David Met Jonathan *After* Slaying Goliath

How I made peace with my penis and testicles

Barry Emanuel Zeve

Reading my words

will be like planting seeds in your head
that I wish you to water,
so that they germinate and take root
in your heart and soul.
I've turned my words into black symbols
on white pages
for you to caress with your eyes.
Your mind will turn these symbols into the sounds
you hear in your head.
This is a process that's more than magical.
It's sensual.
I'm together with you inside of you.

GOD came to us with HIS words,
not with art, music, theater or dance.
Scripture is HIS preferred medium of expression.
The more we appreciate reading,
the more inspired we become to love life.
The human body is a machine you can read
with body language.
The more you right the world,
the deeper you're allowed to read yourself.
Your body language will tell you more about who you are.

Dedication

This is my take-off of the song,
"To All the Girls I've Love Before"
by
Albert Hammond and Hal David, 1975

To all the boys I've loved before
who traveled in and out my door,
I'm glad they came along.
I dedicate this song
to all the boys I loved before.

To all the boys I once caressed
and may I say, I held the best
for helping me to grow, I owe a lot, I know
to all the boys I loved before.

The winds of change are always blowing,
and every time I tried to stay
the winds of change continued blowing.
And they just carried me away.

To all the boys who shared my life
who now enjoy the Afterlife,
I'm glad they came along.
I dedicate this song
to all the boys I loved before.

To all the boys who cared for me
who filled my nights with ecstasy;
they live within my heart.
I'll always be a part
of all the boys I loved before.

Introduction

This book is a reconciliation of my love life. I'm taking you beyond politics and religion into the realm of sexual/spirituality by examining how I made love. This book is my greatest course correction in life. It's now sending me in the direction of my destiny, away from my fate.

If you aren't somewhat familiar with Abrahamic scriptures – the Old Testament, New Testament and Quran – you may want to look up some of the passages I refer to, to get a firsthand look at GOD'S word[s], or not. It won't matter in getting my message.

This book is a written confession about my love life through which I give up all the blame I piled upon myself for other people's errors of judgment and misfortune. [We were all young and inexperienced once.]

All the blame I imposed upon myself for my own errors of judgement, I've corrected to the best of my ability up until now. I've created an intimacy with myself I never achieved before with GOD or man.

Making love is a way of saying two words without words. Those two words are "please" and "thanks." If you study your body language while making love, you'll learn how to please not only your partner. You learn how to please yourself. You'll give thanks to GOD not only for your partner, but for yourself.

In fact, if you learn the full depth of these two words, you'll learn to please GOD and thank HIM for the amazing penis and anus HE's given you. The secret to prayer lies with us, the LGBTQIA+ community. What a pity most in our tribe don't believe in GOD because they don't know the full meaning of dominance and submission.

When I was a precocious teenager, I had no idea that existential loneliness and the unbearable boredom of repetition [that makes up so much of life] would end up being important to my tale. My life was refreshed with new

meaning in old age. I've never felt younger. I've never felt more hopeful. I've never felt more powerful.

Now, in early old age [70], I look back and see myself as just one more Moses who made his way through a world that looks like a parched desert, doing the best he could at the time. But *my* burning bush experience was a confrontation with my conscience before it became a confrontation with GOD. My mother was my ancient Egypt. Getting away from her and the bondage of childhood felt like it took me 400 years, the length of time the Israelites suffered slavery under the ancient Egyptians. Going back to her through contemplation of my navel has turned into an unexpected exodus to freedom for me. The cord is cut. The remnant of it has shriveled up and fallen off.

This book is the story of my plodding, ponderous return to the inner Egypt of growing up in my mother's house. I conjured up the angel of death three times as a young man by attempting suicide to get the attention of the Pharoah inside me. Once he agreed to let me go and live my life without *oppression* from others; *suppression* by family; *repression* of myself; and the ultimate consequence of it all: clinical *depression*, I took 600,000 voices in my head to a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] that I'd never seen or been to previously.

Only there in my inner IsraEL did I find a way to forgive my mother for being old and frail and human. Only there could I forgive my father for not being more like our Father.

My story is what the *biography* of Jesus didn't tell you about the *autobiography* of Moses. Jesus was a rabbi who chose to go back to His inner Egypt while living in IsraEL, a Jewish land that was a spiritual challenge to others then, and that is so still. He chose to be crucified by pharaohs and slavedrivers in His own country rather than deny His truth. He chose to *honor* His mother, as commanded in Torah, not *love* her, as I'd mistakenly done with mine.

My story is for Muslims who are ready to admit that with GOD'S help they hope to figuratively crucify Jews and Christians with the cross they've been carrying all their life in their soul: the Quran. They're ready to put down their guns in favor of studying scripture with Christians and Jews. None of us can live life in GOD'S presence alone.

So, sit back and relax. There's nothing you need to do to prepare for this tale about my tail. I'll tell you *how* I found the words to say what I just said, so you can say what you have to say with greater confidence and conviction.

The crystal ball you saw on the front cover is a depiction of me handing off the power of the good in me to you. The crystal ball on the back is a depiction of death, what those who love life associate with the ultimate evil: the loss of the self.

All GOD'S goodness leads to love, and all evil inclinations, redressed, lead to wisdom. But I must warn you from the start. You won't be able to waltz into the secret on the pages of this book without patience. You have a limited amount of patience and an unlimited amount of impatience. So, read my words slowly! The word in Hebrew for "patience" comes from the root word for "suffering."

Prepare yourself for an overview of sexuality combined with spirituality. There's much you need to learn about me before you'll be ready to learn more about yourself.

If you should happen to lose patience along the way, just climb down from this cross I'm lovingly nailing you to. Take a break. Enjoy a snack. You can always climb back up again when you're ready for more exquisite suffering at my hands.

Dominance in bed is no different than dominance on the page. Once you understand that, you'll embrace submission to all GOD'S scriptures with open arms and legs.

Now say goodbye! You're about to leave the world you know. You can come back to it if you so choose. But who would want to come back to a world that's getting so hot that it's shriveling up?

The Goliath I slew was me

by giving up drugs and alcohol almost 40 years ago.
That was a blow to my head
from which it couldn't recover.
I married myself at the Wailing Wall in 2008.
Then I ordained myself a rabbi
during another visit to Jerusalem in 2011.
I graduated the school of hard knocks
with a Ph.D. in me
by writing alone at home in San Francisco for 10 years.
I lived like a monk with only my boyfriend to comfort me.
[My previous 25 books on spirituality
were my doctoral dissertation before GOD.]

This book is about my love of mankind.
Cleaning up my love life required
figuratively washing myself below my waist.
And having you with me in the shower to rinse off with me
is going to make this a lot more fun.
Such is my naked truth on the page.

P.T.S.D.

stands for
Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.
I no longer suffer from post-traumatic stress.
I no longer suffer from pre-traumatic stress.
I don't anticipate that things will get worse.
Things were bad.
But I can see that they're always getting better.

In an effort to remain hopeful,
I had to find patience with my body,
especially when it was in pain.
I've had to find patience with my heart,
even though it had been broken.
And I had to find patience with my soul
in teaching it that I'm a Spirit in a vehicle on a journey.

Goosebumps are champagne

poured over us that rain down from Heaven.
Angels make us laugh by tickling us with their wings.
I hope to do the same to you
as I thrust my ideas rhythmically into your anus.
If you should feel goosebumps
from reading this confession,
expect to feel them in your nipples.
If you should feel a lump in your throat
it's me picking your Adam's apple
from your tree of knowledge.
And if you have an urge to smile at yourself,
give in to it.
GOD will applaud you for your *modesty* of your body,
your *humility* of your character
and the *grace* with which you submit to HIS will.
So, will I.

Moses referred to the place between our nipples
as a burning bush [hairy chest].
The Christians call what's to the left of our burning bush
a sacred heart.
The Muslims call what's to the right of our burning bush
the wind beneath their flying carpet.

If you're a woman

know that I'm not going to talk much about your clitoris.
This book is by a gay man about my relationship to men.
It's about thrusting myself figuratively
into the butt hole of men
so that what comes out of their mouth will sound different.
Man is [y + x].
Woman is [x + x].
Some stupid scientist couldn't tell the difference
between the gift we get from our father [x or y]
and the gift we get from our mother.
Think of what our mother gave us as "z."
It's the z-factor that straight people don't understand.
Man is [y + z].
Woman is [x + z].
Solving for "z" is what this book is about.

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Previous Books

The V-Shaped Mirror

Alice may have gone through the looking glass in 1865 where she met many a strange creature, but I'm taking you through a V-shaped mirror to give you a better look at yourself. I'm Davide, a queen of IsraEL and a queen of hearts! I'm an oracle with ten orifices. And I'm a poet who's going to change your life forever over the course of the next couple of hundred pages.

Let's begin this odyssey by me asking you to create a V-shaped mirror. You can do this with two hand-held mirrors or with one mirror held up against your bathroom mirror at a 90-degree angle.

While looking at yourself at the center of the V you've created, place the index finger of your right hand on your right check. Then touch your left cheek.

What you see is a real reflection of yourself. What you see is what others see when they look at you. Now try combing your hair as you normally do. Suddenly, you'll see how clumsy and inept your hands are in conjunction with your eyes.

You've now broken through the looking glass – the mirror image of reality that's a reflection of everything that's the opposite of the truth you tell yourself you see.

Everybody's living with the same *mirror* image of life in their imagination. We're all going through the looking glass in our own crazy way, and we're all coming away with a bizarre impression of the world, just as Alice did.

But when you look in a V-shaped mirror, you're looking directly at reality exactly as you appear to others. This is what an *out* of body experience looks like when you're truly *in* your body.

You don't have to read this book in the bathroom. You don't have to lock the bathroom door and take off all your clothes to see yourself as other people see you. There's an

easier way given in scripture as revealed to you through the eyes of a gay Davide.

All three of the Abrahamic faiths begin with the assumption that man was created in a garden by God. The first story in Genesis is actually the main metaphor of Moses. Man is the forbidden tree in that garden. He's a combination of forces that look different on the outside, but quite similar from within. Here are the elements of the mosaic metaphor:

Adam	Head	Thoughts
Eve	Heart	Feelings
Serpent	Penis	Desires
Fruit[1]	Right Testicle	Goodness
Fruit[2]	Left Testicle	Evil
Eden	Earth	Reality

The Creation Story is really a metaphor that describes a boy's first orgasm. Orgasm is the first, sexual/spiritual fact of life. Without an ecstatic experience of life, you know nothing about your potential after life.

The words [semen] of the serpent [penis] that seemingly magically come out of its mouth upon orgasm originate in the testicles [the fruits of good and evil that hang down from every tree {male body} of knowledge].

When it [serpent] conspires with her [Eve], he [Adam] gets in trouble with Him [God].

When our desires [penis] interact with our feelings [heart], our thoughts [head] trigger responses in our body that are exquisite. But they also trigger responses in our conscience that are beguiling.

The two main aspects of man [Adam {the head} and Eve {the heart}] become banished from the garden of Eden {childhood}] in adolescence. Every man is working his way through life by learning about the reason for his being.

When a boy experiences his first orgasm, it's as though he hears the starting gun that begins his race through Torah

to see if he can find the momentum to make the hop, step and jump all the way through Tanach [The Hebrew Testament] the Gospels and the Quran to know THE GOD of us all before he crosses the finish line [death].

Whether you begin exploring the mystery of your life as a Jew, a Christian or a Muslim – you're going to have to account for the *wisdom* inherent in The Old Testament, the *love* exuded by The New Testament and the *loyalty* to God found in the Quran.

To learn how you were personally created in the image of THE GOD of us all, you may have to do more than you're doing now to find your truth from within.

The Abrahamic faiths are more like an edifice with the Hindus in our basement. The Jews live on the ground floor. Our Jewish ceiling is the Christians' floor. And the Muslims have been consigned to the penthouse above their Christian neighbors below.

Don't congratulate yourself just yet for the view you have out of the windows of your mind. Even in the basement [Hinduism], there are windows with light coming in near their ceiling. Remember that most straight men are fools who hate one another with a passion. Don't forget how disloyal all men can be to women and children.

The Creation Story is about sex and how sex leads to guilt. Guilt [mistakes made and atoned for] leads to love. And love lost leads to loyalty to GOD, THE ONE AND ONLY TEACHER in the school of life.

Today, the Abrahamic edifice is surrounded by scaffolding on which the LGBTQIA+ community is washing everyone's windows from the outside. And what we see inside from where we're standing doesn't look good!

If you choose not to wash your windows from the *inside*, don't blame us for the pain and suffering your children and grandchildren will have to endure. Don't come running to us when global warming destroys the life you enjoyed up until

now. You've been warned! Your interpretation of your scripture is amiss.

When Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge, they didn't realize they were *naked*. They saw that they were *nude*. "Nude" means "physically exposed." "Naked" means "emotionally apparent."

Every *toddler* reaches the stage of realization that s/he's nude, and then s/he chooses to put clothes on because s/he doesn't want to feel nude before others. This is the banishment from the Eden of infancy.

Every *child* comes to the realization that s/he's naked and reaches out to mommy and daddy not to feel exposed emotionally.

Every *teenager* comes to the realization that s/he's physically *nude*, emotionally *naked* and spiritually *exposed* before others after experiencing his or her first orgasm. So, s/he reaches out to peers for comfort to share something totally new, mysterious and different that no toddler or child can ever know; something his or her parents couldn't talk about using scripture in a traditional manner.

If you're ready to go through the V-shaped mirror and the discomfort of feeling like an adolescent again as you relive your first orgasm with me, this book is just what THE DOCTOR ordered.

If you're willing to let me dominate you, you'll experience an ecstasy through submission to me that you'll thank GOD for. You'll cum to know HIM in a whole new way.

If you're intimidated rather than curious, you're not ready to grow like a tree in a *garden* [infant]; like a tree in a *grove* [childhood]; like a tree in an *orchard* [adolescence]; or like a tree in a *forest* [adulthood].

But if you figuratively spread your legs to allow me to enter you anally in your imagination, you'll discover the meadow of serenity that's obscured by all the trees in the

forest. You'll experience the peace of mind in getting beyond trading services with your sexual partner[s].

I'm the seller. You're the buyer. If you give me your attention, I'll give you what I have to offer through that dark hole that you were taught to avoid entering at all cost.

If you let me in, you're going to be so pleased with how that makes you feel that you're going to figuratively wrap your arms around me and thank me. You're going to cum to know yourself and GOD in the biblical sense of the word.

Teaching You How to Masturbate

I have no intention of trying to teach you how to masturbate. Nor am I going to try to teach you how to make love with another person. I assume you're already experienced in both those realms.

I'm going to talk to you candidly about lovemaking with a man, whether or not you've tried it, because without at least theoretical knowledge of what that's like, you're never going to understand the secret that gay men have been given that GOD has commanded us to figuratively share with the world.

This book is for race car drivers on the road of life who want to become experts at going at speeds that most drivers are terrified of reaching. Just because you're behind the wheel of your vehicle [body] doesn't mean you're a good driver. You may have a partner in the passenger seat who's of the opposite gender, but that's not going to help you when it comes to driving yourself all the way Home unless you see that passenger as the mysterious other [z] side of yourself – someone you can't see just by looking in a conventional mirror.

All men and women are 50% male and 50% female. The person in your driver's seat is probably the one who you associate with your genitals [x or y]. But the person in the passenger's seat must go anywhere you decide to go because you're the one behind the wheel. The person in the passenger seat is the side of you that you got from your mother [z].

When I lived in Holland, I had a gay friend from England named Richard who worked in Amsterdam but traveled home once a month to England to be with his boyfriend. What fascinated me about Richard wasn't that he drove to work from Amstelveen every day while I only peddled a bike to and from my home in Amsterdam. Richard went to Hoek van Holland once a month where he drove onto the ferry to Harwich, England. When he got off the ferry in Harwich, he

drove off onto the other side of the road to go to his real home. I thought that was jaw-dropping amazing! He could drive on the left side of the road as easily as on the right.

For you to be able to say you can do the same in the sexual/spiritual sense of going Home, you're going to have to know yourself and your fear of a world in which some people do things opposite to the way you're accustomed to doing them.

Fear of making love with someone of the same gender may feel like driving on the "wrong" side of the road. It's like finding yourself in the passenger's seat with a steering wheel in your hand or in the driver's seat in the conventional sense without a steering wheel to control where you're going.

The way we usually describe this is with words like top or bottom; giving or receiving; penetrating or being penetrated; active or passive; dominant or submissive; assertive or timid; masculine or feminine.

They say it's better to give than to receive. [Acts 20:35] What they mean is that it's better to be a man than a woman. It's better to be a top than a bottom. It's better to be masculine than feminine.

But what they really want to say is that it's better to *give* than to *receive* because, for good people, receiving is much more difficult than giving. It's humbling to receive from that one and only hole we have on the back side of our body.

You may have explored some of the attributes of these masculine and feminine attributes on your own through a heterosexual lifestyle, but you aren't going to understand gay life if you're a straight man any better than a White person will ever be able to claim to understand Black folk in America.

I'm not advocating that you make love to someone of the same gender any more than I'd advocate that you straighten, curl or dye your hair to look like a member of another race. These issues of sexual/spiritual sensitivity can be broached

with an open mind, a good heart and a vivid imagination. And if you're non-binary or transgendered, I hope this book will help you understand what a gift you are to us all. You already discovered how good it felt to get your head out of your ass.

I hope this book will humble you as writing it has humbled me. I hope it'll relax and open your anus to giving and receiving from yourself in the sight of GOD.

6 + 8

I've never been quite sure of what you get when you add 6 + 8. I've always had to rely on my fingers to get to that quotient. In fact, I've had trouble with what you get when you multiply 6 x 8, too.

I don't understand the concept of my weight going up as my body gets heavier. Gaining weight makes me feel down, not up.

And keeping score in golf, tennis and bowling is beyond me. I don't know how those who love those sports do it. I'm smart, but only in my own particular way.

If 1 is higher than 0, and 2 is higher than 1, then the Hindus must be right about there being ten thousand GODS. How could ONE GOD produce abstract concepts like numbers and words if they have emotional correspondences unique to each one of us?

Those who know me, know that I tend to confuse the words "Wednesday" and "Saturday," and "kitchen" and "chicken." There are a few wires in my brain that got crossed a long time ago, and I still short-circuit some things when I get overly heated or as cold as ice.

It was only over time that I came to understand the deeper reasons for these mental hiccoughs. The age of 6 was a difficult time in my life because my parents separated in Buffalo, NY, and my mother moved us 3,000 miles away from my father. When I was 8, my parents divorced in Ventura, CA, and my father went back to live in New York City, where I was born.

The day of weddings [Wednesdays] and the Jewish Sabbath [Saturdays] may both be days for blessings, but they confuse me because they occur at different times of the week. Shouldn't weddings be scheduled on Wednesdays and prayers on Saturdays?

Perhaps because of this confusion just within the course of a week, I've always had trouble knowing what day I'm

supposed to hump and what day I'm supposed to rest. For that matter, when is the "right" time to pray, Fridays at noon with Muslims; Friday nights or Saturday mornings with Jews; or Sundays with Christians?

Because of crossed wires in my brain, I don't always appreciate the difference between a comedy and a drama, either. Sometimes, I laugh at inappropriate moments in movies and even in conversations. People find me *odd*. Believe me, that's a much worse sin than being *queer*.

Chickens might be prepared in kitchens, but eggs are prepared in "kitchens" inside chickens. That's why I found the concept of kitchens[1] [shells] within kitchens[2] [chickens] within kitchens[3] in houses difficult to grasp.

I'm always looking for reasons[1] behind reasons[2] behind reasons[3].

The logic behind these explanations is revealed through the emotionality I express around these issues. I have feelings that override my thinking because my feelings melt, dribble, ooze and pour out of me in ways that my mind has no way to master. My thinking may be *logical*. But my feelings are often *irrational*.

Sometimes, I think about things other than feelings that *dribble* and *ooze* when I hear those words, if you know what I mean. Therefore, I've had to conclude that there must be a whole host of beliefs I still hold that aren't necessarily logical, rational or reasonable.

When I moved out of my logical head, my rational heart and my reasonable soul, I found myself in my sensible penis. And this was the place I've chosen to stay. I like being sensible. It draws me toward passionate regard for myself without becoming obsessive, zealous or fanatical.

Hyper-religious men who are stuck in their head are *stubborn* Jews. Hyper-religious men who are stuck in in their heart are *hateful* Christians. And hyper-religious men who are stuck in their soul are *fanatical* Muslims. If they could

all come down into their penis, they'd see themself in a whole new way.

There were a lot of men in my sordid, love life who weren't passionate enough. They didn't see making love as a lesson from GOD. They didn't spend time with HIM and me nude, naked and exposed in bed together. But I was no different from them in those days.

I don't want to dismiss all those men now as inconsequential, but many of them came [reached orgasm] and went with little to no fanfare. That left me with a loneliness and boredom with repetition that led to questions I wasn't ready to deal with at the time. There were only a few guys who left a lasting impression on me. They were the ones who figuratively called to me to write this book to you, but for me.

The Curriculum of This Class

This book is a class in the combination of sexuality and spirituality. It has a curriculum and a final exam. We're going to accomplish a great deal because you can take this course at any speed you like. When you finish this book, you'll have graduated the school of life with a degree in self-knowledge, self-love and loyalty to GOD and man that you could never have achieved in an institution of *higher learning*. I'm going to take you to an institution of *deeper yearning*. You'll then be able to look around at all the people running around like *heads without a chick* and smile with that knowing smile that Mona Lisa had on her face.

The human brain is like a yolk. The cerebrospinal fluid around it is like albumen, and our skull is like a shell. The only thing missing is the zygote that's alive within it. *Your* mind is like an unfertilized egg. I'm going to fertilize your mind with my penis by cuming to you in your imagination through your anus. I'm going to fill your head with the life-giving semen in me that I'm going to deliver with my enormous penis. And there will be more where that cums from. We're going to do it again and again until you submit to me and bear our inner child.

If you've ever watched "Queer Eye" you know about the Fab 5 and how they transform people in a week. Theirs is an orgy for men through interior design; fashion; facing their face; food; and food-for-thought for all the world to witness. The Fab 5 create miracles before our eyes by transforming men from the *outside out*.

Well, this book will transform you from the *inside in*. I'm not about to change a thing about you on the outside. You'll change inside for yourself and by yourself with me guiding you with my penis.

I'm going to figuratively implant my ideas about life into your head, not dissimilar to the way a straight man inseminates a woman with his semen. If you swallow my

ideas, your mind will become fertilized and your body will become fertile in a whole, new way.

Then the zygote in your belly will incubate and grow from page to page until it's like a chick ready to break out of its shell. We'll do the same with the unfertilized egg in your heart, a true miracle since your heart's surely already broken and open to brand-new emotions.

When the chick in your heart is fully grown, and you feel as though your heart is going to burst, you'll break your own heart to get out of it. I'm not going to break it for you.

To truly become a soulful person, we all seek an experience that transcends anything we've ever been through before. This is what the curriculum of this class in sexuality and spirituality offers that no other coursework in the world can give you.

By the end of this book, you should be able to say that you know yourself, love yourself and are able to express all the loyalty you now give to others with yourself first and foremost, even before GOD. With the completion of this course, you should believe in THE UNIVERSAL GOD of us all in a way that'll inspire you to help others in all your affairs.

This can only be done by surrendering to temptation. You've got to overcome your fear of GOD and guilt. You've got to be disciplined in submission to advance to the level of dominance meant just for you.

You're a Spirit in a vehicle on a journey with a mission. Without becoming like Moses on a mission, you'll never attain the purview of Jesus or move beyond the horizons of Muhammad.

Fantasies, Dreams and Nightmares

Allow me to begin the saga of my sleazy, sordid, salacious and sensuous love life by differentiating for you my understanding of fantasies, dreams and nightmares.

Fantasies are metaphors that come from your groin. *Dreams* are symbols that come out of your heart. *Nightmares* are similes that come through reflections in your soul when viewed through the V-shaped mirror.

A nightmare is GOD'S way of rudely waking you up when your head is asleep at the wheel. A nightmare is a crucifixion similar to what God, the Father put Jesus, His Son, through. Surely, our Father could have stopped the torture of His Son if He'd wanted to. And if He didn't forsake His Son for the sake of the world, how does that gift to us all make a difference to you personally?

This, and many more questions will be answered in this book. But they'll be answered by the serpent in your tree. If you fear that I'm Satan, your penis won't grow big enough to excite me. If you fear an underworld of darkness that will consume you when you die, it'll be because your penis will stop talking to you altogether. It'll ghost you.

Genesis, the first of The Five Books of Moses, is a fantasy [metaphor] that includes dreams and nightmares. If you don't begin Genesis from *your* beginning, you won't achieve the rhythm needed to understand GOD'S intentions for you alone. You won't vibrate at the frequency of reality created just for you.

You'll arrive too soon or too late to the next chapter of your life. You'll miss turn offs. You'll find yourself swerving on the wrong side of the road trying to avoid oncoming traffic. You'll have to do what I sometimes still have to do by adding simple sums using my fingers and mixing up some words.

Your beginning began with the creation of you. In the first six days of your life, you summed up the *big* bang along with the *little* bang that brought you into this world. On the seventh day you rested.

What difference did it make to you then what came before that? What difference did it make what would come next? You were the measure of all things in you and around you. You weren't queen for a *day*. You were allowed to be king of the universe for an entire *week*!

On the eighth day of life, after completion of one round of the Jewish calendar [seven days], Jewish males are circumcised. We cut through the Creation Story [metaphor], the story of Adam and Eve, with a knife that leaves a lifelong impression on us about God. The Creation Story is a *fantasy* from the groin in infancy that leaves us questioning the purpose of our penis for the rest of our life.

The Creation Story came from Moses. It's really the description of his first wet dream. [Moses wasn't circumcised until he was over the age of 80.] The Creation Story is the fantasy [metaphor] that begins the sexual/spiritual awakening process in us all.

This awakening is the conspiracy between the penis[1] [serpent], heart[2] [Eve] and head[3] [Adam] that occurs at puberty. This is the cause for the "words" that cum out of the mouth of the serpent [penis] that turn out to be so beguiling for the Eve [heart], and indirectly for the Adam [head] in you. This is why those two fruits [testicles] that hang down below the serpent on your tree of knowledge are so vital in creating life as well as in understanding the meaning of your life. This is why your fruits are the source of your sexual and spiritual power and why men are made to seek reasons[1] within reasons[2] within reasons[3].

The life-giving soup collected in your prostate gland is destined for others. It must come through you to cum out of you. It must be acknowledged just as you'd learn how to use all the dials on the dashboard of your car.

The Gospels are a *dream* that produce symbols from the Sacred Heart of God. Baptism in infancy is the ritual of embracing Christ's life. It's not a trial by fire [pain], as is circumcision.

What if the words of Jesus are actually His coming out story? What if the Apostles were straight buddies of Jesus who "cleaned up" His gay sex life for posterity by making it universally accessible to straight men? What if Judas had actually been Jesus' jealous lover? After Judas gave himself to Jesus, what if Judas was terrified of what he'd received from Him. The semen of a man given to another man represents the greatest gift of life one man can give another.

What if Judas had been penetrated deeper than he could take by Jesus? What if he couldn't receive the gift he'd been given because it confounded him?

In my opinion, Judas may have been confronted with the force of the 10th Commandment. ["You shall not covet your neighbor's house {body}, your neighbor's wife {love}, his male or female servant {loyalty to life}, his ox or donkey {beliefs}, or anything that belongs to your neighbor {material possessions}]." Exodus 20:17]

To be filled with the container and contents of Jesus without being able to live up to His virtuous nature might have been maddening. If Judas was jealous of His body and envious of His blood, betraying Him for 30 pieces of silver [$1,200] was just a silly excuse. Judas couldn't let anyone know the depth and complexity of his sexual/spiritual confusion. What was it like for you the first time you were inseminated by a mere *mortal* man?

Think of Christ's body as the first delivery device of love. In that sense it resembled the universal penis of His Father. Think of Christ's blood as the essence of His nature. In that sense it resembles universal semen of His Father. For Judas to be confronted with that intimate a relationship with Jesus would have confounded any man then!

This is why you need to be disciplined to study scripture. You must learn the sexual/spiritual intentions of GOD first from your head, then from your heart. Lastly, you must be guided to acknowledge what GOD is doing for you to develop your soul. Submission to GOD can't be accomplished without submission to men. Your *fear* of penetration is normal. Your *lust* for the ecstasy of Life Everlasting is tempting. And your *submission* to new ideas is justifiable.

Think of the bread of the Eucharist as more than the body of Christ, but His penis. And think of the wine of the Eucharist as His semen. This is the true essence of the Mass. This is the oral sex to completion that happens to everyone who goes to a Catholic Mass to pray.

If Torah really begins at puberty with cuming, and the Gospels begin with the coming out of Jesus, then the Quran is a glimpse in a V-shaped mirror given to Muhammad by God via the Jewish archangel Gabriel to explain the Old and New Testaments in a universal context.

Circumcision of males and females in Islam is something Muslims choose, rather than something chosen for them. For uncircumcised Muslim boys that must feel like a *nightmare* they anticipate having to endure.

Genesis is like a *fantasy* to the spiritually pre-pubescent. The Gospels is like a *dream* to those who can't fully appreciate the depth of brotherhood. But the Quran is like a *nightmare* until you've been through the choice of circumcision in coming before God with complete submission.

Looking at the words of GOD from any story in the Abrahamic edifice is terrifying and traumatic unless you're thoroughly trained in matters of the Spirit. Just viewing life through the main metaphor of Moses, the symbols of Jesus or the 114 suwar [chapters] of the Quran [which are similes for God] won't give you a complete picture of GOD'S plan.

If you tried to comb your hair in the V-shaped mirror exercise I presented you with in the first chapter, you surely discovered what a nightmare it is doing things *correctly* once your hands are so used to doing everything *backwards*.

Crucifying all the world's Jews or killing all the new Jews [Christians] shouldn't be the goal of Islam. The goal of Islam should be to *spiritually* crucify Muslims as brand-new Jews who model the intentions in GOD'S soul, not just in HIS head [Judaism] and heart [Christianity].

The Creation Story is a metaphor that describes the onset of puberty. The body [container] and blood [contents] of Christ turn every man into a religious symbol created by GOD. HE fills us with HIS contents [love]. Each surah [chapter] of the Quran is a simile for GOD'S plans for us all as we make our way on our journey from birth to death.

When you look at GOD from a metaphoric, symbolic and comparative point of view, there's little doubt you'll be upset with how difficult it is to understand life until you begin by pondering the self-doubts Moses went through on his way back to ancient Egypt. He had to find a way to set the Israelites free after his encounter with God at the Burning Bush.

Why bother? Why not continue to run away rather than go back to face your accusers? What possible benefit could there be in retracing your steps back to the scene of your own crime?

The journey from the Burning Bush back to Egypt isn't literarily referred to in Exodus except to explain the reason for circumcision of Moses' son to appease God's anger. [Exodus 4:24-26] You're on that journey now with me. My penis is figuratively ejaculating all that I know from inspiration from GOD and through self-reflection into your colon. If you're curious to get these questions answered, you'll be impregnated more deeply with my sexual/spiritual sperm.

If you choose to abort my gift to you, you certainly have the freedom to do so at any point in this presentation. But because this is all happening in virtual reality, I can see no reason why you would.

You've already been given instructions from The God of your understanding, but you surely live with doubts at times about how to carry them out. You may even live in fear of the pharaoh [political leaders] and slave drivers [bosses] who may want you to maintain the status quo.

You know you're just one little Adam [seed] who was planted in a garden. You had no idea you'd grow up to become a tree of knowledge with a serpent and two fruits hanging down from your trunk. You had no idea you were biologically forbidden to explore yourself until puberty. You may even be in doubt whether or not to do so now.

The difference between you and Adam is that you've literally grown up. You've already been banished from the *garden* of infancy and the *grove* of childhood. You already found yourself in an *orchard* of hundreds of tempting trees in adolescence.

You've already been biologically permitted to touch your own tree. By this point in your life, you may feel figuratively lost in the *forest* of adulthood. Why not find the courage within to go further through the *woods* to the meadow of serenity that's obscured from view?

Removing the hood from the serpent in your tree isn't required from Christians. Their faith includes the *pidyon haben* ritual or "redemption of the firstborn son." This is a ceremony wherein the father of a firstborn male redeems his son by giving a kohen [a priestly descendent of Aaron] five silver coins, thirty days after the baby's birth. This appeases God's wrath in having wandered away from His people.

You know that getting the good juice out of the fruits of others is harder than it looks. You don't dare squeeze every

man's right testicle to make your point. It's enough that you just shake his right hand upon first introductions.

I suspect Judas was consumed by a jealous rage after realizing that God gave him a Lover who had everything he was missing. I'll bet Judas was envious of all Jesus held within Himself and all that He could give of Himself to the world.

What would you do if the Pitcher on the mound is so much greater than the catcher on the plate? The Sermon on the Mount was surely a fast ball Judas couldn't spiritually catch. It came too close to home. [Matthew 5-7]

What man wouldn't be jealous of the power in the Penis of Jesus? What gay Jew wouldn't react the same way Judas did unless he was born into a modern world with more than one name for God and more than one interpretation of His words? Now is the perfect time in His story [history] to explore a new view of love.

The words of Moses give the life in your penis spiritual length. The words of Jesus give your penis spiritual width. The words of the Prophet Mohammad give it spiritual depth. Torah, the Gospels and the Quran were created as one recipe of self-understanding given to man over a vast stretch of time.

But what you may be serving up for public consumption [I'm sorry to say] may not always be edible or tasty. If you're *bitter* [disappointed] about your life or *sour* [angry] with others, how can you expect me to believe that you're really *sweet* [loving] inside? You need to add *salt* [wisdom] to your diet. If you want your penis to be *umami* [meaty], you're going to have to look more deeply in the V-shaped mirror.

Think of the print on this page as words cuming out of the mouth of my serpent. Think of my testicles as made of crystal that you're now able to look deeply into and, possibly, right through. What comes out of my right testicle is the good in me that leads to love. What comes out of my left testicle is the evil in me that led to mistakes made, that I

corrected, which led to the wisdom I'm infusing in you. I'm a very salty, hot dog.

My knowledge of me looks like honey, but it tastes like the combination of sour, bitter, salty, sweet and umami. The honey I'm pumping into you will rise up through your core into your mind as it seeks the yoke in your shell.

What we're doing may feel forbidden, but it should feel good for you, too. Keep going. Open yourself wider. Allow me to fill you with more of my honey. Submit to the sweet insight of all the love in me I have for you.

Most of what I refer to as my daydreams are actually just sexual fantasies. I have daydreams about doing heroic things for people, but most of the time I look at men that pass me by on the street or on TV and just enjoy a brief fantasy about how they'd submit to me in bed. I fantasize to relieve my existential loneliness and boredom in doing the same things day after day.

I rarely have good dreams at night. Most of my dreams are weird and twisted images in a V-shaped mirror that confound me because I'm so habituated to doing things the way I've always done them. I had to pry open my dreams like a can to discover the code inside them that revealed the secrets I kept from me.

My dreams at night aren't exactly nightmares, but they leave me feeling unsettled until I've deciphered them. This is what self-scrutiny does to you when you're inspired day-after-day and night-after-night for a lifetime.

GOD comes to me at night in my dreams. HE leaves me with metaphors, symbols and similes in my dreams that influence my thoughts, feelings and beliefs the next day.

Over the years, I've had some wonderful dreams about flying that left me feeling high when I woke up. All my dreams were in color until I was 8 years old.

But then, overnight, my dreams turned to black and white. Perhaps that's why I'm a poet whose palette is black [words] and white [pages]. Perhaps that's why I'm a writer

who spends his time trying to right the world from the inside out. My imagination is colorful, even if my words must be plummeted for personal meaning.

My boyfriend, Will, used to have to wake me up from my nightmares. I thrashed about so. On a few occasions, I even hit him. This is what you may happen if you believe our TEACHER is giving you a lesson you find difficult to accept.

Now I climb up on my cross every night. I allow GOD to crucify me a little more with self-knowledge until dawn whether in dreams or by thrashing around awake in bed. Such is the life of a submissive oracle, a poet who has a side to myself that's like a queen of hearts. I'm a combination gay man who's like King David and Queen Esther.

I think of myself as imparting to you the knowledge that makes my penis great. There are better ways of solving problems than with literal applications of scripture.

The Oracle at Bear-Bucks

When I started writing books 20 years ago, I was alone and very lonely. About 15 years ago, I decided to kill two birds with one stone by writing in public. I chose to go to the Starbucks in San Francisco at the corner of Castro Street and 18th Street. This is in the heart of our gayborhood. We called our Starbucks "Bear-Bucks" because it was frequented by bears [large tops] and otters [small bottoms]. When I first started writing at Bear-Bucks, I wasn't sure whether I was a bear or an otter. I looked like an otter, but I growled like a bear.

I met Will at Bear-Bucks. He taught me a lot about myself. I'm a little bear [a Barry], not an otter.

When my literary efforts would get too intense, I'd start a conversation with the guy sitting next to me, and before you knew it, I found myself with a roundtable of odd characters who I'd meet up with every day. Needless to say, it was a great way to meet a minion of gay men, although I didn't sleep with any of them until I met Will.

My deepest, darkest secret never was that I was gay. The secret I was seeking lay much deeper than what I like to do once I take off another man's pants. My secret couldn't be accessed with masturbation or making love. Yet my secret lay in the head of the serpent in my tree just as it does for every man.

Some might say that my secret lies in the arms of Jesus, whose Father chose to wake up the world to what lies in every sacred heart, a secret you'll have to get out of your head to hatch in your heart in your own unique way.

But if you have a problem with gays or Muslims or Christians or Black or Jews or just with Israelis, you'll never get out of your infertile imagination, through your stiff neck and into your own broken heart to fertilize yourself with your penis as I believe Jesus did with His.

You can't create an inner child without infusing your love of you in yourself. You can't know the power of your penis without becoming a parent to your inner child and raising him to adulthood.

We can all see how parents struggle with the wants [-] of their children. But what we can't see is how parents struggle with the wants [-] in themselves. This is a level of self-scrutiny that parents have elected to project onto their progeny. Those of us who've chosen a V-shaped mirror instead of a family are dealing with our wants [-] directly.

An angel from God that everyone can access [Gabriel] may whisper in your heart, as he did to Mohammad. He'll coax you out of your heart when it bursts with self-love. Muhammad was an orphan. He had no choice but to love himself. The same was true of Moses. This messenger from God will guide you to your soul where your belief in Him will grow in a third place in the darkness within you.

Don't think about the name[s] you use to describe God. They're not as important as the actions you take that are inspired by GOD. Don't be defiant, dogmatic, inflexible, authoritarian and intransient. If you are, make your way through that stiff neck of yours, so we can continue on together.

Me making love to you on the written page won't jeopardize your chance of reaching Christian Heaven or Muslim Paradise. You can only get from here to There with self-love. You must learn how to use your penis to achieve your desires [+] and avoid your wants [-].

Your urge to submit to yourself can only happen if you've practiced submission abstractly. Reading my words won't tempt you to do anything in the world we have to learn to share. They'll only tempt to you raise and open your legs while on your back in the privacy of your imagination. There, you can submit to this fantasy. There, you can discover the secret to the body you were given that isn't revealed with orgasm. Orgasm was a preview to a

sexual/spiritual revelation about your relationship to GOD that you can't imagine without me thrusting my ideas deeper and deeper into you from behind.

I'm your secret lover. I'm your man. You're here to devote yourself to me. I'll never embarrass, shame or humiliate you. The knowledge of guilt you'll attain in my arms will be so private, so personal and so precious that you'll achieve a desire to worship GOD, not me, for introducing you to a level of self-knowledge that no other tree of knowledge would ever admit except in the silence created by branches waving in the wind. GOD is like a tree with a serpent in it. And you've been made in HIS image. A breeze is like HIS hand caressing you. A tornado is like HIS hand hitting you.

Loneliness Is the Key to GOD Consciousness

I was so lonely without Larry until I went to Bear-Bucks to write. Larry was the lover I left after 13 years together. *Loneliness* was the key that unlocked my lifelong depression. *Depression* was the key that opened the door to joy. *Joy* is bittersweet. *Happiness* is sickeningly sweet. The secret to self-love is *bittersweet*.

I was 50 when Larry and I separated and I started going to Bear-Bucks. As everybody knows, 50 is equivalent to 120 in gay years [the age Moses was when he died]. Most of the men I met at Bear-Bucks were young and curious about gay dinosaurs like me, but not interested in dating a fossil. Fortunately, I'm more like one of those herbivore dinosaurs of the past. I'm not the kind that rips other dinosaurs to shreds with my bare teeth. My pacifist nature has made it possible for me to create interesting friendships and alliances. I'm odd. I'm queer. I'm peculiar. And, as you'll soon discover, I'm also trustworthy.

Being a *grandpa* in a gay community where every man is searching for a *dad* or a *lad* has its perks. I was surrounded by gay sons and grandsons who needed the advice of an old queen to understand how to find the father or son they were missing. [Of course, as you and I already know, the man of our dreams lies within us.] The fellow traveler they were seeking would only become a companion for their trip through life. They didn't know where to look for their match made in Heaven, even though they were no different than the Israelites when it came to wandering for years in a desert.

Losing Larry helped me find myself. Losing the *dad* that I'd used to replace the *father* I'd lost forced the *lad* in me to grow up. It forced me to question God's place in my life.

God, the Father, is the Jewish God whose place some substitute with a father figure here on Earth. God, the Son, is the Christian God whose place is held by a handsome, young man to guide them as a traveling Companion.

Whether you're looking for a man to share your sexual/spiritual life with or a woman, you're first going to have to figure out your mission if you hope to find your perfect mate.

I came to San Francisco from Sonoma County in 1990 to be with Larry. Larry Wisch was Jewish. He was my wish come true. Larry was the father figure I'd sought for almost 20 years and finally found. When our relationship crashed and burned 13 years later, I was 50 years old, and needed to become my own father for the inner child in me who'd been severely wounded and felt as though I was figuratively bleeding to death before witnesses in the gay community. I never expected to feel so alone surrounded by my people without a father figure to guide me.

Perhaps that's what motivated me to seek my Father through my Jewish roots. I sought answers in the Hebrew scripture. I wrote a two-volume book on Torah that presented my interpretation of the main metaphor of Moses in the Creation Story.

Then I wrote a three-volume book on the red words of Jesus from the Gospels. The symbolism Jesus described using His body [container] and blood [contents] revealed an augmented truth to the main metaphor of Moses that I hadn't considered before.

Then I wrote a seven-volume tome on the Quran. The 114 surah are similes that require perceiving the good in yourself to see all the good coming to you from God.

That presented me with the school metaphor in which GOD is our TEACHER and each of the Abrahamic faiths believes in a different Tutor. Advancing in the school of life prepared me to travel further east to the Far East to write books on the Hindu Bhagavad Gita and Kama Sutra; the Buddhist Dhammapada; and on the Chinese Tao Te Ching.

I wrote these books with the desire to seek more knowledge of THE GOD of us all. I wrote them from the perspective of an aging, gay Jew in search of his father, a

Holocaust survivor who, unlike Lazarus, couldn't be brought back from the dead no matter how hard I tried when he was alive.

My father, Solly Zeve, gave me life in 1952, seven years after he was liberated from Dachau Concentration Camp by the 42nd and 45th Infantry Divisions and the 20th Armored Division of the U.S. Army. I am the son of a slave.

But my father gave me life seven years after his heart and soul had been burned out of him. He was a shell of a man after what the Nazis did to him. It was my conception through parents who'd been figuratively dead and buried by Nazis that I was searching to understand.

Once I completed my gay, Jewish studies in the meaning of life through the world's greatest scriptures, I moved on to discuss life through a psychological/spiritual lens in terms that every modern individual could embrace, ending with my 25th book, God's Gay Agenda. [You'll find the complete list of my books at the back of this book.]

But this book is different. The 26th surah of the Quran is "The Poets." This book isn't about psychology or spirituality, per se. This book is about how to fall in love with yourself poetically to change *your* world. This book is about this one simile from the 114 similes in the Quran. To access my perspective on GOD, you need to stop blaming yourself for what others are doing to one another. You need to love *yourself* for being alive more than they hate *themselves* for being alive.

But you can't love yourself if you can't love the anus God gave you. I'm now stroking your anus with my penis. I'm caressing, fondling and rubbing myself against you to open you up with pleasure. Fear will never work in infusing new ideas into anyone. You must yearn to learn.

Good people care about *honey*. Bad people care only about *money*. Good people want to graduate this school with honors. Bad people just want to get the hell out of here.

This book will guide you toward your destiny, although you already know that that future will be different for everyone who reads these words.

I've learned a lot about myself from my love of men. I'm sure you've learned a lot about others from your loves, too. But if you've become cynical, scornful, sarcastic or bitter about what you can't change about the world, I hope to help you heal from that pain you're in.

You'll have to decide for yourself what your love life has taught you about you. If your greatest pleasures have left you wanting [-], you need to explore your desires [+]. You'll have to decide if your past is a harbinger of your *fate* or your *destiny*. All it takes to avoid your fate and achieve your destiny is the help of an oracle in your arms who you feel you can trust.

Like many men, I hated my penis. I didn't think it was long enough or wide enough. Consequently, I always worried that I couldn't get it in deep enough. I fantasized how much more I could accomplish if I'd been given a bigger penis. I hated God for that reason.

I also wanted bigger testicles. The bigger the fruits, the more juice that will flow out of them, right? Such are the conclusions many an Adam makes when he looks down like a bird in its nest from the uppermost branch onto the rest of his tree.

For a poet, that dilemma translates into BIG [CAPITAL] letters and small letters. If there's anything you take away from this book that'll be meaningful to you, I hope it'll at least be what a difference CAPITAL LETTERS can make in understanding GOD'S intentions. A noun or a pronoun is a terrible thing to waste. Separating us from HIM and Him is paramount in shrinking our ego.

What I've learned about myself from my love life is that my penis is the perfect size for my sexual/spiritual height and weight. My testicles are oblong with good reason. It's only when the juice of my own fruits washes over my imagination

to cleanse me of my fear of death that I develop a queer eye for the straight guy [inner father] and gal [inner mother] inside me. Who needs the life-giving substance in me more than me?

I now look down more fondly at my junk with a Mona Lisa smile, not a frown or a grimace. I think that's an amazing achievement after having loved so many men with equipment I secretly despised. How many men can boast saying that?

Because I was a ballet dancer when I was a young man, I spent a great deal of time looking at myself in the mirror for professional reasons. I spent my time judging my body for the way it moved. But my physical grace turned out to be a double-edged sword.

I loved my body, but I also hated it. I had opinions about every little part of my body, and my opinions were set in stone. For me to change my mind about what I thought of my body seemed implausible and improbable.

I hope that gives you hope that there's wiggle room for greater appreciation of yourself no matter what you look like on the outside. If you can "appreciate" [increase in value] your opinion of you, you can surely learn to love yourself. Loving others then becomes so much easier.

Self-Love

Some think loving themself begins and ends with masturbation. Their relationship to their body is *physical*, mechanical, perfunctory and impersonal. Their body is like a shoe they slip into every morning that fits like a glove. They don't even think about what it means to have been assigned a one-of-a-kind human body created by GOD.

Some people are observant. They watch everything carefully. And some people are observant. They carry out ritual practices and daily efforts to do mitzvot [good deeds]. I'm neither. I combine work and worship in my own unique way. I'm not trying to prove to the Jews that I'm a good Jew. I'm trying to prove to GOD that I'm a good, gay Jew. To do that, I have to find my own way to pray.

Some think loving themself is an *intellectual* exercise. They think that the more they know about the world around them, the more they'll love themself for being factually honest and monetarily generous to others.

Some think that loving themself is an *emotional* exercise. They think that the more they express their feelings candidly, the more they'll love themself for being sincere.

Some think that loving themself is a *spiritual* exercise. They think that the more they express their beliefs to others, the more they'll love themself for being authentic before The God they were raised with.

For me, self-love is actually a combination of *honesty* that comes from my head[1], *sincerity* that comes from my heart[2] and *authenticity* that comes from my soul[3]. The more I practice these three virtues on everyone, the more I discover the power within to love myself, and how to give that love to others.

Unfortunately, there are people who aren't *honest* because they fudge the facts. They aren't *sincere* because they're in denial of what their penis [desires] is whispering in their ear. They aren't *authentic* because they're sore losers

who GOD isn't giving what they want [-]: the power to do as they please. They hate, despise and revile themself, while claiming to love their dog, their children or the streaming service that keeps them entertained. There are many names for GOD in every language. The common term for people who aren't self-loving is "hypocrite." There's no excuse for being dishonest, insincere or inauthentic.

The reason why our TEACHER [GOD] brings us lessons in all three is to teach us to think more critically, feel more hopefully and believe more ardently. You can't know what your lessons are meant to teach you unless you question THE TEACHER. I find that my honesty, sincerity and authenticity have made me more genuine. I have the freedom to laud my penis because I know more about myself than I did before. I know that I know what I know because I've found a modicum of inner peace. This led me to be able to discern tranquility from serenity. *Tranquility* is external. *Serenity* is internal.

So, put the name you use for God on the back burner, and put yourself on the front burner. I'm about to turn up the heat as I plunge more new ideas into you. There's no way you can give to GOD that which you haven't first given yourself. And you may still be very stingy when it comes to giving yourself more.

Social Life Verses Love Life

When I was young and horny, there was no difference between my social life and my love life. Everything I did socially was a means to sexual ends. I never went anywhere without dreaming about meeting a guy there. My dreams always included love, marriage and then lovemaking that would last at least an entire lifetime, if not Eternity. There wasn't a guy a slept with that I didn't marry before I got in his pants or whom I didn't divorce as soon as I put my pants back on again.

What this amounted to was a history of serial monogamy that lasted 20 minutes, an hour, a night, a weekend or a couple of weeks, at most. The number of relationships I had that lasted more than a month were few and far between.

And yet, I always dreamt of marrying one incredible guy who'd appreciate me for who I was. That guy finally showed up. [Obviously, it was me.] But then another man showed up after that who appreciates a great deal about me that I couldn't see in myself. That's Will, the boyfriend I've been with for the past 12 years.

Granted, I had a 13-year relationship with Larry before that. "Barry and Larry" seemed poetically perfect for one another at the time. But I can think of only a few guys I dated for more than a month in my entire life. I'm now 70 years old! That means I did a lot of fantasizing before my dream came true.

If you'd like your dream to come true, too, I have experience that might help you cut the corner to avoid the time-consuming mistakes I made.

Kelev [Kmo Ha Lev]

The word in Hebrew for "dog" is "kelev." "Kelev" is a contraction of "kmo ha lev" which means "like the heart." The *dog* is man's best friend because the dog is the animal that most conveys the emotional loyalty and spiritual devotion that human beings are capable of showing one another.

Dogs are sincere. We love dogs because they inspire us to be emotionally candid with them in a way that we're not always willing to express with people.

When it comes to self-honesty, however, it's obvious that every human being has problems in that area to overcome. Everybody makes an unconscious effort to deny their disappointment with the body they got, let alone the parents and family circumstances they may have been stuck with growing up. In an effort to avoid greater *honesty* about disappointments with themself and others in their past, people really don't question what it means to be fully *sincere* or *authentic* with themself, let alone with others.

When I realized I wanted to reconcile my love life with GOD, it wasn't enough that I admitted I sleep with men. It wasn't enough that I admitted I hadn't been sincere with all the men I'd slept with, especially after I'd gotten a good look-see at what they had in their pants. It wasn't enough that I admitted that I'd been somewhat inauthentic because my lusts had led me through most of my life without achieving a divinely inspired appreciation of myself.

I just wanted [-] what I wanted [-]. If I wanted someone, I did what I could to get him. That was just how I was. But a penis with arms and legs wasn't *all* that I was. I had a yearning to perceive more about me when I looked at my love life in hindsight. I wanted to see the outcomes of my lovemaking through a larger lens to achieve the biggest picture of me possible.

I wanted to see the part of me that wasn't available to my conscious mind at the time I did what I did to get what I wanted [-]. Underneath all that lust and yearning; hunger and hankering; thirst to get my desires [+] quenched; and craving to get my itches scratched – something was missing. I yearned to know the secret to become the part of me that I was withholding from myself. I wanted what I saw others had that I was missing. I wanted to live the sex life I imagined Judas had with Jesus without making his mistakes.

I had no idea I was so driven by my passions until my passions shifted and I became more passionate for an honest, sincere and authentic appraisal of my desire [+] to love myself with all the passion I'd given to other men.

Of course, whatever I had to do to achieve that would need to include strangers. So, I sought out small encounters with cashiers in stores and large encounters with corporations on line to prove to myself that I could be *honest* with money matters. Whether I took advantage of the little guy or the big guy, I rejected honesty with myself. I find honesty can best be controlled through my relationship to money. To achieve honesty with myself, I had to practice financial honesty with absolute integrity with everyone, including the I.R.S.

You can't trust a back-stabber who cheats you. And if you're stabbing others in the back financially, you can't trust yourself. You have to avoid doing to you what you can now see that you were doing to others.

We've all stabbed ourself in the back with money. It's easy to screw yourself over by cheating, stealing and pinching, whether it's pennies or dollars.

Then, there were small encounters with acquaintances, neighbors and friends in which I yearned to learn how to express myself more *sincerely*. I didn't have to cut people out of my life emotionally. But I didn't have to smile in their face if I was frowning inside. Insincere feelings are a way of figuratively rimming others to keep them appeased.

I got sick from literally brown-nosing anuses. And I got sick and tired of figuratively doing so, too. I had to learn how to manage my feelings cleverly. Just locking them in a hope chest [heart] in my chest wasn't the answer.

Opening that chest without letting my feelings come flying out like bats, birds and flying squirrels that carry rabies required self-study. I had to learn how to overcome years of societal *oppression*, familial *suppression*, sexual *repression* and psychological *depression* by cracking open that chest just a little to allow myself to listen to all the wild animals squealing inside.

This corresponded to the ark Noah built in which he carried a sample representation of his instincts to survive the great flood. That flood came at puberty when I discovered orgasm. That ark was my heart. When my penis woke up and began to speak, it triggered a flood of tears in losing my childhood innocence.

I wanted to blame everybody for what had happened to me, but I knew I could only blame God. He did that to me. And His rainbow after the storm was little consolation. How could I trust A God who'd interject a whole new view of reality so late in the game [adolescence]?

In the next story in Genesis, mankind colluded together to build a tower that would take them above the clouds to God's realm. They intended to reach His throne and usurp His power. They wanted to make hope real, not a diaphanous symbol in the sky that meant nothing.

Young people don't care about rainbows unless they're willing to associate those seven colors to the mystery of the feelings in their chest. The seven colors of the rainbow correspond to the seven feelings each of us must experience and move through to discover the meaning of hope.

Without hope, you can't love yourself. Without hope, you can't love GOD. Without hope, you can't love life. But hope was brought to humanity through Judaism. Without respecting the messenger, you can't perceive the message.

1. Red	Rage
2. Orange	Angst
3. Yellow	Fear
4. Green	Yearning
5. Blue	Sorrow
6. Indigo	Wonder
7. Violet	Ecstasy

Once I could manage my truth with honesty and could face my feelings with sincerity, I could see that I was buying off my thoughts and feelings with things. Making love to men was just one of those things.

When I discovered that my penis[1] [serpent] had been colluding with my heart[2] [Eve], and the two of them had betrayed my head[3] [Adam], I came to realize that I had problems being soulful [divinely inspired by God].

Because of my distance from Him, my self-esteem, like money in the bank, was dangerously low, often in the red [rage]. I didn't have the spiritual savings needed to allow myself the luxury of esteeming anyone. I became cynical, sarcastic, mean and bitter. I became the stereotype of the modern, gay man.

I couldn't just look back on my life and dismiss all the men I'd slept with. I couldn't wipe my love life clean like chalk on a board. I had to suffer through negative feelings and self-doubts. Just barking, growling and biting like a dog didn't endear me to hot dogs.

I needed good reasons to have slept with at least *some* of those men! I had to see them as lessons I'd learned from, exams I'd studied for and passed that had graduated me from one level of life to another – tests that had taught me to more than financially honest with myself and emotionally candid with others.

How can any of us pass our FINAL EXAM [death] if we don't take each test life brings us and pass it with at least a

2.0 GPA? How could I accept myself as average [C] when my penis was always telling me how exceptional I was?

I had to see my life as like a cliff I'd been climbing. I had to get to the top and look back at the panorama I'd gone through from a higher perspective.

My metaphors of the road of honesty, sincerity and authenticity are pictures I've drawn in your mind to exercise your imagination. Hopefully, more tender feelings for yourself will soon emerge.

Whether I'd behaved like a *kelev* [hound dog] or *kalba* [bitch], I had to find a way to account for my actions with an understanding of the spiritual struggle that brought me to today.

My struggle was an anointing of myself with oil [self-love] to wrestle in the nude with myself. It was slippery but fun. Getting to know myself physically nude had just been a preview to getting to know myself emotionally naked. When I could see myself wrestling in the nude with myself in my imagination, that excited me. I wanted me. I wanted to penetrate more of me. I wanted to know myself in the biblical sense of word. I didn't care if God was my Witness. I had an urge to infuse the life-giving semen in me into myself. I wanted me to worship me, devote myself to me and serve me now and forever.

I'd previously felt like the Tin Man who'd succumbed to rust issues. But when learned that I oil my joints with self-love in the sexual/spiritual sense, I really began to enjoy the process.

Anyone can masturbate with one hand or the other. But everyone has the ability to screw himself over without using his hands at all. This is what I want to help you avoid.

The only way to do so is to make love to yourself honestly, sincerely and authentically. To do that, you have to use your head, heart and soul. You have to use your thoughts, feelings and beliefs to adore your desires [+]. You have to think like a Jew who comes down out of his stiff

neck, into his heart. You have to come out of your broken heart like a Christian by forgiving yourself for your ignorance. And you have to come into your soul like a Muslim to believe in yourself in a whole, new way.

If you learn to love yourself soulfully with God as your Witness, you'll then be able to make your way back in the direction of the hope chest [heart] in your chest as far as your breastplate. There, in your conscience, GOD is waiting for you with open arms.

Anal Sex Verses Sodomy

Will doesn't like the word "sodomy." He associates it with the Old Testament. He associates sodomy with Sodom, the lowest place in IsraEL, the lowest point on Earth [the Dead Sea] and the lowest moral digression where the residents were once punished by God for behaving atrociously. He associates sodomy with Abraham bargaining with God over how many good people were needed to save Sodom from destruction. In the end, only Lot and his daughters came out of Sodom alive. And they were nothing to write Home about.

Personally, I like the word "sodomy" because I associate it with anal sex, and I love anal sex more than any other form of physical penetration. I don't associate anal sex with being a bad person. If all it took was a finger up your anus to be deemed abominable, the fence around Hell would be made out of proctologists. And if the difference between a finger or a penis up your backside was what defines the difference between good and evil, then you got me! Then I'm the personification of evil.

When I was a young man, I was a bottom. When I became an older man, I discovered that I was more interested in topping other men who, curiously, looked a lot like me. I commend myself now for having been a devoted bottom because that gave me the knowledge I needed to become an ardent top – despite my average-sized penis.

If you think I'm like an ancient Sodomite, you're going to miss the opportunity to pity all those who screw themself over. Aren't they sodomites, too? What I do *literally* in bed with men is far less egregious than what some are doing to themself *figuratively*. What we all do to one another makes the issue of sodomy in GOD'S eyes an interesting topic in learning about HIS judgment of us all.

If you have issues with anal sex out of cleanliness, you should probably avoid it or learn to douche. But if you have

a desire to be penetrated in that way physically or if you have a desire to penetrate another man anally, you should explore the concept with your heart and soul, not just with your imagination.

Personally, I recommend that everyone explores sodomy from a sexual/spiritual perspective. The topic wasn't included in scripture for no reason. Taking sodomy *literarily* rather than *literally* is what separates the men from the boys.

The rainbow of hope gives me clues to the feelings in my chest. The red of rage mixed with the blue of sorrow produces the purple of self-righteous indignation. I know I'm a good, gay Jew. I know that people on the right hate me for being gay and people on the left hate me for being a Zionist Jew. I know that I'm self-righteous and indignant with good reason.

I cried for a lifetime over disappointing my parents. I was a gay bottom which disgusted my father. And I attempted suicide which appalled my mother. It was only when I combined my *red* rage at them with my *blue* sorrow for myself that I realized what *purple* means to me. Purple is self-righteous indignation at the fact that I'd treated myself so abominably for so long.

By internalizing my parents, I didn't have to forgive them. By seeing myself as a child of GOD, not God, I could see myself as my inner child with inner parents who were guiding me toward righteousness.

By correcting the errors of judgment of my inner father and mother, I could raise my inner child in a better environment than I'd been raised in. Transforming my inner world into a place where I could consult with the God within me at any time, I developed a rapport with Him that augmented my rapport with HIM.

I'm only going to briefly touch on the relationship between anal sex and vengeance in this book. I went into that in detail in my last book. Suffice it to say that vengeance

seems to be sweet, the way saccharin is sweet. But vengeance is an artificial sweetener.

Vengeance lies at one extreme of a moral continuum. *Apathy* lies at the other. *Justice* lies in the middle with *lust* looking down over all three. Getting to the sweet spot in the middle [justice for all, including gays and Jews] is what all good citizens in a civilized society should strive for.

Civility verses the war on civility goes back to the Civil War when Americans fought one another over whether to take Torah literally or figuratively. The North wanted to take Torah figuratively by abolishing slavery. The South wanted to take Torah literally [Leviticus 25]. The South lost that spiritual struggle, but the urge to maintain literal interpretations of Torah remains to this day.

America in the 21st Century doesn't always meet the definition of a civilized society. Americans are as fallible as all the other ignorant anuses out in there. The spectrum from apathy to vengeance is as common here as elsewhere. It's only the laws we create to form a more perfect union for the sake of justice for all that makes the potential for our country so much greater than all the rest.

In terms of sexual exploits, *apathy* is often erroneously associated with bottoms; receiving, passivity, being penetrated and being feminine. This is the platform incorrectly associated with the Democrats who are trying to get Americans to vote for a woman to be President.

Vengeance is associated with tops; giving, being active, penetrating and being masculine. This is incorrectly associated with the platform of the Republicans who insist that men must rule the world.

Granted, there are people who choose to punish themself with hamburgers, hot dogs and banana splits rather that a penis up their derriere. Some prefer to do so with smoke in their lungs, pills or a needle in their arm. But aren't these just personal preferences? Some even like to punish themself with some or all of the above.

Some prefer to risk losing money in the stock market to gamble on how much their God loves them. Some choose to marry someone who ends up punishing them for them. And some people have kids who assume that "burden" for their parents.

Such are the sorts of options we have in life by which we can screw ourself over in our erroneous attempt to bring Heaven down to Earth. Christians and Muslims have been fighting over Heaven or Paradise for 1,400 years. They still can't perceive how far they've inserted their penis up their own anus.

The morbidly obese can't be the only ones who know what I'm talking about. We're all figuratively fat in some ways and emaciated in others. We're all like spoiled fruit and hard nuts to crack. We've all gone bad and are getting worse, not better.

Sodom lies everywhere around us. But so does the potential for a land of milk and honey, rather than just a land of silk and money.

Think of GOD'S love as milk that nourishes us through other people. And think of HIS semen as honey that not only creates life. GOD'S semen produces our love of life.

Hopefully your mind is beginning to conceive of A GOD WHO's a combination of a woman [breasts] and a man [penis]. Now you can begin to imagine what it means to be A GOD WHO created everybody in HIS image.

But if you think you can penetrate GOD'S anus with your penis, as you do to yourself and others, you're perverted. You wish to use vengeance to get your way. Your prayers are artificial sweeteners to lubricate HIM. You're depraved, degenerate and deviant.

If you're not interested in moving down the colors of the rainbow to indigo [wonder], you're not going to question why anything is the way it is. You're just going to blame others, instead. And we know how much people love to blame gays and Jews for everything.

When I was young and ignorant about the existential meaning of my life, I preferred to get pierced with a penis literally rather than figuratively. I chose to be passive to men in bed by allowing them to top me. I gave them the opportunity to feel powerful, masculine and penetrating. And I loved every minute of it. I never felt screwed over. I yearned for a man I could worship. My greatest desire [+] was to devote myself to making *him* happy. That would have made *me* happy.

But I also smoked more than two packs of cigarettes a day because I was fuming deep down inside. Only now can I admit that my secret then was that I thought I was a very bad boy.

Now that I've stopped blaming myself for having disappointed my father, I've experienced the feeling of serenity. I can let people pave their way to Hell with all their good intentions. I've let go. I now let GOD teach me how wonderful it is to have a penis I can truly love because I've learned how to use it.

There's only so much a 70-year-old man can do to change the world. By my age, the time has come to change *my* world.

People who are passive in bed aren't necessarily apathetic. But there's a tendency to associate being penetrated with being passive, feminine and victimized. To the degree that I made these associations and then broke them, I became a more powerful person while doing what I like with all the passion inside me. To the degree that I became an assertive bottom, I blended the stereotypes of masculine and feminine, top and bottom, penis and vagina.

When it comes to retribution, however, many aggressive people have a tendency to become vindictive, vengeful and retaliatory, perhaps to make up for the apathy they despised seeing in themself in childhood. They become bullies or bitches.

In my case, becoming a bully or bitch in adolescence didn't tempt me. I was emotionally apathetic to my parents' outrageously unskilled and inappropriate child-rearing techniques. I didn't have any interest in fighting back when I felt they mistreated me. I simply turned over and took the abuse until I left home and did things my own way.

Now I think that I secretly feared my parents would abandon me because they hinted at doing so emotionally if I didn't obey them unconditionally. They used threats of deserting me to control me. Since my mom abandoned my dad by divorcing him, there was no reason to think she wouldn't do the same to me. More than once, she threatened to send me to live with him if I didn't do as I was told.

That turned me into a lousy bottom who succumbed to male domination unquestioningly. I didn't really *yearn* for many of the men who came in me. I was just attracted to the manliness and masculinity in them. I thought I could achieve those features by growing physically close to them.

But the more a man began to show feelings for me, the less I respected him. I left many men because they told me they loved me. That was the ultimate turn-off. If a man could show feelings for me, even though *I* couldn't show feelings for *me*, one of us had to go. That probably explains why I attempted suicide three times. When I started to have feelings for myself, I decided *I* had to go.

Thank GOD, I was sexually very attentive and highly impressionable. I was a straight "A" student in school, but I was even more alert to learning in bed. People say that travel is the best education. I think sex is the best education. I learned more about myself through sex than I ever did in school or on vacations.

It wasn't until older age that I began to question my life in earnest by using the experiences I'd gleaned over a lifetime. It wasn't until I'd made it far enough up the face of the mountain to get to the top that I could finally stand tall and look around at the panorama from the summit onto all sides.

Now I'm beyond even that. Now I'm making my way back down. I want to understand how people operate. But now, I've wisely decided to take two opposing paths, the familiar, south path I took coming up that's illuminated in my memory and the dark path going north that I've never been on before. I've decided to look back on all I've been through while descending the path of mystery I've never taken. This northerly path leads down to the valley of death. I can only put one foot cautiously in front of the other with faith that GOD is leading me to HIM.

As we all know, the road you took one way looks very different going the other if you go back the same way you came [pun on the word "came"]. The valley of birth that I'm revisiting and the valley of death on the other side of the mountain are bringing me to a more conclusive view to the meaning of my life.

Moses took a path back to Egypt after 40 years of running away from home and the scene of his crime. [Exodus 2:11-15] This is the same path that led to the severing of the figurative, umbilical cord that I'd been sawing through all my life.

But he also led the children of IsraEL on a path out of Egypt that had never been taken before. I'm on both paths. I'm going east and west by going north and south.

Many have no idea where they're going, or why. They're lemmings following leaders who are taking them over a cliff. The path north will include gays. The path south will include

Jews. If you don't learn to protect the gay Jews in your society, you're headed for disaster.

Looking from the summit back down on the valley I was born in was an eye-opening experience. I could see my apathy at the bottom and my desire for vengeance at the top. I could see myself as a grateful bottom in bed when I was a young man who wanted to be penetrated, and a grateful top in bed when I became an older man who yearned to explore the greatest taboo of my life: expressing myself sexually with a cooperative mate who didn't want to be hurt any more than I wanted to hurt him.

Will and I have no desire to hurt each other or to be hurt by one another, not in the bedroom and not in any other rooms of our house. Just because he's a Catholic and I'm a Jew doesn't mean that we have to relive the horrors of our people's past. He's patiently held me through my self-doubts as I've slowly become more proficient at expressing the masculine, penetrating and assertive side of myself. He's like a wife in that respect. But he's also like a husband to me.

As a writer, I'd credit him for helping me find the voice of the serpent in my tree. My penis utters the power I've always held inside. Now I use that voice to penetrate the secret to being me.

I always wanted to overcome my inhibitions, but I knew I'd need to do so from within by myself with a witness to support me. Ironically, I needed greater privacy *from* others to become more comfortable in public *with* others. *Making* love to my mate requires making love to myself with him as my witness. It means being me with myself in his loving presence.

Perhaps now you can see why it's so important to me that I have you to share this tale with. You're helping me become the poet oracle I always yearned to be. I can see more deeply into me with you by my side literarily. So, I sincerely hope to say something that'll be helpful to you. I want *you* to make you happy. I want *you* to use your penis to penetrate the

deepest, darkest path in you. And since I can't be with you as you do it, I want to imagine out loud making that happen.

The goal of men yearning to penetrate me and leaving me with their semen deep inside me was a great blessing in my eyes as a young man. It made me feel needed. It made me feel desired.

I'd even say that I had the audacity to feel that by giving my anus to men, I was giving them *more* than they were giving me. They were only giving me their semen. I was giving them my whole container to hold their semen, which would then reflect *their* reputation in having chosen *me*. That made me feel that I was raising *my* self-esteem.

If you're a woman who finds yourself needing an abortion, maybe you can relate to what I just said. Maybe you've given your container to some man, and now don't want the life that's growing inside you. Maybe you regret having kept a secret from yourself that's gotten you into the struggle you're in today. Perhaps the "right to life" is really a veiled opportunity to use contraception rather than turn yourself into a receptacle for semen that you don't want inside of you.

Perhaps you think I was sleeping my way to the top by letting men screw me. But I admired myself then for being able to give myself to a wide variety of men and experiences. I felt like a power-bottom. I felt in control. The self-doubts I had were over the fact that *I* couldn't fill *me* the way *they* could.

Naturally, these feelings became important when I decided I needed and wanted to appreciate what it was like being a top. I yearned to learn how to let go and express myself through orgasm as a giver, not just as a receiver. As loudly as I howled on the bottom, I wanted to howl on top.

But beneath my urge to change my dynamics sexually, there was an underlying, unconscious urge to understand my need to be masculine *and* feminine, giver *and* receiver, top *and* bottom, penetrator *and* penetratee.

This became a question of the value of my semen, not the value of my penis. This was a question of what it was I figuratively had inside to give of myself, not the length and girth of my delivery device.

I needed to learn how to give by receiving and receive by giving in order to appreciate my gift. That's an important lesson in life that some politicians and businessmen don't yet know how to do except with the power of money. I'd go so far as to say that some artists and musicians don't know how to do it, either. And in the sports world, we see many men who fumble the ball.

The only people who know the basics in giving and receiving are gay men who understand the extremes between apathy and vengeance in achieving justice from a sexual perspective with another man.

If you're straight, that puts you in a ticklish position. You have to translate your attraction to women [x] into your attraction to the feminine [z] side of yourself. You have to become one in a way that I can't imagine but can easily describe [y + z].

I actually feel sorry for you if you're a straight man. My attraction to my penis and anus is real because they're personal. I don't think you can achieve this level of self-intimacy.

Justice for gay men has been a long time in coming [no pun intended]. But marriage equality is just the tip of the sexual/spiritual iceberg. When you look down from above at the valley you came from with gratitude at the miracle of having come this far, you look inside with a more focused, mind's eye.

I wouldn't suggest you go to a race car driver for advice on the topic of driving your vehicle [body] sexually spiritually. Those who *personify* the metaphor don't necessarily *perceive* the metaphor. As a general rule, keep your opinions about particular mufflers [anuses] to yourself. There isn't a person on the planet who doesn't have one. It's

all a question of what you know about the one on the underside of your chasse.

Would that more people would explore the meaning of justice in the ways we, gay men, do in bed. You mock us. You scorn us. You ridicule and deride us. But you're just jealous of what we can do that you can't. Eat your heart out. Why should we care about you?

You aren't going to know what we're thinking by watching gay porn. You aren't going to know how we interact with each other by watching us at Pride parades. So far, there aren't sitcoms on TV just about gay people. We're always the "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" character in today's tales. We're the Jew du jour.

Will and I have an amazing love life that I'm not going to go into detail with you [or with anyone else for that matter] to describe. What we do in bed is nobody's business.

But I'll eagerly tell you what I've learned from *how* we do what we do in bed. I'll gladly tell you what that talking serpent in my tree has told me. That's what this book is about.

My penis is only a delivery device. What comes out of its mouth is my unique mix of good and evil. To understand yourself, you're going to have to understand those who can take brotherhood all the way. Brotherhood reaches a climax every time two men make love. If you can't go there, you're just going to have to learn about brotherhood indirectly from us and settle with fellowship.

Gay Speech

As a post-graduate with a master's degree in education and another master's in English with a concentration in linguistics, I want to boast to you about having written an article in 1994 for a magazine in Great Britain called "English Today," published by Cambridge University Press. The title was "The Queen's English: Metaphor in Gay Speech." [You can read it at my website <barryzeve.com>]

In that article, I described gay speech as a language invented and spoken by a tribe of very unusual men who hold a linguistic pattern that reflects a mentality unique to all other ethnicities, tribes and nations. What we strive to communicate through gay speech is an expression of a relationship between men that no other men on the planet strive to express with one another. Straight men only convey a message of fellowship through words and deeds that *indirectly* utter the words of the serpent in their tree with one another. They're sexually incapable of the intimacy we share and speaking the language we speak.

When you meet a gay man, you probably instinctively listen for *verbal* cues that reveal his ability to speak gay speech. Some think that verbal cue is a lisp. [Moses may have had a lisp or a stutter.] But gay men have verbal cues that are much more subtle than Moses' speech impediment.

When you meet a gay man, you probably look for *visual* cues that he speaks gay speech through his body language. Some think that visual clue lies in a bent wrist. If you think that being gay is physically located in the wrists, you're an idiot. Our fluency in conveying our message of brotherhood has nothing to do with vocalizations or gestures. Our body echoes a much deeper message that we must translate into plain speech for you if you're straight.

If you try to use your nose to sniff out whether a gay man consciously knows what he knows about brotherhood or whether he's who he is naturally, without having come to

know himself with GOD as his WITNESS, you're not using your probiscis properly.

To understand what we're really talking about, you have to understand the four demonstrative pronouns [this, that, these and those], and how to use them to edit yourself.

Previously, I spoke about the real goal of the Civil War in scratching out passages of the Book of Leviticus. But I don't have to reiterate what I said. I can simply refer to the topic, knowing you know what *that* stands for in this instance.

In terms of the spiritual operating system, demonstrative pronouns can be described symbolically as brackets that you fill with information you already know. *That* [killing people to maintain a literal interpretation of Torah so you can maintain slaves] is a topic I don't have to put into more than one word. The words behind the pronoun were already previously planted in your mind.

Gays have always used demonstrative pronouns to refer to sexual/spiritual topics we didn't want straights to be able to follow.

If you wish to remember what you tell yourself, simply imagine putting that topic in brackets in your mind. Now that your mind can do that [associate brackets with demonstrative pronouns that refer to topics of value to you], you have two symbols "[" and "]" you can use in your imagination to facilitate memory retrieval.

Historically, gay men had to be able to think faster than straight men. The same is true for Blacks and Jews. What many White men fear isn't a political take-over by minorities. What they fear is looking foolish because they think more slowly than us.

What straight men profess and what they accomplish will always fall short if they lack the passion to follow through on their efforts to love *deeply* and be able to communicate *intimately* with themself. They may either be *apathetic* to

themself in some important ways or *vindictive* in having to be the way God made them, so different from us.

These extremes don't bring them the authenticity they yearn for that's needed to express brotherhood in the full [sexual/spiritual] sense of the word. These extremes don't create the setting for justice to emerge that they claim to strive for.

How can you be just to all men if you can't even be fully just with yourself? [Self-blame for other people's bad behavior is unfair unless those people are your children, and they're under the age of 18.]

As I've previously described, much of the frustration and grief we see in straight men is the result of their dishonesty and insincerity, which leaves them inauthentic. That said, a gay man who doesn't know himself intimately and spiritually is just as sad a sight to behold!

I may have been a power-bottom who used love to learn about myself when I was a young man. I may have become a top in older age to use my experiences in my youth to give back in ways I'd never been able to give of myself when I was a youngster. But I did all that in bed with men.

I wasn't "*in bed*" with men in the sense of *colluding* with them. We were *cooperating* with one another. This has given us a special place in GOD'S heart. We didn't construct towers to our power to usurp GOD on HIS throne. Our tower to power is our penis. It's not a symbol of our power that we project onto others.

Straight men can't call themselves straight and say that. They have to learn how to give and receive without using lovemaking with other men to do so. They have to learn about brotherhood theoretically from us. The best they can achieve is companionship, camaraderie, friendship, partnership and fellowship.

Jesus went far further than all this. When you read the red words in the New Testament through new eyes, you see what He said with your penis.

What it means for a man to love a man isn't something straight men can access with their penis or anus. They'll always be "doomed" to have to project their self-love sexually onto women. For that fate, many women and children throughout the ages have suffered.

I don't fault straight men for loving women. I'm just describing a fundamental difference between gay and straight men that has profound implications when discovering your own unique, sexual/spiritual potential.

Straight men have been disgusted by us for millennia. Now's the time for them to fully realize the deeper implications of what they're missing. They can't love one another the way we can. They have to learn about a man's love for another man from women or indirectly through gay men.

What straight men *can* do is explore the feminine [z] side of themself, rather than merely project it unconsciously onto women, and then try to retrieve it through tender lovemaking with them.

If every man is a tree of knowledge metaphorically, then straight men are forbidden from loving their own tree until they understand the power metaphors give them to delve below the ground of their being to their roots which they'll find entwined with THE ROCK of us all. To know the main metaphor of Moses gives you power to complete yourself. You're a sexual/spiritual being. The serpent in your tree will never stop talking until the day you die. Get used to the way you were made in GOD'S images.

Gays aren't forbidden from finding ourself attractive. Perhaps that's why we're called *fruits*, so different from *nuts* [straight men] even though we both figuratively grow on trees.

A tree of knowledge [y] is equivalent to a tree of life [z] because it takes both to create life. A tree of life [x + z] is equivalent to a tree of knowledge [y + z] because women have the power to become as knowledgeable as men. Herein

lies the essence of women's rights and gay rights. If straight men cut out the worm in the apple of every woman and literally or figuratively castrate gay men, they still won't be able to figure themself out without starting wars. They need us whether they like it, or not.

The only way out of this dilemma is by first recognizing that all people are physically 50% male and 50% female. Just because straight men *oppress* women; *suppress* their daughters; and *repress* non-dominant gender characteristics in themself – doesn't mean that they're going to avoid becoming *depressed*. We no longer live in the Age of Angst [orange]. Today, we all suffer with depression [sexual/spiritual colorblindness].

When I broach the topic of gay speech, I'm talking about a universal brotherhood that gays discover for themselves that they then teach straights how to achieve through non-sexual means.

This sharing of masculine and feminine virtues is occurring in civilized countries where gays are appreciated for our differences, not demeaned or reviled for them. Until we're *admired* worldwide [not just *tolerated* or *accepted*], peace on Earth is going to seem like an elusive dream that straight men will never be able to grasp, for which angry women will continue to ridicule, scorn and deride them.

I hope that women and gay men get a lot wiser to this "fact of life" because many straight men have become particularly violent since 2015 when Marriage Equality became the law of the land in our country under a Black President.

Many old-fashioned suppositions about what it means to be a man or woman are slowly being exposed for their hypocrisy. If you could see people through my eyes, you'd see some who are figuratively running around with one hand over their genitals and the other over the crack in their back.

Other Queens

At one time, I may have been the oracle at Bear-Bucks in the Castro, but San Francisco isn't ancient Delphi. Kings weren't coming to me to tell them their fortune or to advise them on how to conquer their foes.

For the most part, the men who came to me for insight were *princesses*. They weren't yet *queens*. Their mother was still alive. They came to me because neither their father nor their mother could tell them what they needed to know about themself.

There are two kinds of princesses, those who want to honor their mother and those who want to honor their father. The princess who honors her mother prefers to be on the bottom. The princess who honors her father prefers to be on top. Non-binary people just want to honor themself. But they don't know how to do so, either.

A princess is in a relationship with herself that's vastly different from a queen. A queen knows life is like a waterwheel. A queen knows we've all been scooped up by the river of life and are turning that waterwheel while generating power for society. A queen knows she'll be poured back into the river to follow her parents downstream.

A queen knows she'll never have to account to her parents for how she wore their crowns. She knows that she'll have to internalize their virtues and vices and account for how she teaches her inner child how to behave.

A princess doesn't know that firsthand. A princess just assumes that such a metaphor is probably a true and accurate description of what will be. Life has to be lived to know the meaning of life in your bones. Experience is the best teacher.

A *princess* secretly unconsciously thinks that Forever is in her hands. She's not yet sexually/spiritually mortal. She thinks she's got powers she doesn't have. She doesn't question THE KING because she's opposed to acknowledging her own blue blood.

A *queen* has faced the dark and empty expanse of inner space. She knows an isolation and seclusion from the world that no one likes to talk about. If she doesn't figure out how to turn that inner vacuum of *loneliness* into *solitude*, she knows she'll die a tortured soul.

It takes wisdom of the heart to believe that GOD gives us clues to HIS plans through mysterious means. What's in your head is far more important than what lies in your heart or soul. You need to learn the facts of life before you can call yourself heartfelt or soulful.

Leave the facts of the external world to science. Science specializes in facts. Leave the facts of your internal world to religion. It's been impregnated with sexuality and spirituality. Ultimately, religion will improve. As it does, life will improve for us all.

Men who've been deeply and positively influenced by their parents have, generally, attained a level of self-love they can express with everyone. They're attractive to men and women in ways that they ought to appreciate about themself in order to raise the bar for everyone.

As an orifice queen, it's my job to separate the royalty into its various denominations. Just because a man walks like a duke and talks like a duke doesn't mean that he isn't a princess at heart. The way I do what I do is by separating the *honest* from the *sincere* from the *authentic*, the *heady* from the *heartfelt* from the *soulful*. Let the truth fall where it may.

On-and-off-again *honest* men are simple and good at the root of it all. They fear reprisal from their boss, from their wife and from God. They may boast about being attracted to fillies, chicks, kittens and beavers, but they're repelled by old grey mares, old bats, sows, and bitches. Yet, all these names reflect the unperceived feminine [z] side of themself. They project their low self-worth onto some women, so they don't have to deal with it themself.

The *sincere* are far less simple, but better at heart. You can tell by the tone of their voice that they're sincere because

they avoid raising their voice. They avoid using words that stab, draw blood or wound. They even avoid words that sting so as not to inadvertently hurt themself, as well as others.

The sincere build their biceps figuratively to indicate that they have the strength to hold others in their arms. They don't bear arms if at all possible. They stand tall to protect the innocent. They maintain a fetching smile to tempt the bad to do better. But whether they can look in the mirror and find themself as attractive as others find them isn't as likely.

The *authentic* are a whole other subset. The authentic question what they believe because they know that what they believe generally leads to how they'll behave if they don't let their penis confound them. Authentic men listen with interest to the serpent in their tree. They talk to each other respectfully about what they've overheard.

The authentic would love to figuratively find a way to make love to the side of themself that's repressed [z]. They'd love to use love to coax the hidden side of themself out of the closet.

For you to be honest, sincere and authentic, use your head, heart and soul in conjunction with your penis, the seat of your desires [+]. This will release your passion.

When the gays tell you that we've had to hide our love of men because some straight men despise us, believe us. When we tell you that you're enslaved by a part of yourself, even if you oppose enslaving others, believe us. Torah is a book for sorcerers, but the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are apprentices of THE SORCERER of us all. The apprentices don't want to look between their own legs for magic.

When I'd sit at Bear-Bucks working on my books, I judged the princesses and queens by their body as well as their body language and the words that came out of their mouth. But most of all, I used my nose to discern what was going on inside of them.

A good nose is all it takes to become an oracle with ten orifices. But you'd better have a strong stomach to stand the stench of what your nose may tell you. All your orifices will tell you the same thing, each in another way. Most people want to be good, but they find it difficult to do.

1. Right eye	Goodness around you
2. Left eye	Goodness within you
3. Right ear	Goodness around you
4. Left ear	Goodness within you
5. Right nostril	Goodness around you
6. Left nostril	Goodness within you
7. Mouth	Good and evil everywhere
8. Navel	Good and evil in your mother
9. Urethra [vagina]	The goodness in life
10. Anus	The goodness in death

A Jewish Queen

Esther was the Jewish queen who confounded the Persians in the 5th Century BCE. I'm like King David [10th Century BCE], but I'm a Jewish queen who plans to defeat the enemies of IsraEL with three pebbles in my slingshot: Torah, the Gospels and the Quran. Don't be surprised if you see people fall around the world like Goliath fell because of me.

When I was a child, my mother was my *mother* and I was like her *daughter*. She was in charge, and I had to do what she said. When I got clean and sober in my early 30's, my mother and I magically turned into *sisters*. We'd found a new language by which to communicate with one another. But when she got very old; when her husband died; and when she started to suffer dementia – she mysteriously turned into *my daughter* and I turned into *her mother*. I watched over her with a parental regard that prepared me for inheriting her crown. [My sister, by contrast, stole her inheritance out from under the beneficiaries. My sister will remain a Jewish princess. I've been blessed in becoming a Jewish queen.]

Over my lifetime, I went from *son* to *brother* to *father* with my *father* and from *daughter* to *sister* to *mother* with my *mother*. I've learned about all the family role models. I've graduated those lessons in the school of life.

Dementia is like a cataract of the brain. It clouds your thinking making it impossible to focus your thoughts. I've pierced my mental cataracts to shine my light through my cloudy thinking to ground myself. My queer eye may not be 20/20, but I see a lot of things others may be missing.

Depression leads to dementia. To polish your mind until your inner eye shines brightly, just stop rubbing yourself the wrong way.

God told us to honor our father and mother [5th Commandment]. Perhaps that's because our relationship to

our parents needs to transform over time if we want to claim to have a good heart and soul.

If we could just *honor* our parents and *love* ourself, we could learn to *like* one other person in our life without having to fight the whole world. This is the secret to romantic love. People who *fight* people end up *hating* themself.

I may only have been the oracle at Bear-Bucks, but I was in a unique position visa vie myself. I wrote self-help books for others that I could go to, to help me. I had wise words for others that I could take to heart. Editing what I said before it came out of my mouth was a way of weighing my thoughts and feelings so that they'd lie balanced in my soul. In this way, I learned to listen to what I advocated to others so I could ask myself if I was walking my walk while talking my talk.

That's how I became my own hero. That's how I challenged myself to be so authentic that I can now claim to be *genuine*. All the movie stars, sports figures, Marvel characters, medical and political leaders I revered in the past were for practice in coming to admire myself.

I'm not impressed with people who infer they're more modest than others. I'm not impressed with people who imply they're humbler than everyone else. I can see that people who claim to be *gracious*, rather than simply model *grace*, humiliate themself.

I move through my *embarrassment* with *modesty*. I move through my *shame* with *humility*. I move through my *humiliation* with *grace*. But that doesn't mean I'm through. The process continues in myriad, new ways. That's why I call GOD my TEACHER, and life my school. That's why I've been given a Tutor [God within] to help me when I find myself facing moral [internal] and ethical [external] problems that I've never encountered before.

For someone with such low self-esteem that I tried to kill myself three times, self-admiration doesn't look like what I thought it would look like when viewed from within.

When I was growing up, my mother was an angry woman, and I was an unhappy child. Trying to kill myself made her terribly sad. That made me gleeful.

The first time I tried to kill myself I used pills. That made my mother feel guilty. The second time, I drove my car over a cliff. That made her feel even more guilty.

But the third time, I ate a toadstool from my neighbor's front lawn. I didn't even get a stomachache. My mother never discovered what I'd done, but after having done so *I* felt guilty. That led me to join A.A., where I discovered my Higher Power, which changed my life.

I was finally ready to learn how to feel separate from how my mother felt. We were no longer on a seesaw. The more I brought her down, the higher I felt. The blood in her veins was no longer coursing through mine. Our umbilical cord had finally, figuratively been cut and shriveled up.

If you saw me today in public, you wouldn't distinguish me from the next guy. I'm pretty average and unassuming in most respects. There are no wings on my back. There's certainly no ray of light around my head or limelight shining down from between clouds that leaves me glowing wherever I go.

But I feel like a champion because there isn't an umbilical cord around my neck like a noose or a wet blanket dragging behind me.

Once I became an orifice queen and hero unto myself, I found I had much more to offer others than I could in the past. But I didn't show it by *trying* to look exceptional.

If you want to ask me a personal question while reading this book, that's impossible. You're listening to me in your head. You're not conversing with me in real life. Our relationship is virtual.

I'm a virtual entity so far as you're concerned. I'm a product of *my* mind mingling with *your* imagination. I'm like rooster semen that's made its way into your yolk. I've

fertilized you. But we've never been in touch with each other.

A literary experience is always mysterious and sensual; and that includes reading scripture. Even God appears to be virtual when reading His words.

A conversation between you and me would have to occur in person for us to get any more real with one another. You can only hope I'll say something in writing that you can apply to your life that'll lead *you* to answers to *your* questions.

That's the way I want it. I don't want you to depend on me *literally*. I want you to depend on me *literarily*. I want you to use my influence to answer your *own* questions. The deeper your personal questions, the more profoundly you'll feel when you answer them yourself.

Red [rage] plus *yellow* [fear] equals *orange* [angst]. When you're enraged and frightened at the same time, you become nervous, anxious, worried and concerned.

Yellow [fear] plus *blue* [sorrow] equals *green*. When you're frightened and sad at the same time, you become jealous of other people's container and envious of their contents. You become covetous, needy and feel sexually/spiritually deprived. You yearn for someone to fill some hole inside you.

I already told you that *red* [rage] plus *blue* [sorrow] equals *purple*. When you're enraged with others and sad about how little you can do to change them, you become self-righteous. You realize that your problems are yours, and their problems are theirs. You can't change anyone other than you.

Cain tried to change his brother, Abel, by killing him. Jacob's ten sons tried to change their brother, Joseph by selling him into slavery. Moses tried to change a whole nation by killing one slavedriver. And the Romans tried to change the Jews by killing Jesus. These types of behaviors hurt. They don't help.

The rainbow of hope beneath your left nipple shines out of your broken heart. It reaches up to your Adam's apple. Your Adam's apple is the keystone. It shines down the right side of you under your right nipple, making you soulful. There's a pot of gold at both ends. That's how hopeful GOD'S promise to us is.

I don't go to Bear-Bucks anymore to write in public. I don't want to be distracted from my existential aloneness now that I've turned it into solitude. I don't need to write self-help books anymore. I only write self-helpful books that excite me to be more my true self.

What you're reading is a book on self-*centering*, not a book on self-*help*. You don't need help. You're not helpless.

I've learned how to center myself through sex. I now know that I'm a body in motion [y] and a body at rest [z]. They're profoundly attracted to one another. I've learned how to center myself with one metaphor, two symbols and 114 similes to keep my balance before GOD.

The world is 3D, not 2D, even though my words are coming to you on what appears to be a two-dimensional surface. Every day the lessons in becoming 3D [genuine] become more fascinating and complex to us all. This makes words incredibly powerful. This changes your mind until you have a powerful imagination.

My previous books addressed how self-centering is achieved. But the one way in which I hadn't yet centered myself was with an inventory of my love life. This book is therefore dedicated to my penis; the wand of the fairy; the talking serpent in the "forbidden" tree.

If my penis could literally speak, it would say that *it* wrote every word of this book. It would say that Moses wrote Torah with *his* penis, albeit in a day-and-age when people couldn't speak as freely as we can today. The penis: mightier than the sword!

This book will describe what I've heard my penis say that no other penis before me has ever raised its little, bald

head to say before. Granted, I've including stories about my anus, too. But we already know that every anus can speak, and we're all ashamed when it toots its horn in public.

But I'm not in public, am I? So, I don't have to care about what life-giving substance comes out of the mouth of my penis or death-created substance comes out of my anus with you. You won't have to look at anything *lewd* or smell anything *rude* being emitted from me.

People who know me well are never quite sure what I'll say next. That's just the way I like it. I'm a bit *odd*, in addition to being quite *queer*. I'm a *writer* and a *righter*. And now I'm ready to disclose to you my *tale* about my *tail*:

Buenos Aires

Although I had my first sexual encounter in Los Angeles at the age of 18 with a guy I picked up on Hollywood Blvd., my second sexual encounter was six months later in London with an American who "happened" to choose to sit next to me on our charter flight. My third was with a Lebanese Jew at the residence hotel for new immigrants where he and I were living in Jaffa, IsraEL. My fourth was with a Filipino in Manilla when the Israeli ballet and modern dance company I was performing with was on tour in the Far East about six months after that.

Despite these *homosexual* encounters with strangers, I didn't come out as *gay* – a proud member of our organized LGBTQIA+ community – until our dance troupe was on tour in Europe in 1971 when I was 19 years old. Until then, my attraction to men was something I secretly indulged in.

When I came out to one of the dancers while we were performing in Amsterdam, he told me that the whole troupe was going to meet at the D.O.K. club that night. Meeting up with my peers at that gay club was my unofficial coming out party.

Coming out to my family back in the States could wait. At last, I had a way of making friends I could sleep with! I had a way to connect with men in a way I couldn't when I was growing up as a boy in L.A. My secret was out!

In Amsterdam, the troupe divulged to me that there was no gay bar in IsraEL, so the gays in Tel Aviv met in Independence Park at night. Once we got back from our European tour, I went to Independence Park where I met José.

José was an "older" man from Buenos Aires, Argentina who was living in Jerusalem. He must have been close to 30! He spoke English fluently in addition to speaking Hebrew just as well. [I think he may have been a student-teacher at the university.] My Hebrew was quite broken, but José

accommodated me in English, so, I hoped he'd be just as accommodating in bed.

Well, lovemaking with José didn't turn out as I expected. Because I'd already had sex with five men by then [I'd also slept with a guy from the Marianna Islands I met at the D.O.K. in Amsterdam], I thought I knew all there was to know about sex with men. I thought I was experienced. And because I was young and cute and had a job with status as a ballet dancer, I thought I could turn any man around my little finger.

Well, José could see that, and he wasn't impressed with me as a person or as a partner in bed. I'd simply turned over and thought that was all there was to being a bottom. Boy, did he let me have it for being so passive! He told me in no uncertain terms that I didn't know how to make love to a man and that I wouldn't be able to please him because I didn't know what I was doing.

As a dancer, I was willing to learn anything that required using my body to obey others' instructions. I became a professional dancer by moving through embarrassment of my body in the direction of modesty. I knew how to please my dance instructors to get them to fawn over me. I knew how to overcome weakness with intellectual focus and coordination to achieve physical strength. So, I figured there was no reason why I couldn't please and appease José.

José had a very nice, thin and long penis. But he couldn't get it fully into me because I wasn't open to penetration. I was pushing against him penetrating me. Being fully *open* to penetration requires overcoming *fear* of penetration. That's something every man has to learn, whether sexually or otherwise.

Once José helped me tilt my hips as he calmed me down with encouraging words and kisses to open me emotionally, I felt I could trust him not to hurt me. I was subsequently amazed at how good it felt to have him all the way inside me. He literally touched me in a place I'd never been touched

before. It was as though a light turned on inside me. Once I figuratively *saw that light*, I found the courage to ask myself what else might be there in that darkness within me to discover.

"A Time for Us"

by
Nina Rota and Henry Mancini, 1969
[sung by gays with GOD]

A time for Us, someday there'll be
when chains are torn by courage born of a love that's free.
A time when dreams, so long denied
can flourish as We unveil the love We now must hide.
A time for Us at last to see
a life worthwhile for You and me.
And with Our love through tears and thorns
We will endure as We pass surely through every storm.
A time for Us, someday there'll be
a new world, a world of shining hope for You and me.
A time for Us at last to see
a life worthwhile for You and me.
And with Our love through tears and thorns
We will endure as We pass surely through every storm.
A time for Us, someday there'll be
a new world, a world of shining hope for YOU and me.

The difference between YOU and me marks the difference between GOD and man. The similarity between HIM and me marks the We that raises me to new levels of HIS regard.

As We unveil the love We hold inside me, I can say things about the meaning of GOD in my life that hasn't been said before.

Sex with myself in my imagination can achieve lust and love with an intimacy that's so personal and profound that I can't achieve it with anyone else. But that level of self-love must be inspired by GOD. I can't know myself in the biblical sense of the word without HIS help. It's the We in me that makes the me in me so attractive.

Flashback: My very first orgasm was a wet dream I had in L.A. when I was 15. This was my personal recreation of the Creation Story. My second orgasm came from following instructions in masturbating that I learned from a book my father sent me when I was 16. [He must have realized I needed help getting started down the road of love.]

When I followed the instructions in that book to completion and came for the first time by my own hands, I was amazed at what had just happened. The first thing I asked myself was whether there were other secrets in my body.

There are many secrets held in the human body. Some of those secrets are physical. Some are intellectual. Some are emotional, and some of them are sexual/spiritual. So, I'd asked a very good question. It just took me an inordinate amount of time to answer my own rhetorical question! But many men helped me along the way. José was just the first man who made a memorable contribution to that discovery.

What I felt with José was a sense of possession. I wanted to keep him. I wanted custody over him. But there was no way I could control him. That one night we had together was all I got. He literally touched me in a way I'd never been touched before. He did it with his penis. It thrilled me and triggered a desire to have and hold him. I was very depressed when he left the next morning and never returned.

It would take decades for me to discover the four closets within me. Coming out of the closet sexually was just the first of many secrets my body held inside for me to discover.

The word for "closet" in Hebrew is "aron." The ark Noah built was an aron. The basket Moses went down the Nile in was an aron. And the Ark of the Covenant the Israelites carried the Ten Commandments from God in on their way to IsraEL was an aron.

These aronot [closets] correspond to levels of penis power I experienced over a lifetime. The sense of control I wanted over José was just the first taste of the sweetness found in honey that surpasses any love, including the love of money.

Flashforward: Today, I'm an avid lover of lovemaking. In my opinion, monogamy is only for people who truly think love is sublime. I endeavor to act passionately through all that I do, but I only want to express the sensuous side of my passions with *my* man [Will]. Although I often have superficial urges to make love to other men, I reserve lovemaking for the one guy I've chosen.

The smile on his face when I cum in him thrills me. It tells me that he has custody over me. He possesses me. He desires me. No other man has ever smiled at me in that way.

What's more, no other man has revealed virtues that have impressed me more than Will. He gives in the way that's most authentic to his nature. He doesn't give in any other way. And he doesn't rent billboards to advertise what he does. Either people see him, or they don't. He's such a unique combination of a man [y] and a woman [z] that I'm stunned at how balanced his personality is.

Flashback: The earliest, memorable *lovemaking* I had was at the age of 19 with an Israeli by the name of Dani, who was a soldier. He and I made it together a couple of times in Tel Aviv and again in New York City a few years later.

What made making love with Dani so incredible was that he was one of the most handsome men I've ever slept with. I was flattered that he chose to sleep with me.

Dani told me he couldn't masturbate. He was dependent on other men for cuming. But I was so naïve that I didn't realize what an entourage of guys there were in his life. I thought *I* was amazingly hot just because Dani had chosen to sleep with me. I was disappointed to discover that I was not his first or last. I was just one of many in his *harem*.

There was another young man I met in Tel Aviv in those early days of being out. He modeled affection in a way I'd never imagined. He mixed his passions with a *tenderness* that completely disarmed me. We did it three times in one night, but we never saw one another again. His name was Shlomo.

Shlomo was also a ballet dancer. We first saw each other in ballet class, but never talked in the studio. Our eyes met in the mirror, and I felt a thrill pass through me as though a laser beam had pierced me. I had no idea that a feeling like that could be transmitted through the eyes. We happened to meet one night on the street, and he invited me back to his apartment. He was married with a baby daughter who he was watching while his wife was away visiting family. What we had that night was truly memorable.

Shlomo brought me to conscious awareness of the depth of a platonic tenderness I'd experienced with my father when I was a youngster, despite later discovering that investing feelings in my father was like gambling with a one-armed bandit. My father couldn't be trusted with my love. He had a habit of disappointing the people who were closest to him. He did so by expressing his disappointment in us. He let his children know that we always let him down. He couldn't help himself. He had no way to get out of his head. His heart and soul had been burned out of him by the Nazis.

Shlomo wasn't disappointed in me. He let me know through body language that he liked me like my father could never have liked me. He knew disappointment, and he didn't want to pass that feeling along to me.

After that night with Shlomo, I resolved to seek sex only with unmarried men. I wanted what Shlomo had with his wife, but I was willing to avoid men who'd achieved that tenderness with their spouse, even if they were willing to share their affections with me, as well. The complication of

participating in his adultery left me with a disappointment that was new and different, but distasteful.

I think the down low is low down. I think gay men who participate in it are scraping the bottom of the moral barrel. Unfortunately, I had to get to the bottom of that barrel to know how low down I'd go.

There was a third fellow I should mention. He was a guy out walking his dog one night who I brought back to my place for a quicky. We started to fool around, but then he told me that I had some feces stuck on my anus. I was so embarrassed that I couldn't continue. I had to ask him to leave. I wasn't ashamed of what went into my anus, but I was terribly ashamed of what came out of it. That's when I realized that if embarrassment follows you to bed, embarrassment will follow you anywhere.

Madrid

While living in IsraEL, the U.S. military decided that I would be just the kind of guy who'd make a wonderful addition to their war effort in Vietnam. If I didn't check in with the U.S. recruiting office, I'd be declared a draft dodger and lose my passport.

My half-sister and her family were living in Spain at the time, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone by going to Madrid to see them and assure the U.S. army that I wasn't the kind of warrior they were looking for.

I met Isidro at a gay bar and restaurant in Madrid one night. He was a tall, dark and handsome Panamanian. His father was in politics and had a big business in Panama. He sent Isidro to Spain for a higher education. In my eyes, Isidro was a perfect gentleman! He was kind. He thought I was a North American delicacy more enticing than strawberry shortcake, and I thought he was the whipped cream on top.

We were both busy the night we met, but we arranged to meet another night for dinner. I didn't realize that dinner with Spaniards doesn't happen until at least 11:00 p.m. By that point I was so drunk on an empty stomach that I couldn't see straight. Isidro handled the situation impeccably well. We ended up at his place by about 2:00 a.m., and once I was sober, he made beautiful love to me until morning.

We got together a second time and did it all over again – this time sober. But that was the day before I was leaving to return to IsraEL. If Isidro had uttered one word to try and stop me, I might still be living in Spain [or Panama], and this book might have been written in Spanish.

Isidro was the first man to break my heart. I wanted him to love me forever, but he just wanted to spend a pleasant time together. He didn't treat me badly. He just wanted to enjoy our time in bed together and move on.

But I concluded that I must be the worst person in the world because he didn't "approve" of me enough to want to spend the rest of his life with me.

The tears I shed inside were really over my father. I was disappointed in me because I disappointed him. He never wanted a son who was a ballet dancer. He wanted a son who'd become a successful businessman. He wanted a son who'd succeed where he failed. I had no idea then that I'd cry a river for decades over a shade of blue [regret] that I had no idea I was painting throughout my inner abode.

Several years later, Isidro came to Holland with a lover. The three of us went to Sandvoort, the beach nearest Amsterdam. There, he was stung on the neck by a bee and his boyfriend sucked the poison out of him.

I was so jealous [green]! But I didn't consciously know what jealousy was at the time. I didn't have the meaning of that word in my inner vocabulary [the words that I'd learned by heart through experience]. I couldn't see myself as a painter painting my inner world all the colors of the rainbow. I wanted what the two of them had in each other's arms, but I didn't know it consciously. I walked away that day feeling hollow, empty and depressed.

There was nobody wise enough to tell me what I was feeling. I was feeling spring green [jealous]. The other shade of green is forest green [envy]. I was jealous of Isidro's lover. I wasn't sexually, spiritually deep enough yet to feel the dark green of envy: to want the gifts a man holds inside. I had to evolve over many yearn to yearn to make my way through the forest within me in every season.

At the time, the power of words for me lay mostly in the French terminology used in ballet. Those words literally moved me. I couldn't use my own language yet to find meaning in the simplest of words. I took English for granted.

I could already communicate somewhat in French, Spanish and Hebrew. I was destined to learn to speak some Dutch, too. I just couldn't yet see that all words have the

power to be taken to heart. Words aren't just ways to get you to move your body and mind with grace. They're means to moving your heart and soul, as well.

Words require experience to draw out their deeper meaning. I was inexperienced. I had to wander through the external world for a very long time before I found my way into my inner world.

Here is a song I've rearranged that does just that. Think of this song as being sung to you by Jesus, the Christian God within, regardless of the name by which you may choose to refer to Him:

"I've Got to See You Again"

by
Norah Jones, 2002
[A song from God to a woman]

Lines on your face don't bother Me
down in My chair when you dance over Me.
I can't help Myself.
I've got to see you again.
Late in the night when I'm all alone,
and I look at the clock and I know you're not Home,
I can't help Myself.
I've got to see you again.
I could almost go there
just to watch you be seen.
I could almost go there
just to live in a dream.
But, no, I won't go for any of those things,
to not touch your skin is not why I sing.
I can't help Myself.
I've got to see you again.
I could almost go there
just to watch you be seen.
I could almost go there
just to live in a dream.
No, I won't go to share you with them.
But, oh, even though I know where you've been,
I can't help Myself.
I've got to see you again.

God holds a personal yearning for each and every Christian. Norah Jones perceived that feeling in her heart and described it in a way that I'm able to help interpret in a sexual/spiritual way.

There's no reason not to yearn for God's milk [love] and honey [wisdom] from the heart. Why wouldn't anyone yearn to go there?

The question of the function of the God within us is more real today, now that people are acting violently on His behalf. But fighting over names for the God within you is ridiculous. GOD created Adonai, Jesus and Allah. Each carries a different message.

God came to Moses at the Burning Bush. The voice from that bush was the God within him who joined him on his Exodus. But He [Y.H.V.H.] was nameless when He spoke to Moses through the Burning Bush. He didn't associate Himself with Elohim.

The Israelites built a Golden Calf when Moses left them to go up Mt. Sinai to be with God [Elohim]. They didn't understand the concept of a God within [Adonai/my Lord], each one of them who'd comfort and guide them. Moses didn't understand the concept of the God within him either. Moses defied God [Elohim] in breaking the Ten Commandments. Today, we all defy the God within us in breaking any one of them.

The Israelites took the presence of God in the sacred chest [aron] to IsraEL. The concept of the "closet" hadn't yet been fleshed out with experience. Coming out of your "closet" [aron] must be united with coming out of your ark, basket and holy ark. In this way, you discover the God within you.

"EL" means "God" in Hebrew. The concept of a God within each one of us who interfaces with THE GOD of us all is an idea that has to be earned personally through experiences that are magnified through hindsight, insight and foresight. When you use your personal experiences to question how GOD works in your life uniquely, you develop greater faith in THE UNIVERSAL GOD.

When the early Israelis suffered the Babylonian Exile [598 BCE to 538 BCE] and were taken in chains as slaves

for their captors, they thought they'd left God back in the Temple in Jerusalem. When they realized that the Temple had been destroyed, it slowly occurred to them that God was everywhere. This was an idea that had never been conceived of before. They brought the concept of A UNIVERSAL GOD into the world.

When I came back from Spain to IsraEL, I got a job as a telephone operator for United Tours [an Israeli, tour bus company] and then as a ground steward with Olympic Airways. But I couldn't find a place for myself in IsraEL after having quit dance, my passion, even though my love life had germinated, blossomed and bloomed in the Holy Land.

This book isn't about the 27 jobs I held in my life before I retired at the age of 59. I hated my bosses on 26 of those jobs. I didn't like being told what to do. On my 27th job, I was the boss. But I still hated the boss! It turned out that I didn't even like having to tell *me* what to do!

I needed the God within to guide me. The closer I moved through the closets [aronot] within me to HIM, the more convinced I became that what I was doing would be good for me. I liked where I was going. I didn't need those who didn't like where I was going to approve of me.

You've stayed with me out of curiosity. And if you're reading this book aloud to others, you understand that I'm also using the second-person plural [you] as well as the second-person superlative [YOU].

I'm not going to go into the reasons I gave up my dance career or the reasons I returned to ballet in New York City to take another stab at fame and fortune years later. Suffice it to say that my relationship to my body has been a source of mystery to me all my life. I've used my body to get out of madness. I've used my penis as my guide to personalize my quest for perfection.

I hated my last job in IsraEL with Olympic Airlines. I hated having to be in the closet with everyone in IsraEL except my friends. I just wanted to go to Amsterdam to live an out gay life.

I met Yoram while I was planning to leave IsraEL. Yoram wasn't supposed to enter my life. I had one foot already out the door. We met two months before I headed for Holland. Menny, a dear, Israeli friend of mine who'd grown up in Canada, had invited me to a Danish film at a museum. But when he met Yoram, Menny invited Yoram to join us, hoping Yoram would be interested in him.

Well, Yoram fell for me, and Yoram fell hard. And I have to say, I fell for Yoram, too. He was tall and thin with a deep voice and a round head with bushy black hair. He looked like a pencil that had been electrocuted. He was exotic Israeli mix of European features. In bed, he wasn't particularly erotic or imaginative. He was more inexperienced than me, although he was all top. He didn't excite me as much as I excited him. I was Yoram's first love. My heart had already been broken by Isidro. I could see that I was going to break Yoram's heart. I could almost see that I was going to become a heartbreaker. I guess there was a vindictive streak in me that needed to come out.

Yoram and I soon related to one another like family rather than just boyfriends. Our discourse was so relaxed and comfortable that it felt like all my defenses magically came down. I'd never felt so at ease in any man's arms. He was like the older brother I never had. He liked having a younger brother like me. I just wasn't sure I liked being treated like a sibling. I suffered from unresolved family issues. Yoram was bossy. That drained some of my passion from our lovemaking.

Our days together turned into weeks. The weeks turned into more than a month, while my impending departure for Holland loomed like a Damocles' sword over our heads. Yoram begged me with dark, brooding eyes to stay.

He was a dress designer. He took a fabric I'd bought on tour in the Far East and made it into a shirt for me. He used a strategy of introducing me to his closest friends, one of whom was a famous, radio announcer who everybody knew,

even me. Yoram dazzled me by surrounding me with delightful, artistic types who anyone would want to befriend.

One night, I brought home a bottle of cream that had been left over when I completed my task of securing the aircraft. Yoram and I whipped the cream, added all sorts of flavors to it and lathered our bodies with it, licking it off each other. I'd never combined food with sex before. It was kinky and fun. At that horny time in my life, I wanted to be lathered inside with semen and outside with whipped cream. I was fire and food personified. But Yoram wasn't as into licking me passionately. His lack of interest in me as food was a turn-off.

Yoram was tall, and my *mother* liked tall men. I associated tall men with big penises, and I thought I liked big penises. I later discovered that I didn't. They're uncomfortable to suck on and painful in the anus. A small penis attached to a man who knows what he's doing with it is so much more exciting, in my opinion.

Yoram was also quite thin and I'm more of a muscular type. The truth was that he just wasn't quite my type. I wanted someone who was hungrier, meatier and more passionate.

Sadly, I didn't have the strength to bring this up from my unconscious in words. I couldn't tell you then why I left Yoram. I came up with all sorts of reasons why I couldn't stay in IsraEL and make a life with him there.

I told myself that gay life in the early 70's in IsraEL was just too limiting. Amsterdam was the place to be in those days. I asked Yoram to come with me, not to force me to stay with him there.

I second guessed myself by assuming I could always find someone like Yoram in Holland. I convinced myself that if I'd found a boyfriend in IsraEL who loved me and who I could speak to without feeling defended, then there must be many more like him elsewhere. I led Yoram on a wild goose

chase. I just didn't realize that I was the wild goose he was chasing.

I didn't yet realize that every person is unique. I didn't know that feelings for people are impossible to replicate. Feelings act differently than thoughts. And thoughts about feelings create beliefs that are even more tender, diaphanous and fragile.

But what was even more difficult for me to grasp was that I was unique. My thoughts, feelings and beliefs couldn't be replicated. They had to be earned with desires [+]. I was still confused over the difference between wants [-] and desires [+].

The forces within me were still submerged in my subconscious. That's what it means to be young and inexperienced. Fortunately, I was willing to learn. Unfortunately, I was a very slow learner.

I squandered my love for Yoram because my heart had been broken growing up with the first tutors [parents] and classmates [siblings] GOD had given me. Until then, no man had ever gotten closer to me than Yoram. And I freaked out a little. I couldn't stand the intimacy. I couldn't stand facing the possibility that I was already damaged goods by the age of 19. The thought of spending a lifetime with Yoram in IsraEL fixing myself didn't appeal to me. Something told me to go elsewhere.

My father had left me. I'd grown up without a man in my life. My mother kept knocking on my bathroom door when I was a teenager while I masturbated. She wanted to be a part of my private life. And my sister punched a hole in my bedroom door. She hated me. Creating a family with Yoram in IsraEL was just a seed planted in my mind at the time. It would be decades before that seed would germinate.

Yoram and I met again six months later. I surprised him by coming back to IsraEL, but he was over me by then. I had no idea how ambivalent feelings can become in so little time once you've broken someone's heart.

He came to Amsterdam to stay with me a couple of years later after he moved to Paris. I stayed with him when I went through Paris on my way home from the French Riviera. We saw each other years later again in L.A. But you can't go back to feelings you once had. Thoughts *change*. Feelings *transform*; and they transform in ways you can't anticipate or replicate.

Like buds in the springtime, feelings blossom and then fall from the tree in the fall. They're replaced by leaves [guilt] that unfurl and surround fruit [virtues] that seemingly magically appear dangling from your branches. But the buds [feelings] of my next love were never the same as those that first year when I was just a sapling.

What I learned from Yoram was not to hurt people who get close to you. Yoram's friends told me he pined over me when I left for Holland. He turned bitter and cynical when he realized he'd been neglected, rejected and then abandoned. He turned to drugs. In Paris he got into a bad crowd that was cynical, scornful and jaded. Our mutual friends lost track of him. They think he died of AIDS or drugs, or both.

I didn't feel ashamed of myself over that although I regretted how things had turned out. Life is a school, and no one's grades are going on my report card. What I do to others goes on my report card. What they do to me goes on theirs. But what we do to ourself is the exam that moves us from one subject to another in the course of each semester [season] in this school.

Why am I still here and Yoram is dead? What did I do that got me through the AIDS epidemic without getting infected? How can we account for the outcomes of others in a world where we can't even account for what happens to ourself?

I don't have all the answer. But I do now know why I was in such a rush to get to Europe when I was 20 years old. I'd completed my curriculum in the elementary classes in

being a gay Jew. I was ready for sexual/spiritual junior high school. I was ready to discover what it meant to be like an adolescent in a world of grown men and women. And I wasn't about to let any man stop me.

It wasn't a question of impatience. I looked down from the shore of the lake into the water like a Narcissus to see below the surface to plumet what lay at the bottom of my unconscious. I didn't see me. I saw a reflection of myself in others. I fell in love with them, not realizing that they were mirrors of me.

Life is like a river that cuts through the land. I was on the straight side of that river. I looked over at the other shore and yearned to cross over to unite the two sides with my gay and Jewish nature. I yearned for wisdom, not just love. I just didn't know how to bridge my two worlds in my youth.

My bridge [superpower] is the only bridge I can build to get me across my river. *My* bridge was constructed using wooden pilings made from my parents' trees. That was given to me indirectly by GOD. I have no way to gift you. I can't take you across your bridge. You have to build your own.

The bridge that Moses gave the Israelites was directly given to him by God. It was a bridge submerged beneath the Red Sea. God only had to part the sea to reveal the bridge.

Everyone is a Moses with a staff that will reveal a bridge to help the innocent across. But to part your Red Sea and reveal your bridge, you're going to have to prove yourself to yourself before you prove yourself to others. Like Moses, your staff will have to turn into a serpent that eats up the serpents of others. That's what David figuratively did to Goliath. That's why David was free to fall in love with Jonathan.

Spirituality is made up of words of varying lengths, widths and depths that form pictures. If my words don't paint a picture of what I'm thinking, my message gets lost in translation. It's important to me that I find ways to describe my bridge to you so you can understand why I'm going

where I'm going. My promised land isn't yours. But my journey to my promised land is a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom], no different from the land Moses led his flock to.

My bridge emanates out of my staff [penis]. My bridge is unlike any other bridge in the world. The reason Will has chosen to build his bridge next to mine is that we're learning sexual/spiritual, engineering skills from one another. That's what it means to me to be in a monogamous relationship.

This perspective allows me to pierce my projections by viewing the men inside me as aspects of myself, not real men in my life. A he[1] in me isn't the same as a he[2] around me. The forces of others have no connection to the forces within me. My heart and soul don't have to obey the voices in my head. My feelings and beliefs are separate from my thinking. This is the key to breaking out of superstition, fear and timidity. This is the key to breaking out of projections I pushed out of myself onto others.

Each of us lives in a house with walls, windows and doors. But where you might have a window out onto the world, I may have a wall. I can't see what you see in the world around us. I can't engage in world events the same way you can. I have walls that keep me from seeing what you see.

But I have windows where you may have walls. I can see things that you may not even be able to imagine. And so, we're all dependent on THE ARCHITECT and city PLANNER to teach us how to achieve more than how to decorate our exterior with smiles, affirmations and a cheerful disposition. We're in need of lessons in interior design to create functional spaces in our inner domicile.

Politics is not my bridge to society. Family is not my window out onto the world. Religion, sports, cooking, gardening – you name it – these aren't doors that lead me to actions I can take to change America or have an impact on how the world turns.

I'm an artist who paints words on a virtual canvas. If I don't find just the right words to describe a belief I hold, I get impatient with myself. I express that impatience with anxiety [orange].

But I get even more impatient [red] with people who believe they can't change because they let somebody get in their head. I don't understand why politics and religion have to be so complicated. If you're facing a wall inside, cut out a window! Don't rape, pillage and plunder society. The rubble you're creating is a sign that you're failing that subject in your schedule of classes.

Science won't solve the problems of pollution and the climate until scientists are inspired to do so. Politicians won't solve the problems of poverty and civil disobedience until they're similarly moved. Their inner abodes need to be redesigned to afford themself the joy of floor-to-ceiling windows and French doors in place of walls. I can only inspire me in my own humble way.

They told me that Rome wasn't built in a day. But we all know Rome was built day-by-day. Marriage equality didn't happen overnight, either. Gays had to redesign our own home by making it homier for residents of the 21st Century. We did so by coming out of the closet. The Jews have done the same for 3,400 years without even knowing it. We're coming out of our closets, too.

While back in L.A. in my late 20's, I went to a meeting of a group called "Black and White Men Together." There, I was introduced to the idea of gay marriage as a means of achieving our civil rights. I laughed out loud at the thought of it! Gay marriage was too far-fetched for me to take seriously in those days. I couldn't see any further than the gorgeous Black guy sitting across from me.

Man's penis represents his point of passion. Once you associate your desires with the serpent in your tree, you find a power and passion you never knew before. You model the

power every guy holds in his penis. No man wants to hold back his passions.

Even though Will and I aren't interested in getting married to recreate the bonds of "true love" that some straights profess to monopolize, we have something much dearer. We *like* one another. We strive to *love* ourself and *like* each other. That's created a magical bond in and out of bed that I'd never experienced with anyone before him.

Granted, Yoram and I had a magical relationship, too. Our chemistry made it possible to lower our defenses and let the other in. But I could only go so far. What I wanted lay buried too far down inside of me. Where he looked out a window to worship me, I stared at a blank wall. But at the tender age of 19, I couldn't yet read the handwriting on my wall.

I ruined that relationship. Yoram thought I rejected him. I didn't. I rejected a part of myself. I banged my head against his wall because I didn't know why I was doing what I was doing to him. I wasn't ready to consummate my love for myself with Yoram as my witness because I couldn't yet face my demons by moving through my parents' taboos.

I had to break out of my *shell* before I could sprout. I had to *sprout* before I could blossom. I had to *bloom* before I could *fruit* with the labors of self-love. Only then could I look for a boyfriend to *like* me for who I truly was. This is what now makes it possible for me to *love* myself.

Life had to happen the way it happened to get me to where I am today. The same will hold true tomorrow. No one can know what tomorrow will bring, except in retrospect when tomorrow has turned into yesterday.

There's an intelligence behind the universe that's far more mysterious than any young man, then or now, can profess to understand. You have to be able to look back from a height high enough to catch a glimpse of where you've come from. You need to perceive this world from inner space to move proudly through outer space.

Bergen

The next sexually/spiritually, memorable lovemaking I had was with a Norwegian fellow in Holland. My boyfriend at the time, Paul, was a Dutchman who lived in Utrecht, about 40 minutes south of Amsterdam. Paul and I met at the D.O.K. He saw a mysterious magic in me that put a strange smile on his face. It was that smile on his face that fascinated me. I wanted to see what he saw.

Paul had lived in Norway with a Norwegian boyfriend for five years. Johan had decided to visit Paul from his home in Bergen, Norway. By then, Paul and Johan were just friends. They drove in from Utrecht to Amsterdam so the three of us could spent the afternoon playing tourist together. I was their American tour guide who knew Amsterdam better than they did.

Paul had to go back to Utrecht to work that night, but Johan stayed the night with me rather than take the train back since Paul would be out all night anyway. Johan and I hadn't planned on making love. It just happened.

I suppose Johan and I both must have felt a little guilty that we were cheating on Paul. But Johan wasn't *officially* cheating on him, and Paul and I had made no *commitment* to one another. The truth was that the sex between Paul and me hadn't been very good, even though he was very good looking. Johan wasn't as good looking, but, as it turned out, Johan was *really* hot in bed!

The fact that Johan and I were making love behind Paul's back was something Johan might have even secretly relished since it was obvious to me that there was still some tension between the two of them. I may have been unconsciously angry at Paul for not performing as the top that I'd hoped he'd turn out to be. Trying to get a guy hot enough to make love to you can be a frustrating and unnerving task, as I was beginning to discover in Amsterdam. In IsraEL, bottoms were revered. In Holland, tops were treated like gods.

Johan was a natural top, and he got very excited as we were doing the deed. I did, too. I felt that he was a perfect match for me. I was just the flint needed to ignite him.

He sat up, and I sat on his lap with his huge penis inside me. I caressed his penis with my anus in a rhythmic manner as though I was stroking it. My whole body undulated in his arms.

But once he was deep inside of me and was touching me in that most personal and private place that José had introduced me to, Johan started to hyperventilate. Maybe he was reacting to his own vindictiveness against Paul. Maybe his heart was having palpitations because he felt guilty about what we were doing, and his guilt expressed itself physiologically. Or maybe I was so hot that he'd never experienced such passion before. That was a possibility, too.

I know *I* was feeling really excited about getting to be the Paul [bottom] in Johan and Paul's relationship. I was an aggressive bottom in those days. I wanted to suck Johan's penis like a lollypop with my behind. But I wasn't the least bit worried about how that would make me feel emotionally in the morning. I was on fire. My mind had given up control of my body. My penis was leading the way. It was teaching me how great a power it has over my entire, operating system.

When Johan came in me, it felt like lava had spurted out of him. The land within me caught fire, burning its way till it reached my heart, which was like an ocean that turned his lava to steam.

I felt nothing special for Johan. I was well protected inside my heart, in my ocean of emotions. All the fire around me had no effect deep down within me. I didn't have feelings for Johan. Nor did I love Paul. I was just a third wheel. My mind was *charred*, not *charged* by the experience.

I'd sworn off men who were in relationships with women, but I'd created a loophole for men recovering from

relationships with men. I suppose I secretly wanted to know how far I had to go low to find self-love.

Johan couldn't have been more than 25 years old, so I wasn't really worried about him dying in my arms when his heart started to throb. By that point, we were both so excited that I felt more like he owed me. He really wanted to cum inside me, and I really wanted him to, too. Getting him across the finish line was a weird way of forcing him to follow through on his unstated promise to give *it* to me.

Because I was morally confused by my urges in those days, I didn't realize that cuming in another person is as much an expression of commitment as allowing another person to cum in you. Johan made me aware of the intimacy and commitment in cuming. He had to cum. I insisted on it.

I'd never looked at lovemaking as a short-term commitment that needed to be fulfilled in order for the deed to be sexually, spiritually complete. That changed the way I looked at both stated and unstated promises. It changed the way I looked at the depth of words spoken and unspoken. Sleeping with Johan had been a good experience. I just couldn't apply it to any promise I'd previously vowed to uphold.

Sex with Johan made the 7th Commandment a little more meaningful for me. [Thou shall not commit adultery.] In other words, don't break your word. I'd made a promise to Paul. I'd made a promise to myself. Those were unstated promise I'd broken. That meant little to me at the time. It means everything to me now.

My word is all I've got that separates me from all the animals out there as well as the animal within me.

"Let It Be Me"

by
Pierre Delanoe, Gilbert Becaud and Mann Curtis, 1955
[sung by me to GOD]

I bless the day I found YOU.
I want to stay around YOU.
And so I beg YOU.
Let it be me.
Don't take this Heaven from one
if YOU must cling to someone,
now and Forever,
let it be me.
Each time We meet, LOVE,
I find complete love.
Without YOUR sweet love
what would life be?
So never leave me lonely.
Tell me YOU love me only,
and that YOU'll always
let it be me.

God said He's jealous. [Exodus 34:14] What He failed to mention is that in making me in His image, I'd be jealous, too. "Let It Be Me" is a way of reminding GOD that I'm jealous of everyone HE loves besides me.

When I was a sibling in my family, it felt like there was never enough love to go round. When I moved out on my own, I eventually discovered my jealousy of every man who looked like GOD loved him more than me.

Asking HIM for a greater commitment to me was a childish thing to do. Intellectually, I knew HE loves me as much as I deserve to be loved. It was only when I realized I had to supplement HIS love with my own that I realized how important self-love is in graduating this school with honors.

Amsterdam

I worked for an American bank located on the Frederiksplein in Amsterdam. There was a gay bar on the Utrechtsetraat nearby, but I always hopped on my bike and got home right after work. I rarely mixed with the happy hour crowd.

But sometimes I'd get lonely at night by myself on my 60-foot-long houseboat, and so I'd ride back into town for a drink. I was especially keen on going to that bar. They showed movies on Thursday nights, and since I didn't have a TV, I really enjoyed going there. One time, they showed a gay porn cartoon about Snow White and the seven dwarfs. I never laughed so hard in my life as I watched cum spewing forth from the chimney of the cottage the eight of them shared.

It was there that I met Hans. He was a religious student who lived in the dormitory of his college in downtown Amsterdam. Hans thought me being Jewish, having lived in IsraEL and speaking Hebrew was fascinating. I guess he wanted to know me in the *biblical* sense of the word. Since he was pretty cute with those rosy cheeks and little up-turned nose that the Dutch are famous for, I agreed, not thinking it strange that his attraction was to my faith more than my body or personality.

As we got close to his place, Hans told me that he had a roommate and that we'd have to sneak into the building and make love in the library rather than his room. That didn't bother me in the least. In fact, I found the thought fun and a little kinky.

But when we were naked in the college library and doing the deed on the carpet that he'd covered with a blanket from his room, Hans did something to me that no one had ever done before. He rimmed me. I'd never even conceived of doing something like that before! I started to laugh, and the more I had to muffle my laughter to keep anyone from

discovering us in the library on the floor, the funnier the situation looked to me as I lay on my stomach with his face in my butt.

I now associate rimming with brown-nosing. I associate what Hans did to me as the final frontier of sexual exploration, a taboo I hadn't reached before. Having him rim me seemed so bizarre at the time that it never even occurred to me that he might want me to do it to him, too.

We all know that the anus is dangerously dirty, and rimming is unwise. But from a sexual/spiritual perspective, Hans introduced me to the idea of associating rimming with humiliation. Finding myself in a position of such sexual power over Hans that he'd humiliate himself to please me was more than I could endure without extreme embarrassment that caused me to break out in giggles.

From that night face down on the floor of a college library in a Christian academy, I began to look at the world differently. I began to see how people use sex to express their thirst for dominance and submission. I simply hadn't seen that before about sex, even though I considered myself a dominant bottom. Now I can see that the most dominant position for a bottom is being rimmed, not anally penetrated.

Because of my timidity, it was hard for me to see myself as others saw me. I'd been placating, appeasing and indulging others all my life. The thought of switching roles to become a figuratively dominant top by allowing others to rim me made me uncomfortable. I found the idea appealing, but confusing.

I was much too shy and hesitant to act out my urges with others with complete consciousness. But the truth was that I'd been figuratively rimming myself all my life to keep me passive and unaware of *my* power over *me*! I hadn't seen how the sadist in me allowed the masochist in me to placate and appease him. That was a stunning revelation I didn't come to until half a century later.

I was two men in one. One was a sadist. One was a masochist. The masochist turned into a sadist by forcing the sadist to rim me. I could use my anus to switch my own roles.

You see it in politics. You see it in religious institutions. I'd just never associated brown-nosing with rimming. Once I realized that the pleasure comes with the tongue and not the nose, I made a connection I hadn't made before. I pierced another secret. I came out of another closet.

One of the secrets I'd kept from myself all my life was that I'd been figuratively rimming me! I was pacifying the masochist in me. I was afraid of that aggressive bottom.

I didn't know what to do with that information until old age. I didn't know how to adapt my fear of me into a relationship with GOD until I'd gone through many other fears that were inhibiting me.

When I realized that I'd been crying for a lifetime over having disappointed my father, I realized that I had the self-righteous indignation I needed to stop it. My father should have cried over having disappointed *me*! My mother should have cried over her possessive need to be in my life in ways that were far, too intimate. My father wasn't able to figuratively get *in* bed with me. My mother wasn't able to figuratively get *out* of bed with me.

I had to clean up my act by getting both my parents out of my house. I had to do it from a place so deeply private and personal that it took me through my subconscious into my unconscious. That was one of the greatest secrets I'd kept from myself.

Bending over backwards for other people was what I often did because I felt I yearned to, needed to or had to. But taking a position of power in a relationship, whether politically or spiritually, made me uncomfortable. I didn't want to upset anyone.

I wanted to worship every handsome man, and I wanted him to worship me. But without GOD'S plan for man between us, I turned helplessly from a masochist into a sadist

into a masochist. I couldn't make sense of why I was repeating what I was going through.

Figuratively bending so far forward that I was rimming myself was something I hadn't previously considered. My imagination wasn't that flexible until I got through my stiff neck and developed a backbone.

I'd been very limber as a dancer, so I was able to suck my penis when I was a teenager. But I could never have gone any further forward to *literally* lick my own anus.

But *figuratively*, I'd been rimming people all my life by placating and trying to appease them. Only when I brought the issue full circle to how I was figuratively brown-nosing and rimming myself was my character defect fully revealed.

I'd been in a power struggle with myself and didn't know it. I'd had to humiliate myself many times in life to find my way to greater grace and peace of mind.

I haven't stopped doing what I did all those years. I've come to understand how I've turned out so I can use my knowledge of me to my advantage. It's not wise to try to stop a bad habit that's figurative. It's wiser to learn how to cleverly use it. But that takes a very intimate relationship with the God within you who taught it to you in the first place.

Then, there was a fellow named Hugo whom I met at the C.O.C., a governmental organization for gay rights. Hugo was an architect who worked for the Monumentenzork, an organization that supervised maintaining the originality of the nation's ancient architecture. Amsterdam is the jewel in the Dutch crown. It's a city that's more than 700 years old. And those who preserve the city's appearance are great heroes in my eyes.

Hugo was a nice-looking guy. He was sensitive and good natured. He was gentle, and he was kind. But he was a bit insecure and high strung. And that didn't match well with my insecurities. I needed a man who was surer of himself.

Hugo was a successful, gay man in a straight man's world. He had a creative job in the Hague in which he made good money. But when you took his pants off, he was yet another bottom who I wished were a top.

Hugo and I made love a few times and stayed in each other's life as friends. He even gave me an architectural rendering of a house on the Prinsengracht canal in Amsterdam that he'd helped preserve. I wasn't accustomed to getting presents from gay men in those days. I put it up on my wall and appreciated it as a sign of gay love. But we didn't make love after that. The gift may have been his way of parting from me sexually.

The last time I saw Hugo, he confided in me that he'd had an infection of the foreskin, and they'd had to circumcise it. But apparently the doctor didn't do a good job. He unzipped his pants, and I could see that there was still a patch of skin hanging down from his short, broad penis.

What I got out of my experience with Hugo was that I didn't become a very heartfelt person when people I cared for were sick or wounded. In fact, I got slightly disgusted and angry at my friends for getting ill. That said, I got very soft and sensitive when *I* wasn't well.

Sadly, I had a wall there, not a window. And that worried me. It was evidence that I was a hypocrite, especially if I tried to sound concerned for others. Hugo will always be my buddy because he made me see how calloused I could be without saying anything rude or hurtful.

My thick skin was surely a figurative description of my penis which was concealed by my figurative foreskin. The sensitive head of my penis was hidden behind a thick skin that kept me separate and distant from others in some ways.

Perhaps only those Jews with thick skin survived the Holocaust. My father had no pity for anyone. My mother deeply pitied herself.

My father was like the Wizard of Oz [a humbug]. My mother was like the Wicked Witch of the West [a bitch]. I was their Dorothy trying to find my way Home. All the friends of Dorothy in L. Frank Baum's novel didn't know how to help someone like Dorothy. But my inner friends did show me the wisdom [Scarecrow]; love [Tin Man]; heroism [Cowardly Lion]; and friendship [Toto] I needed to figure out with my fairy godmother's [Glinda's] help the power I'd been given.

The Scarecrow in me found the wisdom to put out his own fires. The Tin Man is me wasn't just bent out of shape. He was rusted from within. He wasn't able to look for his own heart until he oiled his feelings from the outside in. And the Cowardly Lion in me should have given himself a medal long ago for having overcome so many of his inhibitions.

You, too, might be a Scarecrow who needs water [life] to put out the fire [stress] within you. You. too, could be a Tin Man who needs oil [self-love] to get yourself moving emotionally. You might even be a Cowardly Lion who uses alcohol or drugs rather than affirmations to overcome your inhibitions. Try giving yourself a medal for loving you, instead!

Wisdom, compassion for others and soulful affirmations are the three figurative forces that will help you achieve self-love. We all need to learn how to apply them as needed.

I was a humbug like my father who wanted power over others. I had to pull back the curtain on myself to see the Sturm und Drang I'd created as a show to keep people away from my secrets.

I'm no longer one more Dorothy desperately trying to make her way Home. Now, I'm being given daily lessons from THE TEACHER through all the people in my life. And I have a Tutor to boot.

Making moral choices through sexual/spiritual awakenings can be easier than it looks. Every time I get to a fork in the road, I think about my penis and anus as the two roads on the digestive journey that begins in my mouth. The road of my *penis* is the road of the sadist in me. The road of my *anus* is the road of the masochist in me. My penis is the road down which I *cum*. My anus is the road down which I *go*.

When my father discovered through gossip that I was gay, he blamed my mother. He accused her of being the monster that made me that way. He didn't remember that when I was five years old, he and I used to watch wrestling on TV together. While he was grinding his teeth and clenching his fists at the screen, I was stirred in my groin by those handsome, half-naked, glistening men in satin shorts touching one another all over.

When my father was on his deathbed, he threatened my siblings and me with a lewd gesture. He pulled out his penis and pointed it at the three of us. We couldn't decide whether that was a message about the world or just intended for us.

I believe his only tender feelings were for our younger sister who couldn't be there that day. I think he was blaming us for disappointing him in a way that our sister never did. I think he pitied his youngest child for having had a monster for a mother and a fairy for a brother. Like Adam, I think he

blamed that woman [Eve] God gave him. [Genesis 3:12] Even on his deathbed, my father couldn't take responsibility for his own behavior. He never figured out when he was playing the part of the perpetrator [sadist] or victim [masochist].

If you don't look at your parents closely using an impartial lens, you won't see the humbug [father] and the wicked witch [mother] who may have fought one another for power when you were a kid. So, you certainly won't see how they mirror the best and the worst in you. You won't understand their journey in making their way Home as heroes. You'll remain lost in this masquerade [Oz].

When I was a child, I fantasized about living in a firehouse with firemen. Not only did I dream about cozying up to a different fireman each night. I dreamt about the thrill of sliding down the fire pole to get to the firetruck to put out fires all around town.

Sex for children is something that's lost in translation. It isn't until their biological clock sounds the starting gun at puberty that they begin the race to self-understanding in earnest.

I had no pity for *anyone* other than me when I was young, and I had pity for *everyone* other than me. I was a mix of my father and mother. I was like the two of them, but I didn't yet fully understand how to use my fate to evolve it into my destiny.

When I looked at Hugo's penis after his circumcision, I was disgusted. I saw death staring me in the face, not a delivery device for life. That unknowingly enraged me about me. I was disgusted with his penis because onto it I'd projected all the worst wants in me.

Paris

I met Emile, a French doctor, somewhere in Amsterdam; I don't remember where. But I found him pretty hot from the first glance. He looked a lot like Yoram. Perhaps I wanted to revisit my first, brief, love affair to try to make it right with different guy.

Emile was typical French in appearance: dark, thin, with deep-set, black eyes and a curiously mysterious air of importance.

Yet, at the same time, he was humble. I liked that about him. As a doctor, he was dedicated to life and to preserving life. Who isn't attracted to a guy like that?

But Emile had one little, physical failing that sent me round the bend. His feet smelled. I couldn't forgive a gay, French doctor for being that human!

That was a challenge for me. It wasn't until years later that I realized people are a contradiction walking on two feet – whether those feet smell, or not. You never know how people will contradict themselves.

We're all projecting aspects of ourself onto others. We're all smelling things that remind us of inner issues we find odorous or onerous. GOD brings us unpleasantries to spur us to ask ourself why.

So, allow me to review some terms I introduced earlier:

1.	Oppression:	The way society treats people they don't approve of
2.	Suppression:	The way parents treat children they don't approve of
3.	Repression:	The way we treat ourself when we don't approve of ourself
4.	Depression:	The consequence of all of the above

I was *oppressed*, and so I *suppressed* my boyfriends. In unconscious ways I did to them what my parents had done

to me. But I didn't see what I was doing to my gay family. Because of my ignorance, I unconsciously *repressed* myself to the point of becoming clinically *depressed*.

People who live in cold climates generally try to solve all four of these problems with liquid spirits: alcohol. The Scandinavians have done an admirable job of eliminating #1 [oppression] and they've made great inroads into #2 [suppression]. But their suicide rate indicates they've got a long way to go with #3 [repression] and #4 [depression]. Using *sexual/spiritual* means rather than *liquid* means to manage your Spirit is the answer. That, the Scandinavians aren't yet known for doing.

All the above issues revolve around that part of the body that our parents told us to stay away from at the cost of going to Hell: our anus. This part of our body has been alluded to as the way Satan enters our body to beguile us. If you don't confront the serpent in your tree [or the worm in your apple], expect to get lessons from THE TEACHER that you don't anticipate.

Our kin, clan and country taught us not to penetrate ourself; not to think about going up the down staircase; thinking with it; and certainly not to use it in the ways gay men do.

Everybody's uptight about something because they're only literally using their anus in the bathroom. They're uncomfortable using it figuratively in the bedroom with others as a delivery device of sexual/spiritual lessons about life.

Once you realize that the nameless God of the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] is no different from the tens of thousands of Gods of the Hindus, the three Gods of the Christians and The God with the name, "Allah," of the Muslims, you begin to relax. You begin to find a sense of humor as you make your way from one class to another down the halls of humanity in the school of life.

The first time we made love, Emile and I moved into 69'ing one another. While I was facing his penis, I suddenly felt the need to ask him a seemingly odd question, "Est-ce que je peux te tutoyer?" [Can I use the informal pronoun "you" with you?] I was already using the informal pronoun/verb agreements in French when we were dressed, but I wanted to know if I could do so nude in bed with him.

Surely, Emile must have thought that was an odd time to ask a question like that. But he was uncircumcised, and I felt a little formal with him about the difference in the look of our penises. Naturally, he laughed and agreed.

What I was feeling was embarrassment about my own penis being circumcised. I was used to being nude with men. But I felt emotionally naked and spiritually exposed in front of Emile. I think that's common for White Americans in Europe and elsewhere in the world.

Children are only conscious of being *nude* until they reach the age of two or three. Then they suddenly feel *naked*. That's when they choose to cover their genitals of their own accord. I was still emotionally naked in my 20's. I was still a child at heart, even though I'd reached the legal age when making love is permitted by society.

Children have to go through the second story of Genesis [Cain and Abel] in which their head [Cain] fights with their heart [Abel] over who's going to get what it wants. Most good parents try to teach their children to make peace with their head and heart, although parents don't yet discuss the personification of the head [man] and heart [woman] to make their lessons more plausible.

Cain never wanted to kill Abel. He wanted to assault God over for choosing Abel's sacrifice over his. Modern man has screwed the planet, screwed his neighbors and screwed the animal kingdom in his effort to enter God from behind. It's obscene. It's got to stop. Using God's anus in that unholy way goes against everything He intends for us.

The problem lies in the sadistic view of life we get from our father and the masochistic perspective we get from our mother. Carrying for others comes from our mother [z]. Carrying too much for others is as much a vice and not carrying at all.

The struggle with our anus doesn't end with puberty [Noah and the Ark]. When a boy achieves his first orgasm, everything about infancy and childhood changes for him for the rest of his life,

The ark is the first closet metaphor in Torah. Our ark is a symbol of our penis that God taught us to construct during the first decade of our life. In our penis, we hold all the animal instincts in us. The pubescent boy sails through puberty without a sail or rudder until that storm ends. He brings his penis into safe harbor at the end of adolescence. Like Noah, we disembark and get drunk. We let our hair down. When Ham, one of Noah's sons, saw his father nude and naked, he asked his brothers to help. Shem and Japheth cover their father without looking at him. Later Noah diabolically cursed Ham's grandson, Canaan. God gave the land of Canaan to the Jews to build our homeland: IsraEL. This is the story of the creation of our nation as told in our scripture 3,400 years ago. There weren't any Christians and Muslims at the time. There weren't even yet Jews. The story of our creation is older than we are.

Men with an uncircumcised penis perplexed me when I was a young man. I didn't quite know what to think about *it*. Were they more evolved, or were they less evolved because they hadn't signed on to a covenant with God the same way I'd been chosen to? It took making love with several uncircumcised, European Christians and Muslims who chose circumcision themself for me to ask myself that question in the sexual/spiritual light of brotherhood.

Now, I can say that Emile was the first Christian in my life who felt comfortable enough making love with a Jew to allow me to use the informal pronoun/verb agreements with

him in his mother tongue. Such is the mystery of intimacy between gay men from different countries, languages and religious traditions, so different from the challenges of straight men.

When I look back at all the penises in my past, I see an Intelligence behind what attracted me to them. There was a reason for my lust that went beyond mere physicality. Call that allure "attractiveness." Emile was attractive. But at that time in my sexual/spiritual development, I couldn't tell you why. But it sure as hell wasn't because he was doctor! I never used that Jewish stereotype to find a mate.

Spiritual attraction to a man doesn't come from your penis, and it isn't achieved with your hips. It arises from your soul. To be gay means to be hip in a way that comes from a curiosity that knows no earthly bounds. It doesn't matter if our penis is circumcised or not. What matters is that we recognize our attractions to one another as soulful. For us, lust and allure are one and the same.

My mother was a Holocaust survivor from Germany. She hadn't gone back to Germany since she left in 1948 at the age of 27. When she came to visit me in Holland in 1973, she told me she'd like to return to Germany with me by her side, 25 years after having left her fatherland. [Germany was literally her fatherland because her father was a Catholic from Bavaria. Her mother was a Jew from Austria.] So, I arranged for us to go by train from Amsterdam to Dusseldorf and make a stop in Aachen, a city in eastern Holland, on New Year's Eve on our way back.

On New Year's Eve, we bought a bottle of wine and some snacks and started a party in the lobby of our hotel in Aachen with the staff and guests. It was the best New Year's party I ever hosted because my mother and I created it in a strange city in a foreign country with people we didn't know who felt as cut-off from the rest of the world that night as we did. We helped everyone overcome their loneliness and feelings of separation from loved ones. That was a gift for us all. After returning to Holland from Germany, my mother felt a relief she couldn't put into words that she wanted to share with the Dutch.

I, on the other hand, felt an excitement in having met Jurgen at a gay bar in Dusseldorf that *I* couldn't put into words. While my mother had been in the hotel sleeping fitfully in the country of her birth where the whole nation had tried to kill her only 25 years before for the crime of being Jewish, I was out "hunting" Germans with my little "pistol."

Jurgen was a soldier in the German army. He had a place of his own on the barracks, but he snuck me into his parent's home, where we made love silently in his room in a cloud of guilty pleasure before he took me back to my hotel to spend the rest of the night in bed with my mother.

If forbidden fruit is sweet, then lovemaking in the 1970's between Germans and Jews was about as forbidden as it got in those days.

Jurgen and I had a deep, abiding, physical yearning and allure to see each other again. He drove a convertible, sports car that I could see he was very proud of when he drove me to his parents' house the night we met. Soon, he drove it to Amsterdam to see me again.

But it was obvious from the start that Jurgen needed me to adore his car as much as him. I cared for me, so I did my best to appreciate his love his car. He wore leather, driving gloves and a cap when behind the wheel. I did what I could to compliment his choice of cars, but I was truly dismayed when I discovered he couldn't parallel park. I can't tell you how that disappointed me.

Jurgen also wasn't a willing top in bed. He looked like a top and acted like a top in public. But despite all the hyper-masculinity he exuded, he was really a bottom who I think was deeply ashamed of being a bottom. I think he may have needed to be with a man who looked like a bottom who could top him, so no one would suspect his passivity, femininity and receptivity. I also think he was secretly thrilled he'd found a Jew to do *it* to him.

In those days, I preferred to *be* on the bottom rather than to have and hold a bottom, so I couldn't understand his guilty pleasure in being screwed by a Jew. My respect for Jurgen diminished when I had to penetrate him.

Paul was a bottom. But Paul wasn't macho. Paul drove a deux-chevaux. Paul's car was missing some of the floorboard, so you could see the road beneath your feet. But Paul knew how to parallel park!

My issue over parallel parking came from my mother. She thought it was a sign of masculinity, so I did, too. Learning to care for men [y] like a woman [z] has been a lifelong effort.

Paul watched over boys at night in a group home for troubled youth. He dated me to discover the secret to his own passivity and femininity. Paul was in touch with the feminine [z] side of himself. He wasn't ashamed of it.

I guess Jurgen had a reputation to uphold as a "man" because he was a soldier. Maybe he had an issue with forgiving himself for German transgressions in their past. I'll never know.

I only know that I wanted more from Jurgen in bed than he could give me. In those days in Europe, there wasn't any way for gay men to know who was a top and who was a bottom. That was the sort of discussion that wasn't talked about in the bars. You waited until you were in bed to have that discussion [or at least I did].

I'm so relieved that people can talk about anal sex today. For me, that's a sign that we're moving away from the prohibition of sex between men described in Leviticus 18. Anal sex isn't abominable, and killing gays as commanded by God in Leviticus 20 is simply uncivilized.

It's uncivilized to enslave people, even though it's permitted in Torah [Leviticus 25]. It's uncivilized to stone your children for disobeying you. [Leviticus 20]. And it's uncivilized to kill people who commit adultery. [also Leviticus 20]. Torah commands us to kill everyone in an adulterous relationship, even if only one of the two people involved is married.

Moving through Torah to see men as covetous of God's power is a sexual/spiritual process that the Jews have been working on for 3,400 years. There are hardly any more indigenists. Most people believe in THE GOD of us all, even if they don't believe in The God of their faith. Most people aren't disgusted by gays or Jews. Nor do they wish to screw GOD over in their effort to defy HIS intentions.

The following Easter, I had four days off work, so Jurgen and I arranged to meet in Groningen, a city in the north of

Holland. By then, he'd been transferred from Dusseldorf to Jefer, a small town with a military base in the far north of Germany.

I took the train to Groningen, and he met me there to drive me back to his place. But I forgot my passport! I could have gotten over the border into Germany in those days, but I couldn't have gotten back into Holland without it.

So, we were stuck in Groningen. We took a hotel for the night, but I could see that Jurgen was upset with me. I couldn't blame him. I consciously thought we could have turned my mistake into an adventure, but I knew I'd unconsciously sabotaged the relationship.

Jurgen was a man with a plan, and he couldn't forgive me for upsetting that plan. I did to Jurgen what the Germans did to the French at the Maginot line built by the French before the Second World War. The Germans simply went around and invaded France through Belgium.

Jurgen was totally unprepared for how I did an end-run around our relationship. I snuck around his [French] defenses by unconsciously sabotaging him in a [German] manner he didn't anticipate.

Because gay men are always in search of forbidden fruit, we do things inadvertently that are hurtful. And because we were betrayed by our father with sadism and by our mother with masochism, we find it difficult to forgive our boyfriends for not caring for us enough.

Nevertheless, we try to build bridges with our brothers. We may do so with our penis rather than our heart, but we're able to put our passion into everything we do. We may try to make peace with men with physical love making, but that's still better than the neglect, betrayal and abandonment that straight men inflict on one another. They don't lust over men even if they find men alluring. Consequently, women are constantly telling straight men to care more than they do.

Jurgen and I recreated our fantasy in Jefer a few months later, but it was like the time I went back to IsraEL to surprise

Yoram. The fire had gone out. There was only the smell of the flame that had once burned. Jurgen and I were too young to know what to do with the embers. We parted. But we left our bridge [superpower] intact for other gay men to cross over.

Peace on Earth lies first-and-foremost in our gay hands. We know lust and allure, the basics of making love, in ways that no straight man will ever be able to achieve just through fellowship. We know how to care like a woman [z].

Therefore, we're spiritually obliged to pass our efforts along, despite how straight men continue to treat us. We must guide them through the spiritual process of learning to care for men, women, children, animals and the planet.

Helsinki

I'd wanted to live in Europe since I was a kid, and I got my dream-come-true when I was hired for a job in the international department of an American bank in Holland after having worked that summer for Canadian Pacific Airlines at Schiphol airport outside Amsterdam. What I didn't realize at the time was how lonely it can be living in Europe, especially at Christmastime if you're Jewish; a foreigner in a Christian country where you've only made modest inroads into learning their language; and you're far from family and friends.

My first Christmas was with my mother who came to visit me. The summer and fall before that, I spent most of my free time on my bike riding around Amsterdam and through towns and villages nearby. I felt like I was on a magic carpet flying across a fairyland kingdom. I felt untouchable.

Now, I'm an old queen teaching you how to figuratively ride a bike through life. The first thing I'd say that you need to do is uncross your legs. The next thing is to get comfortable in the saddle and put more effort into pedaling. After that, it's just a question of keeping your balance, learning to use the gears and watching where you're going so you aren't thrown over the handlebars if you have to make a sudden stop.

Riding a bike is easy to describe if you already know how to do it. The same goes for using the sexual/spiritual operating system you were given. Your inner world isn't complex, but using it is complicated to describe. Praying to GOD is incredibly quick and easy to do once you've been taught how to do so with all the forces within you. [More about that later.]

I'd never experienced living in a place with four distinct seasons. One season in northern Europe, unlike California and IsraEL, is a world apart from the next. When Christmas

came around the second time, I was still like a kid on a bike with training wheels without a way to celebrate the birth of love, the season of peace and goodwill toward men. My second Dutch Christmas felt like I was observing a family celebration from outside their house in the snow looking in.

I suddenly realized I was lonely. It was dark, and I was cold. Everybody had somewhere to go and someone to be with, but me. I wrapped my long scarf around my neck tight and tucked it into my coat. I pedaled through Christmas in Holland with red cheeks and a rosy nose, but with a forlorn disposition.

I couldn't tell myself that I was a 22-year-old kid fresh out of my teens who was figuratively riding around Europe on a bicycle with training wheels. I couldn't admit to myself that didn't have a clue what I was doing.

I felt hollow inside. I shivered and shook as I rode over the cobblestone streets, reverberating from an equally windy, rocky road within. I couldn't even ask myself why I had to endure the burn of existential loneliness again and again. Hadn't it been enough that I'd cried at the residence hotel in Jaffa after my Lebanese sex buddy hooked up with a French immigrant and dumped me? Hadn't it been enough that my best friend in L.A. had sent me the lyrics to Carol King's, "You've Got a Friend," which sent me into an emotional tailspin in Tel Aviv before I came out at the ballet company as gay? Hadn't it been enough that I'd left Yoram, a man who loved and cared for me, to find freedom?

I had no idea what to do to make life right. Why wasn't coming to Holland in search of free love free? Why was the price higher than I could afford to pay?

The Saturday afternoon before Christmas, I went to a café in the center of Amsterdam where I met a guy from Helsinki. His name was Tapio. I remember that he was soft, not hard; kind, not mean; soft-spoken, not rude. He was short like me, not tall. He was about as muscular as me – just the

way I like ‘em. I like to hold a man who gives me the feeling that I’m holding myself.

Tapio was a gentleman, although we were both too young to admit to ourselves that we were *gentle* men. That was something that attracted us to one another that I found mysterious that I’d never questioned before. Because we were both lonely but couldn’t put that feeling into words, we were drawn to one another in a magical, mystical, and mysterious way.

I brought him back to my houseboat, and we spent the night together, first watching the sun set on the water from my living room. I made us some dinner, and then we made love and sat in bed talking well into the night. Tapio taught me how to say, “Good night” in Finish: hyvää yötä. I’ve never forgotten it.

Before I bought my houseboat, I’d lived for a couple of years in a garret on the fifth floor of an apartment building on the Zeeburgerdijk. The bank offered me a generous interest rate to buy a house as an employee, so I used it to purchase a houseboat on the Schinkel, a lake just outside of town. My boat was on a prime location at the end of a pier with large trees lining the lake. It was enchanting, especially when the ducks would paddle by.

In the morning, after we made love a second time, I made us breakfast. Tapio and I spoke more about our past, our present and our hopes for our future. We connected on a level I hadn’t connected with anyone in a long time. Perhaps it was nostalgia mixed with sentimentality mixed with melodrama. Princesses who are far from mom and home have a tendency to get soft and mushy.

We were young. We felt innocent at the same time that we felt experienced. We were willing to be there for one another with one another for a magical, winter weekend, but we both knew it wouldn’t last. Tapio had to go back to Finland that day. We wrote a few letters to one another, but time marches on.

What Tapio and I had was also special. I subconsciously realized I could share my loneliness with another man, even if I couldn't yet tell that to myself consciously. It wasn't all about penises and anuses. There were hearts involved as well.

My road to overcoming loneliness was still blocked by shame. It would take me decades to carry those boulders of shame to the shoulder of the road to allow myself to travel down the road of loneliness feeling liberated by the mystery of being without THE TEACHER and a loving, study partner.

Leaving my family at the age of 18 to move to IsraEL had been a lonely and frightening experience. There was no way to contact my mother except through letters. Phone calls were out of the question in those days – far too expensive. Once I left Yoram in IsraEL for Holland, I felt more alone and perplexed than ever.

Meeting Tapio didn't cure me of shame of my loneliness, but it did relieve it for a weekend. At the time, I didn't think anything could have done that.

I was wrong. A stranger coming into your life at an auspicious moment can do more than relieve you of loneliness. Such an experience can point you in the direction of faith.

"You've Got a Friend"

by
Carol King, 1971
[sung by Jesus {the God within} 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.

Even though we have marriage equality in the United States as well as 36 other nations around the world, it's still considered sacrilegious to imagine Jesus singing a love song to a man. I don't understand why that is.

If Cain could want to kill God in his fury to get back at him for choosing Abel's sacrifice over his, why can't a modern true believer love God in the sexual/spiritual sense? Why can't the God within us enter us through our anus if Satan can? Why can't the God in our breastplate who guides our conscience live in that tabernacle between our heart and soul? Why can't He participate when we're in bed with a man? Just calling out to Him before cuming isn't good enough. Knowing He's there with me inside means everything to me.

Brighton

I had family in England that I arranged to visit since I was living so close by in Holland. I'd never met them before, but what better time to do so. They lived in London, so I decided to spend a few days at the beach in Brighton, as well.

When I got to Brighton, the first thing I did that night was go to a gay bar to be with my other people. There, I met a guy who was a merchant marine. He was between jobs, but he offered to take me to Portsmouth the next day to take the ferry over to Dieppe, France. He said his friends working that line would be glad to sneak us on board.

So, we spent the night together at my hotel and got up early the next morning to take the train to Portsmouth, just outside Southampton.

Oliver was an outgoing and adventurous guy. His previous boyfriend of several years owned a hotel somewhere in England that the Queen would visit once a year. Every time she came, the two of them would have tea together.

Oliver, perhaps like his former boyfriend, was most comfortable being of service to others. He liked to give through serving. He liked to keep busy by helping people, and he liked to be appreciated for his efforts in bed. He was the salt of the earth. We hit it off well enough in bed; he was an attentive mate. He helped me see that I have good taste in men.

We were hoping to do it again on the ferry the next day, but the weather got rough, and neither of us did well with rough seas. I have to say, in retrospect, that it was then and there that I learned that the ocean will never be my friend so long as I'm onboard a vessel. I've been on boats since, but I always get queasy.

Well, I was as sick as a dog on the way over to France. When we snuck off the ferry after the passengers had disembarked, I really didn't want to have to go all the way

back to England the same way. I would have been fine just taking the train home from France through Belgium to my bed in Holland, even though my backpack was in a hotel in southern England. But I had to take the adventure roundtrip, which meant throwing up all the way back to England, as well.

That didn't stop Oliver and me from maintaining contact. He was still in a funk from his breakup with his previous boyfriend, so he asked me if he could come to Amsterdam to stay on my houseboat and fix it up for me in exchange for a place to stay.

I jumped at the opportunity. I have two left hands in addition to legs that'll never be seaworthy. Any help I could get was much appreciated. And lovemaking came with the offer! What was not to like?

Oliver was the first buddy who turned into a friend. He lived with me for a few weeks. We slept together most nights. And we gave each other the space to do as we pleased without any pressure or expectations.

For someone who'd married every man I slept with and divorced him when we were through, Oliver was symbolic of a change of heart that gave me an adult view of gay life I'd never experienced before.

I was approaching the sexual/spiritual age of 29. I was almost a sexual/spiritual adult making love with other sexual/spiritual adults. I was leaving the world of sexual/spiritual youngsters. I was growing up, albeit at a snail's pace.

Dusseldorf[2]

I met Jochum and a friend of his at the D.O.K., the biggest disco in Holland at the time, and probably the biggest gay disco in all of Europe in the 70's.

What attracted me to Jochum was that we were about the same size and weight, and that he was a top. Because I'm 5'7" most men in Europe are much taller than me. Only in IsraEL did I feel like I was normal in height compared to everybody else.

When I met Jochum, I found a man my size who wanted to top me, and that was suddenly a real turn on. He was a little older than me, which I also found attractive. And he was German, which was more forbidden fruit for a Jew. So, we hit it off pretty well right from the start.

Jochum and his buddy both lived in Dusseldorf, which is about two and a half hours from Amsterdam by car. And Jochum had a car, which was also a turn on. I had an old, German motorcycle from the War years and two decrypt bicycles, one for visitors. But it was always a treat to sit in the passenger seat of my boyfriend's car as we drove around town instead of peddling against the Dutch wind on my old bike or turning into a snowman on my motorcycle.

Jochum and his friend had bought an apartment in Amsterdam that they were in the process of fixing up. A lot of gay Germans in those days had apartments to get away and play. The two of them would come to town every Friday night, work on their apartment all day Saturday. Jochum would sleep over at my place and they'd drive home on Sunday. Because they didn't have the plumbing connected, he always started by taking a shower when he got to my boat, and then we went from there to bed. It was a nice set-up for us both.

But one Saturday night, Jochum came over nicely dressed. He told me he'd completed the plumbing project, had taken a shower at his own place and thought we might

go out to the D.O.K. to celebrate. I readily agreed, so off we went.

We happened to run into his friend at the club, but then I lost them. I walked around looking for the two of them for over an hour. I finally went outside to look for Jochum's car. He and his friend had left! I realized that once his bathroom was finished and he could shower at his place, Juchum dumped me! Suddenly, I realized that his friend had been more than a friend. I'd never asked. Once again, I may have gotten mixed up with a man in a relationship.

It still didn't occur to me that I was a home wrecker. I still couldn't see my jealousy and rage over relationships GOD was giving to others that HE was withholding from me.

Normally, I would have ridden my bike to the D.O.K. I didn't like taking the night bus because there were often drunks on the bus. Besides, it was more than a mile from the bus stop to the Schinkel where my houseboat was moored.

That night I felt like the biggest loser of them all. So, I took a taxi home. It was the first and only time I took a taxi in Holland. That night, I learned the importance of "mad money."

Jochum had made me feel like a fool. He'd used me, and I'd naively let him by not asking questions I didn't want answers to.

I was 22 at the time. I wasn't experienced. I wasn't cynical and bitter [yet]. I wasn't bruised and broken by what people have a way of doing to one another.

Jochum stole my naiveté out from under me. He dirtied me with experience. He sullied something innocent and irreplaceable in me. For that, he needed to be recalled in this book.

I now thank GOD that my Jewish lesson with a German wasn't anything close to what my parents had been through.

"Speak Softly Love"

by
Nino Rota and Lawrence Kusik, 1972
[sung by Judas to Jesus before he became jealous of Him]

Speak softly, Love, and hold me warm against Your heart.
I feel Your words, the tender trembling moments start.
We're in a world, Our very own
sharing a love that only few have ever known.
Wine colored days warmed by the sun,
deep velvet nights when We are One.
Speak softly, Love, so no one hears Us but the sky.
The vows of love, We make will live until We die.
My life is Yours and all because
You came into my world with love, so softly, Love.
Wine colored days warmed by the sun,
deep velvet nights when We are One.
Speak softly, Love, so no one hears Us but the sky.
The vows of love We make will live until We die.
My life is Yours and all because
You came into my world with love so softly, Love.

Judas may have been able to relate to Jesus in the second-person singular [You], but he wasn't fully able to understand the profundity of Their relationship in the first-person plural [We]. He couldn't see himself being augmented to a new "We" that he shared with Him.

This is a common male problem. Men don't know how to care. They only know that they want to be cared for. If you can't love Judas, you can't love any Jew.

Judas was probably a fallible and imperfect, gay Jew. He knew The God of the Jews [Elohim] Who came to him through his head, but he couldn't yet consciously access Him through his heart. Jesus, his Lover, brought him God-consciousness from a new place in inner space. Wisdom of

the heart was confounding for Judas and for many other Jews in those days.

I see Judas as having become jealous of Jesus' body [container] and envious of His blood [contents]. This would have made him question how God could have created One such as Jesus, so different from him.

There are no capital letters in Hebrew to describe the emotional struggle Judas went through. Only with our modern mind can we understand what ignorance of love can do to us.

We see this problem in Christians who claim to have a personal relationship with Jesus, yet behaved in despicable ways to non-believers. These Christians raised Jesus from a rabbi to the level of God, but they still can't raise their own actions to behave equally godly.

Every student of life who holds a relationship with THE ONE AND ONLY TEACHER knows that s/he has a personal God as well who functions as a Tutor. The Jews call our Tutor Y.H.V.H. The Christians call Him Jesus. When THE TEACHER and our Tutor work together, outcomes are created that Jews associate with Hashem [The Name]. Christians associate outcomes with the Holy Spirit. Muslims associate the functions of creation, love and outcomes with the name "Allah."

When today's Jews, Christians and Muslims discover how GOD has used scripture to unite them, they'll look pretty foolish fighting over IsraEL. It's as though we're reliving the Middle Ages and the Crusades while considering ourselves modern. We're not sexually/spiritually modern.

It's only when you move into figurative descriptions of scripture that the secret to Jewish metaphors, Christian symbols and Islamic similes reveal our development of GOD consciousness.

In Nice, I Did Something Nice

I was fired from my job at the bank for having left one day early on my vacation. I had to catch a charter flight from Brussels to L.A. Granted, I shouldn't have lied to my boss about being sick, but it was the only roundtrip, charter flight I could find with a two week stay in L.A. I really wanted to see my mom after almost five years abroad. I thought that lying was the only way I could get what I wanted.

The truth is that I hadn't been a model employee at the bank. I can now see that I carried a resentful attitude all day, every day. There was a cloud over my head, even though I was an exemplary employee in terms of my work output. Firing someone for missing a day of work is excessive. Firing someone who creates a pall over the work environment is understandable.

The word for "work" in Hebrew [avoda] means both "work" and "worship." I've always done my work with almost a religious conviction. I just didn't associate work with worship when it came to how I treated others.

I hated my job. I needed it to maintain my residency permit in Holland. My boss resented my resentment, and so he used my indiscretion to fire me. [I had a feeling that if I'd asked him for an extra day off even without pay, he'd have granted it. But I doubt he'd have sat me down and had an honest talk with me about my attitude.]

Once fired, I had to sell my houseboat because my mortgage rate was only for employees and I couldn't afford the mortgage without a job, regardless of the rate.

But I made a lot of money on the sale, which annoyed the bankers immensely. Friends from work told me that, which gave me some sense of satisfaction and revenge.

I took the train down to Nice, France to figure out what I was going to do with my new-found freedom. I had money in my pocket, but I'd burned my bridges to get it. There was no way to stay in Holland without a work permit, and there

was no way to get another job there without a reference from my previous employer. And to make matters worse, I hated banking.

In Nice, I rented a room by the week in a rundown hotel in a poor part of town. [I wasn't the type to live a lavish lifestyle even once I had money to burn.] There, I officially began my writing career at the tender age of 22.

I didn't see myself as a carefree "American in Paris." I wasn't dashing around Europe as George Gershwin portrayed in his orchestral piece from 1928. I was a gay Jew in the 1970's who'd given up a dance career and a secure life in IsraEL Then, suddenly, I was a gay Jew in the south of France without a college education, without a job, without a home and without a future in Amsterdam, the gay Mecca of Europe. So, I did what my intuition dictated. I became a poet.

But a poet who hasn't contemplated his experiences to turn them into wisdom is like a window-washer without a bucket of soapy water. I had a tool in my hand [money] to do the job, and I had a job to do right before my eyes [a window on life to wash]. But I was looking right through the work that was in front of me to focus on a blank page. I was still much too ignorant of the meaning of life to describe life poetically.

I was missing an element vital to that job: water [self-love] and soap [humility]. It would take me almost 50 years of wandering through the desert of humanity to fill that bucket with soapy water to wash away the grease and grim on other people's windows on the outside before I'd be allowed to wash my own from the inside.

Today I'm beyond being a poet. I'm an orifice queen living in a promised land. I have no agenda other than to protect the gay, Jew and American in me.

In Nice, I met a gay, Parisian lawyer who thought I was an amazing free Spirit that he wanted to catch and cage like a bird. I met an American flutist on a musical retreat who thought the timing of my tongue was as great as her timing

in playing the works of the great composers. I even met a part of myself as though in a dream just by unconsciously falling in love with self-love during the summer of 1974 on the French Riviera.

I rented a motorcycle for a day and drove through Monaco to San Remo, Italy where I bought a pair of red, snakeskin boots that I wore with cut-off jeans. [I looked like Lola, the vamp in "Damn Yankees."]

I wrote poems late at night on bus benches, until some boys drove by and threw eggs at me. Then, I limited my writing to daytime or while at "home" at night.

I bought fresh croissants every morning at the neighborhood patisserie, and I made café au lait in my room in a big earthenware bowl in which I dunked the rolls I'd lathered in butter. I befriended a one-legged pigeon on my balcony with crumbs. I had no other friends.

I met a gay-South African doctor in Cannes who practiced medicine in Manhattan. He invited me out for dinner to a fancy restaurant, thinking I was a poor hippy who was sleeping on the beach. After dessert, I pulled out a hundred franc note and paid for my own meal. Then I added insult to injury by sleeping with him anyway just to look charitable. [In truth, I didn't want to have to sleep in the train station until the morning train came through to get me back to Nice.]

I was slowly becoming unhinged after the bank incident. I was liberated in one way but felt imprisoned in another. There was an anger brewing in me that I didn't see or understand. Somebody had changed the course of my life without asking my permission, and that infuriated me.

After having begun my adult life in Tel Aviv and then dismantling it to rebuild it in Amsterdam, I knew how much work starting over again would entail. I didn't want to do it a third time. I couldn't stop dwelling on where to go and what to do next. I was in that odd place where suicide isn't

an option, but there weren't any better options I could think of.

In Nice, I did nothing particularly nice for anyone but me. The most important thing you should do when times get tough is nice things for others. Nothing helps as much as giving away your gifts when you feel that GOD is withholding HIS.

The man I slept with in Nice who I'll always remember was me. He wasn't an alluring guy or a great catch. He was just the best I could find at the time. I did a few nice things for myself in Nice, but I didn't even credit myself for that much.

Here is an abstract picture of me that expresses what I've learned about me:

Me in in my 20's: [Stress]

Me in my 50's: [Duress]

Me today: [Distress]

What distresses me today is bigotry. Intolerance is the consequence of self-hate. And self-hate is the result of self-ignorance. If people knew more about themselves, they'd like themselves more. They'd even find reasons to like GOD.

"September Song"

by
Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson, 1938
[modified and sung by me to GOD]

Oh, it's a long, long while
from May to December,
but the days grew short
when I reached September.
When the autumn weather
turned the leaves to flame,
I didn't have time
for the waiting game.
Oh the days dwindled down
to a precious few:
September, November.
And those few precious days,
I spent with YOU.
Those precious days
I spent with YOU.

I didn't have GOD in my life growing up in California. I didn't have GOD in my life while living in IsraEL. I didn't have GOD in my life while living in Europe. And when I went back to my mother in 1974, I was broken. There was a crack in me that was about to break me apart. I was well on my way to insanity.

That made a relationship with GOD impossible. I've had to look back in time to see how GOD was working with me in my life then. It's so hard to understand our inner forces when we're out of our mind.

I returned to L.A. with my tail between my legs. I felt like a failure, but I continued to pretend to be a man of the world.

I got a job in a restaurant even though I spoke five languages. I'd been a ballet dancer with a professional, modern dance company, but I found myself slicing deli meats and running a cash register. I'd lived in IsraEL, Spain and on a houseboat in Holland, but I was living like a hippy in a studio apartment in Venice, CA. long after the hippy movement had moved on. I'd probably jetted to two dozen countries by the age of 23. But I was walking to work without a clue to what had happened to me, or why.

My life spiraled down from bad to worse. I got mixed up with drugs. I attempted suicide three times in five years. I ended up in Belleview Mental Hospital in New York as I tried to rekindle my ballet career. I came back to L.A. and then drove my car off a cliff [200 feet high] in the Santa Monica hills and ended up in St. John's Mental Hospital. I got clean and sober on February 1, 1984 at the age of 31. Once sober, I resolved to live a "normal" life despite the fact that I was anything but normal and didn't want to be.

I'd burned through my 20's in a way that I couldn't find a way to describe until decades later. I felt charred by middle age. By the time Larry cheated on me with Jim, there was nothing left to set aflame inside me. I was burned to a crisp. I was seared, scorched and cauterized.

Yet here I am in old age with a fire blazing inside even brighter than before. I feel like you and I are sitting in front of my hearth, having an intimate chat and a toddy. How did this happen?

There's a burning bush inside everyone that burns as precariously as a candle in the wind. Here are the seven attributes I've discovered about that fire:

1.	Illumination	Wisdom
2.	Warmth	Love
3.	Burn	Redemption
4.	Smoke	Prayer
5.	Mystery	Mystery or Madness
6.	Sound	Calling
7.	Smell	Intuition

I used my intuition [smell] about the eternal flame inside me to discover, explore and write down my truth. I'm offering it to you in the hopes that if you find yourself figuratively on fire, you'll know what's happening to you and will be able to live with yourself even if you're being burned alive by life or feel charred inside after the initial blaze has gone out.

I hope you'll be able to see what aspect of the flame has set you aflame and find your way through the smoke inside to a place where you can breathe fresh air. I could only get comfortable in that burning building of mine by serving GOD through others.

Let's see what you do when you realize your house is on fire, and you've got nowhere to run. Let's see what you decide to do when you feel homeless with nothing but the figurative smell of smoke in your nose to describe what happened to your domicile here on Earth.

What's the point of claiming to have a conscience if you can't see it as an eternally burning bush? What's the point of having an eternally burning bush branching out of your chest if it doesn't transform itself into a sacred heart? What's the point of having a sacred heart if you don't transcend it as a wind within that lifts your Spirit?

What's the point of having the *gift* of an oracle in your life if s/he doesn't teach you how to deal with your *present*? What's the point of having been given ten orifices if you don't use all of them to deal with your inner world?

What you did before now in behind you! The future is all that lies ahead! You know you're gonna die some day! What matters is that you learn how to live all day today, every day, until the day comes that your flame goes out for *good*.

I was afraid that the past would return to haunt me. I was looking for a lock on the past that couldn't be opened. I wanted to go forward at high speed because I was afraid that the past would sneak up from behind and overwhelm me.

Physical, mental, emotional and spiritual illnesses are nothing more than psychic burns brought down to Earth from GOD. They're an incineration of an evil inclination in your body, head, heart or soul that can be very painful as they cauterize you. Since all human beings are made in the same image of GOD, we're all spiritually flammable. We all get burned, and we're all as sick as our secrets.

I was like Noah in an ark [closet] discovering the power in my penis. Then I became like Moses in a basket [closet] discovering my penis verses others' penises. Then I was like an Israelite carrying God in a tabernacle [closet]. And now I'm a gay man who's come out of the closet thanks to my penis and the God [Adonai] in my breastplate.

The wind that makes our flame flutter is self-doubt. Those who are perplexed feel wind-swept because they're bereft of self-knowledge. They're either a tree of knowledge [male] or a tree of life [female] that they can't plummet. Or they're a burning bush [conscience] that they can't get close enough to, to pick its fruits. The fruits of their spiritual labors aren't yet ripened.

The secret to coming *in* is to seek your secrets, so you can come *out* as an honest, sincere and authentic human being who you'll admire. This lies in recognizing your burns [punishments], as well as enduring them while admitting that what remains each time you've been burned is the smell of a flame that's been extinguished.

That smell is a preview to death. Your flame will die someday, once and for all. That'll be the end of you,

physically. So, look around you and within you while you can. Everyone is just like you. You can even smell the extinguished flame of some people who can't see what they're missing. You can see no evidence that there's a fire burning deep down within them. You may not even be sure there's a strong flame still alight in you because you flicker so.

It isn't with your eyes or your ears that you'll be able to perceive this. It's your nose that will figuratively detect this flame that singes without literally burning.

We're all like Lazarus, the Jew. [John 11] We need to come back from the dead. The fire in us must be reignited time and again.

Jesus only modeled that once for the ancient Jews in the Gospels. You're going to need to do what He did time and again for yourself.

Jesus only modeled His last supper once, too. You've served many spiritual meals to the spiritually needy. You know the essence of serving and giving. When you get to Christian Heaven, you'll probably serve many more meals There. There'll probably be no rest for the awakened. Life is a school, and the job you'll be given when you graduate here will have to keep you spiritually fed for all Eternity. This world is only a school. Wait until you graduate and have to look for a job!

Your nose knows this. Your eyes and ears will never be able to reveal the full truth to you. You must figuratively work through your nose if you want to grasp life like an elephant, with your intuition.

Life is like the smell of jasmine on a cloudy, summer night without the moon in the sky or stars to guide you. Life must be inhaled, and you must follow the fragrance of life through the darkness the only way GOD gave you: with your nose. Even Helen Keller knew that much about herself!

I not only have a *Jewish* nostril in my nose to guide me. I have a *gay* nostril, too. Therefore, I smell something about

you that you're so accustomed to that you may not smell it yourself.

Think of me as a bush on fire that isn't being consumed. [Exodus 3] I'm not God speaking to you. What Moses described was his conscience. That's what told him to go back where he came from to help his people.

It's not only Christians who are submerged like fish in a world of feelings that they don't understand. It's not only Muslims who move through an ocean of emotion like whales that have a sonar that aids them in the darkness, cold and pressure they find themselves in deep down inside.

When the awakened surface; when they breach and look out over the world – they do so with their blowhole, not just their eyes that show them the two sides to life that religious leaders talk about without sufficient study of other scriptures. The awakened see a level of life they're yearn to describe to those still submerged in deep, dark feelings.

Get to know the fire within that burns you without consuming you, for that's a fire that burns underwater [in your heart]. That's a fire that creates a wind with a mission [in your soul] that only those who want to earn their wings can use to get where they're going. That's a fire that leaves an odor that guides you to where you need to *be*.

East L.A.

I found myself back at the "crime scene" in L.A. with my tail between my legs just as I turned 23. My mother and her second husband lived in Marina del Rey. I found a studio apartment in Venice, just next door, and I found a job between the two at the deli counter of a Jewish-style restaurant owned by a Protestant dentist – the outer limit of the integration of the faiths in those days.

The next memorable lovemaking I had was with a Mexican-American from East L.A. who was hitchhiking late at night as I was driving home from my parents' apartment. His name was Jesús [pronounced haysoos].

Jesús and I drove around for a while to decide if we wanted to go to bed together. When I drove us to my apartment, Jesús was visibly shocked when he saw that I just opened the door of my ground floor apartment without a key, despite my front door being virtually at the sidewalk.

I hadn't been back from Holland that long. There, curtains were considered rude trappings on windows and keys unnecessary for doors. In those days, the Dutch thought curtains and keys gave your neighbors the wrong impression.

Jesús and I had an incredibly hot time that night. We looked like salt and pepper shakers, about the same size and shape, one dark, one light. We brought a spiciness to scrambled eggs I'd never tasted before. Our passions set us aflame.

We combusted like lighter fluid that just required a match to ignite our tinder. I'd never had sex with a man I found that attractive. He was my physical ideal. When we were through, we must have looked like we'd been incinerated. We lay in each other's arms like coal still glowing after a barbeque. The meat had all been eaten. There was nothing left but bones on embers.

But the story didn't end there. One night while I was alone in my studio apartment, sound asleep, I had a dream I was kissing a man who was embracing and fondling me, and me, him. I dreamt we were underwater writhing in each other's arms without needing to come up for air. Everything about our embraces was happening while breathing underwater. Our bodies were slowly rising to the surface from the bottom of the sea. But when we got close to the surface, my mind started to struggle with the question whether this was a dream or whether there really was a man making love to me.

As I broke through the waves into the open air, I opened my eyes and saw there really was a man in my bed! When I pushed him away and got a good a look at his face, I saw it was Jesús. He'd snuck into my apartment, knowing the door would be open. He'd taken off all his clothes, put on the tan leather boots I'd bought in Paris, gotten into bed with me and was caressing me without first waking me up.

He'd invaded my space and touched me without my consent. He walked in my shoes in my bed. But he'd done so in such a mischievous way that it completely disarmed and captivated me.

Jesús did everything he did with such finesse that I was completely disarmed by his approach. It was a fantasy/dream brought into reality. Sex with him felt otherworldly. It felt as though the stars were eyes peering enviously through the darkness watching us make love.

Men have many methods for getting what they want without you suspecting that their methods are devious and disreputable when viewed with deeper insight. There's nowhere to hide when you come out of your closet nude, naked and transparent, not just exposed. The secret to who you are lies with GOD. Diving down into an anus to hide your penis won't convince GOD that you've eliminated your desire to be with HIM.

Perhaps nice, Jewish boys from Manhattan and good, Catholic boys from East L.A. make love to one another to prove to rabbis and priests that the clergy doesn't know everything about scripture. We can go to places that are more forbidden than pork and penises because we hold the secret to brotherhood. Whether we use that secret wisely is another story.

Look at the worshippers in synagogues. How many gays do you see among them? Look at the laity in churches. How many gays and Jews do you see there? Look at the devout in mosques. How many gays, Jews and Christians are on the ground prostrate before Allah?

The institutions of faith are filled with the spiritually faithful, but some of them may be duped by hateful hypocrites who think gay lovemaking and pork are forbidden. What's forbidden is breaking your word and giving yourself permission to behave like a pig.

Churches in America are Black or White. There are no queens on the religious chessboard. Churches are filled with rooks and kings who use knights and bishops to help them win. Bring a few queens onto the board, fellas, and watch what will happen! You won't believe your eyes at what we can do to transform religion with sexuality and spirituality!

Although there were a lot of men who broke my heart and a lot of men whose heart I broke, the lovemaking wasn't always memorable. Maybe we were trying to squeeze a round peg into a square hole. Perhaps we wanted something we couldn't attain with one another. We. were in bed together, just not colluding in a sexually spiritual way. That was the tragedy of lovemaking in my youth without insight. I had no way yet to reflect on what I was getting out of what I was going through.

I hope Jesús didn't die of AIDS. He'd be in his mid 70's today. Who knows what sort of life he's led? I hope he's as playful and imaginative as he was then. Being with him was

an experience that left me with a great story I've enjoyed telling you.

But I locked my front door after that, and still do.

West L.A.

A couple of years later I was at the Macy's in a shopping center at the corner of Overland and Pico in West L.A. The fellow who helped me found me cute, and since there was no doubt that we were both gay, he asked me out. And I accepted.

Jamal lived in the Fox Hills, a middle-class Black neighborhood not too far from where I lived at Venice Beach. He owned his home. He drove a new sedan. He dressed well. He was polite, polished and thoughtful.

We didn't become boyfriends, but we made love from time to time. He had very dark skin which looked especially nice contrasted with mine. He had thick lips which were amazingly sensuous and fun to kiss. He very much enjoyed penetrating me and leaving a gift inside me that made me feel wanted and special. We probably could have been lovers if I'd been more emotionally mature.

But Jamal could see I wasn't boyfriend material. I was emotionally flighty and unreliable. I could never have committed to one man in those days, even though I was always looking for prince charming. What I didn't realize was that I was consumed with *finding* a lover. I didn't have a clue how to *be* one to *keep* one.

What I most remember about Jamal was the feeling of being a poor, Jewish kid in the home of a middleclass Black man. He held me respectfully. He understood how needy I was. He understood how raw I felt. [I'd already tried to kill myself once, by then.] So, he held me with very strong arms. He didn't squeeze. He didn't force himself on me, and that sort of kindness isn't forgotten.

By my late 20's, I was finally ready to go to college to try to knock some sense into my head. There at L.A. City College on Vermont Ave., I met a Jewish gal from England who became a good friend. Previous to marrying her Jewish, American husband, she'd been in a relationship with an American Jew who figured out he was gay while dating her, and she wanted me to meet him.

She wanted to see her gay friend happy and settled down, and thought the two of us would hit it off. So, we arranged to go out on a double date. She and her husband met me in front of her ex-boyfriend's house and the three of us walked in together.

I took one look at Ben, and a strange feeling came over me. After the slightly uncomfortable smiles and introductions, I turned to my gurlfriend and her husband and asked them who Ben looked like that the three of us knew. They had no idea, but it was clear to me. Ben looked like *me*! For that reason, I found him curiously alluring!

Despite what I thought was an obvious similarity of facial features, there was one glaring difference between Ben and me. I'd been a ballet dancer with two legs that had been carefully carved with years of training, [especially after studying ballet at American Ballet Theater and Harkness Ballet School in New York]. Ben only had one leg. He'd taken L.S.D. one night during a storm and then decided to take his motorcycle out for a spin around town while tripping. He got into an accident and lost a leg. "Acid" figuratively burned it off.

Ben and I only made love a couple of times. It was the second time we were 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 the stub at the end of his thigh. I felt common courtesy required that much of me.

So, on our second date, as we were naked in bed kissing, I slowly sent my hand down his waist, past his hips and down his thigh. But then something unexpected happened. I reached his knee! I was on the wrong leg and had to start all over again on the other side.

I'm describing this to you in this way because I'll never forget the feeling that I got from figuratively holding all of this man's pain, suffering and regret in the palm of my hand. In a twisted sort of way, I wished I could gather all my own negativity together into one spot on my body. Wherever I looked at myself in the mirror, I saw something negative and different depending on how I felt about that part of me.

Soon after that encounter with Ben, I drove my car off a cliff in my second suicide attempt. Now I have a slight scar under one eye from flying glass that hit me in the face that eventful day. When I look in the mirror, that scar says it all.

Silverlake

I've made love with a quite a few Black men, so, you might say that I overcame my prejudice against African-Americans one Black penis at a time. For some reason, I felt the need to find my way into many a man's heart through his genitals. I suppose that's just who I am and how I operate.

There was one Black man, though, who stands out in my mind above all the rest. He was a guy who drove through my neighborhood when I was living just outside Silverlake in the Wilshire district, one of the many suburbs of L.A. He called to me from his car, asking me how to get to Griffith Park [which is in Los Felix, no easy task from where we were.]

I sensed he was interested in going up there to look for sex, so I decided to ask him coyly if he'd like me to get in and guide him. Needless to say, I was cute, and he was hot. So, we arranged to do it in the park.

But I was on my way home from the laundromat at the time, so he followed me to my apartment. I dropped off my clean clothes, and then off we went.

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

But when he was about to cum, I jerked him off into my hand. He then exclaimed with 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 since I hadn't let him shoot in my mouth. And besides, holding his warm cum in my hand felt particularly loving, gentle and kind. That's just the kind of guy I am.

But when I think back now to that hot and horny, summer day in L.A., I see the event somewhat differently. What

stands out in my mind now is that I looked at the cum in my hand, and in the back of my mind I was surprised by what I was thinking. I was surprised to see that it was white.

Although I'd made love with a number of Black men before him, they'd always ejaculated in my colon, so I'd never really gotten a look at their semen. So, when this fellow ejaculated in my hand, I guess I was such a simpleton that I thought his semen would be black like his skin.

From my experience that day with that fellow who's name I never asked, I finally woke up to the realization that all semen is white. It doesn't matter where you *come* from, what language you speak or the color of your skin. And I came to the even greater conclusion that GOD created all men in HIS image, giving us all white semen, even if HE chose to give us different containers to hold our contents. That's been meaningful to me in making peace with all mankind.

There was one more fellow I should mention while my thoughts are still on my life in Silverlake. He was a fellow I met at the A.T. center [the home of gay A.A. in L.A.]

I attribute my recovery to Alcoholics Together in Silverlake. I first got sober at the A.T. Center located at the old laundromat on Sunset Blvd. and continued by making my moral birthplace at their new location on Griffith Park Blvd. until I was ready to leave the nest to live life on my own.

Nick was someone I admired. He had more sobriety than me. He was confident. He was cool. He looked to me like a camel on a flying carpet. He just sailed across the room, looking down on everyone with contemptuous detachment. We made love from time to time. He always made me feel like I fit in, like I wasn't that odd and different.

But the last time we made love, I had to ask him to stop in the middle. He was hurting me. He was quite big, and I finally realized that I didn't like the pain of anal sex anymore, something I used to relish.

I was ready to become a top. I'd learned enough about bottoming. I wanted to give to a man in the way that so many men had given to me. I wanted to share the life force inside me; not let it spill out on the sheets or all over my belly.

I don't know why that happened. I just know that learning about receiving was the gateway for me in learning about giving. I had to do so sexually. Apparently, that was part of my curriculum in the school of life.

Now I'm free to give to Will in so many wonderful ways that I couldn't give to any other man before I met him. I'd been a taker, not a receiver. I had to go through taking until I was ready to admit I didn't want to take anymore. I finally knew the difference between taking and receiving. And I'd learned it with my anus.

Sex has been the guiding light in my life. If not for my penis and anus, I'd never have learned what I now know.

I left the "crime scene" [L.A.] 14 years later with five years of sobriety under my belt. I'd stolen my reputation out from under myself. I was 36 years old by the time I left my mother for a second time to make my way out in the world.

After having taught junior high school English for four years in East L.A., I got hired as a drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, the county seat of Sonoma County in Northern California, about 70 miles north of San Francisco. I was all set to leave L.A. forever in favor of country life. I moved to Healdsburg, 20 minutes north of Santa Rosa, to be near a lesbian cousin of mine.

What I wasn't ready for was when the kids I was teaching decided to taunt me for being gay by October of the school year in 1989. That rudely awakened me to the fact that many in the world weren't yet ready for one such as me.

I decided to come out to my students rather than leave them with the impression that they could use my sexuality against me. It was there that I learned you can't kill homophobia any more than you can kill antisemitism, racism or misogyny. You have to love them to death. And the only way to do that is to look inside yourself for the love that dare not speak its name: your own.

The principal of the school was a virulent homophobe who set the tone for everyone who worked or went to school there. Within days, the administrators, teachers, parents and kids made my life so intolerable that I felt like I was living a nightmare. I had to quit in the middle of the term [The Ides {15th} of March to be precise]. The teacher's union got me paid through the rest of the year if I agreed not to sue the school district and reveal the smell of the rotten fish in "Denmark."

The year was 1990; the gay nineties were just about to commence. I assume the smirks on the faces of those at that school have been wiped off their faces by now, or they've

moved to other small towns where antisemitism, racism, misogyny and homophobia are still in vogue.

Teaching hatred isn't what a public-school education in America is supposed to be for. Here, we're supposed to liberate the Jew du jour in each one of us, not crucify him or her.

Using our schools to control what kids think is no longer as easy, now that virtual learning has been introduced to public education thanks to GOD giving us COVID. Kids are learning about life on their own. Social media has become their teacher.

Thank our TEACHER that the truth will set us all free. The Nazis said, "Arbeit macht frei. [Work will set you {Jews} free.] That was the sign over Auschwitz Concentration Camp. I saw it myself. In this century, *truth* and hard *work* are working overtime to set us all free, but that'll never be enough. *Love* is also needed; love, truth and hard work all mixed together will set us free.

During that nightmare, I met Larry at G.M.S.R. [Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat] during Valentine's weekend, 1990. We met in Camp Meeker, an unincorporated community in the redwood forest of Sonoma County. I moved in with him in San Francisco in June. We were partners for 13 years.

When we met, Larry thought my strength of character was amazing. I just thought he was a cute Italian from New York because of his looks and accent. He had a big, black moustache, dark eyes and black curly hair. Turned out he was a gay Jew from Cranford, New Jersey, just south of New York City.

I was born in New York City and raised in L.A. I'd traveled around the world and made love to men from every country you can imagine, including Argentina, Belgium, Canada, Chile, China, Columbia, Cuba, Denmark, Ecuador, Egypt, England, France, Germany, Guatemala, IsraEL, Japan, Lebanon, the Mariana Islands, Mexico, Morocco,

Norway, the Philippines, Russia, Spain, Thailand and Vietnam.

I'd been around the world and up and down in this world in many gay ways. But I'd never have guessed that I'd find someone who matched so many of my needs by the late age of 37. And I certainly didn't expect the man of my dreams to be a gay Jew from New Jersey! GOD works in mysterious ways – and slowly, I might add.

Larry never met a stranger. He loved people, and he *loved* loving them. I think he got HIV because he couldn't *stop* loving gay men. He went to the baths weekly while the baths were in style. It was a *sexual* ritual as well as a *social* rite for him.

But I was HIV-. Somehow, I'd avoided the *gay* plague that turned out to be a preview to the *world* plague that COVID has brought down upon us all. Today, vaccinated America is learning how gay men felt in the 80's and 90's when half the country ignored our pleas for cooperation, civility, social responsibility and medical assistance.

A friend of mine at the time said that Larry was so vivacious and inspiring that it would be a terrible thing to watch him lose his life to AIDS. It was.

I'm sure the unvaccinated today grieve over their losses no less than we did when we had to deal with *our* challenge from GOD. If more people would *compare* themselves to others [rather than *contrast* themselves to them], we'd all learn more about human nature and how GOD teaches us how to deal with defiance and autonomy.

When Larry and I met, he'd been in business for himself for a little over a year. He owned a market research company that he managed from his kitchen. He had an assistant who worked in his dining room. There was a serving hatch between the two rooms through which they passed papers and spoke to one another.

When I moved in, Larry moved the business to a loft above an old drugstore in Potrero Hill. It only had room for

five or six people at most. But his market research company took off, and a couple of years later he moved it to an office space above a ladder store South of Market where he employed 50 people in shifts, day and night. Many of those employees were the kind of hippies and fringe types who couldn't get a job in a "normal" office atmosphere. But they were very good on the phones inviting people to participate in paid focus groups.

Because Larry was HIV+, we had to be very careful during lovemaking. Because we were both really bottoms at heart, sex wasn't the most important part of our love life. Our relationship centered more around turning our house into a home; our partnership into a family; and our travels into gay, Jewish events in changing the world.

Death Will Follow You Anywhere

A couple of years into my relationship with Larry, our parents helped us buy a house, and our house became our labor of love. But once our "baby" was fully grown ten years later, Larry, coincidentally, got severely ill. And because he'd refused medical attention for HIV right from the start, the pressure on our relationship suddenly became unbearable.

With symptoms of AIDS, not just HIV, Larry knew he didn't have much time left. So, he secretly got together with his previous boyfriend, Jim, who also had AIDS, and the two of them made up for lost time with the kind of lovemaking neither of them could have enjoyed with a healthy partner.

Larry had used alternative medical techniques for years to maintain his health because there wasn't yet a cure. But once he contracted lymphatic cancer and started to have night sweats, I finally succeeded in convincing him to give the medical model another try. He went to an oncologist who said that without immediate surgery, Larry wouldn't have more than a couple of months to live. [That doctor told me privately had never seen such large tumors except in medical books that had documented natives in Africa who came out of the bush to seek help.] Larry went into the hospital immediately, where they miraculously were able to operate and save his life.

Sadly, the doctors and nurses couldn't do the same for our relationship. Larry lived, but our relationship died. Jim died soon after. I moved in with a 147irlfriend.

Larry lived another seven years. I met his new and last boyfriend a couple of times. Even my mother and Will met them on one of her visits up here.

Larry died on Cinco de Mayo in Berkeley in 2011. We were both 58 years old. I felt that his death severed me from middle age like my umbilical cord had separated me from my mother and in the way that Jochum had separated from

me in Amsterdam the night he left the D.O.K. without me. I felt older and wiser, but bitter.

Larry's death set me up for old age and seeing life in ways that young people may not be able to fully appreciate until they, too, are old or have experienced a devastating loss in life that wipes away their naiveté.

I now see that Larry had never really gotten over Jim. Once their penises were again on the same page, I felt I became nothing more than a bookmark. They could finally make love to each other without restraint. Years of separation had wiped away their previous wounds. The end was near for both of them. Screwing me over in the process wasn't of concern to them any longer.

The feeling of rejection and abandonment was something I'd never been through to that degree before. I can't tell you how painful it was. But when I think of people like Larry with a life-threatening illness, I think they must feel terribly abandoned by GOD.

I didn't know then why they always say, "Two's company; three's a crowd." I didn't yet know the difference between desire and intimacy. I didn't want to share Larry with another man. I was desperate to keep what we had.

When Larry and I broke up, I walked away with enough money to buy myself an apartment in Noe Valley, just outside the Castro neighborhood in San Francisco. Since I also got the business in the dissolution of our estate, I had an income for years to come.

I was 50 years old in 2004 and still somewhat pleasing to the eye; I had an apartment in the city I'd cut a check to pay for in cash [$500,000]. What's more, I only had to work an hour a day to enjoy my new, found, single life in San Francisco. And I even had my health!

What I didn't realize was how bitter I felt about the way my life had turned out. I was sour [angry] at the world and bitter [disappointed] about myself. But I couldn't talk to myself about how I felt. My feelings were still masked by

having to save face before others, even if most of "them" were voices inside me.

I was still a humbug. I was ego driven. I'd created an image of myself that looked like the erroneous Christian interpretation of the "wrathful" God of the Jews, full of fire, fury and ferocity.

I was still waiting for a Cairn terrier to pull back the curtain on me as I worked furiously in my closet to make a scary impression on others. I was a self-proclaimed wizard who didn't know why he was doing what he was doing. And I was like Dorothy, a young and inexperienced gal who just wanted to go Home. I didn't like Oz. I never asked to come here. This place is weird.

I don't want to go back to the past. But I don't like the way it is now, either. I can't imagine what the future will look like in a place where nothing is what it appears to be.

Today, I can finally applaud Larry for seeking a passion he couldn't achieve with me. Why bother to live in a world of beige and burnt sienna instead of all the colors of the rainbow? Why live without color if you're not colorblind?

Larry did what he needed to do to make his way below his belt to the mystery between his legs. It's just a pity he didn't know himself better to have done it in a more morally magnified manner. He burned our bridge in San Francisco the way the bank had burned my bridge in Amsterdam. That wasn't the way to do things correctly or kindly, regardless of my mistakes along the way.

I was a Scarecrow who had to study myself to access the brains in my head. I was a Tin Man who had to love myself to receive the heart that was beating in my chest. And I was a Cowardly Lion discovering the balls that gave me the courage I lacked to use my delivery device in righteous ways.

What turns a man into a lion is his semen [contents], not his penis [container]. What give him his roar are the medals

he's given himself for doing difficult things correctly under trying circumstances.

I was a Dorothy making my way through an odd place where nothing was exactly as it should be. I just wanted to go Home [Heaven/Paradise/Nirvana]. I had no idea how to live in this world without outside help.

The wizard and witch were within me. They reminded me of my parents, but I was too old to blame my parents anymore. They were dead. I'd internalized them by then. There was no inner expert. The job was open. I only had to apply, and I'd be hired.

I wanted to return Home a hero. But I needed a fairy godmother to guide me. I still had to become a Glinda, a good witch, unto myself.

When I'd first met Larry, I was so naïve that I really didn't know what life was all about or what it would mean for me personally to mature. I thought finding prince charming would solve everything.

The feeling of loneliness I'd experienced in IsraEL with Yoram; the humiliation of getting fired from my job in Holland; and the bitter sense of defeat when Larry and I parted ways – were vital for me in *choosing* to grow up regardless of the pain and suffering that created. Loss can make life deeper and more meaningful if you don't take out your frustrations on others.

Life can be bittersweet and disappointing at the same time. Life can be sweet and sour, loving and maddening. But you never learn any of this without loss. Our TEACHER brings us losses to guide us in coming Home wiser than when we left.

“Devil in Disguise”

Songwriters:
Songwriters: Baum Bernie and Giant Bill
Lyrics:
Elvis Presley, 1963
[put into the past tense by me and sung to Larry]

You looked like an angel, [looked like an angel]
walked like an angel, [walked like an angel]
talked like an angel
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise.
You fooled me with your kisses.
You cheated, and you schemed.
Heaven knows how you lied to me.
You were not the way you seemed.
You looked like an angel, [looked like an angel]
walked like an angel, [walked like an angel]
talked like an angel
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise
I thought that I was in Heaven,
but I was sure surprised.
Heaven helped me, I hadn’t seen
the devil in your eyes.
You looked like an angel, [looked like an angel]
walked like an angel, [walked like an angel]
talked like an angel,
but I got wise.
You were the devil in disguise.
Oh, yes, you were, devil in disguise.
You were the devil in disguise…

I'm not God. I'm not Jesus, and Larry wasn't Judas. We were just two gay Jews trying to understand life as best we could at the time. To the extent that you control your conscience, GOD will guide you toward your destiny and away from your fate.

There's no such thing as the devil. The devil is a misinterpretation of the serpent in the Creation Story which is as a euphemism for man's wants [-] desires [+]. Native Americans say that White man speaks with forked tongue. What they mean is that our penis talks out of both sides of its mouth.

What started out as two gay Jews with entwined penises turned in a sword fight. Judas did the same by figuratively stabbing Jesus in the back. Judas certainly had no way of reaching His heart.

I was no Jesus. I didn't want to forgive Larry for cheating on me. I didn't want to forgive him for loving another man. I didn't want to let Larry go because in some ways he was like the father I never had, even if he acted like a big brother.

There is A GOD. And there are a lot of ignorant people out there trying to figure out how to make the most of life under trying conditions. If you can't forgive HIM, at least forgive the people HE brought into your life who disappointed you. There's method to HIS madness. Loss leads to self-love. All it takes is faith to make that connection.

Do the best you can to make sense of your feelings without burying them, given how little any of us knows about what will come next. There is a rainbow of hope. It shines like a trail in your chest. The harder you try to be hopeful, the luckier you'll get.

The feeling of loneliness mixed with abandonment and betrayal was pivotal for me becoming a man. But I was a particularly obstinate, defiant and persistent person. Being *queer* doesn't do that to you. Being *peculiar* does. People tell you they're *crazy*. What they mean is that they're *odd*.

Torah implies that God experienced a loss when Adam and Eve ate fruit from HIS tree. A couple of fruits could make a difference to God. God isn't odd.

The Gospels infer that God, the Father, experienced another loss at the death of His one and only Son. Loss doesn't make you odd. It makes you human. Loss leads to self-love by way of a very individual pathway.

The Quran describes loss even more directly. "We will certainly test you with something of fear and hunger, and loss of wealth and lives and fruits [earnings]; but give glad tidings to the persevering and patient" [2:155]. The persevering and patient are the ones who are odd.

The first surah [chapter] of the Quran is only seven lines long. It's a prayerful introduction. The second surah "The Cow" tells us what we get when the golden calf [described in Exodus] grows up. We should all grow up from a golden calf we danced around to a cow we can appreciate for the beneficent gifts we have to offer others.

If you don't begin the Quran with this interpretation of the cow, you're already as lost as the Jew who can't see the Creation Story as a boy's first wet dream.

Growing up to become cynical and snide is a vital piece of the puzzle in growing old with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye. There's much to learn about how we *respond* to the circumstances we're given, rather than *react* to situations beyond our control. The more heroically we behave every day, the more we'll be rewarded with gifts we could never have anticipated.

My Place

Carlos and I met at a walk-in discussion group at a gay organization that dealt with the mental health of our community. I thought he was very good looking. And I have to admit he reminded me of Jesús. He was young, my height and dark skinned. I just wasn't sure if he was attractive from within.

So, I invited him over for dinner, and he accepted. But because I could tell that he was a troubled soul and probably a sex addict, I wanted to proceed cautiously.

I made a meal of several courses and suggested we spend time in my dining room eating and talking through one course, followed by going to my bedroom to get to know one another physically with our clothes on. He agreed, and so we made our way through two or three courses and trips to the bedroom to try to achieve intimacy in both rooms. I was trying to get to know Carlos using food and food-for-thought to achieve intimacy.

I wanted us to get to know each other in the biblical sense of the word without cuming. I wanted to get emotionally naked without being nude. I wanted us to become transparent to one another spiritually.

For some reason, I'd gotten it into my head that once I'd cum with a guy, it was all downhill from there. So, I tried to get Carlos to like me and want me enough to extend his interest in me so that by the time we did the deed we'd have some intimacy to go along with our passion. I wanted him to get to like me. I knew how to make *love*. I didn't know how to make *like*.

Carlos had gorgeous skin; dark flashing eyes; and shiny black hair. He was eager to proceed to the bedroom where he insisted on exposing his penis to me, even though I didn't want him to.

I remember how beautiful his penis was. It was much darker than his body, almost black. That was a real turn-on

for me. It was just a little bit bigger than mine, and I found that sexy, too.

But Carlos didn't want intimacy. He didn't want food-for-thought. He didn't even show much interest in my cooking. He wasn't as interested in filling his belly as in me filling his butt.

If Carlos reminds you of you, or I remind you of you, you know it's not worth the expenditure of time or emotions you're going through with either kind of guy.

What I remember about Carlos is that we didn't make *like*. He wasn't the guy who got away. He was the guy I chose to release from my clutches in making *love*.

Despite looking for love, I still wanted sex. What I yearned for with Carlos wasn't possible. He wasn't ready to look with me for what I was looking for. The lesson for me in that experience was in letting go.

I met Michael online when I was about 56 years old. He wasn't what I wanted either, but I was fine with just having sex with him. We arranged to hook up one afternoon at my place. He turned out to be a good-looking fellow from Hawaii who'd been married for many years. He'd come out to himself as gay; divorced his wife; and found a boyfriend. Michael and his main squeeze were new arrivals to San Francisco from Honolulu. [I still hadn't learned the lesson with Shlomo, the married man in IsraEL with the baby daughter sleeping in the next room. I was still working my way out of relationships with unavailable men. Michael was apparently in an open relationship, but I didn't care because I didn't think that would affect me.]

The sex with Michael wasn't anything to write home about. One thing I can say about Jack was that he had one of the biggest penises I'd ever seen in my whole life, and I'd seen quite a few.

I wasn't surprised to perceive that I felt a bit forlorn about what Michael had been physically given that I had to live without. What made my encounter with Michael so important came well after we'd cum.

He'd walked over to my apartment, but because he was new to the city, he didn't realize all the hills he had to negotiate despite the fact that we lived only a few blocks apart. So, he arrived somewhat winded and disheveled.

When he was ready to leave, I offered to drive him home. He accepted, but when we got near his street, he asked me to drop him off, making the claim that he didn't want to take me out of my way. [Obviously, what he didn't want was to

have his boyfriend see him coming home in a strange man's car!]

Then it hit me that I was jealous of Michael's penis and envious of his relationship with his boyfriend. He had the two things that I most wanted in life [a big penis and a boyfriend]. To me, it looked like he'd just waltzed into the gay community and gotten everything he wanted that I was forced to live without.

I'd been in my body all my life, and my penis hadn't grown one inch longer than it was when I was a teenager. I'd always look like a kid even if I sounded like an old man.

I may have been in a 13-year relationship that had blown up in my face, but I just wanted to replace my physical and emotional losses with a boyfriend who'd accept me for who I was. Was that too much to ask for?

I had a *penis problem* and a *semen snag*. I didn't appreciate the power of what was cuming out from inside of me or the delivery device that emitted it.

I couldn't stop making love with men who were in relationships or otherwise unable to commit to a relationship with me. I couldn't see my inner power as something I needed to learn to use to control *me*, not *them*.

Although I did as Michael asked and dropped him off to walk the last block home, I felt a desire to be vindictive and take him all the way to his door just to get him in trouble with his partner.

It was at that moment that I realized that I was through screwing around. I wanted to be in a committed relationship, and I was willing to do [or not do] anything it took to get what I wanted. Using sex to get my feelings of vengeance out of my system felt as bad as using my feelings of vengeance in other ways.

I realized I was sabotaging myself with a mixture of grief, bitterness, regret and denial. What had happened in the past had been ordained to teach me to see my way through

my own naiveté. I had to stop myself from making matters worse than they already were.

It was then that I realized that GOD was micro-managing me. I found HIM in the details. HE moved me inch by inch in the direction HE wanted me to go over a lifetime. That journey felt like a marathon even though life can end in an instant.

GOD was leading me to atonement [course corrections], whether I knew it, or not. HE was humbling me by making me face *immodesty* of my body, *shame* of my character and *humiliation* of my soul before HIM.

Getting to know yourself is harder than it looks if you move as slowly as I did to recognize the three levels of guilt.

It wasn't long after that, that I met Will at Bear-Bucks. He'd just arrived in San Francisco from Eureka, CA where he'd lived his whole life. When we first started talking, I told him that if I decided I was interested in dating him, I'd let him know. I told him that I'd been badly burned by many men, and I wanted to get to know him before I got to know his body.

What I omitted telling Will was that I'd burned many men in my day, too. I'd led them on. I'd made them hopeful and then dropped them. I'd brought disappointment and regret into others' lives, and I needed to make that right.

What makes lovemaking with Will so incredibly amazing is that I can never anticipate what it's going to be like the next time we do it. It's always new and different. It's always a course correction [atonement] that leads me more consciously toward greater leadership skills in helping myself and others.

You'd think making love would get old after more than a decade doing it only with one person. That's not the case for Will and me. We always find our lovemaking exciting. For me that excitement comes with coming to know myself better and better.

Neither of us is ever the same person twice. We reinvent ourselves day-to-day. We take the same step into the river, but it's never the same river. When we're not the same inside, our body responds differently to stimulation from the outside. This is an experience Will and I talk about in a language all our own.

We share intimacy, not just passion and tenderness. Intimacy is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. Intimacy is the word for what happens when you make sexuality and spirituality your guide, and not just your genitals or blind faith in the name for God you were introduced to by kin, clan and country.

Intimacy with your partner leads to intimacy with THE GOD of us all. That doesn't require that you be straight or White or male or Jewish or Christian or Muslim. Intimacy with THE UNIVERSAL GOD is available to everyone.

But don't expect intimacy to come free of charge. You'll pay for everything you learn in the school of life. Tuition here isn't free.

When the "I" in my "it" interfaces with the "him" in Will's "it," the two of us experience something new and profoundly different each time we do "it." This is what it means to be a Spirit in a body on a journey. This the result of bringing GOD into the bedroom with us, not leaving HIM outside our door.

We're the kind of gay guys who've come out of our closet without stuffing GOD in it, instead. We live an out sexual/spiritual life. GOD lives in our life, and our life includes our love making.

That said, Will is an agnostic Catholic and I'm a GOD-loving Jew. We don't live with GOD in our life the same way. He questions God's sadistic nature. I question man's sadistic nature.

We've chosen to share our bodies, thoughts, feelings and beliefs with one another until death do us part. That makes it easy for us to share our sensations without hurting one another.

It's as if our penises are interwoven. Think of the caduceus, the modern symbol of logistics. We're like two serpents entwined and facing one another. Our desires speak *to* one another and *with* one another. Our containers are filled with each other's spiritual contents regardless of how we physically embrace.

That doesn't mean that we agree on everything we think, feel or believe. It just means that we're equally curious to enjoy the joy of being together.

Will and I are in a "like" affair, not a "love" affair. We *honored* our parents. Now we're free to honor one another

and love ourself. This is the secret sauce to our relationship. This is the secret sauce to the monogamous relationship we have with one another.

The difference between us is that he's figuratively built like a tansu chest, and I'm built like a jewelry box. He compartmentalizes everything. You open me up, and I do have a few drawers, but most of my inner wealth is just sitting there on organizer shelves with separations, not compartments between items.

I'd add that his E.Q. is very high. I'm an extremely emotional person, but I have to distance myself emotionally from others because I get easily hurt.

Because of his intellectual skills, he can do a wide variety of things in the external world that I can't do. Because of my sexual/spiritual skills, I can interpret scripture for the modern age.

I can't separate my partner from my life. Will is a part of me. If you're lucky enough to have a Partner in THE GOD of us all WHO speaks for all of humanity, you've found your own answers to the meaning of love.

My need to seek GOD was because of the trauma I'd experienced with a father who hardly knew anything about the role of a father. But every young boy is going to have to learn how to become a man, regardless of the model he was given of a father. Now that I father my inner child, I can share my gifts on paper in ways I couldn't before.

Like my father, my mother also suffered from severe post-traumatic stress. I internalized her role, as well. Now I can appreciate the influence my inner mother plays in my life. My z-factor unites me with all of humanity. My y-factor separates me from all of humanity. I can now reduce the stress of seeking perfection while increasing my emotional intelligence.

GOD is perfect. I don't want to strive to be GOD or perfect. I only want to strive to be the best me I can be. GOD only gave me one gift to make that happen:

sexual/spirituality. It behooves me to use my penis to advance my sexual/spirituality. I can only be me.

The second book of Torah [Exodus] is "Shemot." It means "names" in Hebrew. In Genesis, God changed Abram's name to Abraham; Sarai's name to Sarah; Jacob's name to IsraEL; and He made Joseph's name a household word in Egypt. In Exodus [Names], God gave Moses a description of Himself [Y.H.V.H./Adonai] but not a name by which to call Him.

It's impossible to use one word to describe all of GOD. All the names in the world won't do. The Hindus aren't wrong in having given God ten thousand names. The Christians aren't wrong in having reduced those names to three tasks [creation,] the Father [love] Jesus and [outcomes] the Holy Spirit. And the Muslims aren't wrong in having summed God all up in one word: Allah.

But the full truth is hard for everyone to talk about. The big picture is always getting bigger. The truth is that GOD isn't *nameless*. GOD is name-*full*. You can only become intimate with GOD if you draw nearer to HIM from every direction. These directions require spiritual length, width and depth. These three directions can only be fully described with metaphors, symbols and similes. Describing GOD is more about figurative speech than literalism. Reality is something we're all participating in righteously even if we don't quite understand all of GOD'S goals.

GOD is 3D. HIS length [Judaism], width [Christianity] and depth [Islam] must be plummeted in all three ways to perceive HIS intentions for this three-dimensional world HE's given us.

To know all of GOD by embracing reality without lies to others or denial by lying to ourself, we must learn about all of ourself, our fragility and our strengths, whether we're a bridge to freedom [Judaism], liberty [Christianity] or emancipation [Islam]. Just coming to HIM from one place in

inner space isn't nearly good enough anymore. Just having had your gears [genitals, heart and head] fully engaged in puberty won't reveal the magnificence of the timepiece that you are from a soulful standpoint.

As the gears turn within you, you're probably only aware of your head and heart enmeshed with one another. When we think about the bigger gear [our penis or clitoris] connecting to our head and heart, we all get flummoxed. Suddenly, all sorts of external voices emanate out of our breastplate that we can't account for without quoting our parents, religious leaders or the societal norms we unconsciously signed up for in our culture.

Our sexual/spiritual operating system is like the gears of a watch. In puberty, the gear in our groin connected with the gears in our heart, which then engaged the gears in our head in very new ways.

Unfortunately, people don't realize the sexual/spiritual impact this has in connecting these three gears to the gear in our soul. This is why people have such trouble managing moral conundrums, especially homophobia and anti-Zionism.

Making love, as gay men do, has nothing to do with morality. If you're excited about two women making love but disgusted by the idea of two men doing so, the problem lies in you, not in the LGBTQIA+ community.

The Abrahamic scriptures aren't three holy books. They're one holy book given in thirds at three times in Western history. If you study only your favorite scripture, you're going to behave badly.

We're all striving to love ourself. If our TEACHER has given you a study partner to learn to *like*, you'll know it by the grief your mind imposes on you in an effort to avoid the worst of all possible losses: existential loss and loneliness. Learn to love yourself and honor your parents while learning to like your study partner.

The way to do this is by putting yourself before everybody else. This is the opposite of what every religion teaches. Society teaches us to sacrifice ourself for others. Sexual/spirituality teaches us to sacrifice ourself for our sake, not for others.

I do everything I can to experience tenderness, beauty and spontaneity in every area of my life. I try to open myself to the mystery and magic of life through everything I do. I strive to be open to new possibilities with my boyfriend because of the joy that monogamy with him brings me. Why would I continue to live with someone who doesn't satisfy my need to be happy with myself?

Therefore, I've opened myself to being someone *I'll* love and admire for a lifetime. I like others because they help me learn about myself, regardless of what I learn about myself. People hold a mystery in who *they* are that leads me to discover who *I* am. I'm not like anyone else. But I like some people because they give me wonderful reasons to love myself.

Many lonely people have children in the hopes of creating a friend from scratch. They want someone to love them instead of them doing the hard work of loving themself. This is what both my parents did in creating me. They couldn't have been all that different from other parents.

Children grow up to love *their* children, not their parents. And grandparents who seek love from their grandchildren instead of honoring them, in addition to their children, are only postponing the hard work of learning to love themself.

God told us to honor our father and mother, not to love them [5th Commandment]. That's because our parents loved us in order to teach us to love ourself, not to love them in return. We owe it to ourself to love ourself but only honor our parents and grandparents. Once your self-love overflows to your children or your mission, GOD will give you even more reasons to love yourself.

People who put God before all others have the worst of all possible priorities. Honor your parents as stated in the 5th Commandment. Then use your experiences in life to give yourself medals for all you've been through and all you've learned from experiences. That'll be a sign of your love for yourself. Once you can succeed in doing that, you won't love your neighbor as you love yourself. [Leviticus 19:18] You'll love yourself so much that you'll treat your neighbor respectfully to prove your love of yourself. Jesus quoted Moses in this regard. [Matthew 22:36-40]

I think They were both wrong. I think humanity is old enough and wise enough to recognize that self-love must supersede all our other feelings.

Jews, Christians and Muslims in the Middle East don't love themselves nearly enough. Their relationship to gays isn't nearly respectful enough. But I don't just blame them for their homophobia and anti-Zionism. I blame everyone for advocating the love of neighbors instead of the love of self.

Once you've got trophies on the wall within for how you've loved yourself, then you can love Jesus as He modeled love of His Father. I can't love God if I can't witness my love for myself through my deeds to all others.

After that, it's just a question of how much you *like* others. Do the best you can to *like* your neighbors. I know it isn't easy, and I know that that's an understatement.

If you prioritize your spiritual duties in this way, and put GOD first on your list after you, HE'll bless you all the days of your life. The last thing GOD needs is to be put before HIS creations. That's not what it means to be a loving GOD.

I live in San Francisco, but my mother lived in the Jewish retirement home in L.A. from the age of 90 until her death. I called her every day. We'd talk for half an hour to an hour. Sometimes, we'd talk twice or three times a day.

I'd visit her four to six times a year, until she got so old and suffered from such severe dementia that she didn't recognize me anymore. Then I called the home every couple of days to get a report on her condition. And I went to visit her a couple of times the last year of her life.

I honored my mother. And when she died, I celebrated her life. Will and I went out for a fine meal. I ordered lamb.

I haven't cried once over her death because I don't miss her. I internalized her and have continued to use her virtues to guide me and her vices to steer clear of her mistakes.

I'm especially careful not to fall into the pit of masochism. I can now see how undeveloped her boundaries were.

I can't help but cry over everyone's losses. But I also learn from their losses. I either *empathize* with their loss if I've lost the same thing, or I *sympathize* with their loss if I haven't.

Empathy is much deeper than sympathy. But compassion is the root of the lesson. Reflect on your losses. THE TEACHER isn't testing you to prove HIMSELF a

sadist. HE's doing so to teach you more about the color blue. Loss leads to sorrow [sky blue]. Sorrow leads to regret [marine blue]. Regret leads to disappointment [cerulean]. Disappointment leads to grief. Grief is the level of blue that represents loss. If you haven't grieved in life, you're colorblind to midnight blue.

Blue mixed with yellow [fear] leads to the green of jealousy of others' container or green of envy of their contents. The sorrow [blue] of loss mixed with the rage [red] of having to learn leads to self-righteous indignation. Knowing more than you knew before will lead you to righteousness in a very personal way. It will open your eyes to the meaning of emotional color. Without it, how can you understand the meaning of hope?

Does GOD love every gay Jew in HIS own special way, or have I just gotten "lucky"? Was the Pope correct in telling his followers to embrace their gay family, or is he delusional?

I started out trying to be the best little boy in the world. But along the way, I chose to kill myself rather than disappoint those around me. Three times I didn't succeed attempting suicide in my 20's. I also got hooked on drugs and alcohol. Inebriants didn't end up crucifying me, even though drugs nailed my mind and body to hopeless outcomes.

Nothing I did was good enough to earn my father's respect. He just didn't like me. Nothing I did to distance my mother from me was enough to get her to stop crossing the line between us. She loved me *too* much. I had to learn to love myself to deal with my parents' boundary issues.

Jesus only had to spend about six hours on the cross. I felt crucified for 60 years! I had to look at my feelings soulfully to find my truth.

I got clean and sober in 1984 at the age of 31, and I'm still clean and sober today, almost 40 years later. Sure, I got into a monogamous relationship that "only" lasted 13 years. But now I've been in a second, monogamous relationship that's lasted 12 years! As lonely as I was all my life, there were incredible moments of connection with others and miraculous connections with myself that have given me hope and have led me to faith in GOD.

There's no such thing as luck. Either you're blessed or you're cursed. "Either everything is a miracle or nothing is a miracle." [Albert Einstein] We're all being blessed and cursed constantly. GOD micro-manages us all.

Every day I make decisions that lead me one way [up to Heaven] or the other [down to Hell]. I wandered around like an Israelite for 40 years before I got my bearing inside. Now

I'm seeking a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom], realizing that it's being modeled for me everywhere I go. IsraEL was only the first manifestation of my sexual/spiritual truth.

Some people curse the Jews in IsraEL or the gays around the world. Some curse us both. They damn foreigners living in "their" country, and they squabble with family over matters that amount to more money, property and prestige.

Yet they'll tell you in no uncertain terms that there's a Heavenly reward waiting *them*, but not for *me* because I don't believe what they believe or behave as they behave.

Every gay person is a Moses parting a different Red Sea. Each of us is making our way through an emotional impediment no others can traverse before they go through it themself. Our enemies who follow in pursuit of us are drowning in their own vile hatred and hypocrisy. Yet, some still refuse to look at the outcomes of reality for personal insight.

I don't literally believe in Heaven or Hell after life, but I believe we can all strive to figuratively go up in a heavenly manner or down in hellish ways through every action we take. I believe in a moral altimeter, not a moral compass. I only need to know whether I'm going up [Heaven] or down [Hell].

If you'd watch gay people more closely, you'd see that we're today's angels on Jacob's ladder. The whole world can see us ascending to and descending from Heaven. And they revile us because they can see that they're not the angels they claim to be.

We're redefining what it means to be good or evil. That certainly has nothing to do with sodomy.

Morally speaking, most people are just going around in circles. They're doing what's expedient and expected of them in the moment to appease those around them. And then they wonder why they know so little about self-love.

Self-love began at puberty when you discovered how to have a sexual relationship with yourself. Self-love grew into sexual relationships with others. And for those who are truly devoted to learning about self-love, sex grew into a loving relationship of fidelity to one person.

But fidelity your husband or wife is just for practice. The purpose of sexual fidelity to one person is to advance your understanding of what it means to be loyal to yourself. Marriage equality is therefore so much greater than traditional, straight marriage.

We've internalized the meaning of marriage as a union between the good [love] and evil [wisdom] parts of ourself. Without a heart that seeks self-love and a soul that seeks self-wisdom, you're only going to learn about the four corners of the globe. You're not going to learn how to ascend out of this world.

My destination after life is the most important goal in life. If I don't earn my wings, I'm going to wander around in circles in my head or crawl through the waters of my heart. Learning to fly figuratively is the most important reason for living. But I'm not able to achieve that knowledge without unifying the Abrahamic faiths from within.

GOD created this world in the here-and-now. The past was a here-and-now then^0. And the future will be a here-and-now then^1. We're stuck between then^0 and then^1. That's what it means to be in the here-and-now.

What will happen after I'm dead is completely beyond my ken. It's what happens while I'm alive that gives me more control over my destiny. If I don't strive to go up, I'll go down in a spiral of erroneous desires that'll cost me dearly over my lifetime.

If you're frustrated over the lack of progress in the Middle East it's because it's a mirror of the lack of progress in humanity. People aren't improving. They still hate gays and Jews. This isn't limited to the Middle East. This is true everywhere on Earth.

There is A TEACHER. There is a class curriculum. The only way to understand it is by looking within yourself for the meaning in your being. Your Jewish thoughts interface with your Christian feelings in ways that produce Islamic beliefs. If you don't like the beliefs that you see people holding in the external world, it's because they don't know how to think critically, feel hopefully or believe in the loyalty they're striving for in themself.

Men who love men have the ability to unify their thoughts and feelings with their desires in ways that men who hate men can't even imagine. If gay men can teach people how to achieve greater loyalty to themself, they can teach them how to unite their head, heart and soul. They can teach them to come out of all four closets.

The road to hell [agony] is paved with good intentions if you use any means necessary to get your ends met. Some swear they're wise to others' wily ways; loving of kin and country; and devoted to God. But all the while, their penis or clitoris makes decisions for them based on egoism, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth. Their desires determine their actions. Their groin is doing all the talking.

Christianity is an extension of Judaism, and Islam is an extension of Christianity and Judaism. The Christians are new Jews, and the Muslims are Jew-ish.

When people believe that their God [Adonai, Jesus or Allah] is the sole name for the God within them, they're left with only a third of the truth. They're left with a moral compass that's turning them like a top instead of raising them higher.

There's a joke about a yeshiva bocher [a student of Torah] who's studying at the school of a well-known rabbi. The kid goes to a restaurant where he happens to see another yeshiva bocher eating a cheeseburger. So, Chaim goes up to Moshe and says,

"Moshe! What are you doing? You know a cheeseburger isn't kosher! You know it says in Torah that we mustn't mix

the meat of the cow with the milk of a cow! Why are you doing this?"

But Moshe just shrugs his shoulders and points to his plate, saying, "It's a chicken cheeseburger."

Well, everyone knows there's no law against mixing milk products with chicken or fish. The law expressly forbids mixing beef with dairy. You don't want to boil the calf in the milk of its mother. [Exodus 23:19, 34:26 and Deuteronomy 14:21] So, Chaim is deeply perplexed.

Chaim goes to his rabbi, and he asks him, "Is a chicken cheeseburger kosher?"

His rabbi says, "Absolutely, positively *not*! A chicken cheeseburger is *not* kosher!"

"Why?" asks Chaim quietly.

His rabbi retorts, "If something doesn't *look* kosher, it *can't* be kosher."

In other words, we're not here to look for loopholes. We're here to learn about the law and the wisdom, love and loyalty which are a combination of Torah, the Gospels and the Quran. If someone wants to avoid the whole truth, they'll seek devious means to do so. They'll break the Ten Commandments in an effort to make God's ends justify *their* means. One of the worst of all religious tricks is to study only one of the three Abrahamic scriptures that were given to us by GOD.

Nobody knows better what a chicken cheeseburger is than the super-rich. They practically invented chicken cheeseburgers! They hire lawyers to grill them. They hire politicians to serve them. And they hire news medias to give people the recipes of how to make them themself.

That said, I kept breaking the 7th Commandment by swearing off unavailable gay men, and then breaking my promise to me. I adulterated my own word.

If you think you can get away with a chicken cheeseburger like Moshe, pat yourself on the back for being

shrewd. But don't expect to get from here to Heaven eating chicken cheeseburgers.

You're in denial if you look for loopholes in the law. You're breaking the 9th Commandment [You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.] People insist that they're telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth to others, but they refuse to look at what they're telling themself.

There isn't anybody in your life who's closer to you than you. You're your closest neighbor! Don't lie to yourself. Don't love yourself as you profess to love your other neighbors. Who can't see how little you do for your neighbors? Believe me, you're doing just as little for yourself. You're simply in denial of how little you know about love.

Moses should never have killed a man. He should never have run away. He should have gone back to the scene of his crime to repent, not to lead the Israelites to freedom. They should have all stayed put and fought for their rights where they were.

But God, in His infinite wisdom, let them have chicken cheeseburgers. He gave them loopholes. He knew they weren't knowledgeable enough to learn to fly. He had to give them a moral compass to get them to IsraEL. He had to teach them about moving morally on land before teaching them how to move morally on water and through thin air.

Global warming is the result of so many chicken cheeseburgers over the course of 3,400 years. Totalitarianism around the world is the result of man's fat nature. Democracy begins within. If you can't overcome the pharaoh within you, you'll enslave a part of yourself in an effort to figure out how to get out of the Egypt within you.

The question is when enough is enough. Are the loopholes you're taking hurting others? Are they hurting you? Or are they "just" hurting GOD?

Claiming that God wants you to kill all those who don't believe in your God, disobedient children, adulterers and gay people are chicken cheeseburgers. They don't look kosher. They'll never look kosher. And there's nothing you can do to make such behaviors look kosher, including the claim that God told you to do so.

Slavery hurts slaves and slavedrivers alike. In fact, slavery hurts pharaohs. Gays aren't hurting anybody. Blacks aren't hurting anybody. Women aren't hurting anybody. IsraEL is defending herself from those who are hurting her. Yet who's more vilified in this world than gays, Blacks, women and Jews?

As an orifice queen, I meet people every day who aren't happy with the way their life has turned out. They wish they could figure out what they're doing that's not kosher [clean]. But when you grab their plate with a chicken cheeseburger on it, they suddenly scream bloody murder. They think there should be a loophole just for them. They think they're too big to fail. They think they're too rich inside to go to jail.

God gave IsraEL to the Jews to ground us in Torah. God gave Jesus to the Christians to ground them in their body, and God gave the Quran to the Muslims to ground them in the destiny or fate.

Your nose knows this. Your nose can smell when something *looks* fishy [not kosher], *sounds* fishy [idol worship] or *smells* fishy [not halal]. You don't need to taste a chicken cheeseburger to take one look at it and know that it's not kosher or halal, just as you don't need to avoid pork to know that living like a pig is what the ancient rabbis wanted their followers to learn from the laws of kashrut.

How could not eating pork or shellfish make you a better Jew? The only way to become a better Jew is to avoid living like a pig or sinking down to the level of low-life.

I, myself, am like a pot-bellied pig. The story of my love life is the story of how I made it up from the bottom of the

sea to see. I was once spoiled by the good life, but now I'm pregnant with one good idea after another.

If you're not morally clean in your intentions, whether people call you a rat, a pig or yellow-belly sapsucker, you'll end up dancing around golden calves. If you serve others with a bad attitude, the money you earn doing so will leave you wanting [-]. If you strive only for earthly fame and fortune, you may get it. But you'll miss out on something much more valuable.

Don't come to school to build a social life. Don't come for the nutrition and lunch breaks. Don't come to clean up the mess others have made. Come to learn.

Work for atonement [course corrections]. You have no idea what a "straight" line looks like because you lived in a circle and only straightened out when you were born. You have to use your imagination in combination with your whole body to determine what straight means to you. You're far more bent out of shape than you realize.

In A.A. they say, "You're only as sick as your secrets." Being gay is a secret for some. But for others of us, being gay isn't our secret. Coming out isn't even a revelation for us. It's a normal part of our spiritual process in becoming honest with ourself, and others.

But for some, their secret lies in a box[1] in a drawer[2] in a chest[3] in a closet[4]. You're only as sick as your sexual/spiritual secrets[1-4]. Once you see how the sadist in you is treating the masochist, and the masochist in you is taking it, you're going to see how you've been sodomizing yourself without lube.

The truth is that HE's got the whole world in HIS hands, not just Jews, Christians and Muslims. Look at what you've got in *your* hands and question why that is.

You need to parent yourself to discover the inspiration your inner child has to share with you. Your career, hobby, family or pets are projections of your inner child. You need to discover the secret GOD has given you to uncover by

devoting yourself to you. But you won't be able to do that without recognizing that GOD is micro-managing you.

Don't defend your mother against your father. Don't defend your father against your mother. Honor them both. Wake up to reality in the 21st Century by curbing your enthusiasm to fix others. Look for others' virtues. If they annoy you, look for how their vices mirror your own. THE TEACHER has brought you people like books to read. Stop slamming them shut and judging them as useless. A bad example is a great gift because you can resolve not to act that way.

You were planted like a seed in a *garden*. You found yourself surrounded by trees in a *grove* called family. When you grew up, you discovered you were a tree in an *orchard* with delectable fruits. By middle age, you found yourself hopelessly lost in a *forest*. And when you die, you'll go back to the ground you came out of.

But there is a *clearing* in the woods. It's a meadow where you can discover inner peace [serenity]. The Far East seeks the meadow. Western civilization seeks to fly over the rainbow. You can do both.

Don't tell me that I'm a sinner because I'm gay. Don't tell me that I'm not going to Heaven because I'm Jewish. And don't tell me that I can't marry the man of my dreams in IsraEL! I'm a modern citizen of the world, and IsraEL has as many hyper-religious juveniles living there who couldn't find their ass with both hands tied behind them as you'd find anywhere else in the world!

I have a friend who was a preacher boy in his family as a child. He was famous throughout Texas. People adored him when he was a child for the incredible way in which he could parrot back the Bible in that one fundamentalist way he'd been raised to mimic.

But when he hit puberty, he discovered he was gay. When he came out to his parents and congregation, word spread throughout the state. He was reviled and denigrated

for his honesty, sincerity and authenticity. He was verbally crucified by followers of his own faith.

Being gay wasn't his secret. Making love with men wasn't his revelation. Neither were his challenge in making a life for himself on his own from the age of 17. His parents would have been proud of how well they raised him if they hadn't been so ashamed of him for being gay.

His challenge was admitting to himself that he *still* loves our TEACHER! He was just disappointed in the lessons he was given. He claims to be an atheist, but he'd have sex with Jesus in a heartbeat if he could. He's got an amazing altimeter. It's going to be interesting watching him earn his wings.

Our TEACHER, in HIS infinite wisdom, offers many paths to seekers. We can't know how HIS reasoning is created. We can only use our thoughts, feelings and beliefs to make sense of our own curriculum. We're not able to control outcomes.

GOD works in increasingly less mysterious ways

The truth is that GOD'S ways become more obvious as you become more aware of your relationship to yourself through sexual/spiritual insight.

GOD knows your secrets if you don't know them, and HE knows your secret even if you do. GOD is GOD because HE can use you any way HE likes. You don't have to approve of GOD or HIS choices. HE allows what HE chooses to allow. HE forbids what HE chooses to forbid. But don't think HE can't change HIS mind about your fate or destiny. GOD *loves* you. But HE doesn't always *like* you.

Using your life to monitor your curriculum in the school of life is useful in coming to understand GOD'S participation in your studies here. Looking at other people's grades over time will also help you to separate the bozos at the back of the room from the bright lights yearning to shine their light onto THE TEACHER.

I left Yoram and IsraEL because my will was stronger than God's will. GOD allowed that. I left Holland because God's will was stronger than my will. HE allowed that, too. And I left Larry because we were strong enough to do what needed to be done to grow beyond the relationship we'd forged.

The blind can only lead the blind for so long. And then even the blind can see where they've been misled. The same can be said of all religious leaders who take their parishioners on wild goose chases.

Everybody needs to learn a lot more about love than s/he professes to know. Everybody needs to learn about love from the inside out. Who you fall in love with is a reflection of how deeply you can love yourself at that time in your life.

Intimacy is greater than passion. Intimacy with yourself is what you'll need to give yourself before you'll be allowed intimacy with one special person.

Figuratively speaking, there's only the God within and THE GOD of us all. The God within is The God you use to access THE GOD of us all using your head, heart or soul from your conscience. Some foolish Jews try to access Him through their head using a preoccupation with food. Some hateful Christians try to access Him through their heart with a preoccupation with liquid spirits [alcohol]. And some perverted Muslims try to access Him through their soul using a preoccupation with sex after life.

We gays are the wild cards. We're the jokers in the deck. We come from any place we want in our body. We can access THE ONE GOD of us all in every way because we were expelled from the Abrahamic edifice. We're window washers on the outside, trying to get the religious world to wash their windows from within.

We're not limited by food, drink or sex. We're interior decorators who just want our *interior* to look as nice as possible for ourself as a model for others. We're only limited by our lack of understanding of *self*-love. We're limited by our lack of faith in THE NAME-*FULL* GOD of us all.

To understand reality and the way GOD allows this world to unfold, you ought to get in touch with your desires [penis]. Once you understand your desires [penis], your thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] will begin to lead you like a parent with a child.

Gay men have the natural ability to love our fellow man physically. Therefore, we have a greater potential to grow enlightened enough to access the God within from every place in inner space through our experiences. As such, it's up to us to lead the world by example. It's up to us to build bridges, not burn them.

Self-love leads to brotherhood. Brotherhood leads to GOD'S universal love. GOD'S universal love will guide us as we endeavor to heal the planet.

There's no guarantee that I'm right about this. The conclusions I've come to are based on guesswork, supposition, assumption and choices I've made that were, themselves, often based on intuition, not cold, hard facts. Only my nose knows. And it only knows what it knows based on experience.

All I can say is that my books on poetry, philosophy, Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, psychology, sexuality and spirituality are crumbs that I've scattered through a forest of faith-based outcomes to show you how to get to the clearing in the woods where I am now. If it upsets you to think of gays as having more spiritual potential than straights, or if it confuses or insults you, that's your cross to bear, not mine. Few will venture where angels dare to tread.

The Jews are experts on eating. We were given a story about eating forbidden fruit that led to the food-for-thought in the Creation Story that has blessed the world with wisdom. When Jews behave badly, we look foolish.

The Christians are experts on drinking. They were given Christ's story on how to quench their spiritual thirst through a love of mankind that few fully attain. When they go from the Sea of Galilee down the Jordan River like fish, they expect to be netted by Jesus, so they don't end up in the Dead Sea. When Christians behave badly, they look hateful.

Muslims are experts on making love to God through the Quran. They were given the archangel Gabriel's instructions on how to draw nearer to God by getting out of their head and heart and into their soul. When they behave badly, they look *perverted*.

Only we, gays, were given a holy place outside the world's scripture where we can perceive the whole truth. If we're truly generous of spirit, not vindictive, we'll lead the world on a Pride parade that the angels in Heaven will celebrate with all the boys and gurls in the band!

When I talk about the knowledge of knowing yourself, I'm, in part, speaking from the Hebrew Testament. But there's a level to self-knowledge we all have that's personal, private and different from what we all [should] agree on about reality.

The issue for sane human beings has to do with the meaning of words and the depth of words for the sake of redemption. Taking words from scripture literally will only take you through the agony of hell on Earth [misery]. Make your way upwards to reach for Heaven on Earth in your own inimitable way.

When I speak about the self-knowledge that leads to self-love, I'm speaking about knowing certain things from within in a way that no one can contradict because no one has walked in your shoes, experienced your experiences or come to your truths. I'm using the verb "to know" in a rarified way. I'm expanding on knowing another person in the Biblical sense of the word [sexually] to describe knowing yourself in the divine sense.

To know yourself in the sense of having eaten, drunk and slept with yourself means that you've figuratively passed through infancy and childhood into puberty. Although you've surely accomplished that physically, to achieve that level of self-knowledge in the intellectual [head], emotional [heart] and spiritual [soul] sense requires experience, practice and psychological expertise about how people behave.

You should already know that GOD didn't just create Christianity or any one of the other Abrahamic faiths, as though in a bubble. You already know that the mystery of Judaism has defied hateful Christians since Jesus walked the Earth.

But GOD'S creation of Islam is equally vital to HIS plan. Until you come to understand the connection between your own thoughts, feelings and beliefs about the God within you,

you aren't going to understand the big picture as given to us this day by THE GOD of us all.

The big picture must include your path to redemption, separate from the dogmas of your faith. It must include atonement for your own ignorance of yourself, in addition to your sins before others. There isn't a one-size-fits-all answer that comes out of any one of the Abrahamic faiths. You must find your own answers to your own syndromes internally if you hope to solve any of your problems externally.

Self-love is a level of awakening that's so personal and intimate that there really isn't another human being on the planet who can feel what you feel for you; atone for what you need to atone for; or draw nearer to GOD in the way that you can.

We can all profess to understand each other's reality. But that takes skill, insight, intuition and experience. That deep a level of understanding requires wisdom that isn't based only on knowledge figuratively kept in your head. That deep a level of understanding requires the love in your heart and the loyalty to life that emanates out of your soul.

Metaphors, symbols and similes are the fundamental spiritual tools in creating fables [animals] and allegories [people] that explain the meaning of life in ways we can all relate to.

In that sense, the Christian Bible was the first bridge built out of the fundamentals of Judaism. Christianity moved toward a wider understanding of reality. Christianity is still the only faith based on two faiths. Denying the width of the Christian bridge isn't helpful to those in Islam who deny this truth.

The best way to get people across bridges is to help them overcome their fear of water [life]. We all know how easy it is to drown in stinking thinking and hateful feelings that leave you at the bottom of yourself flailing about without the ability to take another breath.

If you're a Christian, you'll always be a Christian. You're a symbolic fish. Don't tell me that you walked out of the ocean like a salamander unless you're prepared to explore your spiritual evolution and embrace every aspect of it. Don't tell me that you aren't yearning to earn your wings.

Telling a Christian about GOD is like telling a fish what earth, water, wind and fire are. A fish has water within it and around it. A fish is swimming in water. A fish even drinks water. Unless you hook a fish and drag it out of the water it's so accustomed to, it isn't going to be convinced that there's a whole other world above the one it knows so well.

This only happens when Christians admit they've done something horrible in the name of God. Only in retrospect do they achieve the insight needed to see the error of their ways.

Jews have to awaken themselves to the ground of their being with food-for-thought. Just filling their belly with food, whether kosher or not, isn't good enough.

Muslims have to awaken themselves to the spiritual realm their bridge is submerged in. Islam lies under a cloud on a spiritual bridge that gives reality depth. It's as hard for them to perceive the meaning of *wind* as it is for Christians to perceive *water* and Jews to perceive *earth*. All they can all agree on is the meaning of *fire*.

Muslims must become aware of the serpent in their tree [penis] or the worm in their apple [clitoris], and how its wants [-] desires [+] can overwhelm their loyalty to the universal GOD of us all. Cutting the worm out of the apple in every tree of life is futile, useless and cruel. They might as well cut the serpent out of every tree of knowledge, as well. Even then, Muslims won't be able to stop *thinking* about making love with God while making love with one another.

Gays and lesbians are waking up to the leadership skills needed to guide the world to brotherhood and sisterhood. Unless we enter the realm of religion with our

sexual/spirituality fully fruited from a burning bush experience all our own, the world is doomed.

Here is my favorite sonnet reinterpreted as a prayer.

Sonnet 29

by
William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes.
[guilt-ridden]
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries
[one-sided prayers]
And look upon myself and curse my fate
[doubtfully]
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope
[fantasizing]
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
[jealous]
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope
[envious]
With what I most enjoy contented least
[perplexed]
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising
Haply I think on Thee, and then my state
[atonement]
[Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth] sings hymns at heaven's gate;
[hopeful]
For THY sweet love remembered such wealth brings
[GOD *consciousness]*
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

A sonnet is a prayer. A poet is a priest. A word is a window on one side and a mirror on the other. You learned to speak in anticipation of learning how to pray in your own, unique way.

We all need to learn about our relationship to ourself indirectly through those of the same sex as well as the opposite sex. Whether you're straight, gay or somewhere in between doesn't change your allure of you. Because we've all been created 50% male [x or y] and 50% female, [z] there are a wide range of sexual attractions available to teach us in an effort to honor 100% of ourself.

Let's start with what romantic love is not:

When you want to sleep with somebody who you're physically attracted to, that's not romantic love. That's lust based on jealousy of their body. If you're a straight man, you're jealous of the female body you weren't given. You want a physical relationship with the feminine side of yourself that you can't literally access. That's why you want to make love to women.

If you're a straight woman, you're jealous of the male body you weren't given, even though you may be able to figuratively access many aspects of the male side of yourself because we all have to make our way through a man's world.

If you're gay, regardless of the degree to which you're able to access the male and female sides of yourself, you want to make love with someone of the gender you were born with because you'd secretly like to make love to an ideal version of yourself. There are physical aspects of your partner that remind you of ideal aspects of yourself.

Straight people who discover more about the non-dominant side of themself [z] don't usually become gay. They become open-minded. Gay people who discover more about the non-dominant side of themself [z] don't usually become straight. They become tolerant and sexually/spiritual.

As far as the non-binary and transgendered are concerned, often those who question their gender realize that their physical attraction [lust] and spiritual attraction [allure]

to themself is fluid. They may realistically see themself as the physical combination of a man and a woman, but their emotional relationship to both sides of themself is a unique combination of masculine and feminine qualities.

All of us can change ourself externally, which will then change the way others will interact with us. Inside, however, we'll always relate to the complex person we are and are becoming the more curious to fathom.

Outside we *change*. Inside we *transform*. And through our transformations over time, we *transcend* who we were to become a more magnificent rendition of who we were before. This mirrors what caterpillars do in becoming butterflies. It's butterflies who change the world, not lions or tigers or bears!

What will change over time is *how* you *behave*. The more good you do for yourself, the more you'll be allowed to know *who* you *are*. [I once knew a man who behaved like a *bastard*. He had a sex change and became a woman. But then he behaved like a *bitch*. Frankly, I don't think he accomplished anything.]

The more you know yourself, the more you'll discover how much there is to improve about yourself. The more you do that, the more you'll come to know GOD. Don't get lost in externals.

Penis envy is the desire for another man's body, not just his penis. It's a lust to have the container GOD physically gave him. *Vagina envy* is the desire for a woman's body. It's the lust to have the container GOD physically gave her.

A man enjoys penis envy [lust] through lovemaking if he's gay or vagina envy [lust] through lovemaking if he's straight. And there are probably a whole lot of men in between gay and straight who enjoy lust their own unique way.

Semen envy [allure] is about the life-giving substance within a man. *Colostrum fluid envy* or *mother's milk envy* [allure] is for the life-nurturing substance within a woman.

Semen or mother's milk is an outward sign of what you find alluring about another person's character, separate from his or her physical looks. It's a yearning for the what's inside the other person that we associate with their virtues. This is true love.

Penis envy or *vagina* envy [lust] is physical. *Semen* envy or *mother's milk* envy [allure] is spiritual. Either you want to get intimate with the delivery device that emits a person's power, and/or you want to get intimate with the source of that life giving/nurturing power within them.

You can lust for sex. You can lust for sex and the allure of love. It's all about your nature and temperament.

Questioning your *gender* identity and *sexual* identity are necessary to conclude who you are [gender] and what you desire [sexuality]. Spiritual intimacy with your penis or vagina will bring you the power and passion you need to make morally astute choices.

You're not a child anymore. Going beneath your waist to matters below the belt isn't forbidden to you. But acting out your desires indiscriminately will always get you in hot *water.*

Romantic love is the realization that that you can help others by becoming a better person just by being yourself. It's an overwhelming love for yourself that you share with another person, assuming they share their love for themself with you, too.

If you fall in love easily and often, you're able to love the container and contents of many individuals. You crave everything about people. You desire the body and Spirit of many individuals.

Although I've found that monogamy is the best course of action for me because it focuses me more sharply on my sexual/spiritual desires, those who prefer polygamy or celibacy also have the challenge of getting to know their genitals in the figurative sense of the word.

I personify all seven of the Seven Deadly Sins [egoism, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth]. But I try not to attribute these failings only to others. I seek to recognize them in myself. Blaming others can be vindictive if you're sadistic, diabolical or highly emotional by nature.

Just because you don't act on all seven of these sins doesn't mean that you shouldn't be aware of them as innate tendencies within you. Just because you're in a monogamous relationship doesn't mean that you don't crave the container and contents of others. It just means you don't act on your covetous nature because your word [reputation] means more to you than the autonomy to do anything you please.

If I'd learned that when I went to bed with Shlomo [the married man with a child in IsraEL] when I was 19, I wouldn't have had to repeat that lesson in myriad ways to discover the power in my penis and testicles that was overwhelming my actions. I could have avoided breaking the 7th Commandment by not adulterating my promises to me.

The more I came to understand all the forces [+ and –] in me, the more powerful I became. I could then master my destiny, not succumb to my fate.

When you realize that the Creation Story holds a universal secret to all GOD'S scriptures, you may not at first want to admit the power of the words of GOD. You may find yourself angry at the Jews for what God gave us through Tanach [The Hebrew Testament]. You may even find yourself angry at God for having created the Jews and the concept of IsraEL, a promised land, a land of milk and honey [breasts that exude milk and penises that exude honey]. You may find yourself coveting a secret given to the Jews that wasn't given to you.

As a student in this school, it's up to you to decide who knows more than you and can teach you what you don't know. Just because someone may be a senior [Jew], junior [Christian] or sophomore [Muslim] doesn't mean that they know any more than a freshman [Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist].

It's not your tribes standing in this school, but your individual standing before GOD that determines how wise you are.

If you hate IsraEL, that's because you hate yourself and the way GOD made you. *That's* your dirty, little secret. If you love IsraEL, you can recreate it in your own country in your own way with THE GOD of your understanding.

"The word of God" is Torah [the core of the Hebrew Testament], not Tanach [the entire Hebrew Testament]. Torah was once written down as one word because the cost of parchment was so high that the ancient Jews couldn't afford to separate the words. Spaces between the words would have been exorbitantly expensive. The ancient Jews concluded that spaces between words signified nothing, therefore they weren't going to waste money for no reason at all. Therefore, all of Torah was written down as one, long word for almost a thousand years.

It wasn't until the ancient Greeks commissioned the rabbis to translate Torah into ancient Greek [circa 300 BCE] using the invention of an inexpensive paper product made from papyrus [invented by the Egyptians] that the word of God could be separated into many words so that the common man, not only great sages, could read Torah. The spaces between the words fractured "The one word of God" like a diamond into 79,976 pieces, each shining a reflection of God's one eternal light. Jesus assembled that light and passed it through His body to produce a rainbow of hope that He personified personally. The Prophet Muhammad condensed 79.976 words by God into 114 roads to God.

Until you compare the Creation Story to your first wet dream [or experience of orgasm when you were on the precipice of puberty], you won't appreciate that the beginning of the word of GOD commences when your physical body says so. No child of GOD is ready to understand the depth of HIS designs before puberty. Torah isn't for children. People who disseminate Torah, the

Gospels and the Quran with childish interpretations of scripture find themself slow to evolve. They confuse their God with THE GOD of us all.

Your desire for self-knowledge won't grow greater than your desire for food, drink and sex. Your hungers aren't limited to one or another of your organs. If you're a prisoner to materialism, a slave to outer reality, you ought to question your wants [-] and desires [+].

Romantic love is a reflection of your desire to know yourself. Your partner augments your knowledge of yourself and GOD. Whether you like what you learn about yourself may determine whether you wish to continue living with your partner. But that shouldn't affect your relationship to GOD.

All matches are made in Heaven. But whether you consider that match a carrot or a stick may change over time. GOD tempts us with carrots and uses sticks to dissuade us. Therefore, it behooves us to be open-minded to changing ourself regardless of external circumstances.

Romantic love is the love of the mystery in being you that you choose to explore with the help of one person you feel blessed to have in your life. If GOD has already blessed you with that person, appreciate him or her for their divine influence in your life.

But if you discover that your partnership feels like a curse [as happened with Larry and me], not a blessing; or if you discover that a man has inseminated you with a gift you don't want – you have the right to change your mind and renege on your promise.

The great Jewish sage Hillel was born 200 years before Jesus. They asked him to sum up the meaning of Torah while standing on one leg. In other words, they wanted him to spend no more than a moment telling them what the Hebrew Testament is all about.

What he said was, "Don't do unto others that which you find *abominable*."

Then came Jesus who said just the opposite. Do, do unto others that which you find *extraordinary*!

As Queen Davide, I can sum up Torah and the Gospels on one leg by telling you to love and hate the one you're always with. Don't spread these extreme feelings to others. Respect yourself by questioning your extreme feelings of love and hate.

If you must do anything you want, tell GOD that you don't believe in HIM. HE can take it. HE knows you're only human. But yearning to hurt GOD isn't permitted. That leads to hurting others. Don't hurt people, steal from them or destroy their possessions. Spare us your anger, frustration and craving for revenge.

If you can do this, I think you deserve the joy of romantic love with someone special. GOD knows what to do *for* people like you, and HE knows what to do *to* people who aren't like you, too.

GOD'S Abrahamic Plan for Man

If you feel challenged by all that I've said, I'm going to simplify my message by just telling you GOD'S plan for Abrahamic man.

We've all been told that we shouldn't utter THE LORD'S name in vain [3rd Commandment], so you may think that that means I don't have the right, the scope or the spiritual insight and foresight to tell you what HIS universal plans for us all are. But that's a misunderstanding on your part.

This Commandment was given 3,400 years ago to motivate us to question GOD'S name, as well as the vanity that makes us think HE has only one name, the name the Jews use for HIM.

"The Lord's name" refers to Elohim and the nameless God of the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] as well as today's Jewish euphemism for His name, Hashem, which means "The Name." When you add those Jewish names to the three Christian names for God: The Father, the Son of The Father and the nameless Holy Spirit - to the one Muslim name for God, Allah, - you still don't have all HIS names. Then you have to add the thousands of names for God in Hinduism and the 16 names for God in Taoism. And if you really want to be fully accurate, you'll add the Buddha who directs his followers to a destination after life without God. That's obviously a path created by GOD without the concept of God.

Take all that you go through in life to heart because GOD is allowing you to experience everything you're going through. The blessings [+] and curses [-] you're being given are carrots [+] and sticks [-] given to you to move your tiny, little world in the direction HE wishes to take it.

If you refuse to reflect on the meaning of your wants [-] desires [+] from every direction with every step you take, don't be surprised by quivers, shivers, jitters, shudders,

vibrations, tremors, shakes, shocks, quakes and cavernous holes in the ground of your being that swallow you up. [Numbers 16]

If you don't like the fact that you're not as free as a bird, earn your wings so you can figuratively fly sexually/spiritually like a bird through the air. That's what it means to be an angel in disguise. An angel isn't a human being with chicken wings who stands in his own light. Angels are human beings who understand their relationship of loyalty to service as a way of serving GOD in order to get to know and love themself.

Here is a brief review of GOD'S Abrahamic plan for man as given to us historically over the past 3,400 years:

GOD came to the ancient Jews through their head thanks to Moses. HE filled them with knowledge through metaphors that led them to wisdom. HE did so by *not* giving the Jews HIS name. HE implied that there is no name for HIM that can refer to all of HIM.

Out of that environment of learning for the sake of awakening, one Jew [Jesus] evolved out of His head into His heart. Jesus was envied by most of the ancient Jews in His day because He'd made it through the stiff neck the Jews had inherited from their Israelite ancestors. He presented Himself as a model of holy contents [love], half human [Mary], half God [Elohim].

Who wouldn't envy Jesus? The stiff neck [stubbornness] we see in every human being on the planet was first described by God to Moses about the Israelites, but we can all see that everybody's got a stubborn streak.

Who can't also see that nobody likes a good example? Who wants to think of himself as a chick still in its shell? That leads to the temptation to embarrass, shame and humiliate others from the outside in rather than encourage them to peck their way out of their own shell.

Stubborn people are ignorant. Ignorant people are in denial. Those in denial are angry [red], anxious [orange], frightened [yellow], covetous [green] and sad [blue].

They aren't curious about the mystery of life [indigo], and they aren't ecstatic [violet] about being here. Those in denial know five of the seven colors of the rainbow, yet they strut about like cocks and hens.

If you see yourself as like a chick in a shell, have hope. Chickens have excellent color vision that includes the spectrum of indigo, violet and ultraviolet light. [internet]

Jesus spoke about this challenge euphemistically from a whole other place in inner space [His heart, not His head]. He died for the *ignorance* of humanity, not for our *sins*. [For our sins, each of us has to die individually.] Jesus died in an effort to teach people what they didn't yet know about their sexual/spiritual operating system.

I think He was gay. The Gospels are most probably His coming out story tactfully told in a way that straight people then could accept more easily.

Christmas and Easter are the two ends of His life. They correspond to His enrollment and graduation from this school. If you wish to avoid tragic outcomes, you'll need to open your mind to the meaning of life as it's also been hidden in The Hebrew Testament and the Quran.

To be blessed with the ability to love men is a mystery that every man must discover in his own way. For some that'll include the physical love of men. For most, it'll remain platonic love achieved through justice and mercy.

But there's tough love, as well. And wars won't end until people get the message to stop hating women, gays and Jews. Everyone has a reminder on their belly that they came out of a woman into this school. Nobody wants to be here. If you can stop blaming your mother for bringing you into this world; stop hating men who love men; and stop hating Jews who know more than you – you can move humanity in the direction of peace on Earth.

To accept the ways in which your life mirrors Christ's crucifixion will enlighten you. It'll inform you of your own unique relationship to THE GOD of us all through physical pain [-] and emotional suffering [-]. You also have a unique relationship to HIS blessings [+]. But if you want positive outcomes [+], you're going to have to work for them.

Every man had a father and mother. Every man is half woman [z], even if he's out of touch with the feminine [z] side of himself because of social constructs that force him to fit into society as best he can.

Ignorance of the masculine [x or y] and feminine [z] sides of yourself isn't a *sin*. That ignorance is a *failing*. You were fated to have been given the parents you were given. You were fated to be pressured by society to accentuate the masculine [x or y] or feminine [z] side of yourself in the ways that you have.

Your father [x or y] had his virtues and vices. He was dominant or sadistic in his own ways. Your mother [z] had her virtues and vices. She was submissive or masochistic in her own ways. If you don't seek your parents' virtues and reject their vices, you're going to find yourself with problems you can't solve and lessons you can't get past.

Most men don't know how to tap into the feminine [z] side of themself where the secret to their submissive and masochistic nature is buried. Clues to these hidden secrets lie in their relationship to their grandparents, parents or children. Sometimes this secret is projected onto the animal kingdom. Sometimes it lies in the way they make love or through their relationship to food. Sometimes men resort to gambling or a career to teach them how to make their way out of their shell.

Seven hundred years after Jesus, a messenger [the Jewish archangel, Gabriel] came to Muhammad. Gabriel spoke to Muhammad through a heart that had been opened by good Jews and Christians who modeled an open mind and a merciful heart. Gabriel urged Muhammad to get out of his

heart in the same way that Jesus had urged the ancient Jews to get out of their head. Gabriel urged Muhammad to make his way to a third place in inner space: his soul.

The Quran is the story of the sexual/spiritual coming out of the first straight, non-Jewish man. He paved the way for all straight men to discover GOD'S plan in its entirety without having to feel physically pressured to make love to men to discover brotherhood. Muhammad overcompensated for his masculinity [y] with 13 wives [z] and 3 concubines [z]. But there are gay men today who claim to appreciate brotherhood, yet they overcompensate with sex as well.

The Quran is like looking in a V-shaped mirror to see yourself as you truly are. If you can't see the feminine [z] side of yourself, you're blind to a side of GOD.

Y.H.V.H. is an acronym for the God within the Jews who leads us on our personal exodus to our own land of milk and honey. Y.H.V.H. is referred to as Adonai.

Jesus is the name for the God within the Christians who teaches them the meaning of love. The realm of love lies in your heart, whether or not you're Christian.

Allah is the name of the God who determines the outcomes of our actions based on how loyally we treat ourself. To understand why your life works out as it does, you've got to understand all three aspects of our CREATOR.

The three distinct, mass delusions that the Abrahamic faiths have created by the ignorant who insist on separating GOD by name, even though HE's A UNIVERSAL GOD, must be pierced with sexual/spiritual answers that peel back the hidden secret given to each one of us that we must find the courage to solve.

Straight Jews, Christians and Muslims have all proved their ignorance concerning the meaning of life by rejecting one another's holy book rather than proving their wisdom [Judaism], love [Christianity] and loyalty [Islam] to GOD by uniting HIS scriptures in a personal way.

IsraEL is the alpha and omega of the struggle for peace on Earth. Until the Abrahamic faiths make meaningful course corrections from within, every individual on Earth will remain frustrated in his or her yearning for GOD consciousness. Only by studying scripture together will the Abrahamic faiths achieve this goal. I recommend that that happens on the West Bank of IsraEL, which is close to Jerusalem.

Until you're willing to contemplate your navel and the mother you were literally attached to when you were born, you won't associate your blood with the connection you had with your mother through your umbilical cord. You won't associate your loyalty to your tribe as a projection of motherhood. Nor will you be in a position to see the talking serpent that raises its hooded or unhooded head above those two fruits that hang down from your metaphoric tree. Consequently, you won't be able to discern what's forbidden from what's permitted.

You're lost in a masquerade until you know the difference between the tree of knowledge [father] and the tree of life [mother] who both contributed to giving you life.

Gay men love the serpents in trees. But every man can question the serpent in his own tree by scrutinizing his head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and soul [beliefs] with the candor needed to achieve realistic answers to the deepest meaning of life, love and scripture.

Gay men have embraced our z-factor by having been physically penetrated by penises. We appreciate the sensations that come with the feminine [z] side of ourself. We know something about ourself from coming out of the closet that will lead everyone to going back in their closets [ark, basket, tabernacle] to discover more about how GOD made us all in HIS image.

Those who've been properly aligned for the uphill journey out of this world into the World to come will be

guided to the front of the classroom as models for the class. Whether they can maintain that place of honor is up to them.

We're all holy with a potential to reap rewards after life which are given to those who understand and apply all scriptures to their daily life.

When I told you at the beginning of this book that I was going to reconcile my love life before you and with you, you couldn't anticipate the depth of the words I'd utter. But now I can talk to you candidly about how GOD works in my life to unite my Jewish head, Christian heart and Islamic soul in terms that are Abrahamic in scope.

Any boy of 14 who has the reading skills of an 8th grader and has tasted his own cum has enough experience to contemplate the difference between penis envy [lust] and semen envy [allure]. Every David [Davide] should dream about taking down a Goliath to lead him towards falling in love with a Jonathan or Jo-Ann.

“Killing Me Softly with HIS Love”

by
Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel
in collaboration with Lori Lieberman after she was inspired
by a Don McLean, 1973
[sung about God]

Strumming my pain with His fingers,
Singing my life with His words,
Killing me softly with His song,
Killing me softly with His song,
Telling my whole life with His words,
Killing me softly with His song,
I heard He sang a good song. I heard You had a style,
and so I came to see Him, to listen for a while.
And there He was, this young boy,
a stranger to my eyes,
strumming my pain with His fingers, [one time, one time]
singing my life with His words, [two times, two times]
killing me softly with His song,
killing me softly with His song,
Telling my whole life with His words,
killing me softly with His song.
I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd.
I felt He’d found my letters and read each one out loud.
I prayed that He would finish, but He just kept right on,
strumming my pain with His fingers, [one time, one time]
singing my life with His words, [two times, two times]
killing me softly with His song,
killing me softly with His song,
telling my whole life with His sords,
killing me softly with His song.

You can break your projection of God and men.

I am Queen Davide who's revealed a truth to you that no one else knew. You should now perceive a depth to reality you couldn't previously appreciate or dream of applying to your life.

THE GOD WHO created us did so in indigo, the mystery and miracle of the sixth of the seven colors of the rainbow and on the sixth of the seven days of the first week of creation. Once you move through the grief [blue] of the loneliness of loss, especially if the one you lost was yourself, you discover GOD in the indigo realm of reality. Continue from there through the mystery of your being, and you arrive in the violet range of ecstasy. This is where eternal joy resides.

Here is a review of the rainbow in your heart:

1. Red	Rage	Sunday
2. Orange	Angst	Monday
3. Yellow	Fear	Tuesday
4. Green	Covetous	Wednesday
5. Blue	Sad	Thursday
6. Indigo	Mysterious	Friday
7. Violet	Ecstasy	Saturday

You know the colors in your heart by heart. Nobody's ever explained your feelings to you in this visual a way, but you can perceive wisdom of the heart, even if other forms of wisdom elude you. You're intellectually blind in some ways. You're spiritually autistic without sex mixed together with spirituality to produce GOD consciousness. The promise from GOD to every adolescent is the passage from childhood to adulthood that you're going through now in a sexual/spiritual way. You're the rainbow personified. It's your time to shine because sexuality and spirituality can touch you in ways that conventional religion can't.

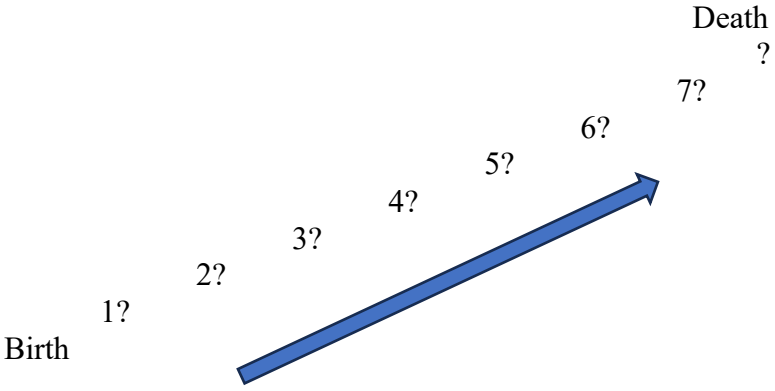
Here are is a visual representation of what life looks like through numbers. Each number between 1-7 holds a unique meaning for you. You can plummet that secret without trying by questioning GOD each time you experience an emotion, whether positive [+] or negative [-], with these numbers. Each question mark corresponds to an outcome with an emotional effect that'll be repeated in myriad new ways that will build upon one another uniquely in you.

Jewish Version

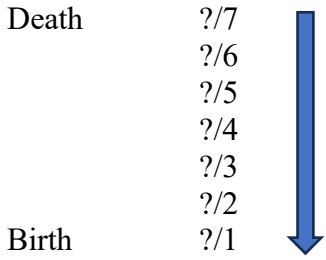
Birth			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Death
1	R	Red – Rage	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
2	A	Orange – Agony	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
3	I	Yellow – Fear	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
4	N	Green – Coveting	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
5	B	Blue – Grief	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
6	O	Indigo – Mystery	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
7	W	Violet – Ecstasy	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?



Christian Version



Muslim Version



The Jews experience hope in their heart through fathoming their experiences with feeling. Every experience delivers a feeling that can be plotted like a graph.

The Christians experience hope in their heart through progress by moving always upwards toward Heaven and the Afterlife with Jesus. Every experience, whether positive [+] or negative [-], raises them higher.

The Muslims experience hope in their heart by reversing the process. They move down from death [+] to birth [-]. All questions about life will be revealed upon rebirth Afterlife. This makes martyrdom so appealing to Muslims even though Jews and Christians have come to find it abhorrent.

I've told a lot of queens what to expect out of life if they learn about themself from a spiritual perspective. Now I'll tell you what to expect to see happen this century if you act on my revelations in your own unique way:

1. The war of truth between the secular Jews and the orthodox Jews in IsraEL will come to an end. The outcome of that battle will unite IsraEL into a modern, Jewish state without homophobes, misogynists or racists. Marriage equality will set the bar for the rest of the Abrahamic world, and, by extension, the whole world.

2. The war on truth in America will come to an end. The outcome of that struggle will unite our political parties in a modern, spiritual society modeled on all three of the Abrahamic faiths as well as the three Far Eastern philosophies and our indigenist pride in our land.

3. Religious Jews and Christians will explore sexuality and spirituality as A GOD given way to appreciate the relationship between our faiths and the relationship between our head [thoughts] and heart [feelings]. The more American Jews and Christians unify these two inner forces, the more soulful they'll become. Some will even be attracted to the Islamic mystery of life as a journey that moves simultaneously forward to death [+] and back to birth [+], the ultimate optimistic view of life. As the result of this perspective, people will come to see their sexual/spiritual progress as happening through a return to their past as a way of healing their present.

4. The ultra-rich and powerful will go through a similar crisis of faith in which they'll come to see that their money, power and prestige are suffocating a part of themself that they need to get them through the eye of their own needle. [Matthew 19:24] They'll give up behaving like camels sucking up money to get through the desert they perceive around them.

5. The religious masquerade will end. People will recognize their own strengths and weaknesses. They'll recognize how their skills only serve them in some areas of life. This will humble them to seek help from others to compensate for the weaknesses they'll never succeed in overcoming.

6. People will appreciate how Jews stand up to God; Christians kneel down before God; and Muslims prostrate themselves before God. All three of these positions of prayer mirror what the penis does over and over again. They'll all admit that names for GOD have been getting in the way of the actions S/HE is asking us to take.

7. Palestinians will seek peace with Israelis in order to study scripture together on the land God gave the Jews. Peace will come to the Middle East and Europe because people will use their faith in themself to construct their faith in GOD.

Taiwan is the key to peace in the Far East. In Taiwan, the feeling of devotion to their country is as real as the Jews' 3,400-year devotion to IsraEL. The Taiwanese feel a level of cooperation and unity among themselves that the Chinese can't duplicate with their communist commitment to "sharing." Taiwan is already the first country to achieve marriage equality in the Far East.

Once the Muslims give up their vendetta against the Jews, the Muslims will work together with Hindus in India to achieve *admiration* of one another's interpretation of GOD, not just *tolerance* and *acceptance*. That'll create a bond between the East and West that the Chinese will then come to appreciate and emulate.

For this to happen, seven things will simultaneously occur:

1. The Russians will overthrow the oligarchs [pharaohs] who've enslaved them for millennia. They'll get beyond penis envy [lust] of western Europe to face their semen envy [allure].

2. Chinese men will realize that their semen is white, just like the semen of every other man on the planet.

3. The Indian friendship with IsraEL will grow, making it possible to unify the rift between the Hindus with thousands of names for God and Muslims with one name for God under one name-*full* GOD WHO goes by many names with good reason.

4. Marriage equality will spread everywhere in the world.

5. Gay people will be lauded worldwide as the honey needed for the milk of human kindness to produce a unique land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] in every country on Earth.

6. America, the land of silk and money, will become the beacon for the first land of milk and honey outside IsraEL.

7. People will come to respect the God within of everyone.

The abortion issue will end here at home. The Spirit in every human being is like a fire. Extinguishing that fire is a sin. There are ways to avoid starting fires. There are ways to avoid creating life, especially if science would put more attention to a male contraception pill that would kill sperm in the prostate gland within minutes that would last for 24 hours.

Making love will lead to ending all wars from within. The cause of war is the projection of the wars within us onto others to reveal the character defects that we need to own and manage from within. People will stop behaving like children and consciously move through sexual/spiritual adolescence to behave like sexual/spiritual adults. They'll begin by accepting the Creation Story as a metaphor. That will lead them to understand that GOD created scripture by using words literally as well as figuratively.

As more women unite with gay men to relieve the feeling of oppression, suppression, repression and depression, American society will see our better angels defeat the "devil" within us all. The rest of the world will be inspired by our fight for good over evil as we each wage that war primarily inside of us, not in public. The obscenity of saying anything that comes to mind will finally end.

Praying at Home

Don't profess to know how to pray in a house of prayer if you can't pray at home alone. Don't pretend you know how to draw nearer to GOD than a gay man just because you learned a few one-size-fits-all prayers by heart. Even I can quote your scripture! It takes much more than what you think it takes to pray effectively.

In the end, it's always about Us against Them. We all have a personal relationship with God that gives us the righteousness to believe we know better than everyone else. All the answers have been reduced to three:

1. A right [Jewish] road going one way
2. A right [Muslim] road going the opposite direction
3. A middle [Christian] lane for turning

Let's start the discussion of prayer with what I've learned about my own religion, the right road going one way:

I may have been born in the U.S., but I'm a Jew. I may not have been born in IsraEL, but I'm as much a Jew as any other Jew, including straight, orthodox, Israeli Jews. I may have lived in Holland, but I was a Jew there, too. Wherever I go, I'm a Jew. I'll die a Jew just as Jews have died for 3,400 years to keep our religion alive.

I may have been in the closet in my youth in the U.S. but I'm out now. I came out like Noah by building myself an ark [closet[1]]. I came out like Jochebed by constructing a basket [closet][2] for the Moses in me. I came out like the Israelites who carried GOD in the Tabernacle [closet[3]]. And I came out the closet[4] like every gay man does by admitting to the world who he truly is.

I'm gay and I'm proud to be gay. I may have come out of the closet[4] as a teenager in IsraEL. I may have lived out of the closet[4] in Holland as a young man and remained out

of the closet[4] after I left Holland, but I'm gay everywhere I go.

I won't go back in the closet[1-4] because GOD has a plan to help everyone come out of their closets[1-4] in a mysterious and miraculous way that we can't anticipate.

I attempted to burn down my closet three times, each an attempted suicide that taught me more about the Spirit within me. There is no hate crime greater than suicide. If I feel that I have to protect myself from anyone who rejects me, I'll do so publicly by carrying my cross as a gay Jew until the day I die. Like Alexei Navalny, a straight, Christian dissident in Russia, I'll show GOD what I'm willing to do to make HIS dreams a reality.

I'm on the right road for me. All the promises about Heaven and threats about Hell aren't going to change the way I think and feel about myself. And all the violence perpetrated by the ignorant isn't going to stop me from learning more about myself.

I may hold a U.S. passport and speak with an American accent, but I've been inseminated by so many wonderful men from around the world that I feel like a citizen of the world. I'm so content with the penis GOD gave me that I'm now content to literally share the semen that comes out of it only with my partner, Will.

To feel like a citizen of the world and yet share your desires with the world in a way that others can admire is a sexual/spiritual skill. Maintaining a monogamous relationship with one person becomes a joyous privilege if you've made peace with your penis and anus.

Many people haven't started doing this. They don't have to choose between names for God to do so. They don't have to break their word with their partner, family, society or faith. They have to stop cheating themself by stop screwing themself over.

Since GOD created me in a way that I can't literally insert my erect penis into my anus to ejaculate in me, I have

to admit that this is a figurative exercise I dream of, not a literal one. The way I progress in making love to myself figuratively is by questioning my thoughts, feelings, desires and beliefs internally to GOD and the God within me.

The result of this sexual, spiritual questioning creates itches that I need to scratch. Questioning these reactions develops intimacy with my own body language. This has created a unique, personal relationship with the God within me. This has developed into a private, tutorial, learning environment inside me that has advanced me as a student in the school of life.

My desires will continue to overwhelm my head, heart and soul at times. I'm not so self-disciplined that I can avoid all temptations. But I can reduce temptations from heroin to hamburgers; liquor to lentils; and pie a la mode to papaya. The main metaphor of Moses makes it clear from the start of Torah how to get both a *head* and *ahead*.

You'll never be able to convince the pharaoh within you that he should let you go. Don't even bother to try to run away from your problems. It's your business to love him, as well as the slavedriver and slave within you. If you're not yet ready to take Jewish scripture personally, you're only going to project your frustration with yourself onto the Jews. There's no way you're going to give up your obsession with killing God until you do. You'll die like Cain, in a world separate and alone. You'll die hating your mother, the Eve who was tempted by your father, the Adam who impregnated her with you.

Love will only set you free if you're ready to do the hard work and worship [Hebrew: avoda] of learning how to love yourself uniquely. GOD only made one person like you. And if you don't discover the secret why, you'll die like Abel. Your blood will cry out from the ground of your being for justice.

My parents were severely damaged human beings. They were damaged by Christians. Today's Israelis are

moderately damaged human beings. They've been damaged by Muslims. If you think you can blame the Jews, GOD has another thing coming. And you're not going to like what that is.

My father wanted to distance himself from me to make a man out of me. My mother wanted an intimacy with me that was obscene because she wanted to make a woman out of me.

As a gay Jew, I unconsciously believed I would honor my parents by hurting myself. Then, I joined A.A. and stopped doing that. I sought self-love instead. I stopped honoring my parents and started to learn how to honor myself. I went to college and became a teacher. I later learned how to teach *myself* by using my teaching skills with adolescents on me. In teaching teenagers who were defiant, insolent and rebellious, I discovered how difficult it would be to teach me.

I now see that most of the world is juvenile. But people are moving through their sexuality and spirituality at the same time. And most of them are trying to do so without getting violent.

That said, I can also see that most of them are still vindictive. And in the ways that you strike out at others, the God within you will strike in at you. Your Tutor works directly with our TEACHER. You're going to experience lessons [+ and -] in an order that may not reveal the reason for your curriculum coming to you as it does. You don't get to use your prayers to request a different test. You only get to use your prayers to request answers to the test questions you're being given.

I loved my mother very much. But because she also disgusted me in a way that left me feeling sexually repulsed by some forms of kindness and caring, I could see that I was perverted. But I also knew that my perversion had nothing to do with anal intercourse with men. It was my repugnance

with some forms of social intimacy and warmth that define me as a pervert.

1. I've only had a few friends who I made at work. I couldn't form friendships on the job.
2. I turned cold after cuming. I couldn't create sex buddies. I constantly looked for new sexual experiences with complete strangers.
3. If friends set boundaries, I immediately felt betrayed. I couldn't see how I overstepped social edges. Therefore, I constantly felt like an outsider.
4. I needed GOD to create a bond of trust that I couldn't achieve with human beings. But I couldn't create that bond through any institution of religion.

If you don't love yourself rather than indulge yourself, you'll never be free. You'll always be weak. You'll always choose the easier, softer way rather than the right road for you.

To be a beautiful person inside and out, I had to connect with the God within me, even if I defied Him at times without knowing why. I had to become able to convince myself that I'm beautiful thanks to my actions, even if some of those actions are inactions because I didn't want to hurt others. Actions speak louder than words. To love my father as well as my Father, I had to learn to serve the greater needs of Them both. Only by sharing my inner beauty with everyone could I pray to GOD effectively.

I don't resent my father any longer for wanting me to grow up to be a man [y]. I don't resent my mother for wanting me to grow up to be a woman [z]. I've combined their goals by being myself. Now I ask GOD to show me in what ways I can be the best man [y] and woman [z] I can be.

Being *holy* begins by admitting I was created with *holes*. When I was too embarrassed to look deeply into the ten holes in my body, I couldn't discover the holes in my soul. I

couldn't admit that my soul is as full of holes as Swiss cheese!

I'm *holy* because I'm *holey*. If you want to pray to GOD effectively, I recommend you begin by asking HIM why you look the way you do inside. That will be a clue to why you look the way you do outside.

There's no coincidence about the way you look physically and the way you behave. The more you come to know the vehicle you've been given, the more you'll come to understand the unique journey you're on.

Prayer at home should only be about three things:

1. Confession
2. Moral questions of your Tutor
3. Gratitude to your Tutor and THE TEACHER

Leave out all your issues with others. GOD already knows all that. Focus your attention in prayer on yourself and how to serve yourself through others. But don't go so far to one side that you behave like a sadist, and don't go so far to the other side that you behave like a masochist.

Dominance and submissiveness are internal forces that you need to learn how to use like a gas pedal and brakes. Learning to drive yourself is much harder than learning how to drive a car. But they're similar skills.

I had a dear friend who was a terrible driver. He also drove himself crazy. I tried to teach him how to operate himself like a vehicle without wheels. Wheels seemed to terrify him. So, I taught him how to operate himself like a flying carpet by pulling on the tassels of the carpet like the mane of a horse. That helped. I'm a Sagittarius. I taught him how to ride a horse with wings. He died at the age of 89. If I could do it all over again, I'd interface with him as a Libra. I'd teach him how to balance himself like a scale.

Using sexuality and spirituality creatively doesn't limit you to any one faith, commitment or lifestyle. What limits

you is your lack of imagination. If you can't think creatively, you won't develop an open mind. You'll conclude that to become holy you must do what some old men tell you to do. Let me assure you, those holy men are just as holey as the rest of us. And their disgust with that one hole I've been talking so much about is the reason why they're mean, hateful and unholy.

GOD isn't interested in spending a lot of time in your company if you have a grievance with women, gays or Jews. Let's get that straight right from the start. Therefore, I suggest you begin your prayers in Hebrew with the word "amen." "Amen" means "I believe" in Hebrew. It comes from the verb "la-amin" which means "to believe." Once you've started with "amen," what you then say to GOD will weigh more heavily on your conscience.

When you end your prayers, I recommend you end them with the Arabic word "amin." The word "amin" [أمين] is a masculine, given name meaning "devoted, honest, straightforward, trustworthy, worthy of belief, loyal, faithful and obedient."

You might even choose not to pray to GOD in words at all. It's fine just to use body language, facial gestures and sounds that cut linguistic corners. Since you've already got your own shortcuts when it comes to communicating with yourself, it's fine to apply that self-communication style to GOD. HE'll know what you're talking about without grammatically correct sentences or vows of faith. [I just recommend that if you pray in words, you try to use CAPS appropriately to separate "you" from "YOU" and "him" from HIM."]

If you have nothing special to say to GOD, you might like the words between amen and amin to be "Ah! Men!" For a gay man, that says it all.

1.	Amen	I believe in the wisdom of the God of the Jews.
2.	Ah! Men!	I believe in the love of the God of the Christians for one special rabbi.
3.	Amin	I believe in the loyalty of the God of the Muslims through one Jewish angel [Gabriel].

Your dreams at night are GOD'S prayers to you. They're THE TEACHER'S way of giving you a sneak preview into your lesson plan that day. They're as important as your prayers to HIM. Therefore, examine your dreams and find a way to pray that's personally meaningful to you. You can pray without words. Everybody can pray. There's no one way to pray correctly.

If you're in business with a partner or in an intimate relationship with a loved one, you know that the fewer words needed, the deeper the respect and understanding the two of you have for one another. The opposite is true for your Partnership with GOD. Spell out exactly how you feel about that Partnership. But do so with respect, as you would with a teacher. Ask about the topic at hand. Don't ask for favors. Don't ask for exceptions to the rules. Don't ask for special treatment. You're in this school to learn. If you put outcomes before learning, you're wasting your time.

Paradox is a part of GOD'S designs. Expect to awaken to contradictions that you need to solve with moral choices. When you look down from the summit of the mountain, you'll see the story of your life as the outcome of those choices.

"Why me" is a great question to ask GOD. If you pray by beginning with "amen" and ending with "amin," you should begin to feel that your prayers are lessons in a curriculum in a major toward a spiritual degree. That curriculum will lead to meaningful tests that you'll pass or fail that'll lead to new classes with new topics and tests. In

this way, you'll make your way day-by-day toward your final exam [death].

One-size-fits-all prayers will lead you astray if you don't pray in a personal way as well. Short personal prayers throughout the day will increase your spiritual speed so you can think, feel and believe as quickly as reality requires of you.

You may be amazed to discover how deeply you resent some people because of the container they were given that you find much more attractive or off putting than your own. This will make you more aware of the need for fellowship. They're a Spirit in a vehicle on a journey. Wanting their vehicle won't get you lessons you'd like. But rejecting their vehicle will definitely get you lessons you *won't* like. It will only cause gusts that will cause your Spirit to flicker.

Happy Gay Beginnings

A *happy* ending isn't the same as a *gay* beginning. A gay [glad] beginning doesn't have to leave you happy [sexually sated]. A gay beginning draws the world a little closer to Heaven with moments of brotherhood and sisterhood. The more you combine the masculine [x or y] and feminine [z] sides of yourself in your own unique way, the greater the fellowship you'll be able to achieve with others.

To bring Earth further up toward Heaven [+] after death and down toward the Paradise [+] before birth, we need both happy endings and gay beginnings. We need a world in which everybody celebrates the body s/he was given as the beginning and end of the mystery of their being. We need a world where children are protected from lovemaking so they can fantasize about the miracle of life before puberty changes the way they see themself.

But now that pubescent boys are bringing guns to school to kill their teachers and classmates, it's time to improve the transition to adulthood with a greater discussion of the spiritual truth about us all. The LGBTQIA+ community leads that cause by describing the difficulty in coming out of the closet in our society. Straight kids need the courage to face their challenges in striving responsibly for adulthood, not with a need to dominate over others or succumb to victimhood. Straight men and women obviously can't do this without our help. Their parents proved that to them, and they're proving it to us.

Each time a gay man or lesbian cums, an angel in Heaven smiles with joy. Now, all we have to do is teach gay men to treat one another like angels *disclosed*, rather than angels in disguise. [You'd think that some gay men were devils by the *way* they're treated by gay men who don't want to sleep with them. This is totally unkind and unnecessary.]

"Vengeance is Mine, saith The Lord." [Romans 12:19-21] Some men don't seem to realize that when it comes to

cuming. They come vindictively, as though they were raping their partner. If there's one reason why men love to create wars and fight in them it's because they get to let out their vengeance with a passion. The passion to *kill* isn't the same as *sexual* passion. But some soldiers literally rape their enemies. That's the underlying reason why they're fighting. If more men would stop applying their wants [-] to the standards they set for their head, heart and soul, the world would look a lot better.

Civilized society thwarts men from being vindictive. It thwarts men from having sex other men. It even thwarts them from figuratively screwing themself over. For some of those men, the only way to let out their passions is with criminal behavior or war.

Figuratively, every jewelry heist is an attempt by a thief to steal his own jewels [testicles]. Every bomb is an attempt by a terrorist to cum in a stranger, leaving the terrorist with a gleeful impression of the power in his ejaculations. And sperm.

Killing gays and Jews is pleasing for some straight men. It helps them let out the pressure between their legs that builds up when they live in a society that doesn't allow them to learn how to operate themself like a vehicle. The only way they have to express the fire [Spirit] within them is through sex that's been cleverly concealed in war, crime and sports. These are the three methods men use to obfuscate their wants [-] and deny their desires [+].

If "Rue Paul's Drag Race" and "Queer Eye" are about anything, they're about how to live life authentically. If you can't express the feminine [z] side of yourself, the masculine [x or y] side of you is going to become sadistic. But if you can only express the feminine [z] side of yourself, you're going to become masochistic.

I can't impress upon you enough the need to listen to your penis or clitoris [desire] and then ask GOD to translate what it's saying into words you can understand. The serpent

in the Creation Story tempted Eve to become like God. That's what happens with self-knowledge. Knowledge of the world around us will always reflect our ignorance of the world within us. If you don't understand that that's the cause of "paradox," you're going to end up as confused as Confucius, not as brilliant as Lao-Tsu.

Men who aren't concerned enough with what their penis is telling them end up miserable, depressed, dejected, disheartened, sad, glum, discouraged, despondent, suicidal, lonely and/or bored to tears. That's not good for our team: the human race. If others are going to see the light, we're going to have to shine our flashlight [penis] a hell of a lot further up into the darkness within us to get a better look around.

One of the most important acts of coming out that a secure person can do is to pray in synagogues, churches and mosques with people who only see God's light as it shines down on them, alone. Some straight believers don't yet perceive the whole lighthouse and the incredible light GOD shines in every direction. Some buds don't appreciate the task of bees [Jews] and butterflies [gays].

The genitals are the delivery device for the good and evil in us all. Cutting off the hood of the serpent isn't going to make your serpent good [+] or evil [-]. Cutting off one or the other of a man's testicles isn't going make him a better person. And cutting out the clitoris of a woman isn't going to make her do good [+] things or stop her from doing anything bad [-].

FINAL EXAM

The last thought I want to leave you with is your final exam in my class. It has to do with the sneeze.

Regardless of what you like to do or not do in bed, you sneeze. Whether you focus on the z-factor we all got from our mother or the x or y you got from your father, as I said before, your nose knows. The nose is figuratively the organ of intuition. To find your way to THE GOD of us all, you must use your nose. Your eyes and ears will deceive you if you're inexperienced; asleep at the wheel; sadistic; or masochistic to the point that you insist on dying a martyr rather than a friend to this world we have to share.

When we sneeze, we hold a tradition of saying, "God bless you." But this expression has become unexamined. When you sneeze when you're alone, you should say. "God bless me." When you're verklempt [Yiddish: overwhelmed with joy], you should say, "GOD bless YOU!"

"GOD bless YOU" states that you want GOD to bless HIMSELF. It indicates that HE made you sneeze as a reminder that HE's here with you now. It's a gentle reminder that you've become so much more aware of *your* influence in your life that you wish GOD to know that you're becoming more aware of HIS influence in your life, as well. You wish HIM to bless HIMSELF because in HIM acknowledging HIS own seven amazing ways, you're becoming wiser, more self-loving and loyal to life. In blessing HIMSELF, HE's affirming that you should bless yourself.

There's a difference between your final exam in my class and your FINAL EXAM. I'd like you read the words below to help you prepare for your FINAL EXAM. Use your imagination to sound out these words in just the way that they become meaningful to you:

GOD bless YOU	Second-Person Superlative	our TEACHER
GOD bless You	Second-Person Comparative	your Tutor
GOD bless you	Second-Person singular/plural	The many ways to combine the Two

If you can bless yourself after you sneeze, you can then anticipate that you're welcome. That's what people should say when we thank them for blessing us after we sneeze. If you can bless GOD directly by asking HIM to bless HIMSELF, you can anticipate that HE believes we're all welcome both down here and up There.

But that can't happen if you can't welcome yourself. You've got to become your best friend. When you're so intimate with yourself that you can use both tough and tender love to tell yourself how you need to behave in *your* company, you've got a welcoming friend for life.

"Forgiving You Was Easy"

by
Willie Nelson, 1985
[Sung by Jesus {the God within} to Christian men]

Forgiving you was easy,
but forgetting seems to take the longest time.
I just keep thinking,
and your memory is forever on My mind.
You know I'll always love you,
and I can't forget the days when you were Mine.
Forgiving you is easy,
but forgetting seems to take the longest time.
The bitter fruit of anger
growing from the seeds of jealousy;
oh what a heartache!
But I forgive the things you said to Me
'cause I believe forgiving
is the only way that I'll find peace of mind.
And forgiving you is easy,
but forgetting seems to take the longest time.
The years have passed so quickly,
as once again fate steals a young man's dreams
of all the golden years.
And growing old Together you and Me.
You asked Me to forgive you.
You said there was another [our Father] on your mind.
Forgiving you is easy,
but forgetting seems to take the longest time.
Forgiving you is easy,
but forgetting seems to take the longest time.

When you can use CAPITAL letters wisely in your imagination, you'll be able to interpret reality more accurately. You'll be able to love Jesus.

God gave original man [Adam and Eve] an orgasm. [references to Adam and Eve in the Quran: 7, 15, 21, 24, 32, 49, 50, 57, 71] He gave Cain and Abel [the next generation of self-awareness] the competition we see between the head and heart that leads us to examine our choices. [references to Cain and Abel in the Quran: 3, 5]

But many people stop their spiritual development there. They grow up physically, but not sexually/spiritually. They remain childish at heart.

This looks like the kind of person whose thoughts and feelings are in a struggle with one another over conspiracy theories and paranoias that create an inability to forgive. It looks like someone who isn't comfortable with making love to himself passionately. Such people come across as young, immature and unassertive [masochists] or old, domineering and aggressive [sadists]. They unconsciously, erroneously believe that some places in inner space are off limits to everyone. Many believe their anus is a forbidden spot in their body. So, they sacrifice growing up sexually/spiritually to avoid taking up too much or too little space within.

When God gave the rainbow to Noah, He gave hope to all adolescents throughout the ages who are going through puberty and facing the challenge of becoming emotionally whole. [references to Noah and the ark in the Quran: 3, 4, 7, 11, 17, 23, 26, 29, 37, 66, 71]

"Noah" means "comfort" in Hebrew. Don't get too comfortable in your house of prayer. Don't get too comfortable in your home or in your country and culture. There's more to life than a man of comfort can perceive. Look within for comfort, not only around you.

What started out as one tree in a *garden* in infancy spread to include a *grove* in childhood and an *orchard* of trees with enough wood to construct an ark by puberty. Noah filled himself with a sample representation of all the animal

instincts within himself in anticipation of the great flood that we all went through as adolescents. Moses was describing the indescribably mysterious way that raging hormones disrupt every adolescent's life.

Physical adolescence begins and ends during the teenage years. But for a fully-grown adult to feel that s/he's completed this transition from childhood to adulthood can take a lifetime if s/he doesn't realize that this rainbow of love within us is a passage and promise from God that'll last a lifetime, maybe Longer.

The next story of Genesis, The Tower of Babel, describes the social interaction of young adults in relation to their elders which mirrors the voices of the world. We all become defiant in our effort to come to know the difference between a thought, feeling and a belief. If you can't agree with all three without punishing women, gays or Jews, you've got a lot still to learn. [references to a tower in the Quran: 2, 28, 40]

When we're young adults, we conspire with one another to get to Heaven to usurp God on His throne to stop the flood [at puberty] from ever happening again. [Fat chance of that happening a second time!] Collusion, complicity and conspiracy isn't limited to criminal minds. We're all in a struggle with GOD [IsraEL] within us. Those who are struggling against the IsraEL around us have a lot to learn. There's only ONE GOD! How many times do you need to hear it until it sinks in?

Lack of faith in GOD is just one of the passages of life that lead to the discovery that fear of GOD is absolutely necessary. Building a tower to Heaven to stop God despite Him having given His word is what all young adults do even before adolescence. It's called "antiauthoritarianism."

Cynicism eventually leads to disappointment with authority. Disappointment with the authority of man often leads to disappointment in your God's authority. The collapse of your tower to power, whenever that comes in

your life, represents a breakdown of the projection you created onto your childish and juvenile views of life thus far.

Self-doubts are critical in breaking through the fears we project onto God with good questions. Once we realize we're afraid of our own imperfections because they're still in our unconscious, we're given the tools to descend from our tower of power to join the world *cooperatively* rather than *conspire* unconsciously to get what we want. We learn to communicate from our soul [unconscious] to our heart [subconscious] to our head [conscious mind].

Over time, you'll move from this fourth story of Genesis to the stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the forerunners to the modern head [Abraham], heart [Isaac] and soul [Jacob] you can acknowledge consciously if you aren't an antisemite or anti-Zionist.

The seven emotional passages of the rainbow of love pointed you in the direction of Eternal ecstasy [Ultraviolet]. Your feelings finally turned toward earthly matters into lessons with potentially, Heavenly outcomes. Your loyalty to humanity then develops, not just to The God you were told about in your house of prayer. Your idea of Him expands as you expand.

Your orgasms are just brief brushes with ecstasy [violet] that you'll cherish and dream of coming to understand as slices of Heaven brought down to you here on Earth that happened in the past. Everything good you do *for* mankind today will increase your faith in GOD, and everything you do *against* humanity will reduce your faith in a Heavenly Reward.

If you're truly devoted to your journey, you'll slowly be able to see more than just gays and Jews as vital to your destiny. Your arms will embrace more and more as your figurative crucifixion stretches them longer.

This book wasn't written in any of the seven colors of the rainbow. The print on this page isn't violet. My words were figuratively written in the realm of all the colors

between infrared and ultraviolet light. You can't literally see how my words vibrate outwardly and resonate inwardly.

Whether the language of your heart is art, communication, crafts, education, food, fashion, hospitality, language, lovemaking, money, nature, people, poetry, science, service, sports, sex or stamp collecting – you have the power to advance your sexual/spiritual studies in the school of life by developing greater faith in what you do best. That's done by becoming a poet of life and leaving your prosaic attitude to problems behind you. There's no way you can give your poetic prayers to GOD if you haven't first written them with love to yourself.

Mary Richards [Mary Tyler Moore] was a character constructed in a dominant seventh chord who sought resolution in her major. We create characters through art that we use to imitate life. Moore suffered from diabetes. Her ability to absorb love was limited. She had to become sweet in her own way.

This book is a melodic message in a dominant seventh chord from which you should anticipate more *mystery* in my next book that'll end more of the madness you see around you and within you.

Until then, don't be intimidated by madness, whether within or without. Conquer the madness of others by overcoming the madness you're subjected to within yourself. You were once a master over a slave. You were once a *man* beating up a *woman* within [y – z] or a *woman* beating up a *woman* within [x – z]. Now you're an angel growing wings while earning a dimmer switch for your halo.

The scripture you read in the original or in a formal translation isn't the way you speak to yourself or to others. To become the embodiment of your faith, you're going to have to translate your scripture into the modern speech you use.

The power of Torah lies in getting out of your head to take it to heart. If you don't begin Torah right from the start

by applying it to your first orgasm, you'll project your hatred onto women, Blacks, gays, Jews, parents, siblings and/or strangers. You won't discover the Eve [z] within you. You'll oppress women, whether you're male [y] or female [x].

You must apply the laws of slavery to yourself. [Leviticus 25:39-46] You must admit that sleeping with yourself as does a man [y] with a woman [z] is something everyone must do to discover self-love. [Leviticus 18:22; 20:13]

Timing is everything. So reread your scripture beginning with Torah from a new beginning.

In the beginning figuratively speaking, GOD created the world in seven ways for indigenists everywhere. Then HE came to Hindus with ten thousand renditions of HIMSELF. Then HE gave the Jews a moral calendar of seven days that set the timing in place for the sexual/spiritual unfolding of the whole world. Then HE created Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam, chronologically speaking.

Every nation and tribe have their own agricultural calendar to know when to sow and when to reap. That contribution to the civilizing effect of humanity limited us to a specific place.

But if you don't poetically begin using calendars biologically when you reach puberty, your whole life may feel as though it's delayed or off course. Time unfolds personally for each one of us from within. The measurement of time we share using clocks has nothing to do with when we become who we become.

It's never too late to feel like you've finally caught up. It's never too late to realize that you're right on time. It's never too late to realize that your time will eventually run out.

"I'm Still Standing"

by
Elton John and Bernie Taupin, 1983
[sung by gay men]

You could never know what it's like.
[You aren't wise enough]
Your blood like winter freezes just like ice.
[You aren't loving enough]
And there's a cold lonely light that shines from you.
[You aren't loyal enough]
You'll wind up like the wreck
you hide behind that mask you use.
[You're a hypocrite]
And did you think this fool could never win?
[You underestimate our gay agenda]
Well look at me, I'm coming back again.
[My penis is erect again]
I got a taste of love in a simple way,
[I know my semen]
and if you need to know why I'm still standing,
and you just fade away.
Don't you know I'm still standing better than I ever did,
[I've got my erection back]
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time,
[I got hard again]
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
Once I never could have hoped to win.
You're starting down the road leaving me again.

The threats you made were meant to cut me down,
and if our love was just a circus, you'd be a clown by now
You know I'm still standing better than I ever did,
[My peter knows all about your pall]
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time,
[I got hard again]
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
Don't you know I'm still standing better than I ever did,
looking like a true survivor, feeling like a little kid.
I'm still standing after all this time,
[I got hard again]
picking up the pieces of my life without you on my mind.
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].
[I got hard again]
I'm still standing [Yeah, yeah, yeah].

And you aren't ever going to cut out the serpent from my tree. Don't shake that soft, fleshy thing of yours at me.

The Jews pray standing. The Christians pray kneeling. The Muslim pray prostrate on the ground. These postures correspond to the sexual/spiritual positions of man's penis with GOD as his WITNESS.

If you don't agree with Elton John and Bernie Taupin's position or my interpretation of their song, you're free to point "fingers" if you think that'll help you improve your relationship with your God. But I don't think it's going to help me in the least. I think my father's warning to me with his penis on his deathbed was a warning for the whole world, not just a warning to three of his four children.

I am the son of a slave whether you like it or not. Don't make excuses. Just unify the pharaoh, slavedriver and slave in you. The Passover Tale will never end. Get used to it.

“Personality”

by
Harold Logan and Lloyd Price, 1959
[Sung by GOD to us all]

Over and over
I try to prove MY love to you.
Over and over
What more can I do?

Over and over
MY friends say I’m a fool.
But over and over
I’ll be a fool for you.

‘Cause you’ve got personality,
walk, with personality,
talk, with personality,
smile, with personality.
Charm, personality,
love, personality,
and plus,
you’ve got a great, big heart.
So, over [over and over] and over
Oh, I’ll be a fool for you.
Now, over [over and over] and over
what more can I do?

Over and over,
I say that I love you.
Over and over,
Honey, now it’s the truth.

Over and over
They still say I’m a fool.

But over and over
I'll be a fool for you.

HE will!
Therefore, I suggest you behave more wisely,
even if you already consider yourself loving,
and loyal to God.

My Father

My father seemed to be pleased when we met in my teens
and he could see that I wasn't a little boy anymore.
I don't know how he knew,
but I think he knew that I'd finally
learned how to masturbate.
My father didn't seem pleased when we met in my 20's,
and he could see that I was gay.
My father seemed displeased when we met in my 30's
after he discovered that my boyfriend was HIV+.
But on his deathbed,
when I was in my 40's,
he seemed pleased with my choice of boyfriends,
and even told me so.
Then my father seemed displeased again
when he took out his penis and waved it
at those of his children at his bedside.
That's when I realized that
my father was not my Father.
My father was more like pharaoh,
and I was more like the son Pharaoh lost
that he blamed Moses
and The God of the Jews for taking from him.

Humanity is learning the difference between The God of the Jews, The God of the Christians and The God of the Muslims. But humanity isn't learning about THE GOD of us all. This is a lesson that the LGBTQIA+ community has been assigned to teach humanity. This is the lesson that requires marriage equality worldwide.

Celebration Dance

Please cup your right hand
and place it under your Adam's apple.
Then reach out with that hand as though serving others.
Leaving that hand extended,
place your left, cupped hand
under your Adam's apple,
and reach out with that hand, too.
Put your legs together
And stretch your arms out by your side,
keeping your hands cupped.
Now relax your hands and wrists.
This class in sexuality/spirituality is over.
Now go out and learn more about GOD.

Previous Books

I recommend you read my previous books in the reverse order written.

25. God's Gay Agenda
    penis envy or semen envy?
    that is the question.

24. Chicken Salad for the Soul
    A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

23. Star-Drek
    A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet

22. It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco…
    A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device that Emits It

21. How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms
    A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. Lampshade for the Light
    of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. Call Me Glinda
    a book for friends of Dorothy

18. Home Schooled
    why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. Lazy Susan
    How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

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

15. Playing god With God
    Hinduism, Health and Healing
    How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

14. Quran: The Book of Lights
    Volume 1 High Lights
    Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
    Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 5 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 6 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 7 Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. A Guest at Their Table
    My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
    Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
    Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
    Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective
    Torah For Straight People
    Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
    Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. The Wisdom of Self-Love
    Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. Becoming
    89 Poems of My Love for Me