The Ugliest Duckling

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

by
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Preamble

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

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

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

So, he gets down on his knees and prostrates himself before the bimah [altar], confessing to God he's nothing. He's nobody. He's a mere speck of dust in the universe.

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

This is an old joke that you probably heard before. But it represents the problem between the gay and orthodox Jews as seen through the eyes of a fly on the wall. The orthodox Jews think they're nothing in God's eyes, and us as less than nothing.

Introduction for Democrats and Republicans

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

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

Michael isn't a pedophile. Michael is an old queen who behaves like an arrested, adolescent princess. He's in love with the boy in the man. The younger and cuter the man, the more Michael thinks he has a chance of bedding him.

I think Michael is afraid of going back to his past to move through the traumas he went through in the 1950's growing up gay in America, a time when you didn't dare admit you had a penis, let alone that it was whispering sweet nothings in your ear.

Mike has dealt with his trauma in being gay in a whole other way. Mike's father is a Baptist preacher. Mike was a preacher man's son and a devoted preacher boy. He grew up in the 1990's in San Antonio, Texas. He was home schooled until the eighth grade. But when insisted on going to public school and brought his Bible with him to preach to his classmates, the kids threatened to beat him up.

At 17, Mike realized he was gay and came out to his parents, friends and classmates. His parents unceremoniously escorted him to the door. He found himself alone, on the street, scrambling to care for himself. In frustration with Jesus and his family, he turned his back on Texas and the Bible.

I met Michael and Mike separately in San Francisco about 15 years ago. Michael is married to a man I'd describe as a Catholic, sexual refugee from Wisconsin. They have an open relationship.

Mike has shown no interest in settling down with any man. He tried boyfriends, but those relationships always blew up in his face.

Fifteen years ago, when I met the two of them, I was looking for my second monogamous relationship. I'd been together with my former, gay, Jewish boyfriend for 13 years. That ended when he chose to go back to his former boyfriend. He didn't tell me. I found out they were having sex secretly with one another.

I'm a Jewish, sexual refuge from L.A., born in New York City, the child of Holocaust survivors. In the way that New York is the American capital for political and religious refugees, San Francisco is the capital for gay, sexual refugees.

I never had sex with Mike or Michael, but both of them couldn't resist telling me that they have a big penis. I have a very average sized penis and have always suffered from penis envy. So, I found their "confessions" off-putting. I don't want other people's gifts dangled before my eyes, not even in my imagination.

My 13-year relationship with Larry [a sexual refugee from New Jersey], had fallen apart a few months prior. I found myself back in the Castro [gayborhood] at 50. I felt lonely, bruised and hopeless. I wanted another lover, but you can imagine how difficult that was in San Francisco at the beginning of this century when we were still far from marriage equality, let alone close to the kind of equality we should all be seeking.

I met my present boyfriend, Will, 12 years ago [a gay Protestant turned Catholic]. Will is a sexual refugee from Eureka, CA. We're in a monogamous relationship. He moved in with me about six months after we met, and I couldn't have been more grateful to God then, or since.

Will is an angel so well disguised that he doesn't always see how wonderful he is. He shuns self-importance as a narcissism that would lead to arrogance.

When Mike decided to get braces many years ago, I was overjoyed. He had the worst case of buckteeth I'd ever seen. I encouraged him by giving $100/month to his orthodontist. [My mother was a single, Jewish mother and secretary with two children who got no child support from my deadbeat, Jewish dad. Yet she found a way to put braces on my teeth despite the enormous financial sacrifice for her. I wanted to pay that gift forward to Mike.]

I never saw Mike as Mikey, and he never saw me as his sugar daddy. I helped him out financially, but we've always been "just good friends." I'm an old, rich and experienced gay Jew. He's a young, gay atheist who's valiantly trying to get his footing in life – nothing more. [1]

America saved my parents from the Nazis. I felt I should help someone who was running away from sexual persecution in religiously and sexually, war-torn America.

So, for Michael to call Mike, Mikey, was an insult to both Mike and me. All three of us are sexual refugees who deserve to be respected. Michael grew up in a Protestant household. He denounced religion in college. But because Michael is older than me, I didn't want to disrespect him by telling him how I felt.

In my previous book, I described how I got past my older, lesbian, Jewish cousin's disrespect of me. It was a herculean effort that cost me that relationship! I didn't want the same thing to happen with Michael. Adding a "y" to a name isn't enough of a reason to give up a friend.

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

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[1] I was never a David in search of a Jesse [David's father]. I was always a David in search of a Jonathan. David and Jonathan loved one another deeply. [1 Samuel 18:1-30] I've also been a David in search of a Jonathan within me, an aspect of myself who could love me, guide me and support me soulfully on the journey of my life.

beliefs. I believe I need to treat people with respect in order to respect myself. That's how my mother raised me.

My parents separated in 1959 and divorced a year later. I grew up in California with my mother. My father remained in New York. So, I missed out on a father figure.

But I've never looked for a man to replace my father. I've always been the kind of person who loves to *please* people. The more I got in touch with the Jonathan inside of me, the more the David in me realized that I love to *please* people but I'm not interested in *appeasing* anyone.

Helping Mike was one of the ways I proved my friendship with him without becoming a father figure. Larry and I were never in a father/son-like relationship. Our relationship ended because he cheated on me, not because he dominated me.

Everyone had called us Barry and Larry in a sing-song sort of voice. We named our business Blarry House Research because we were so deeply entwined financially and emotionally.

I didn't see myself as the woman in our relationship even though Larry brought home most of the bacon. We were a gay couple exploring a romantic relationship between two men at a time when few believed two men could express fidelity to one another. We weren't recreating a father/son or husband/wife relationship. We were seeking to do something that had never been done before.

Although Larry was HIV+ and I was HIV-, it wasn't sex that ruined our relationship. It was fear of death that did it. The closer Larry got to death, the more passionate he got sexually. He went back to his former boyfriend [who was also HIV+] to have the kind of wild sex Larry and I couldn't indulge in. He wanted to go out with bang. I couldn't abide that decision for many reasons then. I still feel hurt because he put his penis above our promise.

Becoming a friend to Mike was the first step for me in consciously befriending myself. Larry motivated me to seek

self-love over gay love. Granted, I did so out of cynicism, bitterness and resentment. But I'll always bless him for motivating me to seek the love that dare not speak its name [self-love].

It was easy for me to see that, psychologically speaking, Michael was an arrested adolescent who had to look at all men he was attracted to as boys in a role play in which Michael came out on *top*. I wanted to be friends with both Michael and Mike. And I've achieved it. What they do with their penis is none of my business.

I now think that my values and self-love contributed to Will coming into my life seven years later. I see him as a reward from God. Will and I have achieved a man-to-man relationship that includes a monogamous sex life that's passionate and rewarding.

I sometimes find myself speaking to myself in English embellished with a Yiddish accent. This comes from my father whose mother tongue was Yiddish [old German mixed with Slavic languages and Hebrew]. I heard a great deal of Yiddish growing up, and although I don't speak it, the cadence has influenced my thinking.

As a writer, I don't have an index finger I can use to point to words on the page to accentuate them as I can do vocally. Some may think words spoken with a Yiddish inflection are annoying, but they're spiritually important to me. I'm going to use *italics* to give words a Yiddish inflection. On the next page, I'm going to shift my presentation to include some words printed in color. I'm also going to refer to a difference I experience between the GOD of us all and the God in my heart.

You'll find this book *emotionally* meaningful if you have regrets from your past that you don't know how to deal with. You'll find this book *spiritually* meaningful if you don't have any regrets from your past, but suspect that you should.

When you look at the Yiddish language as having been eradicated by the Nazis in shtetls throughout Eastern Europe, you'll understand why the Nazis had to vow to destroy **Jewish** culture in metropolitan, Western European cities, as well. They knew that the Yiddish inflection had bled into the mindset of the educated **Jews** in the cities. The Nazis knew that the spread of Yiddish would lead to the revival of **Hebrew**, the language of the **Hebrew** Testament, the scripture given to us by GOD through Moses. Therefore, the Nazis believed the **Jews** had to be stopped altogether.

I don't think there's a Nazi in every **Jew**. The reason for that is because **Jews** argue with one another. We don't kill each other. Nazis kill **Jews**. **Jews** don't kill **Jews**. Nazis kill gay men. **Jews** don't kill gay men. **Jews** argue with everybody who disagrees with us.

I see the argument in the **Jewish** community over gays as an intellectual, emotional and spiritual lesson from GOD, our **TEACHER**. I believe life is a school. We were enrolled at birth, and we'll all graduate when we die. I believe the degree you achieve when you graduate will determine your life after life. I believe the orthodox **Jews** need to change their homophobic position and support marriage equality in **Israel**.

If you claim that we, **Jews**, are Nazis because we kill in self-defense, you're a neo-Nazi. This is what the **Palestinians** believe about the **Jews**. This is their message to the world. **Palestinians** have killed gays, **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims** to promote their cause. **Jews** don't behave that way. We never did. We never will.

The world has gone from 20th Century Naziism to 21st Century neo-Naziism. I'm not a **Christian** or a **Muslim**. But as a gay **Jew**, I can tell you that I feel very uncomfortable in the neo-Nazi world we live in today. I see guns pointed at me from the left for being a Zionist **Jew** and from the right for being gay.

There's only one GOD.

The God in the heart of the **Jews** is **Adonai**.

The God in the heart of the **Christians** is **Jesus**.

And the God in the heart of the **Muslims** is Allah.

The GOD of us all in the **Hebrew** Testament is ELOHIM.

The GOD of us all in the **New** Testament is the FATHER.

And the GOD of us all in the **Quran** is ALLAH.

This means that the Abrahamic scriptures are a series, not three depictions of the truth given by three separate GODs.

Jews are more experienced being **Jewish** than gay, but we had a long history with the ancient Greeks who were very gay friendly. They taught us that they cared more about man love than slave love. We disapproved of their priorities then and would have been willing to argue with them about that, but they invaded **Israel**. So, we defeated them in a war that we celebrate during the holiday called "Hanukkah."

I see today's problems between Jerusalem [straight **Jews**] and Tel Aviv [gay **Jews**] with both eyes open. I think that if **Israel** could get past its homophobia to join the 38 civilized countries of the world that have marriage equality, **Israel** would do a better job of exposing the neo-Naziism promoted by **Palestinians**.

As the **Muslim** world of **Sunnis** and **Shiites** becomes more and more divided over **Iran's** support of all those in opposition to the State of **Israel**, the neo-Nazi political position of the **Palestinians** is going to become more obvious. I also **predict** that as **Islam** aligns itself with the West in its effort to become a modern, Abrahamic faith that can contribute to all the world's faiths, **Islam** will eventually denounce the **Palestinian** cause as backward, hateful and godless. The West Bank is a part of **Israel**. Those who are living there must acknowledge they're living on land given to the **Jews** by GOD.

I think the **Islamic** world of today is colorblind. I don't believe they know the full meaning of hope as given to Noah in the **rainbow**. Obviously, they know the meaning of color in their head, but not as seven feelings from their heart. I think that as **Muslims** open their eyes to more of **reality**, they'll see how **blue** they've made themselves. This, I believe, is GOD's plan.

The concept of **regret** requires knowing the meaning of that word from a personal perspective. But the most important aspect of **regret** isn't the intellectual meaning of that word, but the **feeling** of being **regretful**. Just knowing the dictionary definition of a word isn't sufficient.

Regret is something that has to drip down like melting ice from your head into your heart. It has to warm up your heart until your feelings start to boil inside of you with **rage** at what's been done to you by those you thought were your friends, not your **Jewish enemies**. The steam has to rise up from your heart, get caught and funneled into your soul for you to act on your **regret** in the way you've treated yourself and others to perceive how that **feeling** has crippled your relationship with the God in your heart [Allah] and GOD [ALLAH].

If you find you can't feel any **regret** whatsoever over how your life has turned out – not even about the global warming you've contributed to – I don't believe you should expect a reward from GOD when you die. I think you should expect less than those who can **regret**, apologize and atone for their mistakes. I think that's just fair. That's what anyone would conclude who's logical, rational, reasonable and sensible.

Logic comes from our head. Rationality comes from our heart. Reason comes from our soul. And sensibility comes from our penis. I know this because I know my way around inside myself. GOD has taken me on a wild ride through my inner world. That's what this book on ugly ducklings is really about even though homophobes in all three of the

Abrahamic faiths claims that a man being *goosed* by a man is something GOD abhors.

What made **feeling** so challenging an inner force for me to deal with was alienation from my parents, isolation from my faith, separation from my countrymen and indifference to myself. My heart was as dry as a desert. It never rained inside of me. I had to look up from my heart to my head to wait on bated breath for my icy thoughts to melt.

But I was luckier than most... I had mental illness to help me. It cut through the glaciers that had built up in my head with red rays of **rage**. That formed **orange** pools of **angst** and drops of **yellow fear** that dripped down my stiff neck and gathered in my parched heart. Then my desiccated feelings began to soften and relax. They became pliable and supple.

But then I got **green** with **envy** at what others had going on inside of them. They were in favor of some things that I'd always been against. I wanted what they had. But rather than kill them out of **envy**, I asked myself how I could recreate what they had.

Although I'd started out so perplexed, confused, disturbed and unstable that I became psychotic, I began to see the light. I began to see a **rainbow** that I couldn't describe any other way than to say that I felt **hopeful**.

It was only when I internalized the **rainbow** as a **message** of hope and a **promise** from GOD that was shining in the darkness inside of me that I discovered the meaning of faith in all GOD's seven paths, chronologically given as:

1.	**Indigenism**	**Red**	**Rage**
2.	**Hinduism**	**Orange**	**Angst**
3.	**Judaism**	**Yellow**	**Fear**
4.	**Buddhism**	**Green**	**Coveting**
5.	**Taoism**	**Blue**	**Sorrow**
6.	**Christianity**	**Indigo**	**Mystery**

7. **Islam** **Violet** **Ecstasy**

[I don't see **Buddhism** as a faith. **Buddhists** don't believe in GOD or gods. I see it as a philosophy GOD squeezed in after **Judaism** and before **Taoism**.]

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

That definition was helpful, but only to a point because it didn't give me a clue how I could have turned out to be one. I'd tried to kill myself *three* times! I certainly qualified as unstable, aggressive, abnormal and violent. But I had no idea how all that could have happened to a *nice*, ***Jewish*** *boy* like me. I'd been such a quiet, good and gentle child.

Upon closer, personal examination of the forces within me over the course of almost 50 years, I came to the conclusion that a psychopath is anyone who can't feel all his feelings. Feeling some feelings [like **regret**] had just been too overwhelming for me.

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

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

John Dunne said that no man is an island, but I was an island. I had to conclude that I was far from being a fully grown man because I couldn't feel guilty about anything. I only knew the meaning of the word intellectually.

As a gay, **Jewish** Democrat who's since become an Independent, I had to learn the meaning of being guilt

“hearted,” not just guilt ridden. I slowly began to feel a need to apologize to the people I’d hurt. But since most of them are dead, I’ve chosen to share that feeling with you.

Introduction for Independents

According to Hans **Christian** Anderson, the early 19th Century Danish children's storyteller, once upon a time there was an ugly duckling.

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

In my opinion, Anderson's tale was a concealed, **Christian** message that all the **Jews** needed to do was express their guilt in having killed **Jesus**, and they'd magically come to believe in him as the Son of the FATHER and all **Jews** would feel beautiful inside. The **Christians** thought the **Jews** would realize they could make their way out of their ugly head where they were filled with illogical reasons to believe they were superior to **Christians**. The **Jews** could make their way through their stiff neck into their rational heart where they could miraculously feel like beautiful swans. All they had to do was accept **Jesus** as their Savior.

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

Today's cynicism of old-fashioned, 19th Century, children's stories like "The Ugly Duckling" makes it harder to be a good **Christian** in this day-and-age. Wherever they turn, **Christians** are being exposed for their prior, hateful nature. In their effort to follow **Jesus** by offering the world a path to love, some **Christians** have even become self-congratulating, conceited, smug, egotistical and arrogant.

Good **Christians** don't call ducklings [**Jews**] ugly anymore. Good **Christians** respect the fact that **Christian**

cygnets like Hitler and his flock of **Catholic** and **Protestant** followers needed to be taught a lesson about what it means to have a **Jewish** Savior.

Jesus was a **Jew**. Today's good **Christians** have turned from **Black** and **White** cygnets into cynics. They're dark and suspicious. They're doubtful. But if they see a light coming from a **Jew**, they still squint. Maybe that's a good thing. Maybe we should all be squinting a lot more, i.e. questioning the meaning of **reality** in a new light that emanates out from within.

During the 20th Century, **Jesus** took American, Evangelical **Christians** on a **journey** of self-discovery by promoting the recreation of the State of **Israel** for **Jews** as a necessary, albeit mysterious, part of GOD's plan, even though mean-spirited **Christians** today still claim that GOD will figuratively turn all ducklings [**Jews**] into swans [**Christians**] when **Jesus** returns.

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

Although I'm presenting a new view of political science in terms of **Christian** storytelling, I consider myself a friend of **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims**, even though I'm gay and loathed by extremists in all three of the Abrahamic faiths.

I believe GOD is guiding us all. I just think it's a pity HE's using carrots that resemble penises, since so many hyper-religious believers are averse to using sex as a guiding light.

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

Don't get me wrong. I know some will think my depiction of politics is condescending, patronizing,

supercilious and disdainful. But it explains why the orthodox, **Jewish** ducks get along so well with Evangelical, **Christian** swans in the Republican Party. These ducks and swans have an understanding about GOD that separates them from all other fowl. In my opinion, this is the main reason why the Democrats are so **furious** with the Republicans.

From a gay perspective, and as someone who's detested by the hyper-religious in all three faiths, I see the world a little differently than most. I see GOD as using orthodox **Jews**, rightwing Evangelical **Christians** and fanatical **Muslims** to expose what happens when you hate yourself because of how GOD made you.

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

I believe modern **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims** have a duty to maintain their commitment to the principles of inclusion, cooperation and peace throughout the world, a peace that includes the **Jewish** State: **Israel** - which is the most tolerant place in the Middle East for gays and **Jews**.

If **Jesus** chose to turn water into wine, then I can turn foul into fowl. After all, He and I are both **Jewish**. I really don't think I have anything to lose in speaking from my heart.

I think it's necessary to retell the story of the ugly duckling in a more modern way to seek a greater faith in the magnificence of our **TEACHER**'s wonderful, yet mysterious, ways in teaching us all

Introduction for Non-Voters

Some ducks are still suspicious of swans for having called them ugly in the first place. And some swans are equally suspicious of cranes who use the same malevolent [neo-Nazi] techniques today.

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

If you leave out the names we use for specific baby birds and just call them all hatchlings, nestlings and fledglings, then it's easy to see that this world is filled with big birds who are immature.

This book is in pursuit of the foulest of all fowl. The ultra-orthodox **Jews**, Evangelical **Christians** and fanatical **Muslims** would all agree that it's the gays.

Absolute designs on power corrupt absolutely. Those who blame the gays for the state of the world are on the side of the **Palestinians**. Those who blame the **Jews** are also on the side of the **Palestinians**. This isn't a good time in history [HIS story] to be a gay, Zionist **Jew**.

Independence is a glorious virtue. I believe Independents should see themselves as purveyors of this great virtue. American **Jews** aren't getting on boats to **Israel** the way Danish **Jews** did during the **Jewish** New Year of 1943 to escape to Sweden thanks to the courageous efforts of their king and countrymen. American **Jews** are staying put. But we're dividing our nation between anti-Zionists on the left and homophobes on the right.

Our country was founded upon independence by a new people in a New World who considered themselves independent of the Old World. Our American desire to hold our truths as self-evident that all men and women are

created equal has only grown since our founding fathers proclaimed our freedom from tyranny.

Today's Independents consider themselves independent of Democrats and Republicans. I, for one, greatly admire that partition in me. I'm sticking as close to the center of the political spectrum as I can.

But if you flipped a coin, Independents would be forced to bet that the coin will land in its edge, not on one side or the other. I happen to be that kind of a gambler. But, then again, I happen to be a gay Jew who puts my faith in GOD.

I was stunned to discover that when I flipped out, I wasn't just an ugly duckling. I was a psychopath who couldn't feel guilt or remorse. I saw myself as the ugliest duckling of them all. That's what motivated me to try to kill the gay in me with my first suicide. I tried to kill the Jew in me the second time. The third time, I was so sick of life in this school and my lousy grades that I now see I'd really just wanted to kill the TEACHER.

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

My guilty conscience had worked overtime to defeat me. I'd allowed everyone to point fingers at me. I did nothing; I said nothing. I just tried to make myself smaller and smaller until I hoped suicide would make me disappear off the face of the Earth completely.

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

Introduction for People like you and me

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

The **Old** Testament is the word of GOD when GOD introduced the **Jewish** people to the **feeling** of guilt via lust. What came out of the serpent's mouth was semen, not words. What motivated Eve was the **feeling** of lust that motivates all men and women. Lust leads to guilt whether you're straight or gay.

The **New** Testament is the second word of GOD via **Jesus** who introduced the ancient **Jews** to love. The already ancient **Jews**, along with new **Christians**, introduced the early **Muslims** to the **feeling** of **loyalty** to GOD.

Guilt without love, and love without guilt is absurd. That's why the **Bible** is the best-read book in the world. That's why it leads curious believers to the **Quran**, which describes the **feeling** of **loyalty** to GOD, not man.

Although today's **Jews** and **Christians** don't agree on using the name **Jesus** interchangeably with GOD, they do agree on the divine inspiration from GOD that gave us the 10 Commandments. So, let's start with what the **Jews** and **Christians** agree on. In fact, let's make it even easier. Let's start with the 1st of the 10 Commandments.

The 1st Commandment says, "I am the LORD, your God, who took you out of Egypt."

To the **Jews**, Egypt is a place in Africa where we were in bondage for 400 years. GOD took us out of Egypt to **Israel**. HE took us out of Africa and brought us on a **journey** to the Middle East to settle in a land of milk and **honey**. The land HE promised us for believing in HIM/Him would be filled with something like milk [love] and something like **honey** [wisdom].

Love originates from our mother's breasts. But that which is sweeter than love is wisdom. GOD promised us both.

Sadly, GOD had to remind the **Israelites** what HE'd done for them only six months prior. They were already praying to an idol [the golden calf] rather than to HIM when **Moses** went up Mt. Sinai. The 1st Commandment is more than a declaration from GOD about what HE did for us. It's a scathing indictment of where the **Israelites** were already going in their heart. They were going back to **fear**.

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

Christianity is the largest religion in the world. I can see why because I can see the attraction of love. I can see the advantage of putting my head above my heart without having to literally walk through life on my hands.

Adam and Eve discovered they were naked, so they covered their genitals with fig leaves. [Genesis 3:7] They didn't conceal all of their body, just the part that brought up guilt.

Sex addicts figuratively have their genitals above their heart which is above their head. But religion isn't going to turn people right side up by condemning the **LGBTQIA+** community. The way to solve the problems of lust lies in uniting the struggle to achieve milk [love] and **honey** [wisdom].

Unfortunately, people blame **Israel** for not having done that to the satisfaction of the whole world. But if you think the **Palestinians** can do it by taking over our land, you've lost your mind completely. The world wants simple

solutions to complex problems. That's never going to happen.

The name "**Jesus**" in **Hebrew** is Joshua. Joshua #1 got the job GOD gave **Moses** when **Moses** died. Joshua means "savior." **Moses** brought the **Israelites** out of Egypt over the Red Sea into the Sinai desert. Joshua #1 brought the **Israelites** over the Jordan River into the land of Canaan that GOD promised to the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Jesus became the second Joshua and Savior. He brings every **Christian** into an **Israel** in his heart as a preview to a land **Jesus** promises those who believe in Him with His FATHER in **Heaven**. There, **Christians** will receive an eternal reward for their faith and perseverance in their pursuit of love and wisdom.

But 700 years after **Jesus**, GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, sent the **Archangel Gabriel** to **Muhammad**. **Archangel Gabriel** inscribed the **Quran** in **Muhammad's** heart. **Archangel Gabriel**, on GOD's command, brought **Muhammad** out of his heart and into his soul through GOD's third word to HIS Abrahamic people. This **journey** is recounted in the **Quran**.

Needless to say, **Moses**, **Jesus** and the **Archangel Gabriel** are all **Jewish**. If that doesn't complicate matters enough, I think **Moses** was a homophobe and **Jesus** was gay. If GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, knows what HE's doing, it seems to have escaped most in the Abrahamic faiths.

So, we have [1] a literal interpretation of Egypt as a place in Africa, [2] a figurative interpretation of Egypt as a state of bondage in our head [habitual thinking that's dogmatic, inflexible and narrow minded] and [3] a spiritual interpretation of Egypt as an inner struggle between the literal and the figurative for a sublime interpretation of GOD's three words [scriptures] that makes it impossible to anticipate the outcome of the **mystery** of life.

For Democrats and Republicans, this is problematic. This suggests that GOD has a moral [internal] intention that's escaped every American's notice. It suggests that GOD has an ethical [external] intention that we're fighting over. And it suggests that everyone is partially right and partially wrong. What's more, we all know that people don't like to be wrong because that makes them feel guilty. And when they feel guilty, they always go back to blaming the gays and the **Jews**.

To me, this suggests that some **Jews** are *ugly* ducklings; some **Christians** are *silly* cygnets; and some **Muslims** are *cantankerous* cranes. These **Jews** still haven't come out of their head to behave wisely. These **Christians** haven't yet come out of their heart to behave lovingly. And these **Muslims** haven't yet come out of their soul to behave **loyally** to GOD.

On their individual **journey** through life, some Abrahamic men and women aren't able to unify the forces within themself. They can only agree on their hatred of gay men and/or **Jews**. They're more like ducklings, cygnets and colts than ducks, swans and cranes. They're not as mature as they think they are. They're more foul than fowl.

They all agree that men goosing men goes against GOD's laws. They all have good reason to feel bad about the state of the world today. But they're all contributing to making it as bad as it and worse as we move into the future.

ELOHIM brought one word to **Moses**.

The FATHER brought one word to **Jesus**.

And the **Archangel Gabriel** brought one word from ALLAH to **Muhammad**.

This doesn't mean that there are three GODs. It means the names for GOD and the names for the God in our heart are different in each of HIS three words.

I see the struggles between the orthodox **Jews**, Evangelical **Christians** and fanatical **Muslims** as over

names that have overflowed into real estate issues compounded by other external factors that have financial consequences. They don't care enough about what they call GOD. They just care about themselves.

Caring about some things and not caring about other things is [if you don't mind me reminding you] called "psychopathic." It's the result of feelings you hold in your heart that you can't allow out. The word for that is "repression." People are repressed. Their faith suppresses some of their feelings which effects the beliefs they hold in their soul.

If they were more educated about the facts of life [sex] and how sex has been applied to truth to produce opinions espoused as fact, I think people could appreciate the **Hindu** story of the blind men and the elephant: You believe what you believe based on the experiences you've achieved. [2]

Everyone has taboos that keep them from going to some places inside. I admire some of the virtues of the Democrats, and I admire some of the virtues of the Republicans. I don't like having to go to extremes to choose the lesser of two evils. I'd prefer to choose between the greater of two goods. I wouldn't be surprised if those who don't vote feel as I do.

I consider a *politician* someone who follows his party's platform. I consider a *statesman* someone who crosses the aisle to collaborate for the wellbeing of us all. I'd like to see the Democrats support **Israel** more militarily, and I'd like to see the Republicans support the rights of the **LGBTQIA+** community universally. For me, as a gay **Jew**, this is what the underbelly of the elephant looks like.

Since an orthodox **Jew** killed one of **Israel's** prime ministers for making peace with Arabs and another orthodox **Jew** killed a young girl for marching in a Gay Pride Parade

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[2] None of the blind men touched the elephant between its legs. If any of them had, just **imagine** what a different impression they would have come away with.

in Jerusalem, I worry about a world where religious Jews aren't setting a higher standard. This is far more important to me than what the rest of the world does because we both agree that GOD will take care to teach everyone what s/he needs to know.

The issue lies in Leviticus 20 where GOD told us the punishments for sins. Here are the nine sins listed that are capital crimes when taken to heart:

1. Kill anyone who doesn't believe in your GOD/God.
2. Kill anyone who curses your father or mother.
3. Kill anyone who commits adultery by sleeping with your wife. Kill your adulterous wife as well.
4. Kill your son for having sex with your wife. Kill your adulterous wife as well.
5. Kill your father for having sex with your wife. Kill your adulterous wife as well.
6. Kill all gay men.
7. Kill a man who marries both a woman and her mother. Kill his adulterous wife and his adulterous mother-in-law as well.
8. Kill a woman who has sex with an animal. Kill the animal as well.
9. Kill anyone who believes in spirits [a belief system that involves the idea that spirits exist and can communicate with the living, often through mediums]. Spiritualists typically hold that human beings are immortal souls who reincarnate to learn and grow spiritually.

Although Israel doesn't enact any of these religious laws, these ideas are commonplace among some hyper-religious people the world over. Civilized countries counter all these primitive ideas with marriage equality. There are 38 countries in the world that have marriage equality; 36 come

out of the **Christian** tradition, one is **Taoist** [Taiwan] and one is **Buddhist** [Thailand].

As a former psychopath, gay and **Jew** killer [myself], I suggest we all look at our interpretations of GOD's three words [the **Hebrew** Testament, **Christian Testament** and **Quran**] in a new way. Anyone can have positive feelings for gay men without having to suck cock or shtup up the tuchus [anal sex].

Orthodox **Jews** and rightwing **Christians** have a duty to GOD to reflect on all their beliefs to separate those that are primitive and false from those that are enduring and true. Taking scripture literally or figuratively isn't reason enough to create a rift between political parties. We need modern believers who can cross the figurative aisle between their heart and soul. This is figuratively where their conscience lies in their breastplate. We need a country that's run by statesmen and stateswomen who are guided by **honey**. They're the ones who can say that their conscience in their guide. The rest are political bozos who are just playing a game of tug-o-war to secure their fame and fortune.

I may have been a psychopath who didn't know the difference between guilt and love; I may have tried to kill myself again and again - but I wasn't a sociopath. I didn't hurt a soul other than me. I lusted for love, not power. GOD heard my unconscious **prayers** and gave me power over myself. HE guided me through the forces within me.

A tree of knowledge knows about the external world. But a tree of *self*-knowledge knows about the internal world. Modern believers must become like both trees. If you hate yourself, you'll hate others. If you love yourself, you'll love others. If you've healed from self-hate, you'll help others heal.

Sticking your nose between gay men's butt cheeks and women's labia can hardly be called a love-and-let-love approach to governance. If you want to **explore** sex, stick your nose between your own legs. I did, and I'm glad I did.

I discovered that “the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil. [1Timothy 6:10] But I also discovered that wrapping my roots around GOD produced the roots of all kinds of goodness. GOD is my ROCK. Money is merely the fertilizer I use to fortify my roots.

People who don’t vote may not want to get mixed up with the crazies on the left or the right in this secular/religious tug of war that’s made its way into politics. They may not see their own interests represented by either side.

As an Independent, I try to make sense of the fight from both sides because I know that political fights are rooted in bad faith. The more I believe in GOD, the more I come to appreciate the goals of both political parties when they cooperate. Unless I see the gays and the **Jews** cooperating to achieve their separate goals, I see them as fighting over money to achieve power.

This is what’s happening in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. This is what’s happening in Washington. In fact, this is what’s happening all around the world.

I’ve discovered that having good feelings for most people is really annoying. That said, not having good feelings for them is shameful. So, I had to address some of the thoughts in my head that were frozen by habit and convention. Turning over new ideas like seeds in my mind sowed concepts I hadn’t thought of before, concepts that killed the homophobia and antisemitism in me like weeds. That encouraged the flow of love as a thought into my heart where it nurtured a mood that then grew into positive feelings I’d never felt before.

I know that new ideas are always dangerous for the **Jews**. We’re always the first to be blamed when the world doesn’t turn smoothly. Since we got our homeland back in 1948, anti-Zionism, not antisemitism, has become the new way to blame us.

GOD always does this to us. HE always makes us change world opinion of us to change world opinion of others. HE wants to show humanity that it's never a number's game. We are, after all, only 0.02% of the world's population. Our efforts to repair the world are always about righteousness. It's always about learning new lessons from our TEACHER. It's always about improving our grades and setting a higher, class curve for everyone.

As a gay Jew who's healed myself of severe post-Holocaust trauma, I'm setting a bar for the gays and the Jews that has never been set before. I'm augmenting the work of Harvey Milk with my own honey. Unless you come to understand the closet metaphor using Torah as your guide, you won't succeed in pleasing GOD in the modern era.

The word "closet" in Hebrew is "aron." GOD told Noah to build an aron [ark]. Jochebed, Moses' mother, placed baby Moses in an aron [basket] which she let float down the Nile. And the Israelites carried the presence of GOD in tablets of The Ten Commandments in an aron [sacred chest] from Egypt to Israel.

When Harvey Milk encouraged us to come out of the closet, he had no idea the depth of the religious idea he was promoting. The secret to peace on Earth lies in coming out in your own way. That will bring you out of your head with honesty; out of your heart with sincerity; and out of your soul with authenticity.

I don't want anyone to accuse me of being an ugly duckling. I'm an old drake. I'm not going to stick my head in the sand like an ostrich. But I'm not going to get between people who are shooting at one another, either. My books are my legacy. I'm not going to fight the world. The world will get just what it deserves. I leave it to GOD to decide what that will be.

I don't need to produce a great awakening on the left or the right. I need to see a great awakening on both sides of the

longitudinal fissure that separates the two cerebral hemispheres of my brain. I know that that will figuratively correspond to a small town between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Awakening will come from the **Jews**. It will come from **Israel** whether it comes from Haifa, the head of **Israel**; Jerusalem, the heart of Israel; or Tel Aviv, the soul of **Israel**; or. It will come from the gay and orthodox **Jews** who'll find common ground to till Zionism like a seed in the good earth GOD gave us.

I don't want anyone trying to prove to me that I'll turn into a swan over time. I have no desire to sprout **White** wings. But today's cranes insist that all ducks are ugly, that we'll never turn into compassionate cranes. That's simply nonsense. There is no sexual separation of the species when it comes to human beings. Therefore, ask GOD what sex means to you.

I've slept with plenty of gay **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims**. I don't suffer from sexual intolerance. Straight men kill their enemies. Gay men prefer to make love to our **enemies**. GOD made us that way.

Introduction for the LGBTQIA+ Community

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

I like Jesus. I like what He said. That feeling helped me change my mind about Christianity. I don't think I'd love Jesus more or less if I found out He was gay or **Black**. I'm ambivalent to His lifestyle and race. I'm more interested in His message.

Deeds of self-love begin with *not* forgiving myself for my imperfections. Deeds of love begin with prayers to GOD for HIM not to forgive my sins but to teach me how to become a better person. Charity begins within. I allow GOD to give me the assistance I need by allowing me to give me the assistance I need. I treat myself kindly, but firmly. I express my humanity with figurative alms for the poor voices within me.

There's no way around lust or guilt. We need food and drink to survive. We need love and wisdom to live. Sex is a hunger, no different from other appetites. If you don't teach yourself to control your appetites, you'll get tutored by others in ways you won't like, or worse, you'll get a lesson from our TEACHER that you'll never forget.

If you don't want to feel guilty and remorseful; if you don't want to have to regret what you did in your life, you're going to have to atone for your sins. And you're going to have to begin that process in the blue band of the rainbow.

The losses I experienced in life slowly made me realize that I couldn't forgive myself or others. I could excuse minor character defects, but that was the extent to which I could apply my charity to anyone.

By definition, people who are flawless aren't guilt-ridden. Therefore, people who are flawless never have to

forgive anyone or atone for anything. They'd swear on a stack of **Bibles** that they did nothing wrong. They flap the wings they say they've earned and point to the halo over their head that you can't see. They're flawless, perfection personified, angels disclosed.

People who can't admit they make mistakes don't get to the place in their heart where they can go to GOD to seek to learn about themself. They're trees of knowledge who claim expertise about the external world. They're not trees of self-knowledge. They double-down on their reckless, unwise behaviors.

Most people feel accused, abused and reviled, so they conclude they have to strike back with a vengeance or ignore criminal behavior altogether. They see the **Israeli/Palestinian** problem as a **Jewish/Muslim** problem not a universal humanitarian issue that includes their broken attitude toward themself.

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

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

Psychopathic behavior only becomes dangerous when the perpetrator of the crime experiences **fear** of getting caught. That's when especially odious crimes are committed. That's when people become **terrified** of losing all the power they've amassed. This is a **mystery** I plan to address in this book. This is a secret that **Torah** reveals through the closet metaphor.

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

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

In my last book, I went into a detailed account of the seven colors of the **rainbow** and how they correspond to the seven major feelings:

[1] **rage**
[2] **agony**
[3] **fear**
[4] **jealousy/envy**
[5] **sadness**
[6] **mystery**
[7] **ecstasy**

When combined, these colors depict the brilliance of the **white** light of GOD's love of us all. **White** light is like love, and love is like a **white** light. If you understand the corresponding seven feelings from GOD that break **white** light up into the **rainbow**, you achieve a spiritual understanding of the power of wisdom, love and **loyalty** to GOD.

We, gay people, may be psychopaths, too, but some of us know that we're on the right side of history just by flying a **rainbow** flag. We know that history is HIS story and that GOD works in mysterious ways. We know that the Abrahamic faiths are struggling to accept us. And we know that we have a responsibility to help straight people find their way.

The LGBTQIA+ community doesn't agree with the institutions of religion with regard to their literal interpretation of their scripture, but that doesn't mean we're not all flawed human beings. It means we're deserving of a seat at the table to discuss these matters.

If life is a school and GOD is our TEACHER, then we're all going to graduate [die]. Your grades aren't going on my report card, and my grades aren't going on yours. Our TEACHER has a roll book in which HE keeps pristine account of our thoughts, feelings, beliefs and even of our wants [–] and desires [+] – not to mention all our unconscious motivations and actions.

If you don't like how I'm doing on my tests; if you don't think I'm coming to class each day prepared by having done my homework from the night before; if you think I'm one of the bozos at the back of the room who's upsetting the mood in class by raising the class curve; if you believe I'm keeping children from achieving good grades – just know this: I'm not breaking any of the 10 Commandments. And yet, there are plenty of pupils in class who are.

Assume everyone is going to get all the rewards s/he deserves after life regardless of what will happen to me. Assume the TEACHER knows each and every one of HIS students by HEART. Make peace with yourself, knowing in your heart of hearts [soul] that I'm going to get all the eternal rewards and/or punishments I deserve.

Just leave it at that! Leave it to the TEACHER to decide how to deal with "incorrigible" students like me... Don't judge me. And don't blame my gay and/or Jewish friends for your mistakes.

If you think a change in your attitude would create a slippery slope that would cause you to beg our forgiveness, join all students of history who've already done so. Without the education necessary to see how the gays and the Jews have contributed to HIS story, the hyper-religious will

continue to hate us and the under-educated will continue to be pawns in their game.

"Screw guilt" is the most ignorant and stupid concept idiots have ever come up with! It produces psychopaths and sociopaths who become the enemies of progress.

Embrace guilt. Embrace the mistakes you made in an effort to befriend new ideas. Your parents were so wrong about so many things. You were so right to have defied them in some ways. They didn't know nearly enough about love. The pain and suffering you went through to learn more about love proves that you honored your parents sufficiently. You moved on to honor yourself. You've suffered nobly in your efforts to grow despite the pain and suffering you've gone through.

You need **honey** to appreciate your milk. You need wisdom to appreciate your efforts to love yourself. Without the wisdom of gay **Jews**, you'll wander like the straight **Jews**. You'll roam like straight **Christians**. And you'll ramble like straight **Muslims**.

The path of love never was, and never will be, straight. You must add a little curve to be hip. You must learn to love the one you're with if you want to find a love that's greater than all the love you've known until now.

I married myself at the Wailing Wall in 2008. I'm my husband. Will is my boyfriend, partner and soulmate. I have the wonderous relationship of a man married to himself and a fantastic boyfriend on the side. For me, I've achieved the best there is.

If you believe GOD is grading men for having anal sex with other men, that's your right. If that's your idea of an ethical line that must never be crossed, don't cross it.

If you think GOD is grading women for "murdering" their unborn fetuses, that's your right, too. If that's your idea of an ethical line that must never be crossed, don't cross that line, either.

But let the **TEACHER** handle these matters. These aren't the sorts of crimes that will destroy the fabric of society. You believe in HIM. Let HIM do HIS job. Be tolerant if you can't be inclusive. Use your heart to control your emotions, including your guilt. There's a part of you that's trying to enter you from the back door. There's a part of you that you're killing over and over again. Internalize the struggles around you, and you'll find a new way to move forward.

I know you can't insert your penis in your anus because I tried. But I've had a lot of other penises in my anus, and it didn't augment or diminish my moral [internal] or ethical [external] behavior. I don't keep my principles in either my penis or my anus. I keep them in my conscience, which is located in my breastplate.

I know that life begins at conception, not at birth. I know there's a chemical fire that was ignited in me when my father's sperm pierced my mother's egg. Contraception is such an easy way to avoid getting burned. Why not respect the process of creating life by avoiding doing so?

The fire in me will be extinguished upon my death. I've fed my flame in a way that resembles the way the roots of a tree are fed with fertilizer and quenched with water. Metaphorically, I'm like a tree. I'm a living simile.

A psychopath is someone who can't feel guilty about anything s/he does because s/he doesn't know how to grow. A sociopath is someone who can't feel guilty about the way s/he treats others because s/he's growing in the shade of others without sufficient light.

Republicans believe the Democrats are psychopaths who condone anal intercourse and abortions. Democrats believe the Republicans are sociopaths who hate minorities, especially trans people and **Muslims**. They both have good external reasons to feel they're right. But inside, they're both wrong.

The word "**rabbi**" means "many." Unless you can come to your problems from many directions, you're going to omit solutions that GOD **created** that you won't see. In today's world, we have solutions that come from the gays on the left and **Jews** on the right.

All of today's problems can be distilled into these two options. If you want to solve the world's problems, put gay and orthodox **Jews** who can discuss **Torah** in a room together. Don't **worry**. They won't kill each other. **Jews** don't kill **Jews**. **Jews** argue. When the gay and orthodox **Jews** are through arguing, they'll come out of the room with solutions to all the world's problems without bloodshed.

If you want to overcome your flaws, you're going to have to look for reasons to try to admire people like me who you may not find acceptable or tolerable. That's an unpleasant class in the school of life that all of us must pass to graduate with honors. I had to do it. Everyone does.

Admiring your **enemies** for what they do right is a bitter pill to swallow. As a gay killer and **Jew** killer, I had to learn to admire myself. Believe me, it wasn't easy. But if I could do it, you can do it, too.

Personally, I don't want to go to **Christian Heaven** after I'm dead. I don't think I'd get along very well with the residents there. The same is true of **Muslim Paradise** and **Buddhist Nirvana**. Such places would likely have given a pass to straight men like Hitler and gay men like Yasser Arafat. That would be a world after this one based on pardons, not heroic actions. Count me out. My Destination lies elsewhere.

I want to avoid all hyper-religious outcomes, whether here on Earth or hereafter. If I do make it into GOD's arms after life despite being "just" a gay **Jew**, I **promise** to send you a postcard to let you know whether angels are **Black** or **White**, gay or straight, **Jewish**, **Christian** or **Muslim**.

Some **White** people are **afraid** of **Black** people because they're **afraid** of darkness visible. They're **afraid** of **Brown** people because everything that comes out of them is **brown**. They're **afraid** of the **Yellow** menace because the only thing they have to **fear** is **fear** of themself. But they're all **afraid** of gays because we straighten out the words they use to reflect what they're really **feeling**.

Everyone wants to shoot and kill some people, but no one wants to admit that they're homicidal at heart. As a suicide survivor, I have no illusions about having broken the 6th Commandment in my heart.

Nobody is **worried** about gays and **Jews** having guns. We're the most peace-loving people on the planet. The Democrats want to keep guns out of the hands of **Israelis**. And the Republicans want to sell everyone a gun.

This is why I laugh when I read the news. This is why I thank GOD for this school HE's enrolled me in. I couldn't learn more than I'm learning about human nature from one day to the next. I love this place! I think it's got to be the best place in the universe to see GOD's will in action. If I could get my hands on a flying saucer, I'd surreptitiously come to Earth and watch what's going on here without anyone noticing me. What an amazing story is being told on the third planet spinning around Sol!

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

As someone who lost his mind and was diagnosed "paranoid schizophrenic," I can tell you from first-hand experience what it's like to go crazy and what I had to do to search for sanity from within. I consider myself a worldclass expert on insanity! Sometimes I get the impression that nobody knows more about **madness** than me.

My **journey** to logic, rationality, reason and sensibility was a personal trek through my own psychic **excrement**, but

I now see that there are universal conclusions about the nature of man that can be gleaned from what comes out of me now.

The more you learn to admit your guilt from enjoying your lust for yourself, the more you'll be able to tolerate guilt. I've known people who've approached that challenge with sexual abstention. I've known people who've approached it through hundreds of sexual encounters.

The more you can tolerate your guilt, the more tolerant you then become of other belief systems and lifestyles that take a live-and-let-live approach to sex.

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

I married myself to overcome the guilt in having to touch my penis to urinate and have sex. As my husband, I have the right to touch me any way I want. But because I have a boyfriend as well as a husband, I have to learn about boundaries. My education in moving through the process of being human **creates** pain and suffering. Pain and suffering produce more guilt that leads to more lust. But that produces wisdom, love and **loyalty**. To the extent that I'm able to grow like a tree in a garden under the auspices of the GARDENER who planted me here, I find the experience called "life" amazing! I feel so privileged to be here.

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

But some old people are even less tolerant than children when it comes to admitting their guilt. I see some seniors as having developed an intolerance for guilt over their lifetime. They're closer to death than anyone else, so you'd think

they'd be more willing to bow their head with humility, knowing that their Final Exam in this school is close at hand.

Not true! Some old people go from cell to cell inside like a prisoner in the slammer. They have no clue what life will be like when they've completed their sentence and will be released from their prison. They turn into model jailbirds whose wings have been clipped. They hop around cursing the WARDEN. They don't even try to fly spiritually. They love prison while telling everyone that they can't wait to be released from prison. Don't believe a word some old people say. I'm old, and I don't always believe myself!

Let's cut to the quick. The ugliest of ducklings aren't part of the **LGBTQIA+** community or the orthodox **Jewish** community. GOD **created** ducks to remind us that we're all ugly. Hans **Christian** Anderson didn't start the rumor. He merely described what he saw in a creative way.

The truth is that you're the ugliest duckling you know. And you know it. You don't even have to be gay or **Jewish** to admit it. You know you're ugly on the inside. You know it doesn't matter whether they call you a swan, a crane or a sparrow. You know how ugly you are. You know this book is about you.

If you want your children to grow up with an *ethical* backbone, you're going to have to teach them how to become *moral* human beings. That's a big job considering that your parents did such a piss poor job in teaching you the difference between *ethics* and *morality*. It's all about you. Everything moves from the inside out.

GOD loves those who pursue the love of **freedom**, **liberty** and **emancipation**. But it's the lust for personal power, not autonomy, that makes that possible. Love the one you're always with.

Billionaires are no richer or poorer inside than you are. You'd do better to vote with the gelt you've got inside. Elections aren't won with money. They're won with **honey**.

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

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

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

I'm talking about a **remorse** that goes back to childhood, a **regret** about something you didn't do or say to those in power over you then. I'm talking about a midnight **blue** so deep and a **disappointment** in yourself so dark that it's left you **grieving**. I'm talking about a loss that's indescribable unless you sing it to GOD to help you transform your heart and transcend your soul.

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

You don't have to express your forgiveness to gay men and/or **Jews**. You can use all that forgiveness you've been saving up inside by imparting it on you until it so overflows that you wish to share your forgiveness with GOD almighty.

Only then will you be ready to forgive GOD for being such a boring **TEACHER**! Only then will you forgive HIM for grading you so harshly. Only then will you admit to HIM that HE made this school for fools much harder than you thought it ought to be until you realized what a fool you are.

Just forgiving yourself without making amends to GOD is useless and a waste of time. Just exonerating yourself for your guilt is just another way of screwing guilt. There isn't

a passage in anyone's scripture that will support that sort of escapism.

If **Jews** and **Christians** have finally learned how to live together in peace in this country after the way **Christians** behaved toward **Jews** in Europe, straights and gays can do so, too. Europe will never be able to move forward without us. The Middle East is forced to follow behind us. The sun is a long way from setting on our American dream. We're light years ahead of the rest of the world.

Americans are obsessed with heroic types that we'd rather idealize than strive to see in gays *and* **Jews**. You tell yourself that your heroes must be gay *or* **Jewish**. They can't be both. You're so close and yet so far away.

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

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

This book is for those who seek the **courage** to look at themself as though in a lake to discover something surprising that they didn't see before about how GOD made them in HIS image.

Narcissus suffered from naiveté, but he had the **courage** to look at himself in a lake on a day when the waters were calm. What he saw was an image of a boy he didn't recognize. Put aside your bravado. Seek **courage**. Kiss the image before you. Watch as your reflection ripples with love.

If, like me, you sometimes feel like the ugliest duckling in the whole world, then you did all the really hard work before you ever cracked open this book. You've seen the

swan in you. You now have the reward of getting to experience a swan-to-crane transformation, as well. [3]

There's a world out there that's filled with hope and miracles. There are ways to heal from the most severe forms of mental illness through spirituality. The feeling of lust holds the secret to becoming more like GOD.

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

Being gay isn't a deformity. Being Jewish isn't a mental illness. The ones suffering are the ugliest ducklings. And most of them are swans and cranes.

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

I never wanted to kill the brother [Abel] inside of me. I wanted to kill GOD for having made me the way I am.

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

GOD provides us the opportunity to face our past with regret so we can then decide to do things differently. If ugly ducklings are conflicted about how to live in a world that's getting more modern and interdependent day-by-day, I

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

suggest they face their feelings of lust, guilt, love and loyalty to life. I suggest they pursue wisdom instead.

Big Rock Candy Mountain

Oh, the buzzin' of the **bees** in the cigarette trees;
the soda water fountain -
where the lemonade springs and the **blue**bird sings
in that big, rock candy mountain.

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

Oh, the buzzin' of the **bees** in the cigarette trees;
the soda water fountain -
where the lemonade springs and the **blue**bird sings
in that big, rock candy mountain.

In the big, rock candy mountain
the cops have wooden legs,
the bulldogs all have rubber teeth,
and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs.
The farmers' trees are full of fruit.
The barns are full of hay.
I want to go where there ain't no snow,
where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
in that big, rock candy mountain.

Oh, the buzzin' of the **bees** in the cigarette trees;
the soda water fountain -
where the lemonade springs and the **blue**bird sings
in that big, rock candy mountain.

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

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

The "big, rock candy mountain" is my body. And I'm a babe with a sweet tooth who wants to spend a lifetime licking and chewing my way through myself as though I was one big sweet tart lollipop or milk dud.

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

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

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

How you're going to behave when the blush on the peach has left your cheek and the skin on the apple is leathery and worn, is for you to determine. Will there be anyone inside your candy mountain with a twinkling eye, or will the light in there simply go out like a candle in the wind? Will you get quiet in old age, or will you **rage** against the night [guilt] because you so loved the day [life]?

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

Modern Art and Modern Righters

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

This book is a fusion of psychology, sociology and philosophy to combat libels spread about life when we were kids. This book is a fusion of theology and mysticism that will produce a yearning for spirituality.

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

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

Drops of color dripped down from the bare, winter branches of our childlike tree of knowledge into our imagination. They dribbled over the edges of our imagination into the feelings in our heart, leaving us with a lust for flesh. Don't hate gay men for being man eaters. You like chicken. We like beef.

Our path through **puberty** was uniquely heated by personal experiences that left our heart fluid. That came without warning. It distanced us from childhood. It softened us. Something inside dissolved.

If you took Dali's "Persistence of Memory" and turned those melted clocks into drops of seven **rainbow** colors that dripped onto the background of your self-portrait, you'd get a sense of yourself as an ugly duckling that suddenly saw it had turned into a beautiful swan thanks to sex.

We describe others' behavior as infantile, childish or juvenile. It's time to do the same with our own. If we don't, we'll never figuratively reach the emotional age of 21 to claim we can act like a young adult who's ready to face the world.

None of us are going to give up our love of adolescents any more than we're going to give up our love of infants and children. Infantile and childish behaviors are a part of our nature. The same is true for the juvenile behaviors that leave us in awe of the **mystery** of lust and **passion**.

By describing the path from childhood to maturity as a **rainbow** bridge between our heart and soul, we can see why the external world appears to be such a rocky road. Older adults should try to help our religious and political leaders preserve our past without threatening our future.

You've made your way through the looking glass. You've got all the introductions to life you need. You're ready to look at **reality** from the other side: maturity.

You're not **afraid** to feel.

You're not **afraid** to lust.

You're not **afraid** to guilt yourself.

You're not even **afraid** to love yourself.

And you're certainly not **afraid** of your **loyalty** to *your* life before all others.

So, what's next?

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The Ugliest Duckling

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

But obviously, that isn't my whole story. It was just the beginning of my story in the same way that the **Old** Testament isn't the whole story given to the world by GOD, just the first word of GOD.

GOD couldn't squeeze HIS **message** of love in with HIS **message** of guilt. HE gave HIS **Rabbinical** Son [**Jesus**] the opportunity to talk about HIS love for the world 1,400 years after HE gave HIS **prophet**, **Moses**, the opportunity to introduce us to the **feeling** of guilt.

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

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

I once knew a woman who was blind from birth. When I asked her what the word "**yellow**" meant to her, she told me that **yellow** is warm like the sun. **Yellow** is inviting. But then she said she had no idea what **yellow** has to do with bananas. You don't know what **yellow** has to do with bananas in the spiritual sense of the word. I must describe it to you.

I see the **Old** and **New** Testaments as two-thirds of the Abrahamic story for those who are **yellow**, but don't know it. GOD then gave a non-**Jewish** **prophet** [**Muhammad**] the opportunity to introduce HIS **message** of **loyalty** to life on

top of HIS messages of wisdom from **Moses** and love from **Jesus**.

Today, you need to become a **prophet** unto yourself in order to profit from the gift of having been given life. You must teach yourself to see, hear and smell in color. You must never give up on becoming prophetic. The seven colors of the **rainbow** correspond to seven feelings that occurring within you. But if you know nothing of guilt [**black**] and **white** [love], you'll never fully see the world in color.

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

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

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

The *ugly* duckling is the story of what the **Jews** did to the **Old** Testament by taking it literally. The *uglier* duckling is the story of what the **Christians** did to the **Bible** by dismissing guilt. And the *ugliest* duckling is the story of the **Muslims** are doing to the **Quran** by pointing fingers at the **Jews** and **Christians**, but not at themselves.

By not uniting these three simple words from GOD [wisdom {evil atoned for}, love and **loyalty**], the Abrahamic faiths have brought mankind to where we are today, on the brink of self-destruction. This looks pretty pathetic from the

perspective of those who've been made to feel like outsiders to all three of these hyper-religious beliefs in the same GOD.

Why would anyone in his right mind believe that a woman [Eve] came out of a man [Adam]? That's the opposite of how every human being enters this world. Yet that's what the first story of Genesis literally states. Clearly, it's intended to make you think. Clearly, it's a metaphor for inner **reality**, not an effort to describe outer **reality**.

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

How can any sane human being see himself as the descendant of Adam and Eve's son [Cain] after he killed his brother [Abel]? How did the human race progress after that? Did Cain have sex with his mother or one of his sisters? Despite the many generations described in Genesis 5 which accounts for the descendants of men, the next woman mentioned after Eve in the **Old** Testament is the wife of Noah and his sons' wives in Genesis 6.

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

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

You need psychiatric help if you take the Book of Genesis literally. Only someone who's grossly out of touch with **reality** would do such a thing. And yet, this is what the hyper-religious [**Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims**] will tell

you really happened. Many of them will swear that evolution is the invention of Satan, the prince of darkness.

These stories are metaphorically describing the creation of guilt in the animalistic psyche of our primitive ancestors. It couldn't be more obvious to a logical, rational, reasonable and sensible human being! Once you're aware of the power of your head, heart, soul and genitals, you understand yourself with inner orientation. You understand that **Moses** was describing his way around himself metaphorically.

Torah is the autobiography of **Moses**. It makes more sense that Genesis is a description of **Moses** from within himself. Then, he described his life externally. He's our **prophet** because his wisdom was so great that we're still discovering the magnificence of his point of view.

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

But when you take a second look at scripture through the lens of psychology to understand the spiritual evolution of our species, **Torah** opens like a flower. It blossoms and fruits. It's magic wafts like an odiferous delight that captivates your imagination. Yes! Yes! Yes! There must be a GOD! Who can describe the mystery and magnificence of the **vehicle** we've each been given without appreciating the intelligence of the **CREATOR** of that **vehicle**?

What we're in now is a tug of war with modern believers against the crazies pulling on GOD's arms, ripping HIM apart. If you ask me, both sides are meshuga [**Hebrew**: crazy] for dealing with scripture as either truth or fiction!

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

All hatchlings come out of a darkness in a shell into a light they didn't know before. They knew nothing of guilt before birth because they were enveloped in it. A fish knows nothing about water for the same reason. All babies are ugly ducklings awaiting the great surprise of their life that comes at puberty.

I now see Hans Christian Anderson's story of the ugly duckling as a summation of the Old Testament. It's what happens when you realize you have every reason to feel guilty about who you are; why you're here; and what you haven't done to help yourself and others since the day you were born. You may claim to have learned a thing or two about the world since you left your mother's womb, but do you show it in everything you say and do?

If the Old Testament mirrors our primitive past, the **New** Testament is like the magnified side of a vanity mirror. It teaches us to look even more deeply at ourself to see how flawed we've become over time, and yet how amazingly beautiful we have the potential yet to be. The **New** Testament enlarges our view of our potential to make our dreamiest dreams come true.

Love is the only answer.

But guilt is the only question.

Without loyalty to your life alone, you're a wandering Jew, a roaming Christian or an aimless Muslim. You must unite scripture. You must watch all the episodes of the series.

In my opinion, the Quran is a mirror held up to GOD! Once we moved through our guilt to see our own capacity to love, we then yearned to reflect upon GOD's gifts by expressing our loyalty to all life on Earth, and the miracle of our creation.

I may truly be a meshuga, gay Jew, but I see GOD as painting our story with us like a portrait that requires a background, a frame and a signature.

The background is our culture. The frame is time. And HIS signature is the unique stroke HE added to each of us to make us feel one of a kind.

All that information could never have been contained in the Abrahamic tales alone. Without GOD having **created** **Hinduism**, **Buddhism** and **Taoism** to describe the concepts of background, frame and signature to add to our self-portraits, the **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims** will never stop fighting over the Signature on their painting.

This inclusive look at faith even explains why GOD started with the canvas of **Indigenism** on which HE painted history [HIS story] sociologically before HE brought us to awareness of psychology [my story/**mystery**]. These are the seven paths to HIS realm.

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

Let's see if that tells you a little more about yourself, the world and your individual part to play in the here and now. Let's see if that tells me a little more about myself, my world and the individual part I played with myself in the sandbox of life, given only to those children who, like me, yearned to grow up.

Individuality

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

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

Hyper-religious people, at any age, are the embodiment of ugliness because they deny their own darkness. They're in a shell, yet they project that darkness onto those of us who **embrace** modernity. The hyper-religious want to take us back in time. Modern men, women and children want to take us forward toward GOD's open arms.

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

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

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

There are many ugly ducklings in the world. It's up to our **TEACHER** how you can become beautiful in just the

way HE has planned for you to do so. The ugliest of ugly ducklings aren't the gays or the **Jews**. The ugliest are the neo-Nazis who use money and power to control the gays and the **Jews**.

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

Youth and Beauty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You're now emotionally old enough to admit you suffer from spiritual cataracts that are obscuring your vision from within. Your problem is internal. You can see that you're creating blindness all by yourself. When you come to that awakening, you're ready to admit that the time has come for spiritual microsurgery.

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

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

This will instantly improve your vision from the inside out. This will not only make it possible for you to see more of the beauty out in the world. It'll make it possible for you to see more of the beauty within yourself. It's your inner eye that was defective all along.

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

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

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

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

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

Giving myself what I wanted *externally* didn't make me more like me. Giving myself what I wanted *internally* made me more *like* me. As I said, I'm a simile, not just a metaphor and a symbol.

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

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

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

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

Hope fades just like beauty fades. Just as a banana goes from **green** [**envy**] to **yellow** [**fear**] to **brown**, and feelings go from black [guilt] to **white** [love] to **gray** [**depression**] - hope ripens with faith and then rots like death.

Spiritually old souls need a lot of hope. They've got evidence behind them that hope worked miracles. Looking forward they need so much hope that it evolves into **resolve**.

If you don't catch hope and try to keep hope alive when you're young, you'll discover when you get old that hope can come and go in a flash. You may miss it again and again.

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

That's what it's like to be a hyper-religious maniac, too. These are examples of what GOD doesn't want to happen to anyone. They say that faith without works is dead. But the truth is that faith without hope that evolves into **resolve** is dead.

This tragic ending can certainly infect billionaires as well. They, too, are examples of what GOD doesn't want to happen to you or anyone else. Wealth without a charitable disposition is just as dead as the poverty of hopelessness. The way for a camel to get through the eye of a needle is with greater, spiritual vision. You should never assume the size of the needle you've been given.

When you feel bad [guilty], but you don't want to do anything about it, and you find yourself suffering another

case of the whatevers, you can practically hear yourself telling yourself, “Why bother? What’s the use? Why go on?”

You refuse to ask yourself what **mystery** might be revealed if you did something different. You’re at the end of your rope. You can only see yourself as a **failure** dangling by your neck by your umbilical cord.

The **mystery** in my pronouncement that I’m a **failure** lies in my **feeling** of success. When I fail, I’m never more honest and truthful with myself. Being a **failure** for me is a repeated revelation that always comes across as refreshing! I feel better knowing I’m a **disappointment** to myself than about all the uncertainties that came up when I could only fantasize about being successful.

That’s because I’ve got plenty of hope. With my hope I **resolve** to **explore** more of the **mystery** of being me. I **embrace** the **feeling** of **failure** because I love coming closer to the meaning of **reality**. **Reality** is a sign that I’ve achieved more **loyalty** to GOD.

The Contest Between Ducklings

What began as a story about an ugly duckling turned into a contest between ugly ducklings. When ugly ducklings contrast themself to one another, one comes away telling itself that the other is ugly. And one comes away telling itself that it's ugly. Sometimes, you're the ugly duckling blaming the other duckling. Sometimes, you're the ugly duckling blaming yourself.

I've got news for both bird brains. You're both ugly! One of you is uglier than the other. But neither of you is the ugliest duckling of all. Everyone already voted. The ugliest ducklings are the gay **Jews**. GOD gave you a scapegoat to assuage your need to deflect your guilt. The **Jews** were **grief** stricken when they lost their Temple twice. They couldn't blame animals anymore for their sins. They had to blame others.

You don't have to go through that lesson. We went through it for you. You can simply blame the scapegoats that you've chosen, knowing that they'll always be gay **Jews** to you. If you can't decide who's a gay **Jew**, you can do what the Nazis did and round up all the gays and **Jews** and kill them all.

I don't feel incorrigible, stubborn or close-minded even though everyone thinks I should for one reason or another. I'm a gay man who married myself. And I'm a Zionist **Jew**. Surely, there's enough reason on both sides to lock me up and kill me.

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

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

But they refuse to do their homework. They insist that claiming to knowing the name of their Tutor by heart is all it takes to graduate with honors. They're not interested in all the names of the **TEACHER**. This is what religion has done to the world, not just to America!

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

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

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

The **Quran** is the third story in GOD's Western trilogy. The **Quran** is a story **created** solely for losers. If you don't identify as a loser, the **Quran** isn't going to appeal to you. You're going to be more attracted to the story of an ugly duckling that eventually identifies as a swan, experiences the **feeling** of hope mixed with beauty, and paddles off into the sunset with a **fury** beneath the waterline that's mysteriously absent when viewed from the air.

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

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

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

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

There are forces in this world that are coming at us from the outside that we have to become more aware of. We can't avoid **reality** by watching TV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The fruits of *good* and *evil* are *love* and *wisdom*.

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

If any adolescent who's experienced his first orgasm can associate the words that come out of the talking serpent hanging down from his tree of knowledge with the semen that pours out of his penis during ejaculation, then why didn't anyone say so until now?

Do I have to bring into discussion Hans **Christian** Anderson's, "The Emperor's New Clothes"? The young lad in that story wasn't all that young, and he certainly wasn't naïve. Precocious children can tell you the difference between being physically *nude* and emotionally *naked*. No emperor is so stupid as to go out in public nude. That's why it was such a revelation when the boy revealed that the emperor was [emotionally] naked! The emperor was susceptible to guilt. He could be wrong. He made mistakes.

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

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

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

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

Cranes may be able to fly higher than ducks and swans, but no bird can compete with the beauty of a swan. Anyone can become a beautiful swan by believing in the power of love. You don't have to believe that **Jesus** was GOD's Son to transform from a guilt-ridden ugly duckling into a beautiful swan.

The outcome of this modern approach to storytelling is a breaking of the vicious cycle of ugly duckling/uglier duckling. This ends the **Black/White** tug of war. It ends the Democrat/Republican tug of war. It ends the poor/rich tug of war and the gay/straight tug of war.

Getting a ball [semen] into a hole [vagina] using a stick [penis] isn't just the essence of most sports. It's an application of sex to competitions we've created to get lust out of our system in creative ways. You don't have to be straight to play games. You don't even have to be male. Women understand the sexual implications of sports. It's not a secret.

A duckling becomes ugly when s/he doesn't see the application of sex to jobs, sports, politics and religion. You're an ugly duckling if you allow yourself to feel ugly for not being good at applying sex in the abstract to other areas of life.

Temptation isn't always physical. You can develop your skills to make yourself competitive and attractive to others. You can sexualize your ambitions internally to see yourself as dominant, attractive and successful without compromising your morals or ethics.

I use the singular, male pronoun [HE] to describe GOD. I don't call HIM, S/HE or THEY. I do so because we all yearn to be more male than female, more singular and unique, than plural and common. If you believe otherwise, please excuse me. Use any pronouns you like to describe GOD. That's what I'm doing.

Nobody can tell you how to feel about you but you. But if you allow you to tell yourself you're ugly, you deserve to feel that way. Sex isn't ugly. Ambition isn't ugly. Competition isn't ugly. Success isn't ugly. The only thing that's ugly is breaking the 10 Commandments.

Israel is real. The story of **Israel** is a part of your story. Those who deny the rights of ducks [**Jews**] have a history of behaving like swans [**Christians**] and cranes [**Muslims**]. The big birds [**Christians** and **Muslims**] always end up fighting the little birds [gays and **Jews**] who they claim unfairly control the world of spirit. This is foul play.

A more modern rendition of history is that all of us at the bottom of the pyramid of power are **Jew**-ish. And all those at the top of that pyramid are trying to control us by causing us to fight among ourselves, whether people consciously know it, or not.

Israel would collapse overnight if **Israelis** didn't know this about their **enemies**. Life in **Israel** is difficult because the **Israelis** are forced to tolerate, accept and even admire one another despite their inclinations to treat one another the way we treat one another. They don't have that luxury. [a dubious gift from GOD…]

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

If you're interested in all three scriptures as GOD's representations of land, sea and sky, you'd better learn to

work with all three of the Abrahamic faiths as brothers, lovers and husbands, not ducks, swans and cranes. The whole planet depends on your cooperation. Men depend on it. Nature depends on it. Even your Tutor [**Adonai**, **Jesus** or Allah] depends on it. The only one who doesn't depend on anything is our **TEACHER**. If you want to improve your grades, the only thing I can suggest is that you get in good with the **TEACHER**.

Ruffled Feathers

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

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

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

The one who most ruffles our feathers is of course, ourself. The one who **disappoints** you when you don't protect yourself from people who break your heart is you.

My feathers were ruffled when my siblings stole my inheritance out from under me. And my feathers were further ruffled when I realized the orthodox **Jews** are trying to steal my eternal inheritance out from under me because I'm gay.

My feathers were ruffled by a lot of people who had the attitude of "poor me" while accusing me of being the cause of their attitude.

I am not. I didn't do it. Their feathers were ruffled a long time ago, and it wasn't the gays or the **Jews** who did it. I know that for a fact because I've had gays and **Jews** claim that I was the cause of their ruffled feathers. That's how I learned to question the bird-like behavior of others to

determine that I'm not guilty of having done anything to them.

I'm like Jacob in the **Bible** whose name GOD changed to **Israel**. My struggle with GOD is personal. I've had to become an Esau [twin brother] unto myself to forgive the Jacob within me. I've had to atone to my inner Esau to know that my conscience is clean.

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

Democrats and Republicans are teaching people how to make better choices. But neither of them is teaching people to respect gay, Zionist **Jews**. Not even the gays and the **Jews** are teaching one another to respect gay, Zionist **Jews**.

To become an Independent, I had to give up my **fear** of listening to the voice of the poor me inside of me whose feelings always got ruffled. I had to realize that, like a bird, the movement of air through my feathers helps to create insulation, keeping my body warm. It gets rid of excess water, which can help me stay light and agile during flight.

I'm glad my feathers get ruffled. I'm glad I calm down when I realize that I'm not the problem. I know that those who don't vote are going to become tangy then tart, then bitter, then acerbic, then acrid and finally sour over time. The only hope is waking them up to the importance of becoming as salty [wise] and sour [**angry**] as Kettle vinegar-and-salt potato chips. Pray anywhere you like. But don't leave your understanding of how sex plays into your gameplan out of your **prayers**.

Why Go On?

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

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

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

The "poor me" attitude of children has to seep out slowly. You can't beat it out of people. We've seen this in all minorities. We've even seen it in the majority. It's human nature. It's not a question of the number of people in your tribe or the number of tribes against your tribe.

The gays and **Jews** are known for their "poor me" tendencies. But they're also examples of two minorities that have overcome their bad attitude with enormous successes. In fact, the "poor me" attitude of many others in this world is enhanced by their blame of the gays and/or the **Jews**.

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

Using prayer time to cry to GOD over your losses is a waste of valuable time. HE hears the "poor me" excuse all the time. Try a different approach. Try something that doesn't blame the gays and/or the **Jews** for your losses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In that sense, the receptacle that contains our desires lies in the hull of every Noah's ark where his animal instincts are stored during his voyage. By poetic extension, the receptacle for the words that come out of the mouth of our serpent is semen. And the receptacle for semen is the prostate gland. You never know which animal will come off your gangplank into the external world. What comes off your boat each time is different.

This is the deeper meaning of the ark [aron]. This is the first meaning of the closet metaphor **Moses** gave us. If

you're not willing to come out of the closet from the third story in Genesis, you're going to remain a literalist at heart. You'll never be able to break the projection the **Hebrew** Testament has on you.

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

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

If you don't understand why the world seems more complicated than it has to be; if you're **impatient** with those around you; or you feel people just aren't keeping up as they should – I can help you internalize your **frustration** with others. [I certainly wouldn't want to help you further externalize it.] If you think you're still **terribly** alone, misunderstood or useless to society, I say you're wrong. I say you just think you're an ugly duckling.

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

The hyper-religious keep **secrets** from themselves, just as we all do. They put their nose in other people's crotch because they've projected the talking serpent in their own tree onto everyone else's. What the conservatives hear as a

"calling" from GOD is their penis beckoning them back to that one special tree in Eden [infancy].

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

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

As someone who wasn't born of woman [as Shakespeare put it], but by caesarian, I had a particularly easy birth, from my perspective. I can't relate with other people's yearning to go back that far. But I'm no different from anyone else when it comes to "poor me." But at my advanced age, I'm now much more interested in my end than my beginning.

Couthless and Blind

If you have any doubts, “couthless” isn’t a word. The word is “uncouth.” I coined the word “couthless” because it rhymes with toothless.

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

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

I don’t let people walk all over me anymore. I don’t care how many feathers I ruffle. My parents were Holocaust survivors who taught me how to survive in this man-eat-God world. I’m going to survive and thrive.

I’ll never say my parents were **perfect**. My father and mother made mistakes that only grew as they aged. They sat on their laurels. They thought that if they could have survived Hitler and his twisted interpretation of **Christianity**, they could survive anything. Well, they were wrong.

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

If you plan on making it to graduation with a twinkle in your eye and a Mona Lisa smile on your face, you’d better look at the background behind your self-portrait. You’d

better look at where you've been and what you've been through to get a sense of the experiences you've gleaned that you're going to need to rely on to get you through today to tomorrow.

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

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

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

From that struggle, Jacob was injured and came away with a limp. We'd say that he had an epiphany that left him with a psychological wound that impeded him moving forward as easily as he'd done before. Jacob realized he'd been wrong. He realized he felt guilty. He realized his lust for his brother's money and power had perverted him.

But the system had been unfair even before Jacob had been born. Esau was going to receive their father's entire estate just because he'd been born minutes before Jacob.

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

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

But we can also see that the Esau was the inheritor of a system that was unfair. It was the rich [Esau] against the poor [Jacob]. And the rich won. They always do. But the poor don't lose in changing the system.

When I internalized this story from Genesis, I realized how I'd spiritually hurt myself by trying to kill myself. I realized I'd been a perpetrator [Jacob] unto a victim [Esau] in me.

I realized that the rich part of me was being victimized by the poor part of me. I realized that the rich part of me had to excuse the poor part of me to a point.

As the result of wrestling with my better angels, I decided to separate these two voices within me to see myself as a reflection of what was happening in the outer world. This was the only wise solution I could come to, and I'm so glad that I did.

But now, as I'm aging into an old, **Jewish** queen, I feel **frightened**. I overcame my guilt. I joined society by pursuing an education, a career and a comfortable lifestyle. Then I built my strength by uniting my efforts with my first boyfriend. In doing so, I learned how to serve the LORD by helping others, and through helping them, came to see that HE was allowing me to help myself.

When my first long term relationship fell apart, I faced my cynicism and **grief**, and moved on. I plummeted my situation with questions that I raised with GOD for insight into HIS plan for me. I met my second boyfriend [Will], and I've been journaling about the evolution of my life since.

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

But my **fear** looms greater before my eyes now. The difference is that it's conscience, not unconscious. I know

it's conscious because it comes up from my **sorrow** and **disappointment**, not down from my **anger** and **angst**.

How would I survive without Will, should he die before me? How would I make it all the way through old age without my soulmate? How would I remember not to turn myself into a victim a fourth time? How would I use my experience of the hope and faith I've gleaned from life to make it to graduation with even greater **dignity** and **resolve**?

The Meaning of Life

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

I had one cashier in a Safeway who responded by asking me if I'd checked the freezer section where they keep the ice cream… An Asian salesperson at Verizon very slowly and distinctly explained to me that the meaning of life is to give life meaning.

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

The truth about the meaning of life is that the meaning of life is only of interest to those who need to search for the meaning of their own being. So, the meaning of life is only of interest to those who are interested in the meaning of making meaning out of everything that happens to them inside and out.

Will and I have been physically, emotionally and spiritually intimate for over a dozen years. He has no interest in the meaning of meaning or the meaning of life. Will is a deductive thinker. He looks for the simplest, most refined answer to every question in the outside world. His mind works from the top down.



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I, on the other hand, am an inductive thinker. My mind works from the bottom up



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

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

derive more information about the external world. I'm not scientifically oriented. I prefer to think bigger and bigger to derive more of an overview of life. I'm more like a religious person.

I believe that healing from mental illness requires learning more of the big picture by going in both directions. I believe in science and religion. That's called: spirituality.

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

I believe the meaning of my life must be sought from my heart. I like to think that my feelings can change for the better with a little effort on the part of my thoughts and beliefs. The history of the Jewish people affirms this. The history of the gay community does, too. But today's world affirms that acceptance and respect of gays and Jews is becoming a bigger problem day-by-day. This is caused by both the political left and right.

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

But Will is physically disabled. He only has one lung. I see his spiritual limitations as the result of a physical limitation that he's doing his best to manage.

My dear friend Mike loves to learn from me, but I also love to learn from him. He's taught me to be much more suspicious. His cynicism spread like a dark cloud that burst over his childhood home. He was rejected by his parents for being gay.

Mike went out into the world to seek friendship and support elsewhere. He found it in the arms of gay men, but that relief turned into sex addiction. Sex addiction drew out

the loneliness he felt inside that he'd always been able to think about but never able to feel.

He can't go back to his **Christian** roots, but he can't go forward toward a loving, sexual relationship with a man, either. He's stuck in a class in the school of life where he's forced to face the virtues his parents bestowed upon him. From his mother he learned to care for the stranger's ways. From his father he learned to be deeply suspicious of the strangers' ways.

Mike is now a Jacob and an Esau. He's a poor man on the outside and a rich man within. Like Jacob, he wants to become richer externally. Like Esau, he wants to protect himself from a brother who'd rob him blind.

My dear friend Michael lost his mother when he was a toddler. His father remarried, and Michael was raised by his step-mother who had children from her previous marriage and then with Michael's father. Michael has siblings, step-siblings and half-siblings. The concept of a brother within doesn't work for Michael. He's already got more brothers and sisters than he can handle.

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

The hyper-religious think like I do, inductively. The atheists think like Will does, deductively. I'm learning to think in a circular pattern. When combined with my imagination, this makes it possible for me to see life as a spiral staircase, not a ferris wheel. I'm not going up and down in a circular pattern. I'm not seeing the same sights over and over again without a fresh, new perspective. I'm looking down from a round tower that I've made my way up one step at a time. The view is changing because of my

progress. My progress is increasing because of the advancement of my feelings in the direction of GOD's love.

I can see where I was and where I am now. I'm not going in circles. I'm rising.

The **Palestinians**, like their previous gay leader, Yasser Arafat, never seem to miss an opportunity to miss an opportunity. They go round and round the ferris wheel. They aren't going up the spiral staircase.

This isn't a **Jewish**/**Muslim** problem. This isn't a gay/straight problem. This isn't a male/female problem. This is a problem given to us all by our **TEACHER** to solve. But it won't get solved unless all of **Islam** gets involved in its hatred of gays and **Jews**.

I don't know what gives Will's life meaning because I don't think deductively like he does. But he's utterly disgusted with the Republicans. I can see that the Republicans are utterly disgusted with the Democrats. He and I don't talk about **Israel** because we'd only disagree. He sides with peace at any cost to **Israel**. I side with **Israel** at all cost. He's an atheist who sees the problem through a deductive lens. I'm a believer who sees it through an inductive lens.

If life is like a mountain, people going up the mountain are more curious about where they're going. They can turn around to see where they've been. But they can't see over the top of the mountain to where they're going. They can only correctly conclude that once they reach the top it'll be all downhill from there. That's cynical.

People going down the mountain are just as curious about where they're going next. But that view is a panorama that's right before their eyes. That's **hopeful**.

The view you have depends on what you **imagine** will come next as the result of what you see before you. I needed to learn to think like Esau *and* Jacob, not like Esau *or* Jacob. I needed to recognize the other voice inside me.

Mental illness motivated me to do so. I couldn't have found sanity without **Torah**. It's the foundation of my being.

Jacob built his fortune by himself. Esau used the fortune given him to protect himself from his brother. Jacob spent the last 17 years of his life in Egypt after his son Joseph brought him there, where Jacob died at the age of 147. We know nothing about the death of Esau.

"Two nations are in your womb, and two kingdoms will separate from your stomach. One nation will [alternatingly] be stronger than the next, but [ultimately] the older one will serve the younger one." [Genesis 25:22-23]

This has been true about me. I didn't give birth to an inner child. I gave birth to inner twins. The Esau in me was **red** [blushing] on the outside. The Jacob in me was **red** [**angry**] within. I had to learn how to let out my **anger** at others, especially my **anger** at my family.

Antisemitism began within me. But as I grew emotionally into a more loving person, I came to see that my **anger** emanated from the inside out.

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

I don't want to meet Hitler or Goebbels in **Heaven**. I don't want to meet Sadam Hussein or Osama bin Laden in **Paradise**. There have got to be some filters the **Church** and **Mosque** put in place with regard to their belief system.

Christianity and **Islam** have a lot to learn from **Judaism**. The **Church** and **Mosque** have a lot to learn from the **Synagogue**. Nobody knows what comes after life. That's the great **mystery** we're all moving toward.

But the institutions of religion all have a lot to learn from their Tutor [**Adonai**, **Jesus** or Allah] about the **TEACHER** [ELOHIM, the FATHER and ALLAH].

The gay **Jews** are willing to teach straight **rabbis** what they don't yet know about **Torah**. Gay **Christians** are willing to teach straight **priests**, **pastors**, **parsons** and **ministers** what they don't yet know about the words of **Jesus**. And gay **Muslims** are willing to teach straight **imams** and **clerics** what they don't yet know about **Muhammad**. We in the **LGBTQIA+** community would be pleased to impart our wisdom unto all of them. All they'd need to do is **regret** how they've treated us and apologize. The only amends we ask is that remove the hateful quotes from GOD from their scripture.

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

Those who get a grip on lust achieve love. Those who don't, lust for power and world domination. Learn to love life despite the size of the love you can express in the world around you.

Esau will always have to care for Jacob. The rich will always have to care for the poor. And the poor will always have to seek dreams of getting rich if they want to die with **dignity**.

As the rich learn more about how to use the monetary gifts they've been given by expressing their power more equitably, they'll do a better job of protecting the poor while encouraging them to seek wealth from within and throughout. As the poor make their way up each, new mountain with conscious awareness that they'll have to view the unimaginable panorama from the top before they go down the other side, the poor will plan better for their future in life and after life.

Surah 114 [Mankind], the last chapter of the **Quran**, describes seeking refuge in the LORD. This is a view of life going downhill when the end looms before our eyes.

1. Say, O **Prophet**, "I seek refuge in the LORD of humankind,
2. the MASTER of humankind,
3. the GOD of humankind,
4. from the evil of the lurking whisperer
5. who whispers into the hearts of humankind
6. from among jinn and humankind."

That whisperer isn't Satan. It isn't a genie. It isn't a **Jew** or a gay man. That whisperer is a part of you. GOD gave you that whisperer to teach you to teach yourself to do better than you've done until now. If you think that you can project that part of you onto scapegoats, you'll be punished for your laziness. The work given in this school lies within. If you're just here to have fun; to get comfortable; or to blame others for your fate - you're not doing your homework. You may convince half the class not to bother, but you'll fail your own tests.

I say this more to Republicans than Democrats. I say this more to **Muslims** than **Jews**. I say this more to men than women. and I say this more to straights than gays.

Beware! You don't know enough about yourself without contemplating the future for gay **rabbis** and **Jewrus**. You don't know enough without Far Eastern gurus. If you cut out the gays and/or the **Jews**, you'll cut out the leavening agent in your bread. You'll end up a cracker.

Americans who are political refugees from other countries or sexual refugees from our own country will seek refuge from a cruel world on our deathbed. We won't seek forgiveness. We spent a lifetime forgiving the bastards who made it so hard for us in the first place. Yet, we don't seek

revenge. We seek justice just as Abel's blood cried out for justice even after he was dead. [Genesis 4:10]

Being accused of being a loser because of our place of birth or the sexual circumstances we were given by GOD doesn't make us a loser. But, being born **White**, straight and American doesn't make anyone a winner, either. There's a picture much bigger than some Americans are willing to look at.

Below your feelings of **rage**, loom feelings of guilt. What are you going to tell yourself when it becomes obvious that you bet on the wrong horse? You should have bet on yourself, not a horse. What are you going to tell **Jesus** in **Heaven** if you saw that He's **Black** *and* gay? What are you going to tell **Muhammad** in **Paradise** if he still **grieves** having had sex with a nine-year old girl.

There are many people [including me] who get on the scale and are deeply **disappointed** with the number they see. There are many people [including me] who look in the mirror and are deeply **disappointed** with the image they see.

But life isn't all happening around us. There's a second world turning within each of us. You're a twin. Your brother or sister lies within you. If you're gay or straight, you're identical twins who share the same gender. If you're transgender, you're fraternal twins who are the opposite gender.

Don't discount the words of **Moses**. Don't discount the words of **Jesus**. Don't discount the words of **Muhammad**. **Reality** is more complex than it looks.

I know how fascinating it is to look at life as a road with a fork in it. I know how exciting it is to choose one way or the other. Deductive reasoning will help you in that pursuit.

But you never know what your life is going to look like by the end unless you use inductive reasoning to review life on a daily basis. Look back at where you were. Look back at the road not taken. Don't congratulate yourself just yet.

There's more to learn from the one and only **TEACHER** in this school.

You can do better. You can use the God within you to help you guide yourself rather than promote your God to others. Your God works for the GOD of us all. If your **synagogue**, **church** or **mosque** tells you otherwise, they're teaching you to become a homophobe and/or an anti-Zionist. They're teaching you to use your God to hate our GOD. They're leading you astray. They're telling you the meaning of life instead of asking you.

Jesus and Inductive Reasoning

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

What I want to know is why I find it so difficult to see the beauty in every Jew and Christian today? Surely, GOD didn't create Jesus just to make all Jews and Christians look bad in my eyes. Surely, HIS intention was to show us something about ourself that none of us had seen before.

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

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

How could guilt have turned me around with apologies and atonement leaving me so wise and still unloving? What does Islam offer the world that would be beneficial for me if they didn't insist on killing gays and Jews to bestow it on the world?

Long after GOD gave Noah the rainbow as a promise never again to flood his world, and after Jacob gave his favorite son, Joseph, a coat of many colors to figuratively clasp him in a loving embrace, Jesus came on the scene to personify the rainbow in the flesh. He figuratively pulled the rainbow down from the sky with His strength, out of the SKIPPER/Skiff and FATHER/Son relationships. He lovingly placed hope in the heart of everyman.

Personally, I don't think that's enough of a reason to make Jesus your God. But it is a good reason for every rabbi

to measure the feelings in his heart against the **rabbi** that half the world venerates for having started a second monotheistic faith. I'm sure that even puts pressure on **priests**, **pastors**, **parsons** and **ministers** to do the same.

Muslims already acknowledge **Jesus** as a **prophet** and messenger from GOD. I think it's about time that the **Jews** do the same. It wouldn't kill us to admit we were wrong about Him. I like **Jesus**. It's some **Christians** I can't stand. I feel the same way about **Muhammad** and many **Muslims**.

The **Old** Testament was only the first third of GOD's recipe from hope to love to **loyalty** that we need to **resolve**. We should all go on an exodus out of our head into our heart to experience hope as a feeling, not just as a sensation that comes with orgasm that leaves us upbeat for a short period of time.

Orgasm is the turkey without the trimmings. Orgasm is a taste of eternity for a moment. If you want the full effect of orgasm, you have to experience love and **loyalty**.

Childhood is like the chips and dip before the big meal. Adolescence is the meat and potatoes with gravy. But without all the side dishes that make up the trimmings of a Thanksgiving meal, you really don't know how to celebrate being able to thank others, appreciate yourself and express your gratitude to GOD.

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

Think of me as dead. Think of me as having come back from death. That's what mental illness is like. It's a living death. I can't tell you how difficult it is to feel like a ghost among the living. Nobody saw me. Nobody heard me.

I couldn't see or hear myself. I had to learn to smell me. I had to use my nose to find my way to GOD. That's what mental illness did to me.

GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, has allowed people to smell me. I can see it on their face. I smell good to them. I can see that my presence resonates within them. But that's the only evidence of me being here. Sometimes that's **frustrating**!

If the land of milk [love] and **honey** [wisdom] has been given to us by GOD through the creation and recreations of the State of **Israel**, then what do we call the place inside of us where we experience milk [love] and **honey** [wisdom]? How do we achieve something beyond anything **Israel** can provide us with?

If Jerusalem corresponds to our source of wisdom, and Rome corresponds to our source of love, then surely Mecca corresponds to our source of **resolve** that there can only be one GOD. Every believer in the Abrahamic faiths is struggling within over how to reach HIM during their lifetime with a view to their own demise.

In the way that famous paintings of cranes in flight across the face of the moon at night are only a suggestion of who we are and where we're all headed, **Islam** is just a portion of GOD's **magical** intentions for HIS creations. No one has been given the entire big **picture** because no two people can be in the same place at the same time. We're all just slightly askew in our view of GOD from where we're standing.

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

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

With an experience that inspiring for a duck, could it be possible for a swan to become like a crane? Could it be possible for a human being to rise to a spiritual height never achieved by anyone's ancestors?

You can only answer that question with inductive reasoning.

I Hate to Break it to You

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

Oh, people are very ready, willing and able to complain about others. But they aren't willing to admit that they're just as flawed as the next person, albeit in another way. They can't usually come up with three imperfections that they're working on that are getting in the way of them becoming a better person.

They're generally willing to admit that [1] they ought to lose a few pounds, [2] not be so **impatient** with others and [3] should probably pay more of the taxes they really owe. But these are external issues.

People just don't know how to approach the internal flaws beneath their external flaws. They don't want to talk about the reasons for their gluttony, **wrath** and greed. [1] They're too distrusting of themself to admit anything that intimate and personal. [2] They're **afraid** of what they might do with that information to betray themself. And [3] most people don't trust GOD any more than they trust themself.

Therefore, they haven't got a clue what the **secrets** are that they're holding inside. They're still idol worshippers dancing around some secret they can't tell themself.

Moses ground the golden calf into powder, scattered it on the water and made the **Israelites** drink it. [Exodus 32] In doing so, they internalized their wealth. This is was the first communion.

The consecration of the body and blood of **Jesus** is the second communion.

The wealth of **Muslims** lies in their intrinsic **loyalty** to GOD, not in anything ingested.

The combined wealth of the **Jews**, **Christians** and **Muslims** is immense. Just imagine what you could do with the wisdom of the **Jews**, the love of the **Christians** and the **loyalty** to GOD of the **Muslims**!

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

Either way, they're not realistic about what the job of living a life of **passion** entails because they haven't yet tried doing so with gays and **Jews** as **friends**.

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

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

People yearn to invest in something meaningful and real. They already know that the most meaningful and real investment in life is themself.

But they don't want to look selfish, difficult or self-indulgent. And yet, just by the way people roll through stop signs or look for a parking space without alerting cars behind them that they've changed intentions, you can tell that they're not fully invested in themself as a driver in a **vehicle** with others on a **journey** to a Destination they truly believe in.

Whether **Jesus** was God or just a man is utterly irrelevant. It's not the messenger that matters but applying the **message** to yourself that counts. Learn to love yourself

as Jesus loved Himself and His FATHER, and you'll discover a wealth in your heart that you could never otherwise imagine.

If GOD created man in stages; if HE evolved man – then what we see today in the Abrahamic faiths are extreme beliefs held by three arrested stages in our spiritual evolution.

All it takes is a Darwin within us to unify the theory of self-evolution in a way that includes all three of the Abrahamic scriptures. Your suspicion of other faiths is as obvious as your suspicion of other sexual lifestyles. It would be more obvious to you if you were a gay Jew.

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

GOD exists, but only to those who are mindful. Those who are consumed with the external matters of survival do have a place in this world. But those who've learned to love life can empathize with GOD's enormous task in guiding the spiritual evolution of humanity. They're also interested in the joys of living for a reward after life.

The cynical can't say that. The cynics are cygnets. I hate to break it to you but the cynics are only interested in a beauty that's skin deep.

The Bigger Lie

I hate to break it to you, but there's an even bigger lie than the lies your father told you. The bigger lie is that you don't hate gays and/or **Jews**. GOD hates them. You're only managing HIS hatred for HIM. This is the lie that Hitler told the German **Christians** that the rest of Europe had to struggle with. This is the lie that **Islam** is teaching **Muslims** worldwide that the Middle East is having to struggle with.

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

But that's not true anymore. Now I only think the anti-Zionists and homophobes are out to get me. Now, I believe being gay and **Jewish** goes against everything only some people in the world believe. Now, I'm grateful to GOD that my books never sold. I hope they never do. I don't want to think about how Will and I would suffer and die violently in the world as it is today.

I do have to admit that as someone who was once diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic, I have a tendency to look at everyone as neurotic or psychotic. I confess I do look down on most people as crazy.

I've already accused everyone of being a psychopath in some ways because we all avoid the **feeling** of guilt at times. But I haven't accused everyone of being a sociopath unless they're a supporter of the **Palestinian** cause. The **Palestinians** lie about their homophobia and hatred of the **Jews**. But they do nothing to change their behavior. When they fly the **rainbow** flag and **Israeli** flag beside their flag, I'll rethink their motives. When all **Islam** apologies to the world for how they've treated **Muslims** and non-**Muslims**, especially women, I'll reconsider their motives.

It may come across as somewhat strange that I see myself as the canary in the mine field and a paranoid schizophrenic

in a looney bin full of neurotics and psychotics. It may seem odd that someone like me is sounding the alarm.

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

Jeffrey Dahmer killed his male, sex buddies and ate them. There's a joke about GOD telling Jeffrey after he died, "Jeffrey, I said *meet* people!"

I think this joke is hysterical, but I told it to a gay acquaintance of mine who turned his nose up at it. I asked him, "Are you so P.C. that you refuse to ridicule cannibals?"

In my opinion, the gay community is the darkest, most cynical tribe of people on Earth. They're so suspicious and distrusting that they refuse to laugh at cannibals while they describe men as meat all the time.

This is so hypocritical. The gay community is extremely supportive of the **Palestinian** cause, even though gay **Palestinians** are running away from Lebanon, Syria, Gaza and the West Bank to get to a place like **Israel** where they can live free. This is a level of darkness that would have caused Helen Keller to squint to try to see what light is illuminating them?

I think the **LGBTQIA+** community is homophobic at heart. I think Harvey Milk [a gay **Jew**] tried to help us by encouraging us to come out of the closet. But I think most gay people are still too closeted to admit how much they hate gays and **Jews**.

I think **Israel** has the same problem with antisemitism. I think the most antisemitic people on the planet are the **Israelis**. And I think the most anti-Zionistic people on Earth are the **Jews** in the Diaspora.

I think you can hate gays and be a man who sucks cock.

I think you can be a **Jew**, hate **Jews** *and* pray to GOD.

I think you can live in **Israel**, hate **Israel**, be a **Jew**, hate gays and **Jews** and pray to GOD.

I think that when you hate yourself you can do anything. But when you love yourself, you can't. That's when the forces within you start to unify, coalesce, amalgamate and fuse together.

When you're a Jacob or an Esau, you can do anything you want. It's only when you're like Jacob *and* like Esau that life becomes difficult. That's when you realize that you're like your brother, and your brother is like you.

That's when you become a simile as well as a metaphor and symbol of GOD's love. That's when you see that you're like Ishmael and like Isaac, like Cain and like Abel. That's when you realize that the big lie is *really* big.

New Beginnings

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You haven't gotten far enough in the evolution of your life. None of us have. So, you ought to search through your pain and suffering for greater truth. There are **lessons** in everything we go through in life if the student is ready to learn about himself. The **TEACHER** has already appeared.

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

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

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

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

Three Characters in Search of a Story

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

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

Our **destiny** is like a **rainbow**. It's an **empathy** with our unique nature that leads us toward our **CREATOR** through **empathy** with HIS nature.

My **destiny** is my path and mine alone. It's a way through my heart to my soul. It's a seven-letter word that correspond to seven colors that correspond to seven feelings that correspond to seven days of the week that correspond to seven of the 10 Commandments.

The first three Commandments are a given.

1. Your Lord is the LORD. HE took you out of the Egypt of childhood on a **journey** to a land of milk and **honey** within.
2. You shall have no other gods before HIM. All idol worship ended when you hit **puberty**. Suddenly you were given access to a whole new perspective on the **mystery** of life as a spirit in a **vehicle** on a **journey**.
3. You shall not take HIS name[s] in vain. If you choose vanity over virtue, you'll suffer for your choices.

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

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

that he often experiences as dangerous, enigmatic and devoid of nurture.

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

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

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

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

Don't judge today's modern **Jews** by their financial portfolio. Don't judge us by our nose. Don't judge us by our intonation or the curious way we talk with our hands. Judge us by what we say. Judge us by what we know; how we feel; and by what we believe to be true. We all came off the same assembly line. We were all made the same way. We *were* the first generation of modern human beings. We *are* the first generation of modern human beings. We'll always be the first generation of modern human beings.

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

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

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

Christians are doing the same in making us **Christian**-*ish*. And **Muslims** are doing the same by making us **Muslim**-*ish*. Those of us who are the most "*ish*" are the gays. You hate us because you're gay-*ish*.

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

We, **Jews**, have been saying the same thing with our humor for centuries. Perhaps we felt that humor was the safest way to let out our truth. I don't have much in the way of a sense of humor. I have to let out my truth my own way.

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

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

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

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

This is the **Jewish** secret sauce that was added to your spiritual food for thought. And this is why I tell you that in some ways you may actually be more fluent than me in Yiddish. I never learned Yiddish. I never learned to think like a **Jew**. I grew up with a German, **Jewish** mother who did everything in her power to teach me to survive by

learning to live like her Christian father, not like her Jewish mother.

A gay Jew isn't exactly what anyone would consider the mascot of Jewish life in Israel or elsewhere. I don't teach people how to speak like me. I teach people how to think like me. I teach people how to be mindful of others. If you're not gay or Jewish you can learn how to do so, provided you're not spiritually colorblind.

The second character I want to introduce you to is a woman. She, too, is an intrinsic part of me. She's like Goldilocks who'd walk into any house and make herself at home without asking. She's the embodiment of chutzpah [Hebrew: nerve, unmitigated gall]. It's an odd coincidence that my name is Barry because I feel like a baby bear who's had all his porridge eaten by this chutzpadik gal. This has made me very mad at her!

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

Trans people do that literally. You'll probably want to do so figuratively. If you could stop stealing the porridge out from under the baby bear in yourself, it would be much appreciated. We all know that in some ways you feel you're just right. But when you feel that way, consider that feeling as another part of you. Consider it coming from your teddy bear.

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

But this toy isn't a literal means of transportation. It won't take you anywhere other than **Paradise** for brief sojourns that often end with lighting a cigarette. It's your boy-toy. It's your penis.

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

First, your boy-toy will make you fall in lust with other men and boys with boy-toys. It'll draw you into physical relationships with them through hunting, sports or other competitive behaviors that are socially acceptable. But your boy-toy will, if used properly, over time, eventually make you fall in love with a special someone, which will encourage you to take your love even further by falling in love with yourself.

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

When you think of your boy-toy as the delivery device of your wants [–] and desires [+], you'll see yourself with a new source of *inner* power, not just *outer* power. You'll see yourself as a swan, not an ugly duckling. You'll compare and contrast this new-found power to others' powers to learn more about your own. You'll become more competitive but less **covetous**. You'll think of yourself as shrewd, not just clever.

Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely because men are made to compete. But until you learn to compete against yourself using your boy-toy like the stick shift on a manual transmission, you won't discover the meaning of wisdom.

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

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

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

Without a boy-toy, you turn into a psychopath who seek a lust for political power. With a boy-toy, you turn into a sociopath who seeks a lust for proximity to GOD. You can't learn to love yourself until you become a little schizophrenic. If that's too daunting, then, at least, learn from schizophrenics like me.

GOD didn't make everyone gay and **Jewish**. If there are about 18,000,000 **Jews** in the world, there are, at best, less than a million gay, **Jewish** men. If you don't like the idea of having to include such a small minority in with your plans for eternity, talk to GOD about that. it's not my problem.

The greatest legacy in life is to be able to look back on your contribution to society after you're gone and kvell [Yiddish: to be extraordinarily proud or to rejoice] at how you helped humanity achieve peace and harmony. If you think you'll be able to do that without looking at how you affected the gays and the **Jews**, you're not thinking far enough ahead.

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

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

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

In **Hebrew** the word "love" would translate better into European languages as "like." **Jesus** taught the ancient **Jews** to like their **enemies** because GOD likes them, too.

But **Jesus** reiterated what **Moses** had said to the ancient **Israelis** 1,400 years later when **Israel** was being colonized by the Romans and the early **Israelis** had other **enemies** all around them. **Jesus** used the exact same words as **Moses**, but in coming from His heart, not His head, He produced a secondary meaning. The best translation of **Christ's message** is to care for [respect] your neighbor as you care for [respect] yourself.

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

There was no way for the ancient **Jews** to love, like, care for or respect their Roman colonizers or their enemies in the countries all around them. **Jesus**, nevertheless, advocated that they do so. When your enemies like what you have that they're missing, they'll try to take it from you if they're *primitive*. They'll try to reproduce it if they're *civilized*.

GOD wants us to overcome our **covetous** nature of what HE gives to others. Some straight men **covet** the **freedom** from responsibilities and colorful sex lives that gay men enjoy. Some non-**Jews** **covet** the nation we've created that's become one of the most powerful countries on Earth in only three-quarters of a century.

The richer you are, the less you **covet**. The more you have, the less you want. The same is true internally. Only those who are poverty-stricken internally **covet** what gays and **Jews** have. Therefore, we need to help people become **wealthy**, inside and out.

Republicans are **envious** of gay men's ability to like men. They're **envious** of **Black** men's ability to call one another: brother. They're **envious** of Latin [**Catholic**] men's ability to put an arm around one another. They're **envious** of Asian men being able to bow down respectfully toward one another.

But what Republicans can do is love GOD, and many Democrats can't do that. This is something I've learned from my **enemies** that has taught me to respect their faith, even if their conscience may be leading them astray.

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

The only thing it does say in every holy book is that none of us has the right to hurt ourself or others. This is what triggers GOD's revenge. This is what HE meant when HE said in **Torah** that HE's a **jealous** GOD. If you think you can do something that HE doesn't allow HIMSELF to do [hate HIS creations], HE's going to get even with you.

GOD doesn't care who you choose to *love*. But HE has very strong opinions about who you choose to *hate*. Threatening to kill gays and/or **Jews** is a sign of being significantly out of touch with GOD.

The whole gun issue in America revolves around the inability of Republicans to live the life **Jesus** advocated by respecting their **enemies**. There's nothing more powerful than caring for your **enemies** if you want to turn them into **friends**. That's the recipe for the secret sauce **Jesus** promoted during His lifetime. That's what I admire about

Christianity expressed through all wise forms of tolerance and inclusion from the heart.

But negotiating from a position of strength is mandatory when dealing with evil. Offering your **loyalty** in exchange for the opportunity for your **enemies** repent is a charitable act.

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

When I was severely mentally challenged, I couldn't defend the constructs of my mind. My thinking was threatened by any and all evidence that forced me to use my belief system in wonderfully new ways.

What are we going to do with portrait artists whose background is a melted **rainbow** that's dripping all over their foreground? What are we going to do with portrait artists who promote smirks, not smiles?

Trying to kill myself once wasn't enough. I had to try a second time. Both times I hurt my German, **Jewish** mother **terribly** by doing to myself what she so disdained her countrymen for doing to the **Jews**.

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

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

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

unconsciously thought this way for some time after she was dead. I've finally let go of my mother to let her rest in peace.

But I did so by taking her place on the cross. Then, everything I did hurt me, not her. Then I became the perpetrator and victim of my own thoughts, feelings, beliefs, wants [–], desires [+] and actions. That's when I felt that my navel was finally all mine.

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

Hitler tried murdering modern and orthodox **Jews** alike to keep his **Catholic** soul free from self-contempt. Self-contempt is a necessary part of life. If Hitler had been able to feel contempt for himself, he could have contributed to Germany in so many fine ways. The same is true of today's **Palestinians**. The nation they want lies in their hands, but it's slipping through their fingers. If they could only bring their hands together in prayer, they'd find the self-love they're missing to condemn the methods they've been using.

If you don't reach the level of guilt called self-contempt, you should at least be able to see it in others. So many people model self-contempt. I don't know how you could miss it!

You're just existing if you aren't criticizing yourself on a daily basis. **Depression** is the result overly criticizing yourself. Self-contempt is the result of never criticizing yourself.

If you suffer from mental illness and you haven't had a discussion about self-contempt with your therapist, find someone better to guide you. My therapists never discussed with me how much I hated myself. You'd think that after three suicide attempts that topic would have been brought up.

You're probably a psychopath with neurotic leanings. There's probably a vast array of feelings you're not **feeling**. You're probably alerting yourself to them through hang-ups you don't question about feelings you're missing.

If you insist on making other people pay because you can't feel, you're a sociopath. You're a homophobe and/or anti-Zionist. We've don't nothing but try to make peace with you, but you consistently choose to avoid the peace table.

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

If you don't see yourself as irrational because you're on all sorts of conflicting sides, you don't see how inconsistent you really are. You're not coming from your conscience. You're coming from other parts of you that would rather die than come together.

If the **Muslims** in America and around the world choose to learn something of value about the struggle going on between their own heart and soul, that would be a useful outcome of our second Civil War. Even the orthodox **Jews** could afford to learn more about their **vehicle** from people like me. It could well be that they don't fight in the **Israeli** army because they're **afraid** of learning to *live*, not because they're afra **afraid** of learning to *die*.

Racists will never be able to achieve their hyper-religious goals in this new Civil War because their goals were just as un**christ**ian in the first Civil War. You've got to throw Leviticus 25 out the window. Learning how to treat your slaves charitably isn't going to work in today's world.

If anyone can teach **Christ**ians how to behave in a **Christ**ian manner, it's **Jews** who've been victims of **Christ**ian animosity for 2,000 years. We now know we have to like our **enemies** if we're going to change their minds about us. We know so because we were enslaved four times, and the last time was by **Christ**ians. We know so if we speak **Hebrew**, the language GOD first chose to use to give us HIS word.

I consider myself a conservatively reformed orthodox **Jew**. I see my values as having been formed by all **Jews**. What I do with my virtues and values, however, depends on three aspects of my identity.

My identity has been formed by being gay. My identity has been formed by being **Jewish**. And my identity has been formed by being [mentally] disabled.

I discovered the truth of the depth of my identity through an odd circumstance. I love the idea of moving to a small town to lead an idyllic life, but I know that I'd never succeed. Will hates the idea of doing so although he knows he would succeed.

The difference isn't in our religions. And it's not because we're gay. I think we could live a very comfortable life as a gay couple in small-town America, even though I'm **Jewish** and would have to share my belief in GOD with **Christians**.

The problem lies in my disability. I know I couldn't function as well in a small community because of my mental illness. My mental illness has to be challenged with diversity. I need a wide range of people and ideas around me. I need to be challenged from many directions with many diverse points of view. If not, I'd easily fall back into the narrow-minded mindset that caused me to become susceptible to stinking thinking in the first place.

In figuratively moving out of my head through the forces found in my body, I discovered that I couldn't always obey the 3rd Commandment [Thou shall not utter the LORD's name in vain]. In my effort to pray to GOD using words that weren't vain, I discovered that it was sometimes much better to use body language and/or abstract geometric patterns to describe myself to GOD. At those times, I was alerting HIM to the fact that I felt very compromised by words.

When I moved down from my head to my heart, my thoughts entertained my feelings, but the line from my head to my heart was on a 45-degree angle from my breastplate which lies directly below my head.

Moving from the feelings in my heart to the beliefs in my soul, moved me in a straight line through my breastplate from my left nipple to my right nipple. But moving down from my beliefs under my right nipple to my navel where I contemplated my relationship to my mother was an unexpected move on another angle. But from there it was easy to go below my waist straight down to my genitals to explore my wants [-] and desires [+].

This inner movement begins in my head where I learned to think *logically*. It moved on an angle into my heart where I learned to feel *rationally*. It crossed my conscience to arrive in my soul where I learned to believe *reasonably*. And from there it moves down to my navel where I learned to *contemplate*; my genitals where I learned to *meditate*; and to my anus where I learned to *advocate*.

Once I could see that I wasn't always logical, rational, reasonable or sensible, I had to admit that I had my head up my ass. I was always advocating for the wrong thing.

But optimist that I am, I saw that as the **perfect** opportunity to find the guts to admit that I had my head up my ass in a twisted effort to look at myself inside.

According to Greek legend, Alexander the Great, the gay leader of the ancient world who conquered Asia, solved the mystery of the Gordian Knot in 333 B.C.E. by slicing through it. As a great conqueror of the East and West, I've solved the mystery of the Gordian Knot without damaging it. I associate that knot with the knot found in the belly of every human being.

I've figuratively gone through my intestines to my navel. My head has come out of my navel. I couldn't have done so if I hadn't had my head up my ass.

This is why I now know that all men come out of women. Women don't come out of men, as **Moses** asserted in **Torah**. I now know that it's the z-factor that unites men and women. The "x" and "y" factors only divide men from women. Man is a [z + y]. Woman is a [z + x]. It's the chromosome we get

from our mother that instills the desire [+] to cooperate, unite, join forces and pool resources. Sadly, men still believe **Moses** although he's been categorically proven wrong about so many things.

I didn't have an ideal relationship with my mother. But I came to appreciate her efforts by framing them in the time in which she lived. I can now see that my mother avoided her feelings by going directly down from her head to her breastplate. She used her conscience without using her feelings as her guide. Then she went directly down from there to her navel and genitals. She was **sad** about the way she'd treated her mother. She was **angry** about having been attracted to my father. And she avoided any discussion of ever having been wrong about her relationship to herself.

I had to defy my mother. I had to explore my feelings, even though that brought up so many conflicts, especially with regard to my feelings about gays, **Jews** and disabled people.

Now that I can admit that I'm a disabled, gay **Jew**, I can accept the strategy I've used to coming to know myself. Granted, it's unorthodox. But perhaps it takes the **courage** of someone who's paranoid schizophrenic to find another way to live life honestly, sincerely and authentically in this day-and-age.

I'm sorry to only introduce you to where I've been taking you as viewed from inside of me halfway through our story. It's like we've reached the summit of a mountain. From up here, you can look down on all sides. You can see the valley we came from and the valley and the mountains before us.

Perhaps you can even imagine that I've brought you through your navel from the inside out. It's my way of threading a needle with a camel. Perhaps you can now see that you're looking out over a vast meadow on a mountain top from which you can see yourself from the center of you.

From here you should be able to see the value in ridiculing your **enemies** rather than killing them. You should

be able to see that a sharp wit goes much deeper than a sharp knife. If you can't stab people with your wit, don't bother to stab them with knives. Your cut will be much deeper.

You might think this book was written by a **Jew**. You might think this book was written by a gay atheist. You might even think this book was written by a serpent hanging down from a tree of knowledge who's beguiled you because you were so naïve that you couldn't see where I was taking you.

This book wasn't written by my penis which looks and acts a lot like a pen. It wasn't written by the voice of my wants [-] that emanates out of one of the fruits in my tree. To be fully candid with you, this book wasn't even written by the voice of my desires [+]. My wants [-] and desires [+] are topics I keep to myself. This book is a collaboration of all the forces within me. This book has seven authors.

To believe me, you have to use your mind to **imagine** my ability to separate the juice of my two fruits. You have to perceive that in healing from the psychic collapse I went through as a young man, I learned how to differentiate good from evil in a poetic way that has made it possible for me to serve you more of my desires [+], while withholding as much as I can of my wants [–].

To believe me, you have to realize that good and evil grow. They don't literally grow. But they grow like fruit grows on trees. Good and evil grow the way words grow when you can use them in more inspired ways.

To believe me, you have to know that some things must be said out loud in loud. And if you don't know how to tell the difference, you're missing out on a lot of conversations you should be having with yourself.

Moses gave us a metaphor that underlines everything we know about the meaning of words. You can't think without his metaphors. But you can't feel without the symbols given by **Jesus**. And you can't fully believe in GOD without the similes given by the **Prophet Muhammad**.

Language has been brought to us by GOD in stages. But you learned how to use language without learning how language works from the inside out. You don't even remember having learned how to speak. And now you think you know everything there is to know about how you talk, while ghosting yourself.

The silent treatment doesn't work with your enemies. It doesn't work with your friends. What makes you think it would work with yourself?

I told you to talk to yourself. I told you that healing is something that can happen from the outside in and/or from the inside out. I told you that you're a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. I told you that life is a school that everybody graduates. I told you that your grades aren't going on my report card. And I told you about our TEACHER.

If you'd prefer to conclude that I'm a Jewish anti-Zionist because I prefer to live in the United States rather than Israel, believe what you will. I know that there's no word for Mexicans who express loyalty to Mexico but prefer to live in L.A. I know there's no word for Chinamen who express their loyalty to China but prefer to live in San Francisco.

Jews are Zionists. We express our loyalty to our homeland. Our country was stolen out from under us again and again. But we haven't given up out loyalty to Israel because GOD gave it to us. Where is it written in the Quran that GOD gave it to the Palestinians? Israel is the only country HE gave to anyone, and we're proud to express our loyalty to HIM despite the lessons HE gives us that force us all to grow up.

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

I believe no one can tell you what's true about the heart of men better than a man who loves men. And I believe no one can tell you what's figuratively pouring out of my penis better than me.

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

Fantasy Land

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

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

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

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

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

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

violet] that have emotional meaning before we can trust how we feel about anyone. For us, perceiving is believing. Love isn't as easy for us to believe in without clues to the mystery of ecstasy that describe the magnificence of reality.

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

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

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

I don't want to paint too somber a picture. There were magical moments in *my* youth, too. I remember the time I was seven and my father came to visit us in Ventura, CA from New York City to go through the ordeal of my mother divorcing him. He picked me up from school each day, and we walked home hand in hand. On one such day, we came across a lizard in an outdoor drain basking in the sun, and we both stood fascinated by something neither of us could put into words.

After my father returned to New York defeated, I'd go on the equivalent of an African safari, catching bees in a jar as they buzzed around the mock orange blossoms behind our complex. The bees were my trophies, like animal heads mounted on a wealthy man's walls. I had no interest yet in honey.

As I eased out of innocence into experience, I remember a majestic sunset over the Mediterranean Sea on Mikonos

when I was 17 on my first trip to Europe – paid for with money I made teaching Israeli and international folk dance at synagogues and folk dance cafes in L.A. The cruise was eight days long and cost $10/day, twice what I was allowing myself every other day [Europe on $5/day]. That late afternoon on Mikonos, I was conversing with French gals from the ship, enjoying my first stab at friendship using my high school foreign language, elective skills.

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

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

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

I'll never forget how it felt to be a ballet dancer leaping across the studio floor at American Ballet School near Columbus Circle in New York City. I marveled at my reflection in the mirror and the utter physical freedom I achieved while unknowingly in bondage inside.

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

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

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

My first orgasm one night at the age of 16 should have woken me up to my reality. Instead, it sent me running in fear from it. Sex led me into young men's arms, but far from my own.

I'm not afraid of passion anymore. I'm not afraid of matters of my own heart. I'm not ashamed of loving myself. If you want what I have, make love by yourself using your imagination. GOD gave you an imagination to discover that HE made you in HIS image.

Adult Children

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

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

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

Everyone today suffers from P.T.S.D. In fact, we all suffer so badly from post-traumatic stress that it's now turned into pre-traumatic stress. We anticipate the next blow to our psyche.

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

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

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

We've got the wings. We've got the potential to fly. We've got more wealth within us than we know what to do with. But we've got nowhere to go and nothing to spend our

inner gelt on. What's weighing us down is our cynicism and scorn of **reality**, not of the world to come. A pot of gold at the end of a **rainbow** is useless to us.

If I told you the truth, you'd scorn me. There's a pot of gold at the end of each of your nipples. There's a **rainbow** shining in the darkness inside you that arches over your breastplate from your heart to your soul. The keystone of this arch is your Adam's apple. And there's a pot of gold at both ends.

If you could get through the seven colors in your Adam's apple, you could drop down into your conscience to make it your guide. You could see all the feelings on your left and all the beliefs on your right without getting caught up in judging them.

Everyone knows better, and yet no one can do anything about the way the world is digressing. That's a weight that everyone has to bear who doesn't know about the world within.

The rats swimming away from the sinking ship use their feelings and beliefs for profit. Filling your pots of gold by using and abusing gays and/or **Jews** will have consequences in your lifetime and thereafter. Why would you think otherwise?

There are no lifeboats. If you don't earn your wings, you'll have to swim away from the rats around you. That's not going to look good in the moment, but it will do wonders for your reputation in the long run. Who hasn't gotten mixed up in bad company?

Those who yearn to get the hell as far away from GOD and HIS plan for man as fast as they can are the biggest losers. They're so spiritually obese that they can't see how gluttony is destroying them. They're so hungry that they can only stuff themselves externally. They have no idea how to feed themself from within.

The second Civil War **rages** on. The slaves must be set free. But the pharaohs, slavedrivers and even the slaves of

today all refuse to admit what's happening. It's Passover time! GOD is removing the **Jews** from the dangers the rest of the world is having to face. What can I tell you? We're not all in the same boat. If you're a Democrat or a Republican, "Sit Down You're Rockin' the Boat."

Flap your wings. See if you can teach your children to fly. Prepare them for a world infested with rats by not embracing vermin. Treat everyone with the wisdom, love and **loyalty** to life with which you'd like to be treated.

Ducklings

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

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

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

I could sometimes see the light inside me because I had dreams in life to fulfill. But when I was filled with fantasies that light would go off. And yet, when my inner light shined within, I could feel the warmth on my skin down to the marrow in my bones.

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

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

My banana may have started out **green**, but then it, too, turned **yellow**. Now it's **brown**.

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

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

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

Thanks be to the LORD of this forsaken kingdom on the edge of the Milky Way who showed me who I was and what I had the potential to do with the fruits of my labors. That was pure magic! That was a real **miracle**, not the claptrap tricks they talk about in the external world.

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

How in the world could I tell the story of those who are stealing our **freedom** if I couldn't keep the lights on inside me? How could I describe what the ugliest ducklings are doing if I can't describe to you what I'd tried to do to myself?

Freedom is external. **Liberty** is **freedom** from within. I was a thief who'd stolen my **liberty** out from under me. Without it, I'd never achieve **emancipation** from myself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I've been given the **vehicle** I've been given. I didn't get to choose it. I'm not Noah who got to build his ark himself. I'm stuck with the vessel I got, and I'm going to have to make do with it until I reach Safe Haven.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flickering lights are signs of self-doubt. People are very good at concealing their flickering lights. Inner bells sound like **church** bells. They toll with **fear**. **Terror** sounds like

trumpets. It was **fear** of GOD that brought the walls of Jericho down, not toll bells ringing.

Self-doubt makes the lights flicker inside, reminding us of *lightning*. Then self-doubt echoes through us like *thunder*. You don't want to battle your inner demons during weather like that.

Death isn't the color of darkness. If you can't pierce the darkness inside you, you'll have no clue what it means. You'll be lost in a living hell. You'll think you're invincible. You'll think there is no GOD.

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

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

But you'll never believe me because you're not **afraid** of guilt. How many people do you know who are willing to face their guilty conscience with **regret**, apologies and the amends they must make? They'd rather die!

People who can't see through the darkness within themself are deathly **afraid** of gays, **Jews** and the mentally ill. They're consumed with superstition at what GOD would do to them if they used their head to think for themself about themself.

People who can't see through their own darkness are like children who have to look under the bed and in closets before they go to sleep at night. Gay people who've come out of the closet are like boogie men who scare the **excrement** out of them. And the mentally ill are like the walking dead, zombies people **fear** are contagious.

Darkness is everywhere, inside and out. If you're walking to your car at night, and you start to think about getting mugged, it may be because your mind wants to remind you of how little you know about the darkness inside

you. Maybe your lack of preparation for the darkness around you is related to your lack of interest in the darkness within you. Maybe you're not as realistic as you think. Maybe it's not a gun you need to protect yourself, but a talking serpent in a tree that tells it like it is?

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

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

Such was **reality** in America at the beginning of the 21st Century when we were invaded by fanatical **Muslims**. We didn't even have marriage equality then. Such was **reality** when gay men were still treated like **Jews** in Nazi Germany.

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

You *should* be suspicious of me. Keep your doubts about me. Keep your suspicions about who I am and what I'm trying to do to you.

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

None of us were properly prepared for the modern age with the meaning of darkness [guilt]. When we were kids, our caregivers couldn't anticipate what we'd have to go

through in the future. They prepared us for the present they were living, not the future we're going through now.

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

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

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

We're all in a material vehicle called a body. And it's hurdling through time on a journey through space that will someday come to an end. Just look at your face in the mirror and compare what it looks like now to what it looked like five or ten years ago.

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

You feel rejected, abandoned and betrayed by your parents who knew nothing about how to love a kid with questions about life. So, you concluded everyone else was more damaged than you. You want to control us instead of spending your life learning to control yourself. You think you can unite us. That's why you have children, pets and friends. That's why you're a staunched Democrat or Republican.

You're the ugliest duckling because you've promised to prove to yourself that you're always right; that you have no reason to feel guilty about anything. You've convinced yourself that you have no reason to even feel the **feeling** of guilt. That's what you know you want to hear.

If you haven't turned **Jesus** into an idol made of gold, then you did so to **Moses** or **Muhammad**. And if you swear you didn't do so to Them, then you did so to yourself.

All rats swim away from sinking ships. That's the nature of rats. They don't go down with the ship. It becomes a question of the survival of the *fittest*, not the *finest*.

Hitler knew how to get psychopaths to do what he wanted. He simply convinced them he could keep their guilt at bay through their very last day. The one thing psychopaths don't want to face is the day they die. The one thing sociopaths do want to face is the day they die. They both know that their struggle with guilt will be over.

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

Nobody told you that guilt is comprised of [1] embarrassment of your body; [2] shame of your character; and [3] humiliation before the LORD.

That's all there is to guilt. Read it and weep. The hyper-religious should have learned that in their house of prayer. The atheists should have learned it on the streets.

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

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

I may be a suicide survivor, but I've checked all the boxes when it comes to understanding how we all think with our head and feel with our heart. I extended that metaphor to

include how I believe with all my soul; use my conscience to guide me; contemplate my navel for a philosophy of life; use my genitals to satisfy my urges; and sometimes find myself facing a closet door [anus] that everyone tells me to avoid at all cost.

Inside, you know you're surrounded by walls of flesh and blood. There's only one way past them, and that's through them when you die. So, I recommend you move through your walls slowly and cautiously into old age, and then out the other side with a smile on your face as you leave here for good.

I'm not promoting names for GOD. I'm promoting GOD. I'm not promoting a Tutor. I'm promoting the **TEACHER**. I'm not promoting the first place GOD planted HIS seed [Eden]. I'm promoting all life on Earth.

Since I'm not dead, I don't have the secret anyone's looking for. I can't get you out of your Homemade prison. I'm not willing to help you bust out by screwing guilt.

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

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

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

This brings me back to the colors **red** that represents **rage, fury** and **anger** and **orange** which represents **dread**,

agony, anxiety and worry. These colors produce your growing impatience.

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

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

People don't realize how much agony they're willing to endure to let their boy-toy have its way. Getting what you want [–] in life always costs more in the long run than you budgeted for.

When your needs [0], wants [–] and desires [+] overwhelm the guy who's in charge of your head and the gal who's in charge in your heart, you ought to give greater consideration to your entire, spiritual, operating system. Your wants [-] and desires [+] are often running you instead of you running them. This makes it much harder to meet your own needs [0]. This is why some people literally end up homeless while others feel Homeless.

As someone who was almost homeless and was checking out freeway overpasses for a place to live, I can now look back at how impatient I was at the time.

America is a rat race with good reason. Only rats move fast enough to race through here. You don't want to avoid impatience by colluding with rats.

As I look at our country today, it's easy for me to get impatient with all the fools around me. But facing the agony I'm in over issues that aren't mine to solve has, ironically, given me the answers I need to solve my own issues.

Most of the problems in American center around an insufficiently deep enough faith in GOD. Most of the GOD-fearing in this country are rightwing Christians and

orthodox **Jews**. Yet most of the GOD-loving and kind people are atheists and agnostics.

That means that most of our problems can still be solved with a modern look at the **Bible** since good people come to the topic of GOD and the dictates of **Moses** and **Jesus** carte blanche. They haven't been indoctrinated with religious lies and hate. They aren't prejudiced or exclusive.

We can't make rightwing **Christians** and orthodox **Jews** look at scripture with new eyes if they refuse to see. But we can infuse their houses of prayer with inclusion and loving kindness. We can take away their tax benefits for being exclusive, hateful and mean.

Prejudice is not a GOD given right. It can and must be punished. We must pray with them to convince them that our **prayers** are superior to their prayers. If they refuse to open their mind, we'll just have to open their heart.

Most hyper-religious people are wedded to literal interpretations of their holy book, instead of the metaphors [**Moses**], symbols [**Jesus**] and similes [**Muhammad**] I've discussed in my books.

Once you can move through literalism to the poetic intentions of GOD's words, it becomes so much easier to allow yourself to develop the individuality and personal solutions that will work for you uniquely.

Just because there's a GOD with a plan doesn't mean that the hyper-religious know what that plan is or how the atheists and agnostics may be living better in some ways than they are.

Hyper-religious people have been wrong before. Just because life is a school doesn't mean that **failure** in the material world doesn't correspond to amazing successes from **lessons** learned within.

I've failed my way to success in life because I discovered the principles I live by. I don't take anyone's word for what's right or wrong. Life teaches me everything I know.

But I can't look at anything I've done in the external world without criticizing it for having been insufficient, incomplete or just wrong right from the start. I can't look at any of my "failures" without having to admit I learned enormous amount about myself and the principles I now believe in from those outcomes.

As I've said in myriad ways before, the problem lies on the political right where **Christian** doctrine is the theme behind all their political arguments. And the orthodox **Jews** are, ironically, colluding with them all the way. The outcome of that collusion will be a war with **Iran** that will end the homophobia and anti-Zionism in the Middle East.

The fanatical **Muslims** are going to go along with that plan to the bitter end. So, it would behoove the liberals and moderates to keep quiet. Now is not the time to support a **Palestinian** state. The time will come when the **Palestinians** fly the gay flag, the **Israeli** flag and the American flag. That's when they'll realized that they've been humiliated by GOD, not gays, **Jews** or Americans.

I've talked about this so long and have described it in so many ways that I've lost interest in repeating myself. Perhaps the only thing I haven't yet said is that the media doesn't realize how ignorant they are about spirituality. Their actions promote their beliefs, not the facts. Their beliefs support anti-Zionists and homophobes. This is distorting their **message**.

The Republicans **imagine Jesus** as a Scandinavian **Jew** with **White** skin, **blue** eyes and **blond** hair who never used His penis for anything other than to urinate with. They refuse to entertain the idea that **Jesus** and Judas were in a love affair, and things went badly for both when they broke up because Judas was **green** with **envy** at what his Boyfriend had that he didn't.

That thought disgusts hyper-religious **Christians** because they aren't interested in His **message** of love and forgiveness. Those **Christians** are only interested in

promoting what they say **Jesus** looked like in their eyes. They swear He died with a chip on His shoulder, just like them.

And although that makes orthodox **Jews** smirk with cynicism, it makes the orthodox **synagogues** and Evangelical **churches** of America a bigoted, homophobic and misogynistic outreach for antisemites who want to control the world, just as the Nazis tried to do in Europe in the last century.

The **Muslims** see this hypocrisy, but they don't dare talk about it because their hands are so bloodstained in their quest to take over the world. We can't trust anyone who doesn't love himself more than his God. Putting your God or our GOD before yourself is the worst of all possible choices. It's devoid of wisdom, lacking in love and disloyal to everything GOD stands for.

Love is a **feeling**. GOD presented the concept of love through the symbolism presented by **Jesus** after **Moses** presented the concept of guilt 1,400 years prior with his metaphors.

Guilt is also a **feeling**. But in order to attain love, you've first got to understand how guilt works. You can't claim to be flawless while claiming to know about love and its consequence: **remorse**, mercy and tolerance.

Why is it that so many people don't want to obey the law? Why do so many people want to run away from **reality** with drugs? Why are so many people **angry**, **frustrated** and full of accusations and blame? Why can't these people think of anything critical to say about themself, except that they're fat and **impatient**?

I think these are good questions because the American culture has **created** these problems on such a large scale that it's like a vanity mirror that blows our culture up to a size that the whole world is mesmerized and **horrified** by.

The pressure to conform to succeed so as to become financially independent rather than socially interdependent

is greater in this country than any other place on Earth. People aren't nurtured into becoming gentle and kind to one another. They denounce the concept that what goes around comes around [**Buddhist** law of the universe]. They're hardened into becoming cold and unfeeling because they're taught to only ask what's in it for me.

This makes drugs and sex particularly appealing as ways of escaping from the society we've **created**. Drugs and sex become rewards to assuage our damaged ego for the harshness of the **reality** we've participated in making and then are subjected to.

The most important verb in the English language for me is "to affirm." I've always yearned to be affirmed. I want people to see me and acknowledge me for being real and righteous. Ironically, I became a ballet dancer to be seen, but no one watched me. It was as if I was never really there.

Only in old age have I found my own rhythm and dance. Only now am I also interested in being heard. I am, at last, free. I can soar. I can fly. I can leave my body with my imagination, and when I come back to it, I can describe where I went. I couldn't do that by dancing professionally.

Life is a school, but I'm in class with my **TEACHER** at night, and doing my homework all day with the world. I report to HIM in the early hours before the dawn. I'm the early bird who's given the worm long before the other birds have to wake up, get up and catch up.

What's more, I'm in a committed, monogamous relationship with a man who really likes me. We like each other. We're the epitome of a successful marriage without having gone through the paperwork.

Most people are ducklings. They want to learn to do what we can do. They want to leave their body through the **ecstasy** living fully affords us. No one should be damned to live only through survival issues. Most ducklings are always in *survival* mode. They'll never learn to *live* like that. They're death personified. They're darkness [guilt] visible.

The very meaning of life has been denied most ducklings. They might have had the luxury of flying around in airplanes, but they don't know the meaning of flight. They don't *really* know the story of the birds and the **bees**.

Don't **envy** the super-rich. They're death warmed up unless they've learned how to pay all the taxes we pay and turn most of their fortune into charity.

Don't **envy** anyone other than yourself. You have what you need. The more you earn your own reputation in your eyes, the greater the wealth within that will be conferred upon you. That's what it means to be a proud American and citizen of the world.

Thinking In Loud

When I think, I see a foreground and a background in my mind, as though I were looking at a painting. I see myself as a face that holds an emotional meaning in being. I see me painting another self-portrait with every major idea I entertain.

Such is the life of a master of metaphor. Such are the aspects of Adam, Eve and serpent that makes up the trunk, bow and branches of my tree. Out of this self-growing process, I produce the fruits of my labors, which can be both good and/or evil.

Sometimes my mind gets distracted by the background of what I'm portraying with blurred thoughts that stand behind my main idea and by feelings that cover my main idea like my beard when I need a shave.

These blurry background thoughts and 5:00 o'clock shadow feelings are from previous moments in time that were important to me in the past that gave a fuzzy haze behind the main idea in my mind at one time.

Previous thoughts and feelings now fade quickly. They lose their vitality, as if I now subconsciously realize they were always intended to pave the way for a great idea that's destined as a foreground for a well-thought-out self-portrait today. These faded, background fillers imbody **disappointment** at never having what was needed to be great. They're a part of me; they're just not the part of me that matters anymore.

In this way, past thoughts and feelings become a meaningful background to contemporary thoughts and feelings I hold prominently in the foreground of the new portrait I'm working on today. In this way, I create multiple self-portraits, each a layer of portraiture on the canvas of my life.

I keep a copy of these paintings in a rolodex I've got on my desk in my archives below the library of external knowledge I've amassed.

This method of living life in my mind like an artist who's creating a museum of masterpieces was always the case, but concealed in my unconscious. It's only the ability to describe it as such that's new to me.

I like to think that each completed portrait hangs in the halls of my soul. There, I go at night when alone with GOD in the **mystery** of the night for inspiration into who I was, who I am and what I now look like within. There, before the next dawn, lies the evidence of why my presence in this world is called for.

When I stroll through these hallowed halls in my dreams, I get an inspired sense of myself, past, present and future. I see myself as a spirit in human form evolving and progressing with emotional paints from tubes mixed on a palette in my heart, applied with brushstrokes from my genitals onto a canvas to produce what we casually call: spiritual imagery.

This artistic view of my life makes me happy. It makes me feel that I'm edging nearer to GOD day-by-day. If GOD were to bend down and ask me what "progress" means to me, there are already sketches and drawings in my mind that express that idea in self-portrait form using a variety of facial gestures I can't literally see, but which I take responsibility for having produced on my face.

If HE'd like to know what tenderness, **loyalty** or friendship mean to me, I have my tears as evidence, for they're like the mixed paints on my palette that come from the colors of HIS **rainbow**. I'm a dope who believes in hope and a thing called love.

My tears have produced the most powerful of all the words in the English language: love. Layers of love-filled words applied to my canvas leave brush strokes of meaning

in my words to inspire others. I think about how I think, therefore I am.

Such are my beliefs. They're concretized in my soul as my way of expressing what being human means to me. I imagine this is somewhat like the soul of every artist.

In my last book I spoke about gossip as a painful betrayal I felt as a gay man by my lesbian cousins. I got between them, and they ripped me to pieces with gossip as easily as tearing paper up and throwing it in the trash. I was appalled at how easily women will shred men if women are so inclined.

Men murder one another, women and children. But that's countered with the psychic destructive ability GOD gave to women. So, beware!

I now look at gossip as a pas de deux on the world stage between Rudolph Nureyev and Margot Fontaine. Gossip is stunning in its disassociation from personal involvement in evil. Gossip is England on-point being spun around by Russia. Gossip is virility in dance form!

Rudolph Nureyev was always in love with Danish, superstar, ballet dancer Erik Bruhn. The magic of Nureyev and Fontaine was gossip presented on the world stage as art. It was an invention, a white lie. The real art was happening between Nureyev and Bruhn's sheets.

I could also describe gossip as a chess match between democracy and totalitarians around the world, pawns taking down kings with the surreptitious help of queens like me.

When will the **bishops** of the **Church** see the quest for love as a truth that liars and thieves will always try to squelch? What the **bishops** are clinging to as they move diagonally across the board is always on an angle. The quest for **freedom**, **liberty** and **emancipation evolves** our head, heart and soul. Every player must win this war from within.

The **mosque** will never bow to the **church**, or the **church** to the **shul**. But the more the masses identify as

victimized **Jews**, the greater the arc of fate will bend to GOD's amazing will. We're all seeking our **destiny**. We're all more like **Jews** than anyone would like to admit [including some **Jews**].

Compare and contrast the evidence around you to your religious beliefs. Analyze your own **reality**. What's happening to your thoughts feelings and beliefs over time?

The **shul** can only convert your mind. The **church** can only convert your heart. The **mosque** can only convert your soul. To change your mind, you're going to have to transform your heart to transcend your conscience with a greater truth about GOD.

Gossip and truth is a wrestling match between you and GOD in your conscience, not between other people. This struggle with GOD [the very meaning of the word "**Israel**"] turns you into an embodiment of **Israel** made manifest.

So, if you think good and evil aren't playing out their match on the world stage in your own home for domination over the importance of your humanity, you aren't waking up to a world that must include a **Jew** in you. You aren't fully aware of what's going on inside or around you because you're asleep at the wheel.

You're only pretending to be alive if you aren't struggling with GOD to achieve goodness. You're still in a Neanderthal state of awakening if you haven't confronted the Creation Story through the wake-up call at **puberty** when the words of your serpent involuntarily poured out of its mouth.

The evolution of the species is just a mirror of the evolution we're all going through within ourself and the evolution you first encountered with orgasm.

There's something akin to cold-blooded dinosaurs fighting with warm-blooded mammals in every decision you make. There are cowboys on horses contending with angels-on-wing when you vote using only fantasy as your guide.

When you get it wrong, animals in Africa groan. Children in barrios in Chili cry out under the burdens you're putting them through. Paintings in the Louvre frown at your choices. You're destroying civilization as we know it when you refuse to accept reality as it is: a struggle with guilt.

Life is real, but most people are only pretending to live it. They think survival of the fittest is what it's all about. Well, I have news for them. Survival isn't my issue. The morally strong will always survive even if I die in my attempt to express my truth as a gay Jew.

Men's eyes are bulging inside from the guns they worship like idols. They're praying for violence to prove their strength. They're lighting candles in celebration of darkness. They're edging their way toward hell like lemmings who are slowly following one another over a cliff of such unprecedented and unparalleled proportions that they have no idea how far down they could yet fall.

Their fall is proof positive of The Fall. That Fall was the death of childhood that ushered in puberty; so great is GOD's hope in us achieving our humanity. Young, straight men don't even know what they've been through, let alone what could come. All they know is how to take the Bible literally or throw it away.

In Europe, people went through religious wars for centuries. They harnessed their hatred of Jews until the axis powers agreed to eradicate Jews and Judaism entirely.

Today, the right harnesses the same hatred for gays, while obfuscating their intentions with financial goals to make it look like they're good at heart. They're aiming to kill only the gays, but GOD will always put the Jews in the middle.

If you don't think about what you think about to achieve a sharper mind, they won't take your vote away from you. They'll force you to waste it on someone who isn't worthy enough to represent you.

No one is moving **Jesus** out of any **church** in our land. Nor are they installing Him in the White House. Neither the **church** nor the state needs to be reformed. They both need to be augmented with a higher level of self-awareness.

If you aren't a poet and know it, you're going to get sucked up into literalist interpretations of scripture. You're going to hate gays and/or modern **Jews**. You're going to hate modern **Muslims** who prove that they don't hate gays and **Jews**. You're going to hate anyone who offers you a figurative way of embracing your scripture for the modern age.

You're going to carry a gun with your **Bible**. You're going to aim both as you would your penis. And you're going to fire to pierce any person you hate with the ammunition of your death-giving bullets [semen]. Such is the putrid poison that will come out of your other two lips.

Hope lies between your legs not just in the scriptures GOD gave us. Hope lies in the boy-toy or girl-toy you were given that you should, by now, have learned to love. This is your wand. This is the source of your magic.

Making love is the key to creating life, preserving life and enjoying life, even if you don't want children. Life is the door out of this world and into whatever comes next that no man can mansplain with words.

Freedom is the key. Getting through each door in life to perceive the brilliance of what's on the other side is the lock you must open.

Don't believe all the earthly gossip about **Heaven** and Hell. **Heaven** is your perception of the **destiny** of man. Hell is your perception of his fate.

Making love is an art, and anyone who loves sex has the potential of becoming an amazing artist portraying life on the **white** canvas of his bedsheets.

If you don't look at love with your partner as a magnificent performance in one tiny corner of the world stage, you're not a good actor.

If you don't enjoy penetration of the mouth of your partner with your tongue as a song, and your kisses as tunes you two are composing to dance to in bed – then what are you two doing? Why bother having sex without love?

Making love is a pas de deux. Making love **creates** leaps and bounds of such great height and beauty that your soul is captivated by your grace each time you cum.

If you're bored to death with your husband or wife, the problem lies in you two, not us. There are gay men crying at their wedding. They cherish their marriage vows as manna from **Heaven**. There are lesbians who are making love with endless delight. If we can love love, you can learn to love love, too.

Gay men are artists in bed. We produce self-portraits of love while reclining. Our song to GOD is a sculpture, a Rodin "Thinker" or "Kiss." Our dance with grace through every orgasm with our belovéd is a recreation of creation.

You have no idea who's masterful in bed just by looking at people's containers. Adam and Steve have as much hope of achieving **Paradise** as Adam and Eve.

Don't listen to the hyper-religious who wax poetic about GOD's heterosexual love of mankind. They don't have a clue to the meaning of love.

The meaning of *love* is *like*. You've got to like the person you're sleeping with. You've got to know them so well and like them so much that you want to keep them alive forever with your passionate regard for their wellbeing.

Some of the quietest, most humble and unassuming couples, straight and gay, have achieved something spiritually magnificent in their relationship. They've been transformed into SORCERER's apprentices. The **LGBTQIA+** community can teach them to use their magic more wisely.

The hyper-religious are creating havoc with every hateful law they pass like gas. They're filling the air with the distasteful smell that emanates out from inside them.

The purpose of power lies in having the time to achieve food for thought. What good is power without the desire [+] to do good? Democracy comes from the Book of Numbers in **Torah**. What aspect of democracy comes from the **Quran**? **Muslims** must learn the value of Western tradition before they make claims about bringing GOD's third word [**loyalty**] to the world.

What will Democrats leave behind when they die if they blame **Israel** for the state of the world? The exodus of the **Jews** out of the Democratic Party is a stain on the reputation of everyone on the left. Democrats who don't believe in GOD have no idea how magic is made. They have the wand, but they're paralyzed by their hatred of religion from using it.

There's more to the human body than you thought when you were a child. And there's more to the human experience than you think now as an adult. The magic of adolescence can be recreated with goodness. All it takes is **empathy** for **Israel**.

Sex and food are the tip of a spiritual iceberg. You must fathom the meaning of both to fill yourself with food for thought. You must make your way down through the frigid cold in your heart, through the darkness and pressure of your ocean of emotions, to discover the enormous breadth and depth of your feelings for more than food and sex.

You must learn to **embrace** a hunger you have the potential to grow inside. You must learn to face your **passion** for living. Without a **passion** for life, you're dead in the water. Without the **passion** to create with more than your lips, tongue and genitals, people will scorn you for claiming you're nothing. You're gumming the world like a babe in arms. You're still sucking **reality** as though it were a pacifier.

Don't turn into a big baby. Take your thumb out of your mouth and put a ring on your thumb. Marry yourself. Don't try to do right by being on the political right. There's an

evolution happening in your home and right outside your door. It's happening everywhere. Get onboard! Don't miss your own boat.

Most people don't seek peace. They don't want serenity. They just want peace of mind. They're walking pacifiers. They just want to suck the life out of life. They want to participate with GOD in the wonders of living together with those who are capable of tolerance.

If you pacify yourself by love yourself with GOD as your WITNESS, you won't lose your way inside yourself. You'll learn how to think in loud.

When I Grow Up

When I ask myself what I want to be when I grow up, what comes to mind are characteristics [virtues] I possess now that are determining who I am today. They'll determine who I'll become tomorrow.

I don't have all the virtues I see around me. I only have a few of them. I have to make do with what I was given. I have to share my virtues with myself; appreciate my virtues by gifting others with them; and realize that my combination of virtues and expressions aren't universal. People need what I have, and I need what they have.

This is why I'm always reinventing myself with honesty, sincerity and authenticity. I'm never standing still in my quest to be **genuine**. I'm never resting on my laurels.

But with this movement within comes doubts. I doubt myself when a train of thought jumps a track of feelings and creates a mess in the landscape of my mind. I doubt myself because I don't know how to conduct myself. I had to learn how to make my way from the passenger car to the locomotive of my trains of thought.

I'm not just responsible for what happens to my **vehicle** [body]. I'm responsible for what happens to my mind. I'm behind the wheel of my mind and body. I'm responsible for steering both.

Inside, there's only you and me. You and me have to face our guilty conscience one day, even if that day comes after we die.

Self-doubt is dangerous because it can lead to outcomes that are painful. But self-doubt is a necessary part of creation. It takes a modicum of **courage** to create. But it takes a hell of a lot of **courage** to destroy what you've **created** in order to rebuild it back better.

Religion must promise the world not to do what our ancestors did. The **horrors** our ancestors unleashed upon the world were **lessons** they needed to suffer. They were like

dinosaurs, and we're like mammals. They couldn't keep up with the evolution of the finest. Don't let those who hate gays and/or **Jews** drag you back to the past. Gay men have a much better sense of drag…

Many men hate women. They unconsciously hate their mother. They hate the Eve in their operating system. They hate their heart. They think matters of the heart are weak and feminine. They think their feelings come out of their body, like Eve came out of Adam.

They want to kill the Eve within them because of the lust she unleashed upon Adam. They want to enslave every woman to keep that secret a secret. They always turn into Proud Boys – Nazis in every new age with a new plan on how to destroy the **Jews** for upsetting their maniacal plans to kill GOD.

The **Old** Testament will always keep coming back to haunt them. They can't make sense of a book from GOD that uses metaphor to create morality. They're stumps, in an orchard of trees of self-knowledge.

Every little bird on your shoulder will tell you that gay men are a combination of reptile and mammal you should aspire to admire as a mirror of your nature if you wish to learn how to earn your wings and fly.

If you've got a talking serpent in your tree that's colluding with your heart to overturn the thoughts in your head, just admit it as a story, not a fable. Look at it as metaphor and you'll fathom the depth of yourself. Look at the naked truth while nude. Only then will you do something with it about the truth.

We are the missing link. We are the **promise** of hope. We are the future of mankind and the yearning for modernity in every man. If you don't wish to **embrace** the future, you'll turn into a religious relic who'll try to stop the evolution of humanity to squeeze the last, little bit out of the name of God you're abusing.

Ask the average **Israeli** in Tel Aviv what s/he thinks of the orthodox **Jews** in Jerusalem. Ask average **Muslims** anywhere in the Middle East what they think of their princes and kings and how they live. Ask women what they think of the men who've made contraception difficult to obtain.

The goodhearted admit they can't stand the oppression from the hyper-religious on the political right. But the goodhearted need to learn from them how to believe in themself with the fervor the religious hold for their name for God.

Republicans are abusing us with their belief system as their guide. But at least they can believe. Sometimes I wonder if Democrats know how to believe in themself, or whether they're **afraid** that if they believed more ardently in themself, the next thing they'd have to face, GOD forbid, would be believing in the GOD who **created** them.

To change the world, you have to start by changing your mood. That's challenging. How you feel about yourself is the key to what you're going to accomplish. Some of the wealthiest, most vile and polluting people on the planet are in a wonderful mood. They think they're doing great. They think life is moving forward swimmingly. When their ship sinks, they just swim like a rat to another.

Therefore, learn to affect your mood. To do that you don't need money, power or prestige. To change your mood, you only need a hunger for patience with yourself. The hungrier you are to be patient with the **fearful** thoughts you produce, the more you'll feast on every fleeting moment of happiness you produce inside for yourself.

A Story!

When I was a single, gay man, I dreamed of having a partner to share my life with. I couldn't imagine my life being meaningful without a man by my side.

I didn't have a career. I had a job. I didn't have a home. I had an apartment. I didn't have a life. I had pattern of survival practices I went through on a daily basis without making spiritual headway.

I was like a bird flying around in circles getting the lay of the land. I knew I had a great destination before me. I just didn't know how to break the cycle of circles I was going in.

The concept of evolution didn't begin or end with Darwin. The concept of creation and passion didn't end with doing my job, earning a living and not getting into trouble with the law. The concept of meaning in life didn't begin around me.

Deep down inside I knew I was brought here to serve GOD by being of service to others through language. I just got distracted by nouns [people, places and things] along the way. I got preoccupied with the talking serpent in my tree who spoke to me in a way that no one else could. My feet were taking me where I needed to go, but they wouldn't tell me where we were going.

I was a walking secret unto myself. I needed someone to reveal my secret to me. I needed people to gossip about me with me like a fly on the wall. I needed to overhear what they were saying about me without feeling confronted. What I always heard inside was, "Look who thinks he's nobody."

All those people around me are now inside me. And what they're saying about me helps because I instinctively know I've got a great story to tell. Self-criticism is the most powerful of all criticisms if done kindly.

I know psychotics hear voices. And I'm terrified of turning into a psychotic again. Psychotics are always

commanded to do something violent. They're never asked to just sit still and listen to their mind as it tells them the secrets in their own story.

My mind produces silent movies on an inner screen. The characters in these movies are actors who've read the script and know what their lines. All I need to do is watch the movies while distancing myself from the anxious music I hear playing in the background. I have to decide for myself the message about me in each of my movies.

Since these silent movies are made by me and for me, the message is unique to me. As I learn to interpret my movies with greater self-intimacy, my secrets slowly become more apparent and easier to perceive. I become able to think about what I thought about, which increased my ability to feel better and believe more ardently in my ability to make a positive difference in my life every minute of every day.

Instead of turning into a psychotic maniac who thought he's got to get back at the world for the inhumane ways I was treated as a child, I became determined not to make anyone have to suffer the way I did. I became a champion for freedom and self-expression. I became a hero in my mind to those who haven't yet discovered the power they hold inside.

Finding meaning in life requires finding a mission. Moses had no mission for the first 40 years of his life. Then, out of anger and frustration, he killed a slavedriver who was beating an Israelite. Moses spent the next 40 years running away from the law and from his guilt. It was only when GOD met him at the Burning Bush when he was 80 years old that he was challenged to take on his mission. He spent the next 40 years leading the Israelites to freedom. Moses died at the age of 120 using the last 40 years of his life to make his mission come true.

The religious right knows this about life because they've read the Old Testament and discussed its relevance to the coming of Jesus, the Rabbi who led His congregation on a second exodus out of their head and into their heart.

You need to learn more about **Moses** to become a **prophet** unto yourself. You need to work toward your mission. No institution can tell you what your mission will be. Not even you can know when it will come upon you.

If the institutions of religion were headed in the right direction, it would be easy to get aboard. But they're all going the wrong way in taking their scripture literally. They've got a one-size-fits-all approach to GOD that makes me uncomfortable. They've been beguiled by wealth and power for the sake of prestige in the World to come when nothing about that World has been carved in stone.

They know about service to the poor, the disenfranchised and the needy. Yet anyone they hate they turn into a scapegoat, usually gays or **Jews**. The only way I can protect myself is by going within to learn more about myself. I can struggle against myself, but I can't struggle against the whole world.

I needed a mission to get onboard the evolution of my humanity. I needed a mission to discover my love of me. I needed a mission just to change my mood when I got up in the morning.

I love trickle down economics. The only problem with it is that those at the top are too greedy to trickle. The trickling is being done by those at the bottom. That's the way the laws have been written. Those in the middle can see their money being wasted both ways.

I don't want to steal from the rich to give to the poor. But the rich have set up the laws so they don't pay their fair share of taxes. This gives the middle class and the poor reasons to steal from corporations and the government.

The system is broken because everybody is broken. It's not a rich verses poor problem. It's a greedy verses gluttonous problem. People either want to fill their pocket or their belly. They don't want to fill their heart and soul.

Use your head! Use your heart. Use your soul. Use your navel, genitals and anus. And then go back to your

breastplate and see what your conscience tells you to do with the help of the God within you. You'll be amazed to discover that you always got what you deserved. You're getting what you deserve now. And you will get what you deserve in the future.

Prepare for the future by evolving a little more each day. Grow like a tree. Blossom, bloom, flower and fruit in those ways that are natural for your tree. Don't try to be a tree that you're not.

A Mission!

The first step in looking for your inner mission is observing your negative reaction to negative feelings. Anything that makes you feel particularly bad isn't just a response to an *external* stimulus. It's also a reflection of an *internal* stimulus.

We project some of our negative feelings about ourself onto the world around us, so we won't have to feel them personally and deeply. But some of our **anger** and **frustration** just sits inside of us with nowhere to go. This has to be observed in real time. You can't take my word for it. But when you see that even if you're not allowing your bad mood to bleed out into the outer world, you can see what it's doing to you inside.

That's when you realize that you need to learn patience immediately. Patience with yourself is a wise virtue to actualize. Your **anger** and **frustration** with yourself and others will never go away. Your ignorance of how you operate will never end. Only so much of Rome can be built each day. Therefore, telling yourself in loud to be patient each and every time you experience negativity is essential. It will build self-discipline in a wonderful way.

I've reduced the word "patience" to an abstract image in my imagination. It's like a button I push to remind me that I'm managing my negativity as best I can internally. It's also a call to God to add up all the negativity I feel inside and address it in my dreams. It's two buttons in one.

When I saw that a negative reaction to negativity was a doubling down on a bad **feeling**, I knew I needed patience with myself. It's bad enough that I feel bad. But reacting to that with negativity only makes it worse. Pushing my patience button is a positive reaction to a negative stimulus that reminds me that my feelings are magical **lessons** from the **TEACHER** that I have to endure patiently to make my way out of my head, through my heart to my soul.

Thumper said that Bambi was "kinda wobbly." Thumper's mother reinforced what Thumper's father had said to him just that morning, "If you can't say something nice, don't say nothin' at all."

Thumper may or may not have projected his own wobbly nature onto Bambi, but his parents could only offer Thumper the wisdom of the day. What Thumper should have been instructed to do was to be patient with fawns [baby deer] and kittens [baby **rabbi**ts].

Once you can see yourself growing up into a Bugs Bunny [a wily, street-wise **rabbi**t], you should look for what comes up out of your unconscious that you weren't aware of in there before.

You've got to train yourself to associate the injustices you see perpetrated against others and animals as a projection of injustices you're perpetrating against yourself. But more than that, you should see injustices as **lessons** from the **TEACHER** in how to operate your own **vehicle**. Airplane wisdom: if you don't put your own mask on first, you won't end up doing much for those seated near you.

If you can see that you're suspicious of others until they prove themself to you, why wouldn't you be suspicious of yourself until you prove *yourself* to you? You're no fool. You aren't going to become intimate with yourself until you're absolutely sure you aren't going to screw yourself over the way others have done to you.

If you see you're screwing yourself over, you aren't going to be intimate with yourself until you can fully understand the bad habits that have been ruining your relationship with you for a lifetime.

This is why they say life is harder than it looks. Life is a process. And if you want the end results [graduation with honors], you have to do all the hard work along the way to get what you truly desire [+] each and every day.

This idea used to be promoted through faith in your institution of faith. But most of the institutions of faith have

bankrupted themselves by taking us back to the past in negative ways. We've got to teach them to use their scripture in new, creative ways.

What you most need in life to do that is self-intimacy. If you're not your own best friend; if you don't trust yourself more than anyone else on the planet; if you don't know and love yourself enough to correct the mistakes you're making with yourself that are causing you pain and suffering – you aren't going to be able to convince anyone that you know what you're talking about.

Without self-intimacy, you aren't going to find your inner mission in life. Your inner mission must always lead you to greater self-intimacy. Self-knowledge is the key to achieving miracles.

The reason **Moses** described his encounter with GOD as a Burning Bush experience was because he had no way of describing self-intimacy in the vocabulary of his day. He didn't have an encounter with GOD at the Burning Bush. He had an encounter with God, the Emissary from GOD that today we call **Adonai**, **Jesus** or Allah. In HIS infinite wisdom, GOD interfaces with us through an Emissary. Think of it like the PRINCIPAL hiring three Teachers to teach three separate subjects. Think of me as a student who's taken **Christianity** and **Islam** as electives. I've gotten to know their Teacher and classmates. And I've come to appreciate other curriculums.

You started out as a tree of knowledge with an operating system made up of thoughts from your head [Adam]; feelings from your heart [Eve]; and wants [–] and desires [+] from your testicles - fruit juice that gushed out of your talking serpent [penis] for the first time at **puberty**.

But over your lifetime, experience should have shown you that you're a tree of self-knowledge that's been on a figurative **journey** to discover the secret to why you were planted here in the first place.

Granted, that's a mixed metaphor. I started talking about life as garden and then switched to life as a **journey** and a school. There are certain fastidious students who consider that awkward, problematic, and even tricky to the point of deceitful. These people are paranoid. I know paranoia. I was diagnosed paranoid. Extreme suspicion and distrust to the point of disbelief is warranted, especially if you're gay and/or **Jewish**. But get a grip. Mixing metaphors won't destroy civilization as we know it. That's your P.T.S.D. talking.

Each time you make a deeper acquaintance with yourself, you have a burning bush encounter with your God [Teacher] that He has arranged with our **TEACHER**. From these minor revelations, you develop faith in yourself, faith in your God and faith in your inner mission made manifest. You eventually come to realize that we're all in this alone together.

The GARDENER, **TEACHER**, PRINCIPAL, DOCTOR and WARDEN are one and the same. HE uses a Farmer like **Adonai** who plants burning bushes; a Teacher like **Jesus** who takes you on a class outing to discover love; a school Administrator like the **Archangel Gabriel** who instills a love of learning about GOD; and guards like Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Shiva the Destroyer, collectively known as the Trimurti. They're here in this prison to make sure that everyone understands that the life isn't an option. It's a requirement. Make of that what you will.

You might even say that you've been a slave in an Egypt of your own making. You've run away from a lust for life with guilt that has set you on a **journey** beyond your conscious control. You've surely had many burning bush experiences that have brought you back to your inner Egypt to recall why you have to go both east and west to make meaning of your life. You've crossed the Red Sea many times both directions. You've repeated this circular

experience in the outer world to bring self-awareness to greater consciousness. Now you should be able to look down on where you are as though from a spiral staircase. Your imagination should be very well developed by this time in your pursuits.

You should know that you're experiencing your own "**Israel**: "your own struggle with GOD." You should be looking for a way to help those around you who are going the same way.

This is how **Jesus** and the **Prophet Muhammad** used the revelations of **Moses** to bring themselves further forward into modernity in their day-in-the-sun with GOD toward a benevolent future for all of mankind.

To develop self-intimacy, you must do what **Moses** did. You must go back to the scene of your crime in your own unique way. You must make peace with the people inside you [**Israelites**]. You must lead them out of bondage from the Egypt they're under with GOD's help.

Moses was given the opportunity to confront his **anger** issues along the way. He didn't. His biography makes his shortcomings clear. Whatever your issue is, GOD will be with you as you go through it - to the extent that you're able to be patient with yourself as *you* go through it.

The **Old** Testament teaches us how to grow like a tree of self-knowledge and how to achieve an inner mission through burning bush experiences that develop our **courage** and willingness to devote our life to something meaningful.

This makes us a **prophet** unto ourself. This gives us a voice that grows with purpose. This leads us to something greater than hope. It leads us to **resolve**.

This is something Republicans [hyper-religious **Jews** and **Christians**] have read about in the **Bible**. But this isn't something they can fully deal with, with righteous intention because they're exclusive, not inclusive.

GOD is inclusive. Republican aren't working with GOD. They're working with two Gods [**Adonai** and **Jesus**].

They're taking elective classes in two out of the three classes offered in the Western World.

They might come after gays. The transgender community is already in their sites. Contraception and anal sex might be outlawed. They might be readying the concentration camps again. But this time, the Asians in America wouldn't be by themselves in them. They'd have the gays, many of whom are **Jewish** or **Christian** with them.

The Handmaid's Tale is based on a Puritanical concept that comes out of a literal interpretation of the **Old** Testament. Hyper-religious **Jews** and **Christians** in **Israel** and America might want to turn every nation in the world into a religious theocracy.

We need to meet with everyone in their houses of prayer. If anyone is rejected by their God for being a gay **Jew**, you'll know it. It didn't take long for the **rabbi** at the orthodox **synagogue** I visited to make his position about gay **Jews** clear to me.

Am I a paranoid schizophrenic or a **prophet**? If you understand my **fears**, maybe I'm not either. Maybe I'm just a gay **Jew** with doubts about where this world is headed.

If you don't have an inner mission yet in life, it's because you see yourself as flawless and nearly **perfect**. You've done such a good job of projecting your character defects onto others that you can't yet see them inside yourself.

I wouldn't say, "There are fine people on both sides." I'd say there are **horrible** people on both sides. Sometimes, all of us treat ourself like the Nazis treated the gays and the **Jews**. Everyone is their own worst enemy because everyone has a head [Adam] and heart [Eve] that are in a lifelong conflict. Adam and Eve never left Eden. GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, only gave "man" the impression that he'd been banished from Eden. [Genesis 3:21-24]

Each of us stands alone and indebted to GOD in our head, or we don't. Each of us needs HIS help in finding serenity in our heart, or we don't.

Serenity is achieved by holding thoughts [lyrics] and feelings [melodies] with unity [harmony]. Serenity is a song you sing to yourself in loud that lifts your spirit in a way that can't be described any other way than like flying.

There are fine reasons to look at the imperfections in yourself if you've projected them onto Republicans or Democrats. Our two parties either endorse a political agenda that's antisemitic [Democrats] or homophobic [Republican].

But if Americans don't look at all the flaws in themself, they're only going to see them on the opposite side of the political spectrum. That will continue the political pivots from right to left, and left to right, that are destroying our nation. And the fools in the middle who feel the dizziest from these swings work in the media.

It's possible to hold **Muslims** accountable in the Middle East for their anti-Zionism and homophobia while treating **Muslims** in America as new Americans who can be taught our **Judeo-Christian** values. I'm sure most of them wouldn't like to go back where they came from.

If you throw our traditions out the window, watch as the thieves get greedier and the victims get fatter. Watch as people defend Russia, **Iran** and **Palestine**, while cursing the gays and/or the **Jews**.

I couldn't have failed at killing myself three times if there hadn't been an orthodox **Jew** inside me urging me on to seek my tradition through the study of **Torah**. I couldn't have fallen victim to drug and alcohol abuse as well as abuse of sex if there hadn't been a mob of proud boys inside of me egging me on.

I had to go crazy to seek sanity. Another way of saying that is that I went through a civil war inside that divided my inner nation in two. I did to myself what all of America is now going through. Been there. Done that.

The second Civil War is now raging around the country. But it's only when politics is solved on an individual, psychological scale that it then gets solved sociologically. This civil war will be conducted by the *civil* against the *uncivil* voices in each one of us.

Low voter turnout is the result of atheist students in the hallway of the school of life who refuse to go to class. They're only interested in creating creature comforts for their container [body]. They aren't interested in creating **angelic** comforts for their contents [spirit].

But the selfish students who only vote their hyper-religious interests take no electives. They frown on learning anything other than the party line as interpreted by the one institution of faith they belong to.

Hitler was a genius. He united the **Protestants** in the north of Germany and the **Catholics** in the South with gay and **Jewish** scapegoats. Every politician in North Ireland is using the same playbook to help **Christians** achieve tolerance of other **Christians**.

What we need is a **Christian** who can unite the Russian orthodox **Christians** with **Protestants** and **Catholics** under **Jesus**.

What we need is a **Muslim** who can unite the **Sunnis** and the **Shiites** under Allah.

What we need is a **Jew** who can unite the gay and straight **Jews** under **Adonai**.

None of this will happen because the God within each of us can only unite us with ourself.

We have a drug problem in this country because people want to solve their spiritual problems with a toke, a pill, a mug of caffeine or a jab in the arm. They want instant relief to their suffering.

We all need to care for our container. But, more importantly, we all need to care for our contents. And the institutions of faith have let us down because they're run by

people who are even more self-ignorant in some ways than our grandparents' parents.

Gay rights and **Israel**'s rights are the worst problems on the planet. All the other problems will dissipate when **Israelis** achieve marriage equality. When Haifa, Jerusalem and Tel Aviv [the head, heart and soul of **Israel**] are united, the world will sing a different tune. The lyrics of **Torah**; the melody of **Christ's** words; and the harmony found in the **Quran** will produce a song here on Earth that the entire Milky Way will notice. I **predict** that other galaxies may even turn and smile at what we've done here.

Follow the Honey

Seeking the source of the negative feelings within you that are triggered by the negative feelings around you is easier than it might seem. Your mind leaves a paper trail of what it thinks, feels, believes and wants [–]. That paper trail is called: memory.

Your conscience will bring up memories of the things you've done that created negative emotions. As you watch yourself react violently to injustice in the silent movies on the screen in your mind, ask yourself if this is the righteous response advocated for by your scripture. Is what you do to people in your fantasies wise, loving and loyal?

Or should you ask yourself, "What's wrong with me?" It's OK to be unsure whether your thoughts and feelings are clean or dirty. Just keep asking yourself questions. Answers will mysteriously appear.

You may think that no one is keeping track of your desires [+], so no one is keeping track of your wants [–], either. In truth, we should all keep better track of both.

If you're complaining to others about things happening in the external world that you don't like, your paper trail of thoughts, feelings, beliefs and wants [–] is adequate to follow them to *their* source within. This is a clue to your ability to free the secrets you're holding from yourself.

Therefore, watch what you think. Watch the memories and actions that come up in your mind, seemingly without reason. There's always a connection to your conscience that your mind is trying to make.

A good conscience is something you have to create. It isn't something you're born with. If you think your conscience was created by your parents, you're a pawn in their game. You're a relic from their past. You're lost in a masquerade.

They say, "Follow the money." That's true in the external world. In the internal world it's, "Follow the

honey." **Honey** corresponds to the wisdom you need to admire yourself. Your mind is wise. Therefore, use it wisely.

If you don't admire yourself a little more each day, you're not growing. The taller the tree, the deeper the roots. Admiration of yourself will rise up like water from your roots.

If you can admire what you think, feel, believe and desire [+], then you'll come to know what you believe to be true about you.

We've had enough people warning us about following our wants [-]. You already know everything you want [-] that isn't good for you. Let's teach you how to follow your dreams and desires [+]. Let's teach you to *admire* yourself.

You may discover that many of your actions [and inactions] are based on a wise premise. And in those cases, you'll want to reinforce those inner forces with further wise conclusions about how to behave.

Any wise person knows s/he has to be prepared for **disappointments**. **Disappointments** are usually the result of wants [–] that interfere with your desires [+]. That causes an outcome that's not accurately focused.

So, if you follow the **honey**, you may, at times, discover some thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires [+] that are based on conclusions you came to a very long time ago that aren't relevant in today's world. They've become passé.

In those cases, you'll want to cut out those negative conclusions and replace them with more up-to-date, modern and positive conclusions that better fits today's world and your place in it.

You'll want to **explore** inclusion where you still insist on exclusion. You'll want to **explore** a smidgeon of goodwill where you previously expressed only **fear**.

Today, 80% of Americans now believe in gender equality; 70% of Americans favor marriage equality; 60% of Americans favor abortion; yet the Supreme Court is now more conservative than 75% of all Americans.

People's opinions change because they follow the paper trail [memory] of their thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires [+] only to discover that what they once believed as irrefutable, they no longer hold as **Gospel** truth. Americans are actually nicer to one another because their conscience has become a better guide.

One of my passé conclusions is that gay men are perverts and pedophiles. Another is that **Black** people are inferior, and women will betray me. Another is that if I go down the slippery slope of endorsing conservative behaviors, I'm headed for hell.

In my personal world, I concluded that I'd be all alone without Will. In truth, I'd still be with GOD if I lost Will.

Another is that nobody understands me. Yet, the more *I* understand me, the more I feel comfortable that others understanding me. I feel much more relaxed among strangers than I did when I was young and good looking.

I also concluded that I'm too messed up to change. But the more I change, the more I see how messed up I *was*. The fact that I'm changing is the best evidence I have that I'm less messed up than I used to be.

Think of the elimination of these passé conclusions about yourself and others as micro-surgery on your inner eye. Think of it as changing your mind's eye, transforming your heart and transcending who you used to be at such a minute, inner level of awakening that nobody in the outer world would even suspect what you're doing for yourself.

From many of these minute, psychic surgeries, I began to see enormous changes in my mood, in my expectations of others and in the way I manage my life. Ultimately, these psychic surgeries presented me with an inner mission.

I saw my ability to deal with **disappointment** increase. I became humbled by **reality**. I was able to see that Rome wasn't built in a day; Rome was built day-by-day.

In the school of life, we all need to learn patience with ourself. Patience with others is easy. You just laugh off their

stupidity knowing that GOD will humiliate them if they aren't willing to learn. You surely see some evidence for that from time to time. If you wish you'd see more of that, just know that we have a merciful GOD who's slow to **anger**. [Exodus 34:6]

My **lessons** in patience with myself are paying off. The **TEACHER** has convinced me that the world will have to wait for more goodness to overcome evil. I can't pray away the **gray** uniforms. But I can see that there are finally enough **blue** uniforms for goodness to feel more **hopeful**.

Don't try to drag voters to the polls. Try to drag voters into themself, so they can see the need to participate in the running of their inner nation before you ask them to participate in the needs of the whole nation.

Go to a house of prayer where believers need to be challenged to be inclusive despite GOD's literal words. Once you can create a good citizen in a man's inner society, he'll become a good citizen on every level of society for as long as he lives.

There's *my* God, *your* God and *their* God.

There's **Adonai**, **Jesus** and Allah.

But They all work for the same GOD [ELOHIM, FATHER and ALLAH].

Don't bring your God to others with the intention of conversion, but with faith in them using their God righteously. That will help you appreciate your God all the more. That's how you'll make **friends** and influence people.

Cinderella

Cinderella isn't just the story of a poor, orphaned girl who had to slave away for her stepmother and stepsisters. It isn't even the story of a gal with a small footprint in the world who charms a powerful prince into marrying her.

It's really a recipe for self-transformation. When you develop an emotional relationship with the little people all around you – who are portrayed in this fairy tale as mice, birds, dogs, cats and even a pumpkin – your imagination opens up to the **mystery** and **mastery** of your life. It opens you up to the celebration of your inner wealth where there are fairy godmothers to guide you to your **destiny**.

Getting home before midnight is a reminder that we've all been given one metaphoric day to live. We were born at dawn, and we'll die at midnight, although that expression of life doesn't describe the specifics of anyone's **journey** literally.

But that metaphor does suggest that if you don't fulfill your **promise** to yourself in the time you've been allotted, you may not have tomorrow. Therefore, use this day you've been given fully.

Cinderella got carried away in the moment at the ball. With the tolling of the bell at midnight, she was out of time. But because of her basic goodness, she miraculously found that in addition to seeking her **destiny**, her **destiny** sought her. Prince Charming took the slipper she left behind and began looking for her the very next day.

We all leave slippers behind in our race out the door. We all leave footprints in the sand. We all leave a trail of the goodness we brought with us.

These trails are expressions of our hope. They're affirmations of our love of life. They're reasons for rewards from GOD based on an emotional investment in ourself that can lead to miracles of such unprecedented proportions that

we can even overcome our existential loneliness. We start to seek our prince within.

We discover that being in our own company is charming. It's magical. It's delightful. Being this intimate with ourself makes us gay, in the sense of exuberant. And if some people find that threatening, they're just going to have to deal with that themself. It's not our problem.

Every man is a combination of an "x" chromosome from his mother and a "y" chromosome from his father. Every woman is a combination of an "x" chromosome from her mother and an "x" chromosome from her father.

Seeking to love yourself is about seeking the chromosome that interests you, whether that's an "x" or a "y" chromosome. One person's prince charming [y] is another person's princess charming [x]. Therefore, seek this intimacy with yourself within yourself with courage. Only then will you be able to extend it beyond yourself with every other person you meet.

If you should become disappointed with the push-back you run into in the outer world, go back to your inner world to explore the negative feelings triggered by the external lessons you've been given. This return from the external to the internal will become an ongoing, cyclical process that will make more sense when you're old.

This repetition of movement out-and-in-and-out again is what creates the evolution of your being and the advancement of your comforts, both externally for your body and internally for your spirit.

Torah only describes each life lesson once. You may have to repeat these expressions of self-intimacy many times before you understand which story in Torah you're living through.

Think of these repetitions of a lesson as birds circling overhead getting a lay of the land and view to the sun. Think of these views as necessary reiterations and psychic

reverberations that, like echoes in air or sonar in water, give you a sense of where you are. The more slowly and patiently you move through them, the more you'll glean guidance from them.

Once you see life as a school and you as a student with our one and only **TEACHER**, you cease to be hyper-religious or superstitious. You become spiritual. You can then use your religion as a tool in your toolbelt.

Life is a process. If no one has explained to you how that process works, you're going to get stuck trying to change only externals. You aren't going to work from the inside out. You're only going to suffer more **disappointment**, heartbreak and cynicism about the meaning of your life and GOD's part to play in it.

Each of the world's faiths becomes like a tool on your toolbelt. The more tools you have, the more you can build with them. Therefore, meet strangers as potential **friends**. Look at exotic-looking bodies as book covers with interesting stories inside to tell.

So many fairy tales are about girls who feel **terribly** alone, rejected, abandoned and betrayed. But these aren't just feelings for females. Males feel this way, too.

Our society hasn't given males permission to feel lonely, rejected, abandoned or betrayed. Boys are expected to excel in sports, mechanics, mathematics and physics. And through these "masculine" enterprises [tools], boys are promised to achieve a sense of **mastery**, approval, acceptance, participation and **harmony** with men.

Is it any wonder that one in four people in this country, male and female, takes drugs, doesn't vote or acts as a drain on society financially? [internet]

The idea of separating the needs of women from the needs of men is destroying men and making our society dangerous for women and children. Men have tender feelings, too.

Thanks to the hard work of the Democrats, society has now agreed that gay men have permission to express their feelings, even if those feelings are labeled as "feminine." But that's not nearly good enough. All men must seek permission from themself to express their warm, tender side.

Republicans are **furious** about gay men getting to feel good about themselves [proud], while Republicans are **feeling** worse and worse about something they can't quite put their finger on inside.

No one associates Republicanism with tenderness. Yet Republicans associate **Jesus** with tenderness, mercy and forgiveness. They're hypocrites. They talk a good show, but they don't do what they advocate others do.

Their disgust with **Black** Americans; pregnant women who don't want to carry their fetus to term; marriage equality; and pressure on everyone to own a gun – are causing them psychic injuries that their institutions of faith can't deal with. They're losing faith and becoming violent. Their win at any cost tactics is disassociating them from their conscience.

But this still doesn't answer the question how we're going to win the second Civil War if our political platforms are no different from what we fought about in the first Civil War. We fought for the right to take **Torah** figuratively in the 19th Century. We didn't want slaves, even if GOD gave us permission to own them.

Today, we're fighting for the right to take **Torah** figuratively again. We don't want any of the laws given to us by GOD presented in Leviticus 20. That's what we're fighting over. That's what the Republicans are really so upset about.

The Democrats can't see that. They're too focused on stopping **Israel** from killing **Muslims** who have sworn to destroy the **Jewish** State. The Democrats are too damaged by religion to appreciate GOD's plan. The Democrats only love underdogs. They did what they did for **Blacks**, gays and

women for that reason only. Now they insist that they must save good **Palestinians** from bad **Israelis**. They're just as insane as the Republicans. The two of them are back-to-back at the extremes of the political spectrum calling each other Nazis. GOD works in mysterious ways.

If we could cut out portions of **Torah** in the past that were hateful, primitive, backward and mean-spirited, we can advance the love of the **New** Testament and the **loyalty** of the **Quran** today. If we can embrace the wisdom of **Torah** as a metaphor, not as literal truth, we can see how primitive man still is in this day-and-age.

If we could look at this world through the eyes of gay **Jews**, the **Israelis** would be able to enact marriage equality and the world would be able to acknowledge the GOD of the **Jews** who brought **Israel** into existence to promote HIS story.

Those who can't address their scripture internally can't identify as Cinderella. They can't identify as beauty personified. They can only identify as a beast. That's why those who don't believe in GOD always end up behaving like animals.

There's a thief inside each of us. And he'd take over the world if we gave him the chance. He has no respect for the law or the rights of other people. He's a selfish, emotional cripple with a herniated heart who's projected his negative feelings onto others. You see the same profile in every mass murderer.

Don't feed the ugly duckling in you. Don't become uglier and uglier. Starve the homophobe and anti-Zionist in you to death! The more you feed him, the more he'll continue to charm you into believing you're flawless. Whenever things don't go your way, he steams and screams like a tea kettle with irate calls for revenge against a world that would dare to call you anything less than **perfect**.

If you can look at yourself as the ugliest duckling, the way the Germans were forced to look at Adolf Hitler after

the Second World War, you'll come to understand something the Germans know about themselves and the evolution of their humanity in the 20th Century that Americans are just now beginning to discover about themselves in the 21st Century.

When you're self-indulgent, you eventually give up on **feeling remorse**. You come to think you've never done anything wrong. You think you can do no wrong; You tell yourself you'd never do anything wrong given the political party you're a part of.

When you convince yourself that you have no history of failure, you're left with no desire for inner success. This is why the Republican Party is made up mostly of poor, **White**, American men who are uneducated and unwilling to change from within. This is why the Democratic Party is made up mostly of poor minorities who are uneducated and unwilling to change from within. Some are **terrified** of big cities. Others are **terrified** of the country. Seek to change yourself from within by treating every person you meet with respect. And watch how your admiration of yourself grows.

Elizabeth Bennet told Mr. Darcy in Pride and Prejudice that sometimes silence is a far greater virtue than honesty. Make an effort to be less honest with others and more sincere with God. Develop a divine relationship within you rather than around you.

I know that sounds counter-intuitive. But using your head isn't always the best way to achieve wisdom. Sometimes contemplating your navel is the best way to center yourself. Everyone was born of woman. If people hate gays and/or **Jews** that's a problem GOD will have to deal with. They'll get just what they deserve. Don't **worry** about them. Their grades aren't going on your report card.

In **Hebrew** we say, "Change your place, and change your luck." But if you don't change your mind, it'll all be to no avail.

When you convince yourself that you have no history of failure, you become a Confederate soldier in a world of Yankee carpetbaggers. You tell yourself you did nothing to be ashamed of. Therefore, you have nothing to repent for. It becomes a color war.

Slavery is a sign of the imperfections of the slave owners, not the slaves. But we have a capitalist system in this country which allows us to work our way up the ladder of success. Where there are rungs missing, reach down and help others up. But don't hate the rich or the poor.

You can take your milk and **honey** with you. You can't take your money. The unification of **Judaism** and **Christianity** will lead to a strength that will prove to **Islam** that they must join us. They have no choice so long as they believe that GOD is their WITNESS.

We're all children of GOD. We're all Stars of David. The triangle pointing up is the symbol of our father ▲. The triangle pointing down is the symbol of our mother ▼. Together, these triangles that form the star of David become a symbol of every child ✡.

The **Jews** are descendants of **Israelites** who were slaves for pharaohs in ancient Egypt for 400 years. When they reached **Israel**, they wanted to become as great as the slavedrivers who'd oppressed them, but they didn't have the manpower to enslave others.

Therefore, what they did instead was to turn their children into a monument of their greatness. They invested themselves in building their progeny into pyramids of power, trophies to impress GOD with their greatness.

This is how we've survived for 3,400 years! This is the secret to asking GOD to judge you by the pyramids you've built that we call: family, institutions, traditions and ethical values. The American dream is just such a pyramid. Let's all work together to build our dream higher than all others.

Think About What You Think About

The subtitle of my last book was "If you think about what you think about, you'll discover how powerfully you feel." But what I didn't achieve in describing in that book was the secret to my passive-aggressive predisposition.

It's one thing to see passive-aggressive behavior in others, but when I saw how I express my passive-aggression, I was stunned.

After I overcame my tendency to demonize those who offended me, and they became passive rather than aggressive, then I saw that I secretly yearned to retaliate against them anyway. Many of these aggressive thoughts came up as feelings of sexual dominance, cruelty and even torture.

I was shocked to see that there was a tendency in me to "get 'em when they're down." I rationalized my self-made conspiracies to give myself permission to seek revenge, before others would act out against me again.

I thought I'd wait until the fence had been mended to figuratively climb over it into their yard. I'd convinced myself that if I didn't retaliate before they attacked me again, they'd make me look like a fool.

Thank GOD, I've dealt with my passive-aggressive tendencies internally. I didn't have to make amends to others for my uncivil, inner rest.

All my life, I'd been prodded to become more and more passive in the outer world. But that led to attempted suicides that were signs of inner aggressivity. I swung from one extreme to the other.

Learning to become more assertive externally and pro-active internally balanced my two worlds. It helped me find the midpoint at my navel.

Life is a school. But not all the **lessons** are between classmates. Sometimes the **TEACHER** will give you emotional **lessons** in something like passive-aggressive

behavior to show you that you're both the passive victim [Esau] and the aggressive perpetrator [Jacob]. You discover the Dr. Jekyll to your Mr. Hyde.

There's no **remorse** in your voice or in your actions if you don't see yourself as two people in one. You're still a psychopath with sociopathic leanings until you admit to yourself that there's an enemy within you. He'll do it all over again to you the next chance he gets.

GOD made us this way. We have a head that's made one way with thoughts and a heart that's made another way with feelings. Thoughts [oil] and feelings [water] don't mix unless you add a surfactant like dish soap. This is what all religions proclaim they do.

You don't know what guilt feels like unless you've faced embarrassment of your body, shame of your character and humiliation before GOD. You only know what the hunger for money, power and prestige feels like until you experience serenity.

GOD gave the **Jews** insight into guilt which can be turned into wisdom with self-scrutiny. Just using **Torah** to point fingers at others is a waste of time if **Jews** don't also use it to illuminate themself to their own evil inclinations.

When GOD later brought **Jesus** insight into goodness that can be turned into love, HE expected **Jews**, and later **Christians**, to use both: wisdom [**honey**] and love [milk]. And when HE gave **Muhammad** insight into **loyalty** to HIS cause, HE expected **Muslims** to use all three: wisdom, love and **loyalty**.

If you don't control the passive-aggressive voices in yourself, you'll have to repeat the **lessons** of your past. If you want to graduate the boring classes you're in now, you'd better do your homework, prepare better for your pop quizzes and study for your tests. Nothing good comes without effort.

My mother was an atheist. My father was a true believer. Their marriage went down the drain when they realized they couldn't reconcile that difference when it came to raising kids. They couldn't admit their own **regret** and **remorse**. The only thing they could do was perceive their **disappointment** in the other.

Every child thinks the food in the refrigerator is his. All children are thieves at heart. They think everything is theirs. Once they see it, they want it. Next thing you know, they take it.

Teaching a child that GOD gives us opportunities to earn what we need [0], want [–] and desire [+] is the job of parents, so parents will learn to appreciate the difficulty in raising their inner children as well as their other children.

Demonizing others helped me see the fat boy in me that my mother ridiculed. But my mother only made fun of physically, fat people. She never saw how every atheist is morally fat inside.

My mother set me up to internalize the victim/perpetrator dynamic. She forced me to ignore my relationship with myself in favor of pleasing her. Trying to kill myself was my way of telling her that I was through appeasing her. I wanted to please her, but not at a cost to me.

My mother was never able to see how she led me to suicide because she never saw herself as a perpetrator with her children, only as a victim of the Nazis.

It took me a lifetime to see myself as like the kid upstairs in Portnoy's Complaint who hanged himself from the shower rod with a note pinned to his shirt, saying, "Mrs. Goldberg called. The mahjong party has been moved to 4:00 o'clock." [Philip Roth]

The best visual clue I can come up with to describe myself is the visual representation of the **feeling** of being **blue**. I was **sad** about my losses in life. I felt something had been stolen out from under me. I was **disappointed** about the ways in which things turned out for me. My dreams

didn't come true. I **regretted** my past. But in facing my Maker without atoning for my past behavior, I still felt broke [Baroque] and in debt.

I like listening to country singers who sing the **blues**, but I never thought I'd feel the bitter side in the word: bittersweet. And yet, now I'm old and bitter [**blue**]. **Christian** songs about the **blues** have finally become meaningful to me. I sometimes still see myself an unripened persimmon personified.

Through encounters I had with groups of people who all agreed on one opinion or another, I saw that I resented them for holding a view that was different from mine. But because I was so unaware of my beliefs about me beneath my thoughts and feelings about others, I just felt a mild displeasure at being the odd man out.

It was only once I became aware of my tendency to demonize others that I realized how insecure I felt holding an opinion different from the group, especially if that opinion was **hopeful** and inclusive. Once I could stop demonizing people generally, I could tolerate my own opinions without needing confirmation from anyone.

I now feel that well-intentioned people are in the same boat as I am. I know we're like birds. Unlike the rats onboard the ship, we're being taught how to figuratively fly.

The Fax of Life

Everyone thinks he knows the *facts* of life. But everyone seeks greater knowledge of life as though they were Instant Messaging with GOD. They don't take the time to learn more of the facts of life slowly, carefully and thoroughly. And even if they learn more over time, they still expect the next piece of new information to be provided instantaneously.

Therefore, I've taken it upon myself to present you with the *fax* of life. I know this is a much slower form of communication than you're used to, but I assure you it's necessary if you're going to absorb more information at a speed the psyche of man in the 21st Century can absorb.

Faxing is considered outdated, slow and cumbersome. But giving you the fax of life at this stage in your development will actually be helpful.

Your father or mother probably presented you with the facts of life long after you already knew them. Such was sex education in my day.

Now, I'm pushing 70, but I'm still learning new facts about life all the time. I'm at the stage now when I don't have time to waste on repeating information I've already bitten into, chewed on, swallowed and digested many times in many ways.

For me, it's much more important that I say something new about what some people think they're experts on. For that reason, I always find myself going back to basics for insights. This is why I go to the Creation Story in Genesis for new, more profound levels of inspiration.

GOD didn't question the serpent after HE questioned Adam and Eve. I don't question my penis unless I do so humorously, although I question my head [thoughts] and heart [feelings] all the time.

I know my penis figuratively talks because I've spent a lifetime listening to my lusts, longings, yearnings and hungers. I'm well aware of how **covetous** I am. But I'm no more so than all the shmucks around me. Everything I've always wanted [–] and desired [+] in life has been figuratively relayed to me through my penis.

But, listening to the serpent in my tree and talking to him are two very different concepts. I'm not crazy anymore. I'm not literally in a dialogue with the serpent in my tree. I listen to him, but I don't talk to him.

Sane men don't talk to their penis except as a joke. What they do instead is command, demand, direct and decree what others must do. They legislate laws to control other men's wants [–] and curb their desires [+]. They enact social constructs to threaten men with ridicule, scorn and derision if they listen to their own penis rather than to theirs. Men in power create rings, cliques, bands, hoods, gangs, possies and political parties to force tribes of men from daring to do otherwise.

Needless to say, this is how civilization becomes more powerful. But unless civilization becomes more aware of how its power is achieved, we'll become victims of our own strengths.

The sexual revolution of the 1960's was an awakening in the last century to how we were made in GOD's image. My generation told the world that we were going to listen to our own penis, not the shmucks running the institutions of faith who saw GOD as having given *them* dominion over *our* genitals. What we're going through today is the 1960's on steroids. Then, like now, people don't understand the spiritual construct behind what they're doing.

The sexual mission of my generation culminated in 2015 with marriage equality in this country. Another way of describing this is the affirmation that every man has the right to dialogue with the serpent in his own tree. And by

extension, every woman has the right to do the same with the worm in her apple.

GOD may have chosen not to punish the serpent, but we have the imagination, strength and need to do so. Slapping our penis or punching ourself in the balls isn't going to stop our urges.

But calling our penis "Satan" is ridiculous. It's not a wayward angel. It's not a diabolical force that we must protect ourselves from entering us through our anus.

We've got to let go of the past, even if **Christianity** and **Islam** find their faiths compromised by modernity. **Judaism** doesn't believe in the devil. We see human beings as responsible for all outcomes. If we wish to improve our efforts, we seek GOD's help. We don't blame an archrival of GOD.

The temptations of Christ make much more sense when you think of them as an inner dialogue He had with His wants [-]. [Matthew 4:1-11; Mark 1:12-13; and Luke 4:1-13]

The truth must be told in increasingly more modern ways that embrace our increased intelligence in contrast to our ancestors. Man must evolve. The **fearful** and superstitious must be given steps they can take up the spiral staircase to GOD's throne. Religion and science must be unified with spirituality.

All this can happen, but only if **Israel** institutes marriage equality.

Why Monogamy?

Monogamy is for practice in learning to love yourself wholly. Will isn't just a body I like. He's a soul I cherish. I love the "him" in "it."

I like a wide range of male bodies. I can lust for those I find attractive with endless delight. But restricting my sexual activity to one man who cares for me has become a path to caring for myself. By devoting myself to my soulmate [Will], I make it easier to devote myself to me [my husband].

In having made a commitment to Will's container, I've achieved greater **loyalty** to his contents. In having achieved greater **loyalty** to his contents, I've found the spiritual struggle to become loyal to my own container and contents.

It's easy to criticize others. It's much harder to ask myself, "What's wrong with *that*?" When I criticize people, I criticize GOD for having **created** them. When I criticize *this* or *that*, I'm criticizing the principles by which people operate themself.

I want to live and let live. I want to love and let love. But I can't do so if I don't know the virtues [+] and vices [–] that motivate people's actions.

Asking GOD, "What's wrong with **that**?" opens me to a whole range of inner, orientation **lessons** I hadn't considered before.

The ancient **Jews** abhorred **Indigenists** who prayed to gods and idols in their temples with sexual abandon. Those **Jews** insisted on coming before GOD from their head, not the head of their penis.

Most **Indigenists** are long gone. So are their temples. But the **Jews** remain. This is the excuse used by the orthodox **Jews** for abhorring gay **Jews**,

We don't hate the orthodox **Jews**. We don't discriminate against them. And we don't teach children to destroy the cultural practices of any religion. We do ridicule the

Christian and **Muslim** belief in Satan. But we only advocate for the elimination of the nine sins listed in Leviticus 20. Telling **Jews** to kill gay people because GOD told you to goes too far. And the other eight sins are equally dangerous and hurtful.

The times changed after **Jesus** led His flock out of their head and into their heart. The times changed again when **Muhammad** led his flock out of their heart and into their soul.

And the times have changed since. Those of us who are strong enough to control our wants [–] and desires [+] don't need to control other normal people's wants and desires. Only those who are sexually sick must be controlled. But no one needs to be killed because of their sexual attraction to other consenting adults.

Once you've internalized monogamy, you aren't **afraid** to shake hands with men or women you're physically attracted to. You know you've got your penis under control. It talks to you all the time, and you simply tell it to shut up.

Golden Lock and the Three Keys

The story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" makes no sense. When did you ever meet a girl who had boundary issues so severe that she imposed herself on others to that degree? It's simply absurd to tell children this story and expect them not to be appalled by little girls who don't know this much about common sense and decency.

The government had to enact laws to force people not the feed the bears in our national parks because the bears can't tell where the candy bars end, and the fingers begin. If anyone has a problem with boundaries, it's bears, not little girls.

Therefore, the reason we continue to tell children the story of Goldilocks and the three bears must be because it has a deeper meaning. Here is my rendition of this story as a gay man looking at society from my, oh so, "twisted" and "perverse" point of view…

The three bears stand for the head, heart and soul of a woman. Papa Bear [bare] is her head where her thoughts are fully exposed to herself. Mama Bear [bare] is her heart where her feelings are fully exposed to herself. And Baby Bear [bare] is her soul where her beliefs are fully exposed to her.

A "golden lock" is a poetic description of a girl's vagina where her myriad wants [–] and desires [+] emanate from. And it's about this place in inner space where this story is being told.

"Goldilocks" isn't even a girl's name. It's a contraction of "golden locks." Every straight man thinks a woman has myriad golden locks between her legs that he has to pick to get her to give herself to him. He thinks it's his challenge to open these locks with the one and only key [penis] he was given so he can deliver his priceless, little present [semen] to her.

Of course, any gay man could tell straight men that the way to open a woman's golden *lock* is with a soulful disposition. Just being thoughtful or loving aren't enough anymore.

I probably don't need to tell you that we, gay men, know this because our lock is very special to us, too. If we see a key we like, we're overjoyed at the possibility it holds in opening the golden lock in us.

So, the story of "Goldilocks and the three bears" is really about a secret every girl is told euphemistically to understand the forces within her.

Papa Bear is too cold and uncomfortable. [Her thoughts are too good.] Mama Bear is too hot and uncomfortable. [Her feelings aren't good enough.] But Baby Bear is just right. [Her beliefs are **perfect**.]

What every woman is advocating for, in the same way that the serpent in the tree of knowledge is advocating for, is that we come to understand how GOD made us in HIS imagination.

This is the secret to our unique, individual powers that make up our spiritual operating system. This is the secret to advancing through life consciously in the direction of GOD.

GOD-consciousness parallels self-consciousness. The more you know about yourself, the more you'll come to know about GOD and HIS mysterious ways that are both unique to you and, paradoxically, universal.

Moses is accredited for having written the story of "Adam and Eve." British author and poet Robert Southey wrote "Goldilocks and the three Bears." But it took a gay **Jew** to explain to you that both stories are saying the same thing.

You're going to want to get down below your belt to where your golden lock is located, whether you're a man with a lock in the back or a woman with a lock in the front.

If you don't want to learn about the wealth of knowledge you hold about yourself below your own belt, you're going

to end up graduating the school of life with a less valuable degree than some others.

Graduating with a Ph.D. in being yourself will leave you with a thoughtful head, a loving heart and a soulful soul. It will leave you admiring of how you've lived your life.

All it takes to enter the Ph.D. program in the school of life is to realize that learning can sometimes be unpleasant. Learning can be painful and even cause you suffering.

My biggest challenge in learning is **fear**. I'm a **fearful** person. But I give my **fear** to GOD. I tell HIM to do with it what HE will. And that makes learning much easier and more meaningful for me, especially when it comes to my **fear** of the future. Old age is a **terrible** time in life to be alone.

Once you find the most private place to come from in prayer with our **TEACHER**, you can then discuss with HIM the conversations you've been having with your penis or vagina [wants and desires] with HIM in the privacy of inner, sacred space. That place is your breastplate. That's where your thoughts, feelings and beliefs unite with the God within you.

There, you can ask God questions about what's wrong with *this* or *that*. There, He'll inform you of changes you may want to make in the way you think, feel and believe. What you do will always be the result of what the combined forces within you and God tell you to do.

That's the way you pray to GOD to help you make choices that will leave you wise, loving and loyal to the **mystery** of your life alone.

But if you're a prude who's too proud to speak candidly to yourself with God in HIS presence; if you think you're going to act alone without guidance – I've got bad news for you. You're going to embarrass, shame and/or humiliate yourself. If you think you can avoid any of these three aspects of guilt, you'll only have yourself to blame. These are compulsory classes in the school of life.

They don't teach you how to pray from within in **synagogues**, **churches** or **mosques** because they're literally oriented. They can't talk euphemistically about their wants [-] and desires [+]. They can't address the topic of serpents and worms. They can't even talk about golden locks and keys.

The hyper-religious are appalled at our gay use of figurative speech to discuss the human condition. They claim that only they stand before our **TEACHER** at all times. They insist that only they're learning about life and the profundity of death. This is why they insist on interpreting scripture one way, yet all the hyper-religious who go to **synagogue**, **church** or **mosque** denounce gay men as perverts.

If you tell a hyper-religious nut what a fruit told you about his tree of self-knowledge and the deeper meaning to the story of Goldilocks and the three bears, he'll call you a demon who's in league with the devil. He'll call you insubordinate, rebellious, unruly, disobedient, noncompliant and crude.

If you use euphemisms and children's stories to elucidate the meaning of scripture, a hyper-religious **Jew**, **Christian** or **Muslim** will spit on the ground and curse the day you were born. He doesn't want to learn about himself. He's the last person in the world he wants to control. He only wants to control you and me.

Humpty Dumpty

You sat on a wall.
You had a great fall.
All the KING'S forces
and all of HIS men
couldn't put you together again!

You're one bad egg!

But you're a good egg, too!

Some of your opinions come from the nest between your legs where you, like all men, have two eggs, one good [+] and one evil [–].

You're an example of what happens to a good egg that falls off a wall and breaks into so many pieces that all the angels in **Heaven** couldn't glue you back together. And if *they* can't do it, certainly those of us who serve the KING humbly won't be able to, either. You're going to have to put yourself back together. And you're probably going to have to do so again and again, just as we did.

The whole point of a man having been given two eggs that lie in a nest between his legs is to spend his life breaking the *bad* egg, not the *good* one. But because the shells of his eggs are so rubbery and his eggs are so sensitive to the touch, a man has to learn in myriad indirect ways how to make sure that what comes out of the mouth of his serpent is only good, not evil.

What comes out of your thoughts, feelings and beliefs is pure evil if you hate gays and/or **Jews**. You've broken the wrong egg!

Now, that wouldn't be so **terrible** if that left you only mumbling to yourself in loud about what went wrong. But the KING, in HIS infinite wisdom, decided to give you a way to amplify your mistake before others with a tongue. Therefore, you're surely partially responsible for some of the homophobia and antisemitism in this world.

Needless to say, there are many Americans who are valiantly seeking truth, justice and the American way. So, when GOD brought us the ability to contribute to the world through social media, many naïve Americans didn't think that people who speak English as their mother tongue would end up becoming **enemies** of our American dream.

We'd been trained to think of our 20th Century **enemies** as speaking German, Italian or Japanese. Later we concluded that our **enemies** spoke Russian or Chinese. We even advanced our suspicion of our **enemies** to include native speakers of Arabic or Persian. But we never suspected that our own ignorance of scripture would become a threat to our way of life.

A Humpty Dumpty promotes the breaking of good eggs so that rotten eggs can take over America to steal democracy out from under us. There are Humpty Dumpties on the left and the right.

Here in America, we don't want a king, but we have a KING. The KING of America is the PRINCIPAL and **TEACHER** of the entire school. This world may be made up of many countries with many leaders, but the whole world is just one big one-room schoolhouse. This world has got only one KING and HE's given us only one schoolhouse. GOD is our KING and our one and only **TEACHER** in this school. Democracy is our way of deciding HIS will.

HE's teaching us to think more wisely, feel more lovingly and believe more soulfully, so we'll behave nicer to one another. HE's teaching us to be inclusive.

Getting all the **Jews** out of **Muslim** countries in 1948 was easy. The Middle Eastern **Jews** all went to **Israel**. But that left the **Muslims** with the gay problem.

The **Muslims** have been trying to destroy **Israel** for over 75 years without success. They've made it impossible for gays to live a decent life in their own countries. But now they claim that their brothers, the **Palestinians**, are being treated badly by the **Israelis**. The **Muslims** have woken up the

whole world to a problem, but the problem is one they unknowingly **created** with GOD's help.

Islam doesn't need to kill gays and **Jews** any more than **Christians** needed to in the last century. But the world does need to wake up to the problems they've **created** with GOD's help. The **Christians** in Europe have solved their gay problem with marriage equality. Sadly, Europe has become unsafe for **Jews** once again.

Those who abuse democracy by throwing rotten eggs at the gays and **Jews** don't understand that democracy is intended to protect minorities. **Muslims** are new to democracy. They don't yet understand that their **freedom**, **liberty** and **emancipation** will only be protected if gays and **Jews** are protected.

I don't think **Palestinians** want a country of their own. If they did, they'd protect gays and **Jews**. They want to destroy democracy. They want to make **Islam** the one and only religion on Earth, just as Hitler wanted to do with **Christianity**.

Until we get smell-a-vision on our phones, we're going to have to develop our nose by ourself to decide what wafts out of social media that smell to high **Heaven**.

A Boy Can Be an Alice in Wonderland

A boy can be a Dorothy in Oz. Dorothy's friends were a wise scarecrow, a loving tin man and a soulful lion. A boy can be a gullible Gulliver whose size can't be measured by others. He can be an Alice or Alex in Wonderland. He can play catcher as well as pitcher. A boy can be anyone he wants to be, so long as he encourages himself to be honest, sincere and authentic.

A girl can be a Harry Potter who's learning how to become a wizard rather than a witch. She can be anyone she wants to be, so long as she encourages her to be genuine.

Anyone who doesn't identify as a boy or a girl, or a man or a woman, can live life their way, too. What possible difference could that make to you and me? Children who hate children who are different are new psychopaths in the making.

I had to run for my life in Rabat when some Arabs overheard me speaking Hebrew to Moroccan Jews.

I was forced out of my job as a middle school, drama teacher in Santa Rosa, California when I came out to my students after they harassed me for looking and behaving gay.

I had to leave a study class at the home of an orthodox rabbi in San Francisco because his Jewish students jeered at me when I came out to them after their rabbi baited me with hateful rhetoric about gays.

I ended my relationship with my former, Jewish boyfriend of 13 years after he fell in love with his former boyfriend and refused to end their affair.

I ended my relationship with my siblings after they tried to steal my inheritance out from under me.

I walked away from my lesbian, Jewish cousin when she ghosted me while a guest in her own home!

Prior to all that, I tried to end my relationship with me by attempting to kill myself three times.

It's not easy to summon up the **courage** to believe in GOD, or at least it wasn't easy for me. I was victimized by **Muslims**, **Christians**, **Jews** and gays. I was even victimized by me.

I've healed my relationship with myself with GOD's help. As for the religious world, I've learned to ask myself what's wrong with *all* of us. We're all poor. We're all rich. We're all having sex with ourself in the company of others. We're all psychopaths in wonderland, lost in our own nightmares without knowing it. Our fantasies exacerbate our guilt, while our dreams often languish inside of us, repressed.

Whether you see yourself as an Alice or Alex in this wonderland called **reality**, you know you're sometimes going to have waking, bad dreams. Like Alice, everyone you meet may offend you, yet because of your training in being respectful and polite, you wish to avoid hurting their feelings.

People can behave like Mad Hatters, Tweedle Dums and Tweedle Dees. They're like Cheshire cats who'll smile in your face while conspiring behind your back. They're like queens of hearts who are engaged in "a blind **fury**"; quick to hand down death sentences at the slightest offense.

These are some of the students we have to face each day is this school we're enrolled in. It all feels upside down sometimes.

During the night, we're above ground in an English countryside with the KING enjoying private **lessons** in a class by ourself with HIM. But by day, we're underground in a bizarre world with fools on steroids. It's hard to understand the Homework when you've never been at Home here.

Each night, we're back in class again, trying to make sense of our lessons before we go down the rabbit hole the next morning and through the looking glass.

Reality isn't as real as the beliefs you hold in your soul! Your dreams at night with GOD are more real than what happens to you all day. Don't look for Wonderland around you. Look for it within you. Don't take this world to heart. Take your relationship with yourself before your CREATOR to heart.

Jesus wasn't tortured to death by Romans or ancient Jews. Jesus was crucified by ignorance, and He's still hanging on that cross being tortured to death to this day. Until we feel guilty for how we're treating ourself [with utter ignorance and neglect of where we are and what we're here to do], we won't have the empathy needed for that poor Jew who's still terribly maligned and misunderstood.

It wouldn't have mattered if Jesus had been gay or straight. It wouldn't have mattered if He'd been fat or thin. It wouldn't have mattered if He'd had oriental eyes, a hooked nose or a double chin. It wouldn't even have mattered if He'd looked like a someone from the Middle East born in Scandinavia who spoke Swedish better than Arabic!

Until you get past His container to perceive His contents [love], you're going to crucify Him as though you were hitting a mirror with your fists.

Don't come to me with your bleeding wounds, ugly scars and missing organs, limbs and faculties. You got what you deserved, and you'll get what you deserve from now till the bitter end.

The shards of flying glass that have caused you to bleed on one side or the other are the result of having punched your own mirror image. Thank GOD your pain and suffering aren't any worse!

So long as you take scripture literally, you'll continue to turn this wonderland we were given into hell on Earth.

There's no hope for the Abrahamic faiths until they unite with **Jewish** kitchen wisdom, commonplace, **Christian** love and universal, **Islamic loyalty** to GOD – whether you prefer to call HIM ELOHIM, FATHER or ALLAH.

The Nazi Party was outlawed in Germany, but the far right and left of the political spectrum today must **embrace** new interpretations of faith that are more inclusive, more kind-hearted and more forgiving - or the second Civil War will continue unabated, driving us toward the third World War.

We no longer have a two-party political system that can offer the checks-and-balances we need to go forward toward the American dream. We're now fighting ourself with everyone watching. The only way to get ourself out of our nightmare is for each of us to kill our self-hatred ourself.

In the Beginning

Moses began **Torah** with the story of "adam ve chava" [**Hebrew**: man and life]. It's not the story of a man [Adam] and a woman [Eve/Chava]. It's a metaphor that describes the beginning of life for every boy on the cusp of **puberty**. By extension, today, we'd say that the Creation Story describes the beginning of life for every girl at **puberty**, too.

What we call "The Age of Innocence" was something we've all been through: childhood.

When a boy reaches the age when his serpent [penis] begins to converse with his heart [Eve], his head [Adam] becomes overwhelmed by the experience of his first orgasm. This is what differentiates a boy from a man.

Our first orgasm initiated the adult world from within that we wrestle with for the rest of our life.

The **Jewish**, creation story is a description of a boy being allowed access to a new part of himself [lust]. That truth is told metaphorically through a story about picking fruit from a tree previously forbidden.

A boy's first orgasm decrees that childhood is now behind him. He's been banished from **Paradise** [childhood]. And as we all know, nothing will ever bring our childhood back. We must move forward. We can't go back.

We were metaphorically *planted* in this world. We grew roots as we grew up from the rock of our being into the light. Then we branched out with more and more understanding of **reality**.

Life actually became infinitely sweeter once we reached **puberty** and picked the previously forbidden fruits from the tree of self-knowledge that we couldn't previously, fully understand. Such is the magic of metaphor mixed with personal experience.

But until we were able to fruit [reach orgasm], we couldn't take the Creation Story to heart. It didn't yet mean anything personal to us.

A boy's first wet dream or masturbation to orgasm occurs when his body finally allows him to poetically consume the fruits of good [right testicle] and evil [left testicle]. This is the time of life when those soupy words gush out of the serpent [penis] that previously hung "silently" from his tree.

For our ancient ancestors, semen was the *meade* [**honey** wine] that made life. It was *ambrosia*, the elixir of the gods. It was the male **honey** that brought a woman's milk into being; the *nectar*, the fruit juice from man's fruits, the liquid **mystery** of life.

No boy has the willpower not to taste the fruit juice that spurts forth from the mouth of his serpent. We've all succumbed to that temptation.

The Creation Story is the description of *morality* mixed with *mortality*. It describes a "conversation" every male has with his heart when he ejaculates, an exercise in coming to understand the concept of Eden [**Paradise**] that he recreates during intercourse over the course his lifetime.

I don't know if you know how many times you've reached orgasm. But I do know that you would have had to repeat the first story of **Torah** more than once or twice to achieve this deep an understanding of it.

As we move through the following stories in Genesis together, be prepared to be patient with yourself. *Living* **Torah** is a lot harder than just *reading* it. You may know more about the secret meaning of the first story of Genesis than you think.

The story of Adam and Eve is the first example of GOD's sense of humor. **Moses** recited HIS joke to the ancient **Jews** 3,400 years ago. This is the main metaphor of **Moses**. If it doesn't make you smile lasciviously, you're as bitter as an uncured olive.

Human nature is like GOD's nature in that sex is something we see everywhere. There isn't a bird or a bee, a

flower or a tree that doesn't remind us of the wonders of making love.

The hyper-religious would rather we not talk about anything going on below our waist, even metaphorically. They'd rather not have to think about their parents having done "it" in order to bring them into this world. Their lust for life is something they want to keep a secret.

After the first story of Genesis [man and life] when a man comes to life, **Moses** relayed to us the story of the son of Adam, Cain, who was on a quest for more of the meaning of life. Cain chose to gift GOD with a sacrifice in gratitude. Cain killed his brother, Abel, because GOD approved of Abel's sacrifice instead of his.

Cain was **jealous** of his brother's gift. Cain thought GOD preferred Abel over him because HE gifted Abel rather than him. If he could have, I have no doubt Cain would have killed GOD in his **fury**.

This second story of Genesis expresses the second stage of adolescence when the heart of the youngster [Abel] becomes a victim to his head [Cain]. This struggle for autonomy within us is something every young adolescent must go through and try to describe to his peers in his own inimitable way.

Thoughts [Cain] and feelings [Abel] fight one another in teenage boys who've experienced their first orgasm. What they're fighting over from a biblical perspective is GOD's unfathomable love, even though the inexperienced, youngster has no idea why he's so upset.

He projects his upset onto those around him. His inner world is still too dark and mysterious for him to ponder by himself.

Adolescence represents the spiritual stage of change in the human, operating system. Adolescence separates childhood from adulthood. That's when the fight for love begins within. In adolescence, a boy finally feels hope mixed

with **disappointment** because he believes there's not enough love from GOD to go round.

Most adolescent boys take their inner irritation out into the world around them instead of looking for answers from within. They go on a quest to make their way through outer **reality** without recognizing that they're traveling across a magnificent **rainbow** from the seven years of 14 to 21.

Most adolescents don't perceive the magnificence of the cellphone in their pocket let alone the boy-toy they've just discovered between their legs. They wouldn't leave home without their phone, but they don't realize that everyone, male and female, is now watching how they use their phone to **explore** the secret knowledge they're gleaning about their boy-toy.

This struggle between the thoughts in the young man's head and feelings in his virgin heart **creates** fantasies about a pot of gold awaiting him at the end of his **rainbow** because he knows nothing about the **feeling** of love other than the sensation of orgasm.

Deep down inside, he rightly concludes that he's now in debt to the adult world for having kept him alive for more than a dozen years, albeit it in ignorance of a deeper meaning to life.

He couldn't be more excited and resentful. He doesn't suspect he knows little-to-nothing of the **promise** of hope in his dark heart. He does everything he can to conceal that ignorance by compartmentalizing his feelings.

Any child can tell you that there'll never be enough love to go round. But in adolescence, a boy realizes he isn't **lovable** enough without someone to share his new-found love of love with him. He rightly **fears** he'll be inadequate in making love because that requires knowing how to love his whole container [body] as well as the contents [inner self] within it.

If GOD loved Abel more than Cain by approving of Abel's sacrifice, then who among us is not consumed with,

worry, anxiety, agony and even dread over whether GOD loves the next guy more than him? If you don't address this question with GOD directly through prayer, you'll surely live out your feelings through a failed relationship with a good deal of the human race.

The hyper-religious dive into scripture to look for answers that lie between their legs. The only way for them to love what they find is to hate people who remind them of darkness. They're lost in a masquerade. They're staring at a mirror image of themself despising what they see.

The first two stories of Torah address the basics about the meaning of life. But that beginning only began in adolescence. That's why feeling needs to be read literally as a child and figuratively as an adult.

The Creation Story isn't in conflict with evolution. It actually makes the spiritual evolution of mankind all the more awesome and mysterious. It makes the Creation Story a story that explains reality. It's not a myth or a fable.

The teenager doesn't realize life looks entirely different when viewed from his heart. He only knows that childhood is over, and innocence will never again return. For that reason, puberty is a reminder to us all of the loneliest time in our life.

It's only once the *spiritual* adolescent gets to the third story of Genesis, "Noah and the Ark" that he realizes he's entered a world of incredible awe and mystery.

Every teenage boy can see that he's drowning in suffering, not a flood caused by a literal storm. Even if his father couldn't tell him what GOD told Noah in so many words, every boy in late childhood feels instinctively instructed to build an ark to hold all his animal instincts until the deluge of hormones will subside on the other side of adolescence when his storm passes, and the sky turns blue again.

Out from his prostate gland [the hull of his ark] the teenager lets his animals off the boat. He fills the external

world with the little bit of liquid hope and promise he holds inside. If he's a compliant, young man, he dreams of getting married to receive permission from GOD to become a "Noah" [Hebrew: a man of comfort].

In the next story of Genesis, "The Tower of Babel," the spiritually young adult male [18-21] colludes with his peers to figuratively make his way up through the clouds of uncertainty to GOD's **Heavenly** realm to usurp HIS power at its source. He doesn't believe GOD can be trusted since HE unleashed such monstrous feelings on him in puberty. HE might do something equally diabolical again. Every young man seeks to usurp GOD's power to claim it as his own.

He erects [stimulates] his penis like a tower which acts as a ladder for him to climb up to the height necessary to perceive, attract and possess a power outside himself to call his own.

But because his head is really colluding with his heart over matters introduced by hormones, he doesn't fully realize what he's doing. Outwardly, he gets cocky. He gets arrogant. He gets belligerent, possibly even violent. He turns into a know-it-all who thinks he can feel-it-all. He becomes egotistical, competitive, pushy and determined to get *ahead* without reflecting on his need to get *a head*.

This level of juvenile, spiritual development is one in which the young male also becomes cynical, suspicious and distrusting after finding himself having been born into a world where there wasn't enough love for *him*, let alone *everyone* else.

Most adolescents don't usually want what GOD has to offer them at that age. They want what they might be able to secure that they feel has been withheld from them for a very long time: autonomy.

Every adolescent has to repeat this lesson again and again. Some repeat this spiritual process through sports;

some through books. The quest for outer excellence is really about the **mystery** and magic of orgasm that leads young men to a greater understanding of the *sonar* they hold in their heart. This is the relationship of serpent-to-Eve that every young man admires. This is the quest for precision through repetition. This is how a young man learns to apply what he knows below the belt to matters of earthly excellence and **Heavenly** importance.

Young men conspire with other young men and women to achieve their tower of power. They collude with others their age to make their way to **Heaven** to usurp GOD on HIS throne.

This quest for autonomy is normal. It happens in every generation. It's a defiance of the status quo that's built into the operating system of every human being. Granted, the reasons change. But the impetus remains the same.

The best we can do is alert young people when their quest for self-rule is aimed at gays and **Jews**. This is when their efforts go too far. We must protect the most vulnerable in society, or society will collapse into anarchy.

We all have fragments of our psyche that were wounded in childhood. Those wounds scarred over in adolescence. We all need to go back to heal ourself by making our way over the **rainbow** of adolescence time and again.

The great symptom in having been spiritually broken by GOD with good reason is guilt. Guilt emanates out of our head as a thought, our heart as a **feeling** and our soul as a belief. If you insist on your innocence, you'll take the long road. But I assure you, just like the **prophet** Jonah, you'll end up right where GOD wants you.

Guilt isn't the only symptom. The next obvious symptom is loneliness. After that, a man spirals into alienation. From there he enters **depression**, and finally suicide. It was as simple as that for me.

You don't have to become a mass murderer to understand how it feels to be a teenager. They feel suicidal and homicidal all at the same time. It feels **frustrating** when you can't love life because you don't yet know what the words "love" and "life" mean.

The three patriarchs who are described in Genesis [Abraham, Isaac and Jacob] personify the maturation process of every adult male as seen from his heart. By middle age a mature man should be able to identify personally as a patriarch:

Abraham personifies **fears** [**yellow**].

Isaac personifies **angst** [**orange**].

Jacob personifies the **rage** [**red**] beneath **frustration** when things don't go your way.

Abraham bargained with GOD out of **fear**. He tried to give Isaac back to HIM as a way of placating his **CREATOR**.

Abraham wanted to sacrifice Isaac to GOD because Abraham cared too much for others. He bargained with GOD to protect the Sodomites. He protected his nephew [Lot] from those in Sodom who would harm him. He acquiesced to Sarah when it came to having a child by having an illegitimate son [Ishmael] with Hagar. Abraham had strong feelings for GOD that changed the course of history, but many of his actions were motivated out of **fear** of GOD, not the love of GOD.

The man with an inferiority complex will never believe he has enough innocence. He becomes dependent on GOD to assuage his **fears** for him.

Isaac suffered a lifetime of **angst** over whether or not he was ever truly beloved. If his father had truly wanted a son, why then did he try to kill him?

Isaac felt betrayed by his father, yet beloved by GOD. If a son must **worry** about whether his father will ever try to

kill him a second time, the young man becomes the personification of **anguish**. Boyhood innocence without awareness of his natural, underlying state of **angst** produces young men whose feelings vacillate wildly. They trust GOD, but they can't trust man. By old age, Isaac becomes so short-sighted that he can't tell one of his sons from the other.

Isaac's second son, Jacob, was **angry** at the world and perplexed about his reason for having been **created** in the first place. His grandfather [Abraham] was afraid of GOD. His father [Isaac] loved GOD but hated his fellow man. Jacob was pulled yet a third way, toward **frustration** with himself.

Although Jacob felt the need to balance the external, playing field by stealing his older brother's [Esau] inheritance to make up for what Jacob didn't get from their father from the start, modern man can see the struggle of Jacob and Esau within himself. We've been struggling with our brother since we were in the womb. Our brother lies within us, not just around us.

Jacob suffered ambivalence. He thought that developing a clever mind would solve the problems in his broken heart.

An **angry** man is never **angry** at others. He's always **angry** at GOD for putting him in second place where he has to try harder. His **frustration** in having to be himself without a sense of personal instruction and guidance from above produces antisemitism, racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry and xenophobia.

He hates others because he hates his own people. He hates his own people because he hates himself. He hates himself because he has no idea how to operate the **vehicle** he's been given for the **journey** he knows next to nothing about.

A Jacob is full of blame. He just doesn't know where to point his finger. And it doesn't matter if such a **Jew** is African, Ashkenazi, Sephardic, Middle Eastern, gay or

disabled. He's going to insist that somebody pay for his self-ignorance.

Although you see men who behave like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob all around you, modern **Jews** are more like a Joseph, the favorite son of Jacob. A modern **Jew** is a dreamer. He escapes this world of fantasies and nightmares with dreams of a better world.

Jesus was figuratively a Joseph even though He was named after Joshua, who brought the Children of **Israel** over the Jordan River into the land of Canaan. **Jesus** had a dream that was inspired by GOD.

By middle age, a mature man is expected to be able to take Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to heart. He's expected to identify with all three of the patriarchs from Genesis from a new place in inner space. He's expected to have made his way to the summit of his mountain to look out from within on all sides.

But because so few modern **Jews** reach the summit of their own mountain, they reach the edge of old age unprepared for the descent down the other side. They get closer to death without having learned enough about life. They appear antiquated, obsolete, archaic, outdated and old. They don't get younger, more vibrant and loving of life. They become bitter, hostile, resentful and cynical. Instead of raising their open arms with outstretched hands to GOD, they raise their fist to GOD and man.

This is what the world of all men looks like today because this is what men have always turned into as they age. If you change your direction from *within*, you'll get to a very different place *throughout*.

The **Jewish** people are named after Jacob, whose name GOD changed to **Israel**. The **Jewish** people are GOD's first chosen people. We're the personification of all the characters in HIS first story [**Torah**]. Each of us is a **dreamer**.

Each of us has been given a **promise**. Each of us has a very special **feeling** inside that's almost impossible to describe. But we sum up our efforts to unify that **feeling** with the word "hope."

Not every **Jew** knows that life is like a school. Not every **Jew** knows that we're like the seniors in class. Not every **Jew** knows in his heart and soul that he's going to graduate. And not every **Jew** knows that he has to develop modesty, humility and **loyalty** by moving through embarrassment of his body, shame of his character and humiliation before the **TEACHER**.

Therefore, GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, chose others, specifically **Christians** and then **Muslims** to help the **Jews**. Even the **Hindus**, **Buddhists** and **Taoists** have been chosen for this task. For that matter, the **Indigenists** are chosen to help the **Jews**, too. If you hurt them, you're hurting us.

There are 18,000,000 Jews in the world. There are 18,000,000 Anu [+], the indigenist inhabitants on the island of Hokkaido in Japan. Why do we hear so much about the Jews and so little about the Anu?

There's a spiritual evolution in progress for all humanity that goes from matriculation to something inexplicable after life. We must all experience wisdom, love and **loyalty** to life to advance in class with harder and harder **lessons** that will improve our grades.

The problem in the **Jewish** community is that the orthodox **Jews** feel that the gay **Jews** are perverts of GOD's plan. And yet, all good people know that if you treat people like **they came out your other end**, it's because you're confusing what's inside of you with who you are.

The state of **Israel** encourages its citizens to love anyone they choose. The orthodox **Jews** vehemently oppose that with laws that inhibit getting married to anyone you choose.

The last story of Genesis is about Joseph, the son of Jacob. Joseph was almost murdered by his bothers; sold into

slavery instead; and later imprisoned for a crime he didn't commit.

Joseph is the personification of the innocent victim in the family dynamic model who had to learn to use his inner power to dream big. This was what GOD gave Joseph to escape his fate. Dreaming is a mysterious process that occurs by day or night, awake or asleep. Dreaming is a way to connect with GOD without literally constructing a tower to take you above the clouds to HIS realm.

"Joseph" means "to supplement" or "add to" in **Hebrew**. Dreamers add to what we know about life with our five senses. Dreamers supplement our story in a **magical** way that gives us a heightened reason for being.

Most people in the school of life are dreaming in class. They're neither asleep nor awake. If you identify as a Joseph, you're an artistic type. You hold a hope inside that you're trying to express to convince others that there is a GOD who cares for us all.

When a boy discovers the **ecstasy** of orgasm, he wonders why his outer world suddenly looks so different from his inner world. Childhood ends abruptly for us. The experience of sublime, physical sensation changes everything overnight. But then every boy unconsciously begins to wonder whether GOD loves his brother more than him. That feels excruciatingly ominous.

As he makes his way to safe harbor, every teenager wants to know why he had to figuratively build an ark to contain his animal urges in late childhood. He questions what it means to let those animal urges off his vessel to replicate themselves in others. He wants to know why GOD would have given him a personal **promise** [**rainbow**] never to repeat that inner flood of feelings and sensations, while causing all sorts of bad weather patterns around him.

Later, he wants answers to why he suffers feelings of inferiority [Abraham], betrayal [Isaac] and even feelings of

superiority to the point of ambivalence [Jacob]. And then he wants to know why he's treated so hatefully by his loved ones who he thought were his best **friends** [Joseph].

These are a lot of questions for our **TEACHER** to answer. But these are the questions that arise just from contemplating our grades in the school of life up to middle age. They don't address the questions we'll have by the time we're old and approaching graduation.

The injustices of the world are perplexing for everyone in every generation. How can GOD be in charge of this world if there appears to be such confusion and rebellion in HIS ranks?

Life is complex. Man is complex. Only the hope of experiencing love lies there in the darkness within beckoning us onward. But who wants to love himself?

Every man is a tree of *self*-knowledge. He was born in a *grove* [family]. He later discovers he's actually one of many trees in an *orchard* [society]. But he spends his life lost in the *woods* [his inner world] trying to make his way out so he can go Home [meadow] in peace.

Loving yourself is the carrot. Pain and suffering are the sticks. Learning to love yourself is anything but free or easy.

Guilt, on the other hand, is free. The whole of **Torah**, the core of **Tanach** [The **Old** Testament] describes the creation of the **feeling** of guilt in the human psyche. For some reason, GOD felt a need to teach the **Jews** to feel guilty before HE introduced the **Christians** to the **feeling** of love.

Those who are willing to do the inner work of exploring guilt discover that embarrassment of their body leads to modesty. Shame of their character leads to humility. And humiliation before the LORD leads to grace, which is another way of saying that **loyalty** to yourself and GOD is the greatest of all the rewards of a life well lived. This is the **message** of **Islam** for the world. This is their secret revealed.

The senior citizen who hasn't achieved this revelation is headed for misery on his deathbed. And the society that

doesn't teach its senior citizens how to open their heart to themself is a society doomed to destruction.

America and Israel are the only two countries that pursue eternity through GOD consciousness. We're working together to help our classmates, even though some of them are fighting us every step of the way.

I had to experience these three aspects of guilt before I was given my first taste of love. You did, too. And you passed those classes, although none of us has anything in the way of stellar grades to boast about.

In early childhood, we moved through the embarrassment of toilet training, feeding ourself and dressing on our own to achieve a modicum of modesty over our body.

Later in childhood, we experienced the shame of our character defects. That taught us how to behave respectfully in polite society, especially toward those older than us. That humility made it possible for us to learn from some others so as not to express constant defiance at the world.

But humiliation is a feeling that comes directly from our TEACHER. No one can anticipate when that lesson in life will come or go.

If you've already experienced a terrible loss in life, you know the depth of this third aspect of guilt. Whether you made your way through your losses to the grace of GOD is yours to say. But you're still here in this school. And your final exam looms before you as it does for us all.

All the wisdom found in The Old Testament was useless to me until I discovered Christ's love. All the love I hold dear inside has left me feeling crucified on a cross of pain pulling me in one direction and suffering pulling me in the other.

That said, it wasn't until I discovered the secrets given to us in the Quran: the loyalty to life that comes through our desire to act proudly, that I could truly hold my head up high.

I had to wander through this world like a **Jew** in my own, private diaspora to find answers in scripture to the meaning of my being. Thank GOD, I had the gay community to personify pride. Where would I be if I wasn't proud of myself?

I see **Torah** as built upon the main metaphor of **Moses**. And I see the **red** words of the **Gospels** as constructed using the body and blood of **Christ**. His words produce symbolism, the container/contents model needed to make love happen. **Torah** explains the workings of our *head*. The **Gospels** explains the working of our *heart*.

And after these **lessons** of life, the good LORD brought us the 114 chapters of the **Quran**, which is **erected** like a tower that rises that extra mile. The **Quran** taught me how to operate myself from my soul thanks to its 114 similes for GOD.

Although I found a **rainbow** in the sky in whatever country I visited or lived in, I didn't find the meaning of the **rainbow** around me. There's no **rainbow** in any outer place that's more or less mysterious and **magical** than any other.

Genesis is a summary of life for us all as viewed from within. The *autobiography* of the life of **Moses** begins in the Book of Exodus. The **Gospels** are the *biography* of **Jesus**. And the **Quran** is a **couplet** from GOD to everyman.

Like **Christ's** body and blood, I'm an "I" in an "it". I'm a holy symbol of GOD's creation and intention. Therefore, I seek the secret to love within me with myself to achieve something worthy enough to share with others.

Until I got out of my head by going on an exodus inside myself, through my stiff neck down to my heart, I couldn't discover the value in loving myself. Until I made my way through my heart and into my soul, I couldn't discover the meaning of life itself.

Without greater knowledge of the meaning of life as a school [**shul**], I made mistakes that would have cost me a piece of **Paradise** had I not atoned for them.

Death is a **mystery** despite anything anyone might tell you to the contrary. When your tree falls in the forest, whether or not anyone else is around, you'll hear it.

By the End

By the end of your life, you're going to want to know where you came from, what you accomplished and how you got to where you are. If life is a school, you're going to want to know if you should celebrate graduation or whether you you're going to be consumed answering questions on your final exam until the bell rings and you're out of time.

In anticipation of that awesome or awful event, I'd like to suggest you prepare some answers to questions that might be given to ugly ducklings, silly swans and cantankerous cranes. There's no guarantee that your final exam will be cafeteria style with you being able to pick and choose your questions at will. If you want to earn your wings, you'd better be prepared for questions that compare and contrast duck, swan and crane wings.

The size of your wings is a reminder of the size of your penis or breasts. You didn't get to choose what GOD gave you. But you did get to choose whether you learned to fly and how high. If you're going to measure the size of your wings, you're missing the point. If you're going for how high you can fly, you're missing the point. If you're going for the kind of fowl GOD made you into, you're missing the point.

You entered this world without doing a thing. Everything was done for you. You learned to crawl, walk, jump and run in anticipation of learning to swim like a fish and fly like a bird. If simile still isn't important to you, you're missing the point of scripture. You have to learn about metaphors first, symbols second and similes third.

We all have a head that tells us we're an ugly duckling. We all have a heart that whispers we're a silly swan. And we all have a soul that ought to complain that we're a cantankerous crane. Therefore, it behooves us to prepare for all the fowl questions that will be on our final.

Life is like a mountain. It has a beginning at the bottom, a middle at the summit and an end on the other side when

you can see that there's nothing before you but GOD. All the rest is behind you.

The beginning starts at the southern foot of the mountain. Everybody goes north toward success and happiness.

The middle occurs at the summit, like a tabletop mountain from which you can go across the ridge for some distance while enjoying the view down on all sides.

But the end occurs in the valley of death the northernmost side of the mountain if you're **Jewish** or **Christian**, or back where you started in the south if you're **Muslim**.

The **Quran** describes life as an inverted U turn. You go north with the rising sun on your right in the east when you're young. Life turns you west, toward the setting sun with struggles. That's when you realize you're not going to live forever. You face your mortality. Then, life turns you south, and you go back in the direction you came from with the setting sun on your right. Both your birth and death are before you as you go back where you came from, atoning for your past as you head toward **Paradise** [Eden] revisited. Such is the migration pattern of a crane. This is revealed in Surah 18 [The Cave].

For some, their mountain is no bigger than a grain of sand. They die in infancy. For some, their mountain is like a hill. They die in childhood or adolescence. For some, their mountain is like an active volcano that middle age leaves them fuming about. And for some, their mountain is like Mt. Everest, a huge trek that includes incredible sights that take them to a great height, which is effortful, even dangerous.

If you were born an ugly, **Jewish** duckling, you're going to want to turn into a drake. You're going to want to go from a boy to a man.

If you were born a silly **Christian** cygnet, you're going to want to achieve a beautiful swan song that will teach you to sing your way through hate to love. Once you know love,

you'll leave this world on the wings of love, leaving the rest to GOD.

And if you were born a cantankerous **Muslim** colt, you're going to want to turn into a consecrated crane. You'll want a special place in **Paradise** once you've received your diploma, shaken hands with the **TEACHER** and thanked HIM.

In order to properly prepare for all these outcomes, you must believe our **TEACHER** can be in more than one place at a time. HE must be there at your beginning; at the summit with you; and with you to the very end. You must believe HE guides your head, heart and soul even though you're responsible for your penis or clitoris. You believe GOD respected your privacy at all times.

Going south leaves some **feeling** like an emperor **penguin** and not an immortal phoenix that rises out of ashes.

The Middle East looks like Antarctica today. It's a frozen wasteland. The ducks, swans and cranes in **Israel** are surrounded by **penguins**. What other bird could live in a place where gays and **Jews** are hunted down and killed for sport? The **penguins** don't even realize how cold it is around them. How could they? The **Mosque** has only been telling them what the world to come will be like. They have no idea how ignorant you end up with similes, but without metaphors and symbols.

In the beginning [**puberty**], you got a taste of **Paradise** with orgasm. In the middle, you got a view of the magnificence of love. By the end you should be holding a **resolve** for **loyalty** in hand that surpasses life itself. This is what it means to earn your wings. This is a metaphor mixed with a symbol. This is why you're *like* a bird, but not a bird.

This is the outcome of the spiritualist, so different from the "true" believer who only believes in faith in GOD rather than faith in himself. How can you give GOD something you haven't first given yourself?

Look at the **Palestinians** and look at the **Israelis**. Look at those who are still living life in Canaan thousands of years ago and those who've conquered Canaan from within.

Noah cursed Canaan, his grandson, because Noah's son, Ham, exposed Noah for being drunk and naked. Don't curse your grandchildren. Don't curse your children. Don't curse yourself. Give up your drunken **B&W** misperception of **reality**. Give up your nude, naked and exposed character defects that insult GOD and man.

Drugs and alcohol are tools of escape artists. But you can see how many who don't drink or drug have found other ways to escape life with self-hate. There are so many bad examples around you. You should be using them to tell yourself what not to do, not following them to become the personification of a bad example, yourself.

Dream Merchants Verses Dream States

Israel was created in a dream state as a dream state. But every nation on Earth has the potential to become the manifestation of man's dreams, as well. All that's required is a deeper understanding of your dreams and your resolve to share your dreams [not your nightmares] with us all.

When you wake up from a dream in the middle of the night, you either feel horny or guilty. Those dreams that give you an erection, affirm your thrusts through life. Those dreams that create guilt are portrayals of you in situations in which you're struggling to atone to yourself with GOD as your WITNESS.

The people, places and things in both kinds of dreams are beyond anyone's comprehension. They're deeply personal representations your mind creates that symbolize your struggle through lust to guilt to a state of self-love.

Dream merchants who sell insights into dreams are only giving you part of your story. The rest lies within you for you to discover for yourself. Your mind creates locks that no one other than you will ever be able to open. You are the key.

You can, and should, open the lock on every inner door to enter every successive room within you, where more of your secret is stored. In this way, you'll make your way through your home as you make your way Home.

Your dreams are background for the portrait you'll be painting of yourself the next day. Don't worry about your dreams. Their just background to your next self-portrait. Paint over them, and you'll see how they were given to compliment your day.

All it takes to dream is hope and faith in yourself. Faith in GOD will come as your faith in yourself grows.

Knowing that your bad [guilt-ridden] dreams are ways of processing atonement should give you hope that you're moving toward self-love. Self-love should give you hope

that you're amassing enough love for yourself to give your overflow to others.

In this way, you'll develop a **loyalty** to life over time that will surpass the prejudice, hatred and maniacal lust for power you see around you.

There's a difference between *thinking* and *contemplating*. There's a difference between talking to yourself and talking to GOD. There's a difference in talking to "they/them" within you and talking to real people. So many of the things you *think* need to be scrutinized.

The fruits of good and evil, when fully digested, turn into love and wisdom. Goodness leads to love [milk]. Mistakes made [evil], apologized and atoned for create wisdom [**honey**].

There's no need for the hateful struggle between Republicans and Democrats. This is an artificial fight **created** by both sides. This is the American crusade. It's just as silly as the crusades the **Christians** enacted against the **Muslims** from the 11th to 13th Centuries. The land the ancient **Christians** and **Muslims** were fighting over was ours. The land we, Americans, are fighting over is ours.

America wasn't given to any of us. It was conquered by all of us. Even **Indigenist** Americans came here from somewhere else. Learn to respect GOD's methods, and you'll learn to use better methods to solve problems with your fellow man.

Sober, gay men in monogamous relationships are like fairy godmothers. They can teach you to use your magic wisely. But at this time history, the **LGBTQIA+** community is too **terrified** of GOD and suffering from P.T.S.D. to do any better. Marriage equality in **Israel** will give gays around the world hope that the institutions of religion can change and grow.

The greatest gay **Jew** was **Jesus**. But that's just my opinion of Him. You're free to believe otherwise.

There's no doubt **Moses** was a homophobe. His interpretation of GOD's first word can only mean that each of us must make our way through homophobia to love the one we're with.

I'm not another Harvey Milk. You can call me Harvey **Honey**. You can't get where you hope to go without Milk and **Honey**.

It's time to end the second Civil War America has declared against itself. It's time to put bad religion behind us and move forward with spirituality arm-in-arm towards peace, even if we only achieve peace of mind.

It's time for gay **Israelis** to forge peace in the Middle East by doing what straight **Israelis** haven't been able to do in over 75 years. The concentration camp survivors like my father should have embraced their gay **inmates**. **Israel** should have **created** marriage equality in 1948.

GOD works in mysterious ways, but HE also works slowly because HE's thorough.

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

Previous Books

I recommend you read my books in the reverse order I wrote them. They're presently available in their entirety free of charge at my website.

29. **For GOD's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel!**
    If you think about what you think about,
    you'll discover how powerfully you feel.
    A Guide to solving personal problems with humor

28. **Knowing GOD in the Biblical Sense of the Word**
    If you've got a banana and two plums
    I'm sure you already know
    that your fruits were once forbidden

27. **Welcome Aboard My Yellow Submarine**.
    Our Destination is the North Pole where Santa has his Workshop.
    The melody that accompanies the Psalms
    [A book for men with special needs]

26. **David Met Jonathan *After* Slaying Goliath**
    How I made peace with my penis and testicles

25. **GOD's Gay Agenda**
    penis envy or semen envy?
    that is the question.

24. **Chicken Salad for the Soul**
    A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

23. **Star-Drek**
    A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet

22. **It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco…**
    A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device that Emits It

21. **How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms**
    A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. **Lampshade for the Light**
    of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. **Call Me Glinda**
    a book for friends of Dorothy

18. **Home Schooled**
    why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. **Lazy Susan**
    How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

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

15. **Playing god With GOD**
    Hinduism, Health and Healing
    How to Believe in GOD by Believing in Yourself

14. **Quran: The Book of Lights**
    Volume 1 High Lights
    Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
    Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 5 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself

Volume 6 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 7 Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. **A Guest at Their Table**
   My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
   Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
   Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
   Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**
   Torah For Straight People
   Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
   Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers
   and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. **The Wisdom of Self-Love**
   Life is a School. I Am My Major

1. **Becoming**
   89 Poems of My Love for Me