can, and do, you'd realize that our secret is out. And if you could listen to Ms. and Mrs. Ed and really hear what they have to say, you'd be more amazed at their wisdom than at their ability to speak.

We're not the freaks around here. It's the people in television land with unrealistic expectations of others who are frighteningly freakish. Don't blame that on the Jews. Blame that on how far we've gotten in our lessons in the school of life. The curriculum of the human race is woefully elementary.

When Israel achieves marriage equality, every Muslim nation on Earth will want it, too. That will expose the Palestinian goal of creating one more homophobic, anti-Zionist, Muslim nation. No one should want to go backwards or seek more of the same.

It's not about Jews owning land in "their" Muslim Middle East. It's really about gays having the right to marry in the Muslim Middle East. Until the student body understands that this is the overriding lesson from The Teacher, the grades of students around the world will suffer, and the planet will continue to heat up and burn.

Black Glue

I've had sex with a lot of Black men. So, you might say that I overcame my prejudice against Black people one Black penis at a time.

But there was one Black man who stands out in my memory above all the rest. He was a young guy who drove through my neighborhood when I was a young man living in L.A. He called to me from his car window, asking me how to get to Griffith Park, [which was no easy task from the Wilshire District.]

I took one look at him, and my gaydar told me he was interested in going up there to look for sex. So, I decided to ask him if he'd like me to get in and show him the way. Needless to say, I was cute. He was hot. So, he agreed.

Because it was summertime, the brush in Griffith Park was dry, and there wasn't a whole lot of shade. So, it wasn't like we were going to take off all our clothes and roll around in the thorny grass and brambles. But he had a beautiful penis that I really enjoyed getting down on my knees and sucking.

But when he was about to cum, I jerked him off into my hand. And he then exclaimed with some dismay that I shouldn't have taken his cum in my hand. But I felt it would have been disrespectful to let him shoot on the ground if I wouldn't let him shoot in my mouth. And besides, holding his warm cum in my hand seemed particularly loving, gentle and kind. That's just the kind of guy I am…

Now however, when I think back to that hot and horny, summer day, I see the event somewhat differently. What stands out in my mind is that I looked at the semen in my hand and noticed that it was white. Deep down inside, that surprised me. Although I'd had sex with a lot of Black men before him, they'd always cum in my butt, so I'd never gotten a look at their cum. When this fellow came in my hand, I guess in the back of my mind I was so naïve and

spiritually backward that I thought his semen would be black like his skin.

The reason I can tell you this story is because I'm a gay Jew who's the son of a slave. The White Christian men in Germany who enslaved my father thought that enslaving and killing Jews was just fine with God. They didn't care what color my father's skin was. They didn't care that his semen was the same color as theirs. They judged him by his faith and by the fact that his penis was circumcised and theirs was not.

Even though my father was liberated before I was born, I was indirectly damaged by those White Christians. But I never held a resentment against them for it. When I went to Germany for the first time, I was ***terrified***, not angry. But I met a gay German and we worked out our parents' issues in bed. That's just how we do it. His German semen was released in me, and my Jewish semen was released in him. We both felt honored to have the life-giving force of the other in us. We both had been set aflame by each other's fire.

I've never been ***angry*** at White people for all the ways I was damaged by my father who'd been damaged by White, European Christians. I healed the wounds I'd inherited from my father my way. And I healed America's wounds with Black people the same way.

I've always known ***intellectually*** that White men have white cum. But emotionally I was so repressed that I felt White cum was white because White men were pure. Sure, I was a bit surprised to discover that Black men have white semen, too. But that made me think about Jewish semen and German semen being just as white. I happen to know for a fact that Brown and Yellow men also have white semen. I find that fact sexually/spiritually relevant.

If you're looking for God's designs, I suggest you look more deeply into the details. I suggest you think about the fact that the color of your semen is just as white as every other man's. And I suggest you look at the scar on your belly

that you got when you were born. Everybody else has one, too, proving that we all came out of a woman.

I can't imagine that in 33 years of life on Earth, Jesus never had a wet dream. I've look at Christ on the cross, but I've never seen a depiction of Him without a navel. Even the Son of God must have had white semen and a belly button.

What's the point of His Father having created Him as a man without having given Him the experience of birth through a woman and the experience of ejaculation? Just because our Jewish ancestors were prudes who didn't talk about such things doesn't mean that we can't talk about such things today.

If you think like a rabbi, priest, pastor, parson, minister imam or cleric, you're ***not*** going to want to talk about sex and spirituality. You're going to say that the topic makes you uncomfortable.

Well, it doesn't make me uncomfortable because I'm gay. I'm not going to stop talking about things that make others uncomfortable until everybody talks about such things in a mature manner.

Surely Jesus noticed that His semen was white. And I wouldn't be surprised that He discovered that other men's semen was white, too.

Surely, it's no coincidence that our Father chose to spread Christ's word first through Europe among White people. And it's surely no surprise that some White men think their semen is white because they're so much more special and pure than anyone else.

Take it from a gay man who's known all kinds of men in the Biblical sense of the word. Experience is the best teacher. Don't believe people who tell you to take the words of scripture literally. We live in a wonderful, new age in which we can go much deeper than the literal words from God.

White Glue

The Jews built the pyramids as slaves of the Egyptians. Torah as the recreation of those pyramids in literary form. Torah emanates out of the soul of the Jewish people. The scrolls you see in synagogues are place holders for the Torah in every Jew's soul, whether or not they've read it.

God, in His infinite wisdom, created two other faiths which He constructed like isosceles trapezoids that point up to the sky as well. Islam stands firmly on the ground, and Christianity is firmly lodged between Islam and Judaism.

Torah is constructed upon the main metaphor of Moses: man is a tree of knowledge with a talking serpent in it. The serpent in our tree begins ***biting*** others at puberty, sinking its "teeth" deep into the flesh of its victims to inject its "venom."

This is why most people are afraid of snakes. People need to be taught to separate the natural world from the world of sex and spirituality. In the sexual and spiritual sense, the serpent in a man's tree is a sensible voice that speaks on God's ***behalf***.

Creating life isn't just a physical expression of our love of life. Creating life is a joy. And the joy of sex is still joyful, even if you're not aiming to produce life. No one is more aware of that truth than those of us in the LGBTQIA+ community.

Although God made it very clear that He doesn't want man to pick the fruits of knowledge of good [+] and evil [-] from ***His*** tree, every boy who leaves childhood learns with his first orgasm that he couldn't help disobeying Him. Such is the boundary between the ***theory*** of life in ***Eden*** and the ***practical aspects*** of life on ***Earth***.

That warning from God's was reverse psychology to get us thinking. All God wants is for us to get to know ourselves and glorify His creations. That would be more obvious if

fanatical, hyper-religious believers were willing to discuss scripture from a figurative perspective.

It's not an abomination for men to make love to men. It's an abomination not to love the feminine side of yourself. This is what Leviticus 18 and 20 are figuratively referring to. Men who deny the woman within them turn into monsters.

Making us vulnerable to temptation and then telling us what not to do is a clever way of teaching us to think morally for ourself about ourselves. This is the strategy God used to make Jews wise.

God is invisible. We can literally see right through Him. But His methods and motives are not. They can be quite apparent if we use the forces within us to plummet His intentions. When we look at all scripture, not just the one we were given by our parents, we unify our perspective on His awesome designs.

God tempted the Jews in Torah to ***think*** metaphorically. He tempted the Christians to use Christ's flesh [bread] and blood [wine] to ***feel*** symbolically. And He used the Quran to teach Muslims to ***believe*** in Him by creating similes of Himself. There are 114 similes [chapters] in the Quran that describe how man can become ***like*** God.

The Abrahamic faiths [Judaism, Christianity and Islam] are like two ***isosceles trapezoids***, one [Christianity] atop the other [Islam]. Judaism is like a ***pyramid*** that sits above them both.

The three Eastern religions [Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism] are like two inverted ***isosceles trapezoids*** with Taoism like a ***pyramid*** below them. Together, the east and west form a Star of David.

All six of the world faiths and the indigenism that we all came out of were created by One God. Each of us is a symbol of His story. Each of us is like a Star of David and like a child created by God.

The white glue that holds all faiths together is semen. Man's body is like a divine symbol that contains every piece of God's puzzle. As you come to know yourself ***metaphorically***, ***symbolically*** and ***analytically***, you discover the magnificence of God's plan in having created you. You discover your part to play in the unfolding of His plan. You discover the magnificence in the way He created woman, as well.

The spiritual, white glue that bind us together is the milk of human kindness. In women, that white glue literally comes out of their breasts is liquid love that nourishes the body of ***infants***. In men that white glue literally comes out of their penis is liquid love that nourishes the body of ***adults***.

It's so easy to see that Christ's spiritual glue is love. All men use the juice [glue] they create in their fruits to produce love that gushes out of them when they become ecstatic for a brief moment in time. The more glue men produce, the more they ought to be able to seal together the two huge, spiritual triangles that look ***like*** the Star of David to produce peaceful societies around the world that share all of God's designs.

Using the Star of David as a universal symbol, not just as a Jewish symbol, is denounced by antisemites. Yet using the cross or the crescent moon as universal symbols from God is applauded. This is hypocritical.

Fellowship is the glue that binds all men and women together. ***Brotherhood*** in the form of semen is the literal glue gay men use to bind ourselves together. ***Sisterhood*** in the form of vaginal excretion is the literal glue lesbians use.

If you can't associate sexual activity with spiritual activity, you've been crippled by your faith and family. Either you hate sex or God, or both. To learn to love both, you must combine the two, even though the hyper-religious are terrified of doing so.

The hyper-religious seem to think their penis [serpent] or clitoris [worm] will overpower their ability to think

logically, feel ***rationally*** and believe ***reasonably***. That conclusion is simply not ***sensible***.

Spreading Legs

If you spread a woman's legs, what you see between them are two holes. Out of one of the holes comes ***life***. Out of the other hole comes ***death***. Straight men are usually attracted to the hole out of which life emerges. A straight man usually prefers to contribute to creation using his ***serpent*** to converse with her ***worm***.

If you spread a man's legs, what you see between them are two holes. Out of one of the holes emerges an oil that figuratively greases the wheel and later a milk that literally helps create ***life***. Out of the other hole comes ***death***. Gay men are attracted to both holes in men. Gay men have a thirst for the life-giving milk in men and a hunger to feed the celebration of life that ends in death.

Anal sex is a symbolic way to conquer death with life. Anal sex is our way of celebrating death as an extension of the mystery and mastery of life. It's our way of maintaining our faith in life after life. It's our way of defying the horrors of death with a lust for life everlasting.

Those who use anal sex to express their vengeance at God for having created them, are hateful human beings who want to destroy life. They use sex to ***humiliate*** rather than ***please***. They want to produce ***guilt***, not ***love***.

But when I open my legs to my boyfriend, I'm figuratively opening my heart and soul to God, as well. We know that He told us not to do what we're doing, so we do it with the utmost care and affection. I open myself to my faith that proclaims that God made everyone in His image. I open myself to hope in the spiritual efforts of all mankind to avoid death literally while celebrating the end of our journey with every step we take toward the end.

It was easy for God to tell Moses that he couldn't look at His Face, or he'd die. Moses was a homophobe. Surely, if he'd looked God in The Face and saw how much God loved him, it would have killed him to realize how hateful he was.

Moses hated himself. He hated being a man. He hated his penis. He walked with a staff that turned into a serpent. He didn't understand the goal of walking on two feet using the serpent between his legs figuratively.

So, instead of letting Moses look at His Face, God let him look at His Heal as He passed by. That was Moses' Achille's heal: homophobia, which is a projection of self-hate onto other men.

Moses wouldn't have been that angry and defiant if he hadn't struggled with the meaning of his being. His mission would have been a lot simpler if he could have acknowledged God's presence in the world ***within*** him, not just ***around*** him. The Israelites would have also had it much easier if they'd understood that the Burning Bush that had motivated Moses was the God within him. Then, they could have sought a Burning Bush experience of their own, rather than be subjected to a Golden Calf experience. They probably could have gone from Egypt to Israel in 40 days, not 40 years, if they'd combined their inner journey with their Exodus out of Egypt.

Getting out of the bondage you've created for yourself in your inner Egypt is much harder than going to Israel today. Becoming a Moses unto yourself will only take you so far. You're also going to have to become a Joshua [Hebrew: savior] unto yourself.

I had to fight many inner voices to conquer the land God gave me through an inner struggle with Him. The word "Israel" means "struggle with God." I'm a gay Jew struggling in a new day-and-age to interpret Torah to accommodate an easier exodus I'm werking for to leave the school of life where God has been my Teacher and Adonai has been my Tutor.

It was easy for Jesus to defy Moses by insinuating to the ancient Jews that His Father's Face didn't frighten Him. Jesus never said anything against abortion or homosexuality. It's only been the men around Him who've made such

horrible proclamations. Jesus wasn't afraid of His Father's love. And He wasn't afraid of the life [baby] that comes out of a woman or the death [bowel] that comes out of us all.

Jesus certainly was a man, but He may have also been an aspect of God. Either way, it's vital that the secret of His glue [love] cements humanity together in a way that no one will deny. We all want to overcome our existential loneliness with love.

The efforts of Muslims in the modern era must harmonize with the progress we've made in the Western world. Self-ignorance must be defeated. Darkness [vengeance] and ignorance [hatred] must be conquered. I recommend Muslims begin by embracing ***gay*** Jews. They can learn to accept ***straight*** Jews after they've come to understand why God created gay men to help straight men learn not to behave like assholes.

My Literary Lobotomy

I thought I found a literary agent for this book. She's a brilliant thinker. I know so because she called me a ***genius*** and a ***unicorn***. She only had one criticism with my writing, but she expressed her reservation tactfully. She insinuated that what I need is a lobotomy.

So, I took her advice and gave myself a lobotomy, figuratively. And I can't tell you what an improvement this has made to my ***righting***!

If you, too, think differently from most people, and you'd like to learn how to lobotomize yourself to do for you what psychiatric drugs do for others, I strongly encourage you to do so!

Please don't think that I'm changing the subject, but this brings to mind a gurlfriend I had when I went to L.A. City College in my twenties. She'd been in a relationship with a guy who figured out he was gay while he was dating her, and she wanted me to meet him. She thought the two of us would hit it off.

She was married by the time she decided to play matchmaker, so we arranged to go out on a double date. We met in front of her ex-boyfriend's house and the three of us walked in together.

After introductions, I turned to my gurlfriend and her husband and asked them who he reminded them of that the three of us knew. They had ***no*** idea, but it was ***very*** clear to me. He reminded me of ***me***! I found him attractive in the way that I found me attractive. That was quite a turn on.

Well, the reason I'm bringing this guy up in this story about a lobotomy is because he only had one leg. He took L.S.D. one night during a storm and decided to take his motorcycle out for a ride while tripping. He got into an accident. That's how he lost his leg. Acid figuratively burned off one of his limbs. He lobotomized the wrong end of himself.

Excuse me for taking another detour, but I'd like to tell you a little something about sex with him. He and I slept together twice. It was the second time we were in bed together that I decided to get up the courage to touch his stump. I figured if I could be so intimate as to French kiss him and suck his penis, I should get up the courage to touch his stump. I felt common courtesy required at least that much from me. That's just the kind of guy I am…

As we were kissing, I slowly moved my hand down his waist, past his hips and down his leg. But then something horrible happened. I reached his knee! I was on the wrong leg, and I had to start all over again on the other side.

All this was a literary detour I wanted to share with you for a reason. The point of this story is how to lobotomize yourself, not how to have intimate sex with an amputee. But from my experience with him, I'll never forget the feeling of literally holding all of a man's pain and suffering in the palm of my hand.

You can do that to yourself by cupping your head with your hands tenderly. This is where all the difficulties you're facing in life emanate out from.

The seam between the two cerebral hemispheres of your brain is called the longitudinal fissure. Twisting your hands so that the right side of your mind figuratively goes forward and the left side figuratively goes backward will lobotomize you. This will help you remember to ***accentuate*** the positive [right] and ***attenuate*** the negative [left].

Walking around on an artificial leg for the rest of your life because of something stupid you did in your youth is one way to remind you to think about what you think about. I don't recommend you use the technique that fellow used. The outcomes of his self-hate and mine were very different. I only have a small scar by my left eye as the result of glass that cut me when I drove my car off the cliff.

I went on a couple of rollercoaster rides after I drove my car off a cliff and the experience brought up the trauma of

that suicide attempt. I hated it. Yet, my life has been like a rollercoaster ride. Life brings up a sense of ordeal, distress and damage every day. I don't literally need a rollercoaster ride anymore to remember how scared I always am.

I suggest you think about what you thinking about so that you can reflect on your actions from either hemisphere of your brain. Sometimes you should want to be ***more*** positive [+] and sometime you should want to be ***less*** negative [-].

A figurative lobotomy will give you the impression that you're looking in a mirror inside in which you can see an opposite side to every issue you raise. This will help you move through self-denial. This will also make you more judicious.

I've even come to enjoy judging myself. I now like commending and critiquing me. I like both because doing both increases my self-intimacy. The more I turn the stranger inside me into a friend, the more secure I feel in my skin.

The two cerebral hemispheres of the brain are joined at the bottom by the corpus callosum. The corpus callosum connects the two halves of the brain by delivering messages from one half to the other.

So, when Dr. Jekyll got stuck in his head and Mr. Hyde got stuck in his heart, it was the bottom of their brain that literally connected them to one another through their unconscious mind. I find that poetically fascinating when you give greater thought to the spiritual importance of anal sex in regards to Mr. Hyde screwing Dr. Jekyll over.

As you contemplate the personal meaning in self-denial, you'll discover that there are unconscious thoughts beneath your thoughts; unconscious feelings beneath your feelings; and unconscious beliefs beneath your beliefs. There are a whole host of spiritual forces echoing within you that you need to uncover to come out of your closet [unconscious mind]. To stop this tin can affect inside that can reverberate all sorts of maddening thoughts, feelings and beliefs about

the action you take, remember that the walls of your head are padded on the outside.

That padding is called hair. Dampening down the irritating effects of other people's thoughts, feelings and beliefs to keep them from getting in and bouncing back and forth inside of you like an echo is no more difficult than growing your hair long. That's what hippies did in my generation to think for themselves rather than follow the dictates of society mindlessly.

But when old hippies like me lose their hair, we're forced to create a filter ***in*** our mind to soften the reverberations that come from outside our scull.

You ought to do the same by creating a padded wall for your cell, too. You don't want to bang your head against an inner wall all your life. That's what the guy with one leg I dated must still be doing 45 years later.

Cerebrospinal fluid is the clear liquid that surrounds the brain and spinal cord to cushion and protect them from injury. What I'm suggesting you do is use your imagination to turn that fluid into the padding of your cell.

I now prune my thoughts, feelings and beliefs as needed because I'm like a tree. I edit what I say before it goes out of my head through my fingertips out onto the page because I'm a student in a classroom with a Teacher. And even though I can't get answers directly from the Teacher during class, I can, and do, get answers from my Tutor who is always in my breastplate and on my side.

The joy in editing what I saw is that I don't have to worry anymore about what's spewing forth from ***other*** people's mouth. That's not something I can control. I don't have to suffer through anyone's self-denial.

The best I can do is treat myself kindly, even on those days when I feel awkward, ugly and hostile. I can know that I'm werking on denial. Being patient with myself is a sign of self-love. Knowing The Teacher is taking me through

lessons that will increase my understanding of me is the result of having achieved faith.

I'm never going to heal from insanity. But I can use it like a tool to help my conscience develop greater control over my actions, inside and out.

Mental illness was my weakest link. But it turned into my greatest strength. If life is a school and God is my Teacher, then I now feel confident that I have the tools I need to graduate with good grades.

Thanking the Dead

You can't literally thank the dead because they're not here to receive your appreciation. So, you have to do so figuratively if you find yourself indebted to them.

In society, we do this through memorial services. We set aside holidays to memorialize those who contributed to the life we enjoy today. We remember the birthday and death day of the ones we loved.

But I never bothered to thank anyone in my thoughts after they passed on. I considered that a responsibility you give only to the living. My mother taught me to say "thank you," but only face to face with another person or in writing. She didn't teach me to go further. She spent a lifetime bemoaning how she treated her own mother, but she never mentioned a word about thanking ***her*** mother for all that ***my*** mother had learned about life, child rearing, marriage and friendship from her mother later in her own life.

This is something I now see happening for me. As I look back on my youth and the adulthood I enjoyed when my parents were living, I now see so much more than I saw then. My father always told me that he loved me. I always whispered inside that he had a funny way of showing it. It wasn't until recently [over 30 years after he died] that I realized how indebted I was to him for sending me a book for boys about sex. He never had a conversation with me on that subject. But when I was 16, he must have sensed that I hadn't yet learned how to masturbate, and he sent me that book.

I don't remember if I thanked him for it then. But I learned how to masturbate from that book, and I'm grateful to him now for having made such an enormous difference in my life when I so needed help in that area.

I've literally said the words to myself, "Thank you, Dad, for sending me that book on sex. If not for that, I don't know how or when I would have learned how to masturbate." I

don't believe he can hear me think. But I know ***I*** can hear me think, and I believe my thoughts are vital to my sexual and spiritual development.

I said these words to him at a time when I was felt terribly, spiritually bankrupt. I felt that I'd run out of all feelings. My heart was empty and dry. I felt like I was going through an emotional drought. I didn't want to have happen to me what happened so many times in my past when the smallest of emotional sparks set off a conflagration within me. I've so often felt like California and Canada. I've felt that a precious forest of trees inside of me caught fire and went up in flames.

I didn't want that to happen again. So, I let God guide my thoughts, and I was amazed to discover how dry I'd become over the 5th Commandment, to honor my father and mother. I realized that I've learned so much in life about the process of living since my parents died that I couldn't thank them for at the time. If not ***now***, when?

Thanking them now didn't require me uttering a single word to memorialize them. It's never too late to thank others, even if they're dead. It's all an inside job.

I didn't realize that Israel had made my dream of becoming a professional dancer come true. I didn't realize that the LGBTQIA+ community in gay A.A. had nursed me back to health after I suffered from extreme mental illness.

These were gifts in life that required my loyalty. I'll never oppose Israel or the gay community. They were there for me when I needed them. But in supporting Israel and the gay community, I must endorse marriage equality in Israel as the greatest gift to me I could ever be given.

My father wasn't there when I needed him most of the time. But he was there for me that once. And he must not be forgotten for anything he did right.

As for my mother, she was my ***eyes*** and ***ears***. She connected me to the world in a way that nobody else ever did. The fact that she wasn't my ***nose***, I can't blame her for.

I've had to learn to use my nose to plummet my intuition like a smell. I've had to learn to breathe in my sixth sense.

In losing my eyes and ears to mental illness, I got cut off from the world we share. I felt neglected, rejected, abandoned and betrayed. But that was necessary to force me to seek answers using my nose, instead. I had to smell the stench inside me. I'd also had a problem smelling the stench inside others. One nostril now helps me smell the stench in others. The other nostril helps me smell the stench in me.

My mother couldn't help me with my mission in life. My mission wasn't her mission. She was born from a Jewish mother and a Christian father. Her mission was to heal the border between those two faiths. And she did everything she could in her lifetime to accomplish her mission, including loving me, her gay son, and loving my sister, her daughter who turned into a thief.

My mother and I shared wonderful years together after I began to use my nose as my guide. But my mother didn't abandon my sister after my sister stole all our mother's material wealth before she was even dead.

I'm also grateful to my country. I'm grateful for the assistance I got from society when I was too sick to work. I'm grateful for the material assistance through scholarships and grants that I got to achieve a higher education once I could go back to work.

I'm grateful for all our forefathers who gave us the wonderful country we live in today. The fact that there are problems in society today doesn't rule out me thanking all those who've made it possible for me to live as well as I now do.

Going forward, I'm going to look at national holidays and each month of remembrance with heartfelt appreciation because that makes me feel so much better about myself. In addition to our English forefathers who brought upon our shores a dream for a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all people are created equal,

I give special thanks to the African, American community for making it possible for me to believe these words.

As a gay Jew who could marry my partner if we wanted a civil union, I couldn't live a better life anywhere on Earth than the life I live in San Francisco, California. If Will and I could get married in Israel and in any Catholic church anywhere in the world, my mission in life would be complete.

But for the time being, I'll continue to think about all the people I need to thank, living and dead, for what they've contributed to my life. My life is an ongoing ***mystery***. That's what makes it ***my story***. As more of the mystery in being me is revealed to me, I'll thank those I don't yet appreciate for what they've done.

Life is a school. God is my Teacher. But the lessons never end. And when I discover a lesson from the past that I can complete now, I'm never going to let the past deter me from doing so.

Venting

A lot of people just want to vent. They aren't interested in solving problems. Solutions to problems don't solve their problems because their ***problems*** are ***dilemmas***. Their dilemmas are internal. The external problems they talk about aren't what they need to be addressing. They need something I have. They need a spiritual Guide.

Trying to solve their dilemmas is a waste of my valuable time. What I need to do is determine what their dilemma is and why The Teacher is revealing it to ***me***. That's a clue to ***my*** dilemma. I don't mind revealing to people what I learn about myself, but I don't tell anyone what I've learned about them. I ask them questions. I don't give them answers.

For me, life as a school for ***comedians***. I don't want to be perceived as a ***clown***. I've been through clown school. I've humiliated myself enough.

If I don't see the wisdom in the punchline, I can't appreciate the joke. I want to leave here laughing, or at least with a smile on my face. And if I can't laugh with relief about me, I'm not learning enough about myself.

The Human Comedy [William Saroyan, 1943] is only funny if The Teacher or one of His T.A.'s is revealing a truth to me about myself. I've received my Ph.D. in me. But going out into the world to teach everyone what I've learned in having achieved a doctorate in Barry Emanuel Zeve is the last level of learning in my life.

If I can become so serene that I'm not afraid of others anymore, I can be myself. If I'm so secure in being about to go through future lessons from The Teacher, I can afford to say the hardest words in the world: ***thank You***. Elton John and Bernie Taupin said, "***sorry*** seems to be the hardest word." But I think "***thank You***" is actually much harder.

I believe comedians can conquer this world with joy and laughter. I find it to be a tremendous relief to be able to laugh at myself. That said, I don't enjoy laughing at others unless

they hate gays and/or Jews. When I find myself laughing at homophobes and antisemites, it's a clue to my urge for revenge. I believe everybody seeks good reasons to laugh. I believe everybody wants to enjoy being themself.

Laughter leads to ***tears*** if you're not aware of your feelings of revenge. The secret is not acting on them. That's when laughter leads to ***relief***.

My writings about me might be valuable to others, even if it may include a little venting.

Spiritually Sick

There are many Republicans who are spiritually sick. They believe the White lie that elections are being stolen if they lose them. They believe that a man whose name is "Q" is exposing pedophiles and cannibals in government. They don't believe gay people and Jews are no different than straight Christians. They believe big black guns are the only thing that will save the world, while they're terrified of big, Black penises.

There are many Democrats who are spiritually sick. They don't believe there is a God. They don't believe that Israel is the land of milk and honey God gave to the Jews as a way of healing the world. They don't believe that Israel is America's closest ally who must be protected and helped under any and all circumstances.

Donald Trump said, "There are ***fine*** people on both sides." What he omitted saying is that there are spiritually ***sick*** people on both sides.

All thieves suffer from a spiritual sickness. All anti-Semites and homophobes suffer a spiritual sickness. All anti-Zionists are spiritually sick because they're closet atheists. All atheists are spiritually sick because they refuse to say, "Thank ***You***."

The Romans were spiritually sick. The Jews who were glad the Romans killed Jesus were spiritually sick. The Jews who participated in slavery in this country were spiritually sick. Torah had to be denounced then for its positive position on slavery. And the Jews today who believe that God hates gay people are spiritually sick. Torah must be denounced today for its positive position on homophobia.

There are Jews on both side of the political spectrum who are spiritually sick. My parents were Holocaust survivors who were spiritually sick. My siblings are spiritually sick because they aren't on speaking terms with one another.

This is true about the Jews, but this is true about everyone. The Jews are different from all other people. Gays are different from other people. Black people are different from other people. So are Latinx, disabled people, Christians, Muslims, twins, the poor, the rich and the mentally ill.

Muslims have been waging war against Israel since 1948. They're spiritually sick. Those who blame Israel for these wars are spiritually sick.

I'm a pacifist. I'm opposed to war. But when people oppose me because I'm gay or Jewish, they've started a war with me. And I will not hesitate to defend myself.

That said, although I'm American, I didn't think the Vietnamese waged a war against America by choosing communism over democracy. I think that was simply a bad decision that didn't concern us.

Communism committed suicide in Russia. Communism will do the same in China. I'm an expert on suicide. Believe me, communism [a world without God] and the theocracy they're promoting in Iran and elsewhere in the Middle East will both die. They're both spiritually sick.

We, the Jewish people, are God's chosen, chosen to show the world that we're ***all*** in this together, Jew and gentile, gay and straight, the physically whole and physically damaged. We're all struggling with the forces within us [thinking, feeling, believing and sensing], even if we deny we have two worlds.

As we heal from within, so shall we heal throughout. It's an outside job that you must strive to solve inside. This is why I focus on discovering my identity. This is my mission in life. I was born gay, Jewish and American. These are the three fronts of the war I'm waging within myself and around myself. As I win this war by overcoming the stranger in me by making him into a friend, I win. And as I win within, every single thing I do out in the world we share becomes a sign to others on how to proceed to win their war.

I was spiritually sick for a long time. But I'm aware of my struggle. Mein Kampf [German: my struggle] is nothing like Hitler's. You won't find Hitler in Heaven. There are consequences to the struggles you choose. Life isn't a ***rehearsal***. It isn't a ***trial run***. It isn't an ***audition***. Life is real because Israel is real. If you don't know that much about the school you've been enrolled in, you'd better learn it now because your future grades will depend on it.

Fortunately, I've learned that ***your*** grades aren't going on ***my*** report card. But I've also learned that I'm not enrolled in many classes that others have to take.

I only read the news once a day in the morning. I read it with detachment. The news is like getting the class grades from the day before. But class is in session 24/7. There is no day of rest. Today is another school day.

What makes today so meaningful to me is that words that are being used in public, like "drought" and "flood" are becoming meaningful to me in my private, inner world. The droughts in my heart are teaching me to love the Jews. The floods in my heart are teaching me to love the gays. And pollution of the planet is teaching me to love America all the more.

There is no hope without America, Israel and the LGBTQIA+ community. Anyone who tells you otherwise is spiritually sick.

“Bury Me in my Overalls”

by
Malvina Reynolds

Bury me in my overalls.
Don’t use my gabardines.
Bury me in my overalls
or in my beat-up jeans.
Give my suit to Uncle Jake.
He can wear it at my wake,
and bury me in my overalls.
The undertaker will get my dough.
The grave will get my bones,
and what is left will have to go
for one of those granite stones.
But this suit cost me two weeks’ pay,
so let it live another day,
and bury me in my overalls.
The grave it is a quiet place.
There is no labor there.
And I will rest more easily
in the clothes I always wear.
This suit was made for warmer climes,
holidays and happy times,
so bury me in my overalls.
I gave a hand to clear the land
and make the cities rise.
I helped to bring the harvest in
and lay the railroad ties.
I boomed about from East to West,
It’s time I had a little rest,
so bury me in my overalls.
And when I get to Heaven
where they tally work and sin,
they’ll open up those pearly gates

and holler, “Come on in!
A workin’ stiff like you, we know,
has had his share of hell below,
so come to glory in your overalls!”

Malvina Reynolds is one of my dearest friends, even though she was born in 1900 and died in 1978 before I’d ever listened to any of her magnificent songs. It’s funny how some of the people who you feel know you the best are people you’ve never even met. It’s also a little sad that those who claim to know you well may not have a clue who you really are.

Touching Myself

I'm not young and handsome anymore.
I'm ***beautiful***.
My good looks got so close to me
that they moved right through my skin.
Now I'm beautiful on the inside.
When I don't feel beautiful,
I ask The Teacher what I did to fail a lesson.
I'm so accustomed to self-beauty
that any loss of beauty is a sign
from The Teacher that I need to think about
what I'm thinking about.
I need to reflect on what I've said that has offended me.
I only lose my inner good looks
when I say something ugly.
This how I know I need to question my thinking.
This is also the way The Teacher alerts me
to the need to change my mind.
My tendency is to resist doing so.
Sometimes I have to allow my mind to ***resist*** change.
And sometimes I have to ***force*** myself to change my mind.
When I can force me to change my mind,
I know that my heart is in agreement with my head.
My thoughts and feelings become easily aligned
after I've completed the ***werk***.
This makes it possible for me to discover a new belief
I was withholding from myself.
This makes it possible for me
to advance in the school of life.

Previous Books

Please read my books in the reverse order they were written.

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